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WORTH OF THE PRESENT.

In the record of his Journey to the Western Isles, Samuel Johnson, among other reflections made on landing at Iona, gives us the following characteristic sentence:—'Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' In various shapes, and under different turns of phraseology, we may meet with a similar cast of thought in almost all the professedly-reflective writings of the eighteenth century. There is a constant proneness to undervalue the passing day, and to consider time as interesting and significant only in its past and future relations. Such a tendency is doubtless inherent in human nature, and has an appropriate function to fulfil in the general economy of things. In the contemplation of the past resides one of the purest and most affecting kinds of poetry, while the looking forward to the future is connected with aspirations in which there is much to purify and refine. It is, however, more than questionable if the present should be held as so devoid of these ennobling characteristics as to require to be degraded below either past or future time.

If Johnson's aphorism were true, the fond musings of the poet over the romantic barbarisms of early ages, the prepossessions of foolish politicians in favour of what they call the wisdom of our ancestors, the dreams of the castle-builder, and the arguments of the procrastinator, would all be supreme rationality. All efforts to give a just economy to the passing hour, and to secure the means of ministering to our daily enjoyments and necessities, would want the respectability which common sense attaches to them. Seen in this light, we readily detect the fallacy of the saying—that is to say, its over-statement of the truth. It were well to ascertain, if possible, how Johnson, who was not a man to write anything which he did not believe to be true, should have been led into uttering so flimsy a sophism. No error, it has been said, can be properly refuted, unless we place ourselves in the position of the erring party, and from thence perceive how, and under what conditions, his mistake originated. Now Johnson, though a man of commanding intellect, and in other respects sufficiently capable of thinking soundly, was nevertheless, like every other writer, necessarily and unconsciously influenced by the temper of the times in which he lived, and accordingly his views naturally partook of the current tendencies of thought. The age he lived in was remarkable for nothing more than for its want of faith in man. It did not recognise nobleness as an inherent quality of the soul, which, with every opportunity for action, might reveal itself in beneficent facts or exalted efforts, conformably to the

general laws of life, and thus announce the relations of human purpose with the universal aims of principles; but it sought to deduce its conceptions of duty from the casual and accidental phases of external prosperity, and reckoned only that virtuous which could exhibit the signs of a material success. Thus men were temporarily deprived of those everlasting sanctions which once made heroism and a severe virtue possible, and surrounded life with awful and beautiful obligations. With this degradation of the scope and ends of existence, all existence assumed an aspect of meanness and triviality, and to the eyes of a wise man naturally looked contemptible. Life, as men lived, had only a paltry and ephemeral significance, and afforded no possibilities of activity answerable to the aspirations of the gifted and earnest minds which in all ages appear among mankind. Only in 'the past, the distant, and the future,' could these contemplate the realisation of their soul's exalted dream. It had been realised in the olden primitive days, when men felt themselves related by an unspeakable mystic wonder with invisible realities; it would be realised again, when men should have learned science in love, and, through new stages of inquiry, recovered the simplicity of spirit which a presumptuous scepticism had obliterated: but it was not capable of being realised *here and now*, because of the inevitable baseness of the present time, and of the littleness of the pursuits of existing men. Hence the past and the future would be invested with a sacredness which the present did not reveal, and the dignity of human nature would seem standing in abeyance. To a stern reflective moralist, looking with a profound pity on the low and trivial concerns wherein men for the most part seemed engaged, and finding in his own heart some prophecy of better things, it might naturally enough seem wise to escape, if possible, from the bondage of prevailing customs, and to assert the freer dignity of man by a habitual commemoration of his nobler achievements in former times, or in contemplations of the unborn grandeur of his fate, which the future might be expected to make manifest. Thus the intrinsic purport of Johnson's saying might perhaps, to his own mind, be even this:—Let not life be consumed and wasted utterly in such poor enjoyments as the passing day affords you, but know that man's powers and responsibilities are linked with the infinity of things—that of old men made their lives sublime, and that the promise of futurity is nothing less than a continual advancement. Ponder well the record of the heroic energies which worked so successfully in the past, and admire this boundless realm of possibility which stretches yet before you onwards to the utmost boundaries of time; and the capacities and desires of your souls shall be thereby quickened and expanded, and you shall be elevated in the rank of 'thinking beings.'

Whether Johnson was aware of this enlarged meaning of his words, or had no apprehension that they could be so interpreted, is of little moment to the purposes now in hand. It is enough that this, or something like it, was probably the latent sense which he struggled to express. So considered, the words convey a measure of obvious, though not very striking truth; which, however, being once perceived and admitted, we can the more readily understand the actual deficiencies of the writer's insight. It is a clear case of limitation. It is true enough, as he apparently wished to say, that when men are immersed in purely frivolous pursuits, their minds may be enlightened and entertained by the act of bringing imaginatively before them the high accomplishments of earlier and better eras, or by prefiguring to themselves the ulterior developments of an advanced system of society; but it shows a very imperfect appreciation of the capabilities and needs of man to eject the present from our thoughts by a too habitual and exclusive veneration for the past and future, since over the first of these we can have no possible control, and can influence the other only by what we now actually perform.

A juster view of life would lead us to recognise the present as the sole possession of time with which we are practically and specially concerned. 'Work while it is called to-day' is one of the wisest of all possible injunctions. The past ought doubtless to be contemplated for the significant experiences it will yield us: the historical glories and catastrophes of the olden time, with whatsoever interest and warning they may have, need to be effectually studied by the living, inasmuch as they afford instructions for their own life-voyage of discovery. The future, too, which for ever looms brilliantly, if often delusively, before us, has a perennial and inevitable charm for the imagination; and, as a land of perpetual promise, is linked intimately with our sympathies and hopes. The past and future have a historical and prophetic connection with the present, and therefore can never be severed from the regards and considerations of men. But the present alone is the available field and workshop of our actual performances. The hour that now is, is the element wherein we are ordained to live, and out of it we have to unfold the possibilities of our destination. It is the point which visibly connects us with the boundless contingencies of universal being. We build our fate out of the rough materials which every day hurls confusedly around us. From a rude unshapen mass of capability, it is our appointed task to rear the temple of a manful and worthy life. Time, thoughtfully considered, is as earnest and awful as eternity. It is indeed eternity in the vesture of an hour—a visible revelation of the infinite continuity, disclosed to us under finite limitations; a divergent ray of duration, under an aspect of mortal circumstance. Not lightly should a man esteem this fleeting phenomenon called to-day. Under the lowest consideration, it is the outcome of all preceding generations; and with its chequered sunshine and gloom it is ours even now to work in with faithfulness and courage. Gird well thy heart with integrity and strong endeavour, and put the stamp of an everlasting emphasis upon whatsoever duty thou canst find to do; for every act and effort of a man is charged with an abiding force whose vitality is never quenched, but visibly or imperceptibly circulates for evermore.

It is only by a constant faith in the sacredness of the present that life can be effectually ennobled. Let us understand the pre-eminent worth of the living time, and learn to solemnise our lives by large and universal aims, that shall embody the sublime suggestions which the future prefigures to our belief, in noble and commanding deeds and institutions, such as may be left, without apology or regret, to take their place hereafter among the memorials of the past. If men would take life earnestly, it would never appear mean. Could they sincerely believe themselves accountable to the universe for the fit employment of their powers, and that the

whole creation is wronged by any baseness or craven fear, and that it is blessed and benefited to the like extent by every stroke of rectitude, by every breath of love, they would deem their activity of some account, and regard the transient common moments as consecrated time. He who cannot, with a proud reliance on its sufficiency, accept the duty which the day brings to him, and throw some grace of truthfulness over the meanest occupation he may have, will never be qualified to perform successfully any greater or more honourable work. And never to any man shall time, under any of its remoter aspects, disclose its truly grand and complete significance, unless a sense of its present significance has been in him already consciously developed. Whoever would faithfully fulfil the measure of his destiny, let him dwell in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of every day. Here let him cherish lofty and noble thoughts, and dare to perform great and magnanimous actions. If this hour suffice him not for all the purposes of manly and earnest living, there is small likelihood that any other hour would suit him better. Postpone not thy life. Stand where thou art, and work manfully towards thy ends. So shall thy life be profitable to thee; so shall it be as a stream of welcome tendency, bearing thee bravely onwards to serene satisfactions—to quiet and sufficing joys.

PADDY THE TINKER.

A VERY few years since a poor family residing in the suburbs of Omagh in the county of Tyrone attracted much notice. The adventure which caused it found its way to the local journals; and the details as repeated, though varying in some points, agreed in the main circumstances of the story. A friend, who spent some time in the neighbourhood, favoured us with such particulars as he could gather, and which probably comprise the true version of the affair.

The Callaghans—who are a large family—live in a cabin by the wayside at some distance from the town. People wondered how so many found room within its narrow walls; but they not only found room, but content and cheerfulness. And those who passed the door often heard the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter, chiming in with the clatter of tins and the tinker's hammer: for it was the tinkering trade which gave support and occupation to those within. Those who were too young to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, could at least wipe the dust from the pots and pans, and make them look bright and clean. The donkey, who drew these precious articles to distant parts of the neighbourhood and to country fairs, was an object of respect and love to the whole family. His lodgings were in the far corner of the cabin—which was partitioned off by a ledge of wood—where he was duly cared for by the elders of the family, and fondly caressed by the youngsters. As he passed along on the winding road of a fine sunny morning, the glittering of the tins might be seen as they flashed through the green hedges. Sometimes his master walked by the side of the little cart, encouraging the patient beast with familiar words. When a shawl for herself, a cap for Micky or Jack, or any article of dress for some member of the family, was to be got in exchange for a kettle or a saucepan, Mrs Callaghan took her husband's place: nor did she ever forget in her mercantile transactions to secure some tobacco for her Goodman. Paddy, their first-born, and his mother's special darling, was sometimes deputed to attend the fairs; and Mrs Callaghan declared that he made larger sales and better bargains than she or his father could. It was no wonder that Paddy got customers; for he was, as all the neighbours allowed, 'a likely boy, and had a pleasant word for every one; and so much fun, that he'd make a cat laugh.' Indeed frolic and laughter were always to be had in his company. Besides his convivial talents, Paddy had a decided genius for tinkering; and his copies of some of his father's

chefs d'œuvre were so exact, that it was difficult to distinguish them from the originals. It was not to be supposed that a person so endowed, and of such social propensities, should not join in such amusements as offered. It must be confessed that he, like many other gifted men, left many of his works unfinished, so often was he tempted beyond the domestic circle. He was a guest at all the dances and the weddings in the neighbourhood; and there was not a girl of the party who did not wish to have Paddy for her partner; for if he was merry at other times, he was almost out of his wits with spirits when dancing a jig.

It was one morning after he had returned from one of those merry meetings that Paddy called his mother aside, and told her that he had offered himself to Nancy Maguire, and been accepted. It was in a thoughtless moment that poor Paddy had proffered his heart and hand; but it must be confessed that his thoughtless moments were neither few nor far between; seeing that they generally continued from the time he opened his eyes in the morning till he closed them at night. The news was anything but pleasant to his mother, particularly as she found that Paddy was to leave her, and set up for himself in Maguire's cabin; which was to be given up, rent free, to him and Nancy, by her father, who meant to settle a few miles farther on. Considering Paddy's great talents, and his high reputation for tinkering, Mrs Callaghan looked on the whole affair as a take-in on the part of the Maguires. She thought, too, that the girl might go gadding about; but, after all, that would have made her the fitter for a tinker's wife. Paddy only knew that she was pretty, and could dance a jig right well; and he hoped all the rest. He left his home with a sigh; for though it was but a mud cabin, he loved it dearly. His father resolved that he should have an equivalent for the cabin; so bestowed on him a supply of sheet-iron, and the necessary tools for working at his business. He was soon settled in his new abode with his pretty little wife, and it was not his fault if they were not always good-humoured and gay. Some folks, however, said that Nancy was better tempered at a wedding or a dance than she was at home; and others went so far as to say that she never gave Paddy an easy minute, but that *she was ever at him*. Nancy's friends told a different story; and said that if the girl thwarted and snubbed him, it was all out of good-nature, and for his good. Constant dropping, they say, wears the smoothest stone, and however it was, poor Paddy lost all his fine spirits; and his eyes, that used to be for ever dancing in his head, looked dull and heavy; and instead of the *hop, skip, and jump* which had distinguished his gait, he now moved listlessly on, as if it was all one to him where he went. It was said that he had on two or three occasions threatened to go away for good; but Nancy, let matters have been how they might, would have been sorry if he had parted in anger.

'What is come over our Paddy?' Mrs Callaghan said to his father. 'He's not the same boy he was—the half of him aint in it—and his cheeks, that were like the reddest roses I ever seen, have no more colour in them than the drivellin' snows; and no jokes and laughs any more. I'm afraid of my life that Nancy has a contrary temper; and he is one that never comes across since the day he was born—one that was used to have his own way in anything he'd take into his head, from the first moment that he could use his little fists, and came to his natural speech.'

'Maybe,' replied her husband, 'his sheet-iron is out; but that needn't trouble the boy, for I'll share what I have with him.'

One day, as Mrs Callaghan was sitting on the low stool by the fire, and the bellows with which she had been blowing it lying on her lap, Paddy walked in, and passed, by the children, who were standing about the door, without speaking. He went over to the fire, and drew the other stool, and sat down by his mother.

'Mother, I said, he, after a moment's silence, 'I'm come to bid you all good-by; for I can't put up with Nancy's tongue no longer—it's beyond the bounds; she's out too cantankerous; the very heart's sorry to be in me. So I think it better to go quiet and safe on oast; and as I have listed with the party that's going up for recruits; and I'm come to bid you all good-by, ye'es all, mother darlint'—

His poor mother burst into violent fits of crying; and Paddy's eyes, which had been full when he entered the room, overflowed, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks: the children all hung about him, and with sobs joined their intreaties to their mother's that he would not leave them. But Paddy could not go back of his engagement, and go he must. It was a sorrowful parting to them all. He never had been longer from home than for a few days, when he happened to go with a cargo of tins to a place too distant to admit of his return on the same day. On these occasions he was always missed, and his return eagerly watched for by the whole family: the children would be up and away at the first dawn of day to look for him from the point which commanded the most extensive view of the road. There would they remain, straining their eyes, till the donkey-car, with Paddy by its side, came in sight; then, with shouts, they would bound on to meet him. And now he was to go beyond the seas—perhaps to foreign parts, and might stay away for years upon years; and if he did come back, he might find the green grass growing over those who would have been the most delighted to give him the *Cœd mille fuita*. It was thus the poor mother thought; but all couldn't keep him. He shared his bounty with his parents; but the money looked hateful in the eyes of his mother. A few days, and he was away with the party with whom he had enlisted. None grieved more after him than his wife; for she blamed herself, and thought that he would not have left her if she had not been too cross. She feared to call on his people, for she felt that they were angry with her; and so left the neighbourhood without seeing them, and went to stay with her father. The cabin in which she and Paddy had lived was soon inhabited by other inmates. Paddy's mother fretted sorely after him—and she was for ever talking of him. She never wearied of telling of all the arch ways and *cute* remarks of his boyish days. The neighbours heard the stories so often, that they had them by heart. Every one observed, from this time, what a favourite little Jack was with his mother; he was like what Paddy had been at his age, and he was always by her side.

Paddy liked a soldier's life at first, when it was new to him; but its monotony after a time tired him. He felt as if one sight of the green fields, and the little mountain rill at home, would do him good. The very cabin, humble as it was, seemed to his fancy, in the distance, a very paradise. Vague longings to return, it is said, at length formed themselves into regular plans; and in the third year of his service, we have heard, he did actually desert.

It would lead us into too great length were we to detail all that he suffered in his vain endeavours to reach home; all the harassing expedients to which he was driven to elude the police, who were on the look-out for deserters, and who, he had often reason to think, were on his track; the days of concealment, and the nights of watching; or, if slumber came, the troubled dreams, in which grim-visaged giants and headless drum-majors were sure to present themselves in the most appalling attitudes. To escape from this wretched state he intreated the aid of an uncle, in whose house in Clogher he had sought refuge. His uncle applied to the Roman Catholic bishop, who, through the instrumentality of an officer very high in the army—to whom he had once rendered an essential service—effected all that was required, and Paddy was extricated from his perilous situation, on condition of his immediately returning to quarters. Arrived there, he must have thought himself very fortunate in being let off with a good scolding, and a few

days' retirement in the black hole. To do him justice, after his probation he showed himself grateful for the lenity he had experienced; and by the strictest attention to his duty, proved how anxious he was to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his officers. After serving for another year, he got his discharge; and now he might go home with an easy conscience, and free from all anxiety. He took a kind farewell of the comrades whom he had before left with so little ceremony. His excitement and hurry to reach home were very great: he took passage in the first vessel which he found bound for Ireland. Unfortunately, she was not sea-worthy, and he narrowly escaped being wrecked. They found much difficulty in reaching the port; and poor Paddy was so worn out by his exertions in assisting at the pumps, that a little rest would have been necessary; but the moment he put his foot upon his native soil his heart got up, and slinging his worldly goods, which were tied up in a blue and white handkerchief, on his stick, which he rested on his shoulder in musket-fashion, he set out in double-quick time, singing and whistling snatches of merry songs for the first two or three miles, and thinking of the joy with which he would be greeted on his unexpected arrival, especially by his poor mother. But his limbs grew weary, and his hands and feet burned with heat; his head ached; and he was tormented with parching thirst. He put up on his way for the night at a little shebeen shop (so are the humble houses of entertainment designated); but he could partake of none of the good cheer spread before him; the smoking dish of potatoes, and the tempting rashers of bacon and fried eggs, utterly failing in provoking his appetite. The bed to which he retired was no resting-place to him, for he rose from it in the morning guiltless of a slumber. The people of the house saw that he was ill; but he said *the air would do him good*. So he paid his reckoning for the dinner which he had not tasted, and for the bed in which he had not slept, and pursued his way. He was indeed ill; and how he ever reached his uncle's house was wonderful.

The pleasure which his relations felt at seeing him come back his own master, was subdued when they saw how weak and ill he appeared. They, however, gave him a hearty welcome: he sat shivering and covering over the fire, complaining of the cold, though his face was flushed, and his hand was burning. He lay upon the bed; but sleep would not come: the headache and thirst increased. His uncle and aunt whispered that it was the *sickness* which he had (the term always used to express fever). They imparted their fears to him in the morning; spoke of their dread of infection, and proposed his removal to the hospital of the workhouse. Paddy acquiesced in the propriety of the measure; and he was accordingly brought there, and instantly put to bed, which, from the crowded state of the establishment, was shared with another fever patient. The fever ran high, and bad symptoms came on. On the eighth day his case was pronounced to be hopeless; and at his earnest request a messenger was sent to tell his parents that he was in Clogher—ill, and in hospital. What would have been such joyful news to his family, who had no expectation of his coming back, was embittered by the account of his illness; but he was young, and had always been strong and healthy; so they hoped he would soon be well, and among them once more. It was resolved that his father and his favourite sister Peggy should go to see him, and bring him back on the donkey-car, if he could be removed with safety. The poor mother stayed at home, to take care of the cabin and of the children; she stayed at the door till the travellers were out of sight; she offered up an earnest prayer for Paddy's recovery, and safe return with his father and sister.

The way seemed long to them, who burned with impatience to see him. At length they arrived at the house of their relations: the accounts of poor Paddy were most disheartening; he was so much worse, that his death was every moment expected. His father and

sister gained admittance to the ward: he was ill indeed; and they wept bitterly when they looked at him. His eyes were directed towards the door; and, after a moment, he hid his face in the bedclothes, exclaiming, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' His father and Peggy caressed him, and wept over him; but still he would interrupt their fond words with, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' These were the last words they heard him speak, as they left the ward at the hour prescribed for visitors to take their leave. They were at the door at daybreak the next morning, when they learned, what they most dreaded to hear, that poor Paddy had died at twelve o'clock the night before. From the nature of the complaint—which made every precaution for the prevention of the spread of infection necessary—but a few hours had been allowed to pass till the remains were consigned to a coffin. The grief of the father and the girl affected those who witnessed it; and the earnest request, that they might be allowed to take poor Paddy's remains home to his own burying-place, was complied with; and the coffin was placed in the donkey-car. Bitter were the tears which Callaghan shed as he adjusted it, and covered it with straw, that it might not shock the eyes of the poor woman at home, till the sad news was broken to her.

In the meantime she had cleaned up the cabin, and put everything in order. She made the bed as comfortable as she could for her darling, having fixed on the snuggest corner for his resting-place; 'fur wake and weary my poor child will be,' she said, as she made all her little arrangements. She had made some purchases for the jubilee which she was determined to have to welcome him. The tea and sugar, and the bread and butter, were all ready on the shelf for a refreshing repast. The sound of every distant car, and the bark of every dog, brought her to the cabin door. At length, nearly at nightfall, she caught a glimpse of a car and persons walking by its side. She called to the children within to blow up the fire, and to make a good blaze. She soon ascertained that the travellers were her own people; but Paddy was not with them. She tried to comfort herself for the disappointment which she felt by saying, 'It was better not to bring the dear creature so far, till he gathers a little strength; and the night-air, sure enough, might give him *could*. But it won't be long till he comes to; for sickness never lay heavy upon him.' When they reached the door, she perceived by the face of her husband that something was amiss; and when she looked at Peggy, she saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She feared to ask what was the matter: but the sad tale was soon told; and the coffin was laid upon a table, and the poor mother knelt by it, wringing her hands, and calling Paddy by the fondest epithets; and telling the poor lifeless clay how she loved him; and asking why he had parted from her. Her husband tried to calm her; but the words of comfort which he spoke fell coldly on her ear, and did not reach her heart. Paddy, wild and thoughtless as he had been, had always been the joy of that heart. It was agony to think she was never to see him again who had been the very light of her eyes! She asked for any message he might have sent—for every word that he had spoken. They repeated his last words, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' They cut her to the very heart, and seemed as if they would for ever mar any hope of peace; for, while they spoke of his love, they told too plainly that he had felt her neglect. Oh how she accused herself for having let anything on earth detain her away from him at such a time! 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' seemed for ever to ring in her ears, and vibrate through her very heart—'Why didn't my mother come to see me?'

The remains were borne the next day to the quiet old churchyard about two miles off, and were followed by a great concourse of persons; for all the neighbours wished to pay the last mark of respect to

one who had been born and bred among them; and who had been so well liked; and as they walked along, many were the anecdotes of his good nature and pleasantness which were recounted. It was with difficulty that the friends, who had lingered behind the rest, could prevail on the poor mother to leave the grave, on which she had thrown herself in wild agony. A few days more, and she might be seen about her usual occupations. The poor cannot afford to indulge their grief; but still, as they go about their business, it lies heavy at their heart; and though they cannot sit apart for hours and days, and let their tears flow on without restraint, yet they find time in all their active hurry for passionate bursts of agony.

The poor mother might still often be seen wending her way with her cargo of tins to some neighbouring fair or market. Many an object that she had been wont to pass heedlessly by, told stories of other days that wrung her heart. As she passed the rich pasture-lands, and heard the tinkling of the sheep-bells, she remembered how often Paddy, who was ever at her side when a child, would make her stop, that he might dance to their merry chime. The very primroses, glinting out on the green banks, seemed too beautiful and sweet, now that Paddy, who loved to gather them when a boy, was gone. The little birds, chirping and hopping gaily among the green branches, seemed, as it were, too happy without him, who was wont to seek out their nests and attend the young brood. She would sometimes stop on her way and let the donkey feed by the roadside, while she sat near the hedge to think of Paddy; and she would clasp her hands, and utter vehement cries, and exclaim, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' Strangers who went along thought she was some poor demented creature, and passed on to the other side. The neighbours knew it was grief that ailed her, and pitied her the more because they thought that she was crazed. As she sat thus one day, she might have heard the step of one close by, if she had heeded anything. A trembling hand was laid upon her shoulder, and in a tone, low almost as a whisper, Nancy—Paddy's wife—said, 'Wont you turn round? Wont you give me one kiss?' She did turn round, but it was to give an angry look; for she blamed her for his having gone away. The poor girl said no more; but gathering the end of the mother's cloak in her hand, she kissed it passionately, and went on her way. After a moment, the unhappy woman thought she had been too harsh, and she called after her; but Nancy had hurried on, and was already far out of hearing; and this, too, weighed upon her heart; and so months passed on.

One evening when she had returned late from market she sat down to reckon her gains. She was weary after her long day's journey; but she did not neglect to see that the poor *dumb beast* was comfortable. He was in his own corner of the cabin, and the children were busy about him. The dusk of the evening had come on, and the blaze from the turf-fire was not strong, so the cabin was rather dark and gloomy. The latch of the door was raised, and those within thought it was by the Goodman of the house, who was expected home about that hour; but it was a stranger who entered. He said nothing, but went over to the fire, drew a stool, and sat down; and having taken a pipe from his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and applied himself intently to smoke. Mrs. Callaghan concluded that he meant to pass the night there, as it is very usual for wayfarers at nightfall to tuck into the cabins by the wayside to seek a night's lodging. The required hospitality is seldom refused, except in cases where there is sickness within, or too many in the family to admit of room for another. The latter being the case in Callaghan's cabin, his wife told the unbidden guest that she would give him a night's lodging and welcome if there were room; but added, as she pointed to the group of children, that they were too many, and advised the traveller to push on to the next house, which was not far, and where there was plenty of room. As he made no reply, she concluded that he

had some story, and repeated what she had said. After a pause, when from his pipe, he merely said, he was very well where he was, and did not mean to go farther, and then resumed his smoking with increased energy. The unwilling hostess felt a little alarmed, lest he should be one of those bad characters who sometimes intruded into houses with a design of robbing the inmates. She wished most anxiously for Callaghan's return, as she did not know how to act by a person who appeared determined to have his own way. The children looked frightened, and stood motionless, observing the intruder: little Mary, summoning up her courage, came from among them, and went to the obscure corner where he sat, that she might take an accurate survey of his features: when she got close to him, and looked up in his face, she called out, 'Mammy, it's our own Paddy!'

The poor woman rushed over, took one look, and fell to the floor in a state of insensibility. The children raised her; but she had not quite come to herself when her husband entered: the children ran to him, exclaiming, 'That's our Paddy!' as they pointed to the man, who went on smoking at the fire.

Callaghan looked at the man, and ran in terror for protection behind the donkey. 'Don't go nigh it, childer—it's a speret: don't go nigh it.' Then turning to the donkey, he inquired of him, 'Wasn't it you that brought home our Paddy from Clogher hospital? Wasn't it yourself that drew the cart with his coffin and himself in it all the ways? Hadn't we a wake, though, he was shut in it? Didn't we lay out every penny we had to buy canules, and pipes, and tobacco, and all that was right and requisite? And didn't all the neighbours come? And hadn't they a pleasant night? And didn't they all go to the funeral? And didn't we lave him with his own people, that had been there for these hundreds of years? And what is it, then, that can make his speret unaisy?'

The donkey denied nothing that his master asserted; but was perhaps unable to answer the last query, as he still remained silent.

'Oh, Paddy, darlint!' exclaimed Mrs. Callaghan, 'what is it disturbs you out of your grave? Is it more masses you want for the repose of your poor soul? Sure if it is, you have only to spake the word; and if every screed in the house was to go to the pawn-office, it shall be done.'

Taking the pipe deliberately out of his mouth, the man or spirit rose, and came forward into the middle of the room, and waving his hand, said, 'I am Paddy!—Paddy sure enough; and though I've made my ways to yees, it's only to tell yees all my mind, and to go away for good and all: for I don't feel mighty well pleased with any of yees. Mother, you never came nigh me at all, though you heard I was so bad in the hospital, and that the doctors had given me up. Why didn't you come to see me? Father, you and Peggy seen me dyin' in my bid, and left me there, and never asked for a sight of me again. You wouldn't have sarked a dog so. There was I left; and the comrade that was in the bid with me died by my side that very night you seen me. He was put in his coffin, and his friends came next mornin', and took him away. I suppose yees all thought I was dead, and thrown out upon some dunghill, and that you had fairly got shot of me for the rest of your days. But you see I've come back to tell you my mind, and to say to yees all that I never will darken your doors again after your unkind treatment. But I lave yees my blessin'—'

Paddy would have gone out, but they all clung to him. Everything was soon cleared up by the explanation which took place. Paddy's father had brought home the remains of the poor man who had died, and who had been supposed by the nurses to have been his son. He had been wept over and waked by strangers, attended to the grave by those who had never seen him, and laid with those with whom he had never claimed kindred or friendship.

Paddy and his mother were in each other's arms crying for joy. His father was by his side, and the children gathered round him, laughing and crying by turns. An hour had scarcely passed, when Nancy, who had been on her way home with some purchases for her father and mother, heard the strange report, and rushed into the cabin in breathless haste. Paddy's arms and heart were open to receive her, and she wept for a moment in silence on his bosom; then looking up in his face, she said, 'I have got you back, Paddy, and you will never leave me again: never will a cross or contrary word pass my lips any more.'

'And as for myself,' said Paddy, 'I was all out too careless and too fond of rovin'; but I have more sense now; and now that I'm back with yees all again, I'll never leave you while the breath's in me.'

No friends ever came to look after the man who had been buried in Paddy's stead.

'We'll let him stay where he is, the poor lonely stranger,' said Mrs Callaghan; 'for never again will I be the one to turn out livin' or dead. Wasn't I near turnin' out our darlint Paddy from his own natural home the night he came back to make us all so happy!'

WHO ARE THE HUNGARIANS?

THIS is a question which has been frequently asked of late; and the present article—if so inspiring a subject may be handled with the due avoidance of political excitement, and matters of historical fact tolerated—is an attempt to answer it.*

The inhabitants of Hungary—which term generally includes Transylvania and Croatia—comprise several distinct races: the central districts are occupied by the Magyars, with Wallacks to the east; Slovaks on the north; and Croats to the south. The two latter are Slavonians or Slaves by origin, being descendants of the Illyrians and Thesks, and, with the Pannonians, had cultivated the faithful soil from the earliest ages until the Magyar invasion. The Wallacks were a tribe that had replaced the Dacians, exterminated by Trajan in the days when Rome stretched her mighty arms to the remotest corners of Europe.

The Magyars, or Hungarians Proper, though of the same stock, are not the same barbarian Huns of whom we used to read in our schoolboy-days as issuing from their Mongolian wilds, devastating and terrorising in their march westwards, even to the very walls of Rome. This division wandered over various parts of Europe before approaching the Danube; and soon after the days of Attila, a colony distinguished for bravery established themselves at the eastern extremity of the Carpathians, under the name of Szeklers (petty Scythians). They were followed by others under Arpad—a chief still famous in the national annals, from the sixth to the ninth centuries—until the whole territory was subjugated; and afterwards consolidated by the wise policy of King Stephen, whose crown is regarded by Hungarians of all classes, even at the present day, with the most fervid reverence. Animated by a restless warlike spirit, the Magyars were continually making incursions on the lands of their neighbours: but not with impunity; for in the sixteenth century they were totally defeated in a tremendous battle at Mohacs by Sultan Soliman, a reverse of which no Magyar can speak without mingled feelings of grief and shame. So disastrous was the result, that partly by constraint, and partly by treachery, they were led to place themselves under the protection of Austria—a proceeding more fatal to their liberties and welfare than the Turkish victory. The emperors of Austria became kings of Hungary, but with no other legal powers than those recognised by the constitution of the kingdom. The

great object, however, of the government at Vienna was to Germanise the Magyars as much as possible; and for a time the result proved according to wish. By an edict of the Emperor Joseph II, German was substituted for Latin—which had been, and still was, until recently, the political language of Hungary. The Magyars resisted this encroachment, and made an attempt to found the Hungarian Academy, for the cultivation and diffusion of their native tongue, which, they contended, was as well adapted for all purposes of literature and polity as that forced on them by authority. They would speak neither Latin nor German, but Magyar; and the Latin name of their country—now inapplicable—should be changed to Magyarie. But Joseph pushed his reforms with a high hand: he even caused the national stamp to be disused—an apparently insignificant act, but one which had the effect of strengthening the resistance opposed to him. Hence the origin of the Magyar movement, which has continued down to our own days, and whose aim is to give a unity of action to the different races by whom the soil of Hungary is occupied.

After Joseph's death, when a new generation of Magyars had arisen, they pushed their claims with so much energy, as to regain a portion of the constitutional rights of which they had too long been deprived. Their views comprehended no throwing off of allegiance with regard to Austria: they desired only that old-standing treaties should be adhered to; that as a limited monarchy theirs should be a free nationality under the crown of St Stephen worn by the emperor. But their demands or remonstrances were systematically evaded; messages from the Diet were either not answered, or treated as the communications of rebels. They had nothing for it but to oppose a persevering aim to the caprices of a government which sought to overcome practical difficulties by fanciful theories—to coerce mind as the best mode of satisfying its aspirations.

The national pride of the Magyar is extraordinary—surpassing that of the Spaniard or the Scottish Highlander of olden time. A peasant clad in a greasy sheep-skin will tell you the Magyars are the greatest among nations; their language the most harmonious, being, in fact, the medium through which Divine revelation was vouchsafed to mortals; and that the national costume is perpetually worn in heaven. Yet the condition of these peasants is almost identical with that of the Anglo-Saxon serfs in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The population was divided into three classes—we say *was*, for reasons which will presently appear: the magnates, or chief nobles, who, among other privileges, were exempt from all payment of taxes; the *backovos*, *nemesek*, sandalled or peasant nobles, a class which in intelligence and education scarcely differed from other cultivators of the soil, yet they had a share in the representation of the country, besides certain immunities, one of which was, as stated by Mr Köhl, that 'they could not be hanged like other people for any crime they might commit, for it is their privilege to be beheaded, and to have their hands tied before instead of behind the back.' In common with the magnates, too, a peasant noble could walk across the magnificent suspension-bridge at Peath, or any other taxed thoroughfare, without paying the toll; while his less fortunate neighbour, between whose appearance and his own scarce a difference could be detected, would be compelled to pay the charge. Last came the peasants, designated *corvéables*, which means that whether they pleased or no, they had to bear all sorts of burthens for everybody else: they had first to work for the support of themselves and families, then to pay all the taxes and tolls, to keep the roads and bridges in repair all over the kingdom, to furnish the nobles and other travellers with horses for their vehicles when travelling, and to forego the enjoyment of all political rights. It is difficult to believe in the existence of such a state of things, the evils of which must always be painfully

* The Editors, being unable to pronounce any opinion of their own on the question between Hungary and Austria, desire that the present article, which they insert on account of its information, should be regarded as representing only the views of its author.

obvious. As may be expected, as little trouble as possible was taken in mending roads and bridges; each peasant threw down his quota of material without regard to its fitness for the purpose: thus the roads mostly took care of themselves; bridges would sometimes be altogether wanting; and the casualties of travelling in Hungary were reckoned at 'a risk a mile.' Had not nature been as bountiful to the land as man was perverse, the peasant class must long ago have perished.

Happily for lord and vassal, feudalism and serfdom are becoming matter of history: the one may now aspire, while to the other remains the noble duty of guiding and fructifying the aspiration. Here will be a new claim to our notice; yet apart from this, there is much in Hungary that commends itself especially to English sympathies. Of all continental nations, they perhaps approach the nearest to ourselves in general character; and though we have seldom bestowed a thought on them, England and her literature have long been objects of their attention. They are not unwilling to be influenced by exterior experiences; and looking abroad over Western Europe, as observed by a French writer, M. Desprez—"It is to England they address themselves. The parliamentary institutions, the division of the two countries into counties, the resemblance of the Chamber of the Magnates to that of the Lords, and of the Elective Chamber to the Commons—all these coincidences naturally attract the attention of the Magyars. Yet even among the more enlightened there would probably be a persuasion of the superiority of their race to that of the Anglo-Saxon. Still they admire English society the more because it resembles theirs; they study English politics with eagerness, following the course of events in their newspapers; they write learned works, in which British institutions are compared to theirs, not without showing that the political forms of Hungary are simpler, closer to tradition, than those of England. Besides, political life among the Magyars assumes instinctively or purposely the habits and usages of English life. Their casinos may rank as clubs; the leading orators are fêted and feasted by their partisans, and on great occasions take part in public meetings, and sometimes they harangue the multitude from balcony or hustings. Some among them have obtained the name of the O'Connell of Hungary. In fine, when the Magyars wish to give a prompt estimate of themselves to a traveller unacquainted with them, they do not hesitate to call themselves English of the East."

As above indicated, the Diet, or Parliament of Hungary, consists of two assemblies, the institution of which is nearly contemporary with our own, being only five years later. As Miss Pardoe writes—"It was strange and startling to remember, that within nine hours' journey of Vienna—surrounded by absolute governments like those of Austria, Turkey, and Russia, the iron link being broken only by the frontier of ruined Poland, standing like a sign and a warning to the nations—a race still existed who had resolutely flung the yoke of despotism from their necks, and dared, despite the intrigues of cabinets and the threats of power, to assert their rights."

Such, however, is the Hungarian Diet which met at Presburg. As before observed, it consists of two assemblies, numbering—recent changes apart—six hundred members, of which two hundred form the Upper House, or Table—Upper and Lower Table being the terms used. The former sits by right; the latter is elective, and triennial. All motions originate with the Lower Table, but are first discussed at what is called a 'circular meeting.' Respectably-dressed persons are admitted to the body of the hall as well as the galleries, and are permitted to applaud when anything is said which they consider worthy the honour. The author above quoted gives us an account of one of these meetings, which it may not be out of place to transcribe:—"The first circumstance that struck me," she observes, "was the extreme order and business-like appearance of the whole

assembly. The listless loungers occupying a couple of chairs, with their elaborate idleness; no boots, looking as though they had collected all the dust or mud of a great thoroughfare; no members sitting with their legs on, as if tacitly to express their contempt both for their occupation and their colleagues, were to be seen even in the informal and undress meeting of the Hungarian deputies. The tables were covered with papers, folio volumes containing the national laws, and the caps and gloves of the members. . . . The crowd who thronged the lower end of the hall, and extended for some distance between the tables, were orderly and attentive; and the regularity with which the proceedings progressed was admirable; and, after all that I had been told on the subject of the "semi-barbarous legislators" of the country, surprised me not a little."

Another peculiarity is worth notice:—"In one respect the Hungarian people have the advantage of our own as regards their representation—no deputy being permitted to vote against the feeling of his constituency." Remarkable instances sometimes occur of the exercise of this privilege. On one occasion a debate, arose as to the late King Ferdinand's right to levy troops, while at the same time interfering with the freedom of public discussion. Among others, a deputy from one of the most populous counties spoke strongly in favour of voting the levy, much to the satisfaction of the government party; but on concluding, he said—"These are my opinions, my principles, and my views. I cannot look upon the question in any other light. But—I am instructed by the county which I represent to vote with the opposition; and my vote must be registered accordingly." As may be expected, the Opposition were not slack with their cheers. The elections, in which the system of voting by ballot prevails, are conducted pretty much as in England—that is, with music and shouting, speechifying and excitement.

In 1823-24, the government, forgetful of constitutional stipulations, attempted to levy troops without the concurrence of the Diet. This produced a new Magyar movement in 1825, headed by two of the most distinguished nobles, Szechenyi and Wesselenyi. To the former is mainly owing the navigation of the Danube, which, prior to his exertions, was in a very imperfect state. He is the author of several treatises on political and economical questions; in which, for the first time, his countrymen have been able to read wholesome truths, and to find their faults unsparingly rebuked. The Magyars have had the good sense to appreciate the writer's object; and his frankness, instead of repelling, has won their esteem. Szechenyi has mainly sought to indoctrinate the higher nobility, while Wesselenyi has laboured to extend the influence of the lower ranks; and, with a view to acquire greater popular rights, has purchased land in numerous counties. Thus, on the one hand, Magyarism has been catechising and criticising administrators and political economists; and on the other, energising the provinces, stirring multitudes to the necessity of action, and inspiring a band of ardent writers. Among the latter, the poet Worosmarty has roused and thrilled the national heart by his songs and poems, overflowing with generous sentiments and exalted patriotism.

It is not to be expected that the course of politics, any more than that of love, should run smooth; and causes of difference have arisen in Hungary from the impatience of the Magyars to realize their views without delay: the Croats and Slovaks contend for equal privilege on their part, at times with a warmth that threatens violence. Austria has always been ready to foment these jealousies, as a means of affirming her own power; but late events have tended to abate them, by showing the necessity for combined effort unbiassed by prejudice. The two great champions are not now heard as formerly: Szechenyi slackened his exertions on finding the course of events leading to extremes; and Wesselenyi, for a speech in which he denounced Austrian injustice, was punished by a long imprisonment, which

so weakened him, that on his release he was unable, as before, to take an active part in public life.

But if the hour be come, the man is there: Ludwig Kossuth* has proved himself no unworthy leader. He began life as an attorney, and first came into collision with the government by publishing reports of the proceedings of the Diet in defiance of the law. Mr Köhl thus speaks of the 'noble deputy.' 'He was imprisoned for a considerable time for having made public some discussions of the Diet, which were forbidden to be printed, by distributing a considerable number of manuscript copies. He was subsequently liberated, and is now editor of the "Pesti Hirlap" ("Pesth Journal"), the most popular Hungarian paper, and the most fearless and untiring advocate of all that tends to the amelioration and advancement of his country; the boldest and most unsparing denouncer of the errors and abuses in the constitution and government. He has made it his especial care to keep guard over what he considers the weak side of his countrymen—namely, the liability of the judges and other officers to corruption and irregular influences, and never fails to discover and expose offences of this description. Under these circumstances, it cannot be but that Mr Kossuth should have many enemies; but he counts a far greater number of friends—the whole public of Hungary being on his side—and he is the favourite and political hero of the day. His "Hirlap" is the oracle on all occasions; and during my stay in Pesth, whenever any public matter was discussed, I continually heard the eager inquiry—"What does Kossuth say of it?"

'I looked with much interest at this man, on whom the eyes of all Hungary may be said to be fixed. He is of middle size, and very agreeable exterior; his features are regular, and decidedly handsome, but strongly-marked and manly. He is in the prime of life, with rather redundant hair and whiskers, but a mild and modest expression of countenance. He was rather pale when I saw him, and his features wore an air of earnestness, slightly tinged by melancholy, though lighted up by his fine flashing eyes. He spoke for full half an hour without a moment's hesitation, and his mode of delivery appeared to me extremely agreeable. His voice is as fine as might be expected from so handsome a person; and the sounds of the Hungarian language, powerful and energetic, seemed, from his lips, I might almost say warlike, although they come hard and harsh from the mouth of an uncultivated speaker.'

The above description was written six years ago, since which time Kossuth—the Magyar Cobden—has risen higher in popularity and usefulness. He is now 'Governor-Protector' of Hungary; and should his life be spared, there is every reason to hope that the exercise of his noble talents will prove a lasting benefit to his country. The difficulties of the position are great, but not greater than may be overcome; and the elements of success are not lacking. Hungary possesses a soil of unrivalled fertility, producing an almost tropical vegetation, teeming with grain and fruit. The Banat alone will grow ten times as much corn as is needed for her whole population; and beneath the surface the mineral treasures are inexhaustible. There are mining and other schools, and libraries and learned societies in her towns; her press sends forth numerous works annually, and the spirit of improvement animates the people. Much may be done by the application and development of such resources as these. Instead of being pitted against neighbouring states, their entire strength may now be devoted to the social wants of their own country, and the amelioration of its condition. The bulk of the population is Protestant: they embraced the doctrines of Calvin at an early period; and their manifold struggles against persecution, and their valiant efforts in behalf of the Empress Maria Louisa, are noble chapters of history.

During their present struggle for constitutional rights,

* Pronounced Kossout.

the savagery of surrounding races has been let loose upon them with a vindictiveness which we could only expect from a Tamerlane or Nadir Shah; but which, to present notions, savours more of a desire to exterminate than to conciliate. Ever since 1835, the party which sought to modify the relation between noble and peasant has been gathering strength. By and by came the outbreak in Galicia, which alarmed the one and excited the other. The Diet of 1847 drew up a series of resolutions embodying certain reforms: no class was to be exempt from taxation, but all were to pay in proportion to their means; civil equality was declared; the peasant relieved from his *corvées*; the old exactions were altogether abolished; and a large extension of the suffrage granted. But to accomplish all this, it was necessary that Austria should no longer have uncontrolled power over the public purse of Hungary, and that her demoralising efforts to bend every community to her deadening policy should cease.

The Diet proved itself in earnest, for every religion was tolerated, and the peasants were not only released from feudal servitude, but the nobles gave up to them more than two-thirds of the cultivated lands throughout the kingdom. Twenty millions of acres have been divided into thirty or sixty-acre lots, and apportioned among five hundred thousand peasants, now invested with all the rights of ownership. Every person is entitled to vote who pays a yearly rent of £10, or whose property amounts to an annual value of £30: a mechanic who keeps an apprentice, and individuals holding university diplomas, may also vote. Croatia was pacified, the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania united, and the whole of the proceedings signed and confirmed, by the emperor at Vienna in April 1848; but while the rejoicings were still going on throughout the newly-regenerated kingdom, the central government commenced its schemes for deliberately nullifying what, through its sanction, had become the law of the land. A revolt was excited in Croatia, and a Croat colonel, Baron Joseph Jellachich, appointed Ban, or ruler; and at the same time the frontier tribes were everywhere instigated to attack the Hungarians. At last Austria threw off the mask, and sided openly with the Croats, and then the Magyars became aware of the duplicity of which they had been the victims. Still they did not wish to renounce their fealty; and the documents authorising levies of troops, and an issue of paper money, were sent, as usual, to be countersigned by the emperor. For a time circumstances appeared to favour the Austrian cause; the rebel kingdom was overrun with marvellous rapidity, and encountering but few enemies. But the roads were broken up and barricaded, ditches dug, and filled with water, bridges broken down, streams of water made to flood the lowlands, everything in the shape of food was destroyed; so that by the time the conqueror reached Pesth, he had lost ingloriously thousands of men. It was now the Magyars' turn; under the brave generals Georgey, Bem, and Dembinski, they came up from the interior of their land, and before many weeks were over, a series of splendid victories had crippled the invaders, and driven them clean out of the country. A provisional government was formed, which hitherto has successfully provided against all contingencies. Russian troops are now called in to assist in extinguishing this newly-kindled spark of freedom: should the Magyars succeed in beating them also, Eastern Europe will have scope to march on its noble career of civilisation.

Hungary and Transylvania united present an area a little larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland, being 125,000 square miles. The population is 14,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are Magyars, the remainder being Slaves, Wallacks, Jews, and Germans. Now that they are freed from the oppressive burthen of Austrian duties, their internal and foreign trade may be largely extended. The vast body of new enfranchised proprietors will pour supplies into the market, and may obtain manufactured articles in exchange by other

means than the periodical fairs on the Bavarian frontier. There is a great demand for articles and munitions of war, which are admitted duty free; cotton goods pay a small charge. A correspondent of the 'Mining Journal' recommends English merchants, as soon as they hear of the capture of the port of Fiume by the Magyars, to lose no time in forwarding cargoes of saddlery and hardware, which would meet immediate sale. In return, we may get hemp, flax, tallow, wool, grain, hides, and splendid tobacco.

It has been the misfortune of the Hungarians to be overpraised or calumniated; we think the time has come when their true character will be better understood. With many defects, they possess qualities and social customs well worthy of imitation. While writing this sketch, a thought has been present to our minds, with which we conclude. It is this: how much misery and mischief would be avoided if rulers would take the trouble to learn the A B C of polity and morality!

POPULAR RHYMES AND NURSERY TALES OF ENGLAND.*

MR HALLIWELL has been encouraged, by the success of his collection of nursery rhymes, to form a more comprehensive collection aspiring to contain the popular rhymes of England, on the model of the Scottish collection of Mr R. Chambers. While regretting that, from defective opportunity or want of time on the part of the editor, it is a less extensive or perfect assemblage than might be wished, we receive it with pleasure, as at least tending to supply a desideratum which we had long had in view, and as being, in itself, and as far as it goes, a most agreeable contribution to our literature. Mr Halliwell gives, like Mr Chambers, a collection of rhymes, generally of a proverbial character, on places and families; also rhymes on natural objects and on popular superstitions. He puts on record the snatches of quaint verse employed in the nursery for the solacement of infants, and amongst children themselves in their amusements; likewise the prose recitals which pass current by cottage firesides through all ages, and all over the land. He gives a serious interest to many of these things by tracing their great antiquity and their connection with similar examples of what Mr Chambers originally, we believe, called *natural literature*, in other countries.

It is curious to learn that variations of the familiar song on the ladybird belongs to the vernacular literature of England, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden; and that the riddle, *Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall*, is, in one form or another, a favourite throughout Europe. The following is the Danish version of that ingenious enigma:—

'Lille Trille
Læse paa Hylde;
Lille Trille
Faldt ned af Hylde.
Ingen Mand
I hule Land
Lille Trille surere kan.'

Which may be thus translated:—

'Little Trille
Lay on a shelf:
Little Trille
Thence pitched himself:
Not all the men
In our land, I ken,
Can put Little Trille right again.'

Equally curious it is to learn that an old woman intrusted with an infant in Jutland will amuse it, exactly

as her Danish English cousin will do, by touching its features in succession, with a facetious play upon the name of each; thus:—

'Pandebeen,
Olsteen,
Nasboen,
Mundelip,
Hagettip,
Dikke, dikke, dik.'

That is—

'Brow-bone,
Eye-stone,
Nose-bone,
Mouth-lip,
Chin-tip,
Dikke, dikke, dik.'

a ticklement under the chin following the last line. Or to find that, while the English mamma apostrophises the fingers of her babe, as—

'Tom Thumbkin,
Bess Bumpkin,
Bill Wilkin,
Long Linkin,
And Little Dickin.'

the Danish dame is equally prone to the following mysterious allusions:—

'Tommeltot,
Slikkepot,
Langmand,
Guldbrand,
Lille Peer Spilleman.'

running over the several digits in succession as she speaks. The last line means 'Little Peter the Fiddler,' which Mr Halliwell justly remarks is not a bad name for the little finger. The community of such things to northern Europe and a country which stands towards it in nearly the same colonial character as Massachusetts to Great Britain, seems a sufficient proof of their great antiquity.

It is not merely in such simple matters that such a community of ideas is to be traced; we find it likewise in productions of the intellect where a more special as well as elegant character is observable. There is, for instance, a game reported from Essex by Mr Halliwell, 'Children form a ring, one girl kneeling in the centre, and sorrowfully hiding her face with her hands; one in the ring then says—

Here we all stand round the ring,
And now we shut poor Mary in;
Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor mother go through the town.

To this she answers—

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor mother go through the street.

The children then cry—

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor father go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor father go through the street.

Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see your poor brother go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor brother go through the street.

Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see your poor sister go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see my poor sister go through the street.

* By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. London: J. R. Smith. 1849

Children.

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
To see the poor beggars go through the town.

Mary.

I will not stand up upon my feet,
To see the poor beggars go through the street.

After a protracted dialogue, in which gentlemen and ladies are successively introduced without having any effect on Miss Brown, the following occurs:—

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your poor sweetheart go through the town.

The chord is at last touched; and Mary, frantically replying—

I will get up upon my feet,
To see my sweetheart go through the street,

rushes with impetuosity to break the ring, and generally succeeds in escaping the bonds that detain her from her imaginary love.* Now it appears there is a similar ring-dance song in Sweden. 'A girl sits on a stool or chair within a ring of dancers, and, with something in her hands, imitates the action of rowing. She should have a veil on her head, and at the news of her sweetheart's death, let it fall over her face, and sink down, overwhelmed with sorrow. The ring of girls dance round her, singing and pausing, and she sings in reply. The dialogue is conducted in the following manner:—

The Ring.

Why row ye so, why row ye so?
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

Sure I may row, ay sure may I row,
While groweth the grass,
All summer through.

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your father's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my father? My mother lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your mother's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my mother? My brother lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your brother's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my brother? My sister lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sister's dead,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my sister? My sweetheart lives still.
Ah, thank heaven for that!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sweetheart's dead,
Fair Gundela!

[Here she sinks down, overwhelmed with grief.]

Gundela.

Say, can it be true
Which ye tell now to me,
That my sweetheart's no more?
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your father lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my father? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your mother lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my mother? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your brother lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my brother? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sister lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

What matters my sister? My sweetheart's no more!
Ah, God pity me!

The Ring.

But now I've speired that your sweetheart lives still,
Fair Gundela!

Gundela.

Say, can it be true
Which ye tell now to me,
That my sweetheart lives still?
Thank God, thank God for that!

The veil is thrown on one side, her face beams with joy, the circle is broken, and the juvenile drama concludes with merriment and noise. It is difficult to say whether this is the real prototype of the English game, or whether they are both indebted to a still more primitive original. There is, pursues Mr Halliwell, 'a poetical sweetness and absolute dramatic fervour in the Swedish ballad, we vainly try to discover in the English version. In the latter all is vulgar, commonplace, and phlegmatic. Cannot we trace in both the national character? Do we not see in the last that poetic simplicity which has made the works of Andersen so popular and irresistibly charming? It may be that the style pleases by contrast, and that we appreciate its genuine chasteness the more because we have nothing similar to it in our own vernacular literature.'

Of the antiquity of the popular rhymes of England Mr Halliwell adduces some special illustrations of a remarkable character, though not always, we think, with the effect of convincing a cautious reader. We overlook for the present the more problematical cases, and would merely remark that it is interesting even to learn that 'A was an apple-pie, B bit it, C cut it,' &c. is used as an illustration in a work on preaching, published by Eachard in 1671; or that 'Nanty Panty, Jack-a-Dandy, loved a piece of sugar-candy,' &c. besides many of the like rhymes, is referred to in a satirical poem written about 1720, it is supposed, on a popular bard of that day: thus—

* Nanty Pamby's double mild,
Once a man, and twice a child;
To his hanging sleeves restored,
Now he fools it like a lord;
Now he pumps his little wife
All by little tiny bits,
Now, methinks, I hear him say,
Boys and girls come out to play;
Moon does shine as bright as day:
Now my Nanty Pamby's found
Sitting on the Friar's ground,
Picking silver, picking gold—
Nanty Pamby's never old:
Bally-cally they begin,
Nanty Pamby still keeps in.
Nanty Pamby is no clown—
London Bridge is broken down;
Now he courts the gay ladee,
Dancing o'er the Lady Lee:
Now he sings of Black-pit Lige,
Burning in the brinstone fire;

* Nanty Pamby is said to have been a nickname for Ambrose Phillips. Another ballad, written about the same time as the above, alludes to the rhyme of "Goosy Goosy, Gander."

Lyar, lyar, Licksplit, lick,
Turn about the candlestick.
Now he stags of Jacky Horner,
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb—oh fie!
Putting in—oh he! his thumb,
Pulling out—oh strange! a plum!
Now he acts the grenadier,
Calling for a pot of beer:
Where's his money? He's forgot—
Get him gone, a drunken sot!
Now on cock-horse does he ride,
And anon on timber stride,
See and saw, and sack'ry down,
London is a gallant town!

The probability we believe to be, that nearly all the popular rhymes of both countries have come down from an early age, albeit in many cases with slight alterations.

The fireside stories, though including Jack and the Giants, and some other old favourites, are disappointing. They are not told in the nursery manner, and have in general a more prosaic character than we should expect. In rhymes and tales alike, if we could depend on our own impartiality, we should be inclined on the whole to say that Scotland shines out as a more poetical and sentimental country than England. But this is not a point for us to press, and we are too much pleased with Mr Halliwell's labours to criticise rigidly in the matter. As a conclusion to the short notice to which we are limited, we cannot do better than quote what our editor gives regarding the robin and the wren. 'The superstitious reverence with which these birds are almost universally regarded takes its origin from a pretty belief that they undertake the delicate office of covering the dead bodies of any of the human race with moss or leaves, if by any means left exposed to the heavens. This opinion is alluded to by Shakspeare and many writers of his time, as by Drayton, for example—

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.

'Webster, in his tragedy of "Vittoria Corombona" 1612, couples the wren with the robin as coadjutors in this friendly office.—

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

'Notwithstanding the beautiful passage in Shakspeare to which we have alluded, it is nevertheless undeniable that, even to this day, the ancient belief attached to these birds is perpetuated chiefly by the simple ballad of the Babes in the Wood. Early in the last century, Addison was infatuated with that primitive song. "Admitting," he says, "there is even a despicable simplicity in the verse, yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." Exactly so; but this result arises from 'ho extraordinary influence of early association over the mind, not from the pathos of the ballad itself, which is infinitely inferior to the following beautiful little nursery song I have the pleasure of transcribing into these pages:—

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun is went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song—
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

VISIT TO IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR WORKING-CLASSES.

WHEN lately in London, I had an opportunity of visiting the large building which, a few years ago, was erected at Somer's Town, St Pancras—a northern extension of the metropolis—as Model Dwelling-Houses for the Working-Classes. Approaching it from the south, after crossing the New Road, we have occasion to pass through a series of small, narrow streets, environed by houses and lanes of the meanest possible kind, and at the time of my visit, well strewn with vegetable and other refuse from the shops and stalls of greengrocers and costermongers. On getting pretty well clear of this unsightly district, I arrived at the model dwelling-house, which may be said to terminate at the corner of a main line of street. It is a large brick building composed of a centre and two advancing wings, with a courtyard in front; the whole enclosed with an iron railing. My first impression on seeing the edifice was disappointing: it had too much the air of a workhouse, a factory, or at least a public institution of some sort—perhaps an hospital supported by voluntary contributions. I would humbly object to the fancy of getting up any species of dwellings for working-people, which will have the least effect in keeping these classes distinct from the ordinary population—in making them feel that they are a *caste* 'to be done for' by kindly-disposed people. I am afraid that the edifice in question is too much calculated to convey such impressions, and so far I think there has been an error in the structural arrangements. Unless there be some special reason to the contrary, I should prefer seeing houses of this nature forming part of the general line of street, or at all events not hospital-like in external appearance.

The building has no sunk storey: it rises from the level ground to a height of five storeys, each showing a long range of windows. The entrance to the courtyard in front is by two gateways in the railings; from the courtyard, the different floors are reached by common stairs. There are no outer doors on the stairs, which is a disadvantage, for by this means the cold wind has free access to the top of the building; and the doors to the respective dwellings on the landing-places being thin, the houses in winter are far from being so warm and comfortable as they might otherwise be. On making an observation as to the want of outer doors at the foot of the stairs, I was told that that was admitted to be a defect; but that, on the other hand, if doors were attached, openable at pleasure by all comers, the stairs would be the nightly resort of *tramps*—the lazzaroni of the streets, who gladly shelter themselves anywhere. The application of a process for opening and shutting the outer-doors from each landing, on a bell being rung without, as in Edinburgh, would unfortunately entail far too heavy an outlay; and besides, the vast number of children who require to go freely out and in, renders any process of outer-door shutting inadmissible.

With these preliminary remarks, we ascend to one of the dwellings. The first thing noticed is the narrowness of the passage and stair; and the second, that the walls, from bottom to top, are unplastered—the bricks being only whitewashed over. I would not say that the want of plaster is objectionable; it only raises an unpleasant idea of ultra-economy as to the construction. I, however, found every stair remarkably clean, considering the amount of thoroughfare; which is more than can be said of many common

stairs in Scotland. Each stair is lighted by a skylight. On every landing there are three, sometimes four doors, of as many distinct dwellings. When we enter one of these house-doors, we find ourselves at once in an apartment seemingly half-kitchen, half-room. I did not observe that any houses had inner porches, though in some a short passage leads to the first apartment. The apartments in a dwelling always lead from each other: you go through the kitchen to the bedrooms. From a plan furnished by the resident collector of rents, I observe that in one class of houses the sitting-room, which is used also as kitchen, measures 14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, the bedroom 12 feet 11 inches by 6 feet 10 inches, and the bed-closet 12 feet 11 inches by 9 feet 7 inches. The kitchen is provided with a range, which contains a small boiler and oven. Entering from the kitchen or sitting-room, there is a small light closet, provided with every suitable accommodation—water, sink, &c.; in one corner is a shaft, down which dust may be poured. The various shafts communicate with dust-holes beneath the ground-floor, which are cleared out at short intervals. The entering of the closet from the sitting-room, which is not unusual, must appear to every one as an objectionable arrangement: the superiority of an entrance from a porch between an outer and inner door on the landing is obvious. Another structural defect is the want of accommodation for coal. In one of the houses I examined there was only the bottom of a cupboard, which would hold perhaps one or two hundredweights of this much-used article. As the working-classes are held down not less by their general improvidence than a habit of buying all articles in small parcels, it should be an important object to encourage them, by all suitable appliances, to purchase everything, coal particularly, in a reasonably large quantity: all Scottish dwellings on floors, except the very meanest, have accommodation for at least a ton of coal. In looking round the interior of these houses at St Pancras, I was again struck with the plain style of finish. There is not a bit of cornice, and the make of the windows and doors is far from creditable—contract work, it may be presumed, jobbed, relatively dear, and unsatisfactory. It is right to add that every house I entered possessed the usually tidy and comfortable look of English dwellings, however humble. Many windows had neat curtains; some rooms were prettily papered, and had prints in frames: all were less or more carpeted. But who can do anything but praise the love of order and decency which signalises the English, wherever found in an undegraded state? At one stair-head an inhabitant had railed in a little space on the landing for flowers in pots, a circumstance suggestive of pleasing reflections. What dwelling may not be adorned and rendered more loveable by a few flowering-plants?

The number of distinct houses in the building is 110, or at the rate of 13 to 15 houses in each of the eight stairs. The rents vary according to size. Houses of two rooms are from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per week; and of three rooms, from 4s. 9d. to 6s. 3d. per week. These charges include water and all taxes and rates. The rents are no doubt low in comparison with those payable for floors or portions of floors by many families of a humble class in the densely-crowded parts of London; but I am disposed to consider them high in relation to what ought to have been, by prudent management, the outlay on their construction in such a situation. The sum of 6s. 3d. per week, or £16, 5s. per annum, seems no light charge for a house of three small apartments up a stair, when compared with the rents at which independent dwellings of five or six rooms can be obtained within three miles of the Exchange. And yet, all things considered, they are a decided improvement on the houses of a small size usually rented in crowded neighbourhoods.

The building, it may be known, is the property of the 'Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes,' incorporated in 1845.

The capital of the Association was raised by shares, on what we consider the only sound principle in such undertakings—the profitable investment of money. As yet, the return has not come up to the expectation of realising 5 per cent. interest. The speculation, however, is not a failure. The object of providing houses of a decent and wholesome kind to the industrious classes has been satisfactorily realised. Having seen it somewhere mentioned that these classes had not taken advantage of the opportunity here presented to them, I was at some pains to inquire into this allegation, and have pleasure in stating that it is entirely groundless, as the following list of inhabitants will demonstrate:—13 printers and compositors, 7 piano-forte-makers, 7 clerks, 5 working-jewellers, 3 engravers, 2 porters, 2 railway police, 5 chasers, workers, and polishers of silver, 3 artists, 1 usher, 3 engine-makers, 4 tailors, 2 missionaries, 3 coach-makers, 3 painters, 3 journeymen stationers, 2 pattern-designers, 1, each, whip-maker, cutler, grainer, cabman, cabinet-maker, copperplate-printer, blind-maker, typefounder, &c. Whatever, therefore, may be said with regard to the better construction and arrangement of buildings of this nature, it is an undoubted fact that the working-classes, as they are called, do in sufficient numbers take advantage of them.

From a report read at a late annual meeting of the Associated Proprietary, we transcribe the following passages:—'All the dwellings have been occupied, and almost without intermission, from the date of their completion; and several applicants have been, and are still, waiting for vacancies. Fifty-nine families have continued tenants since their respective dwellings were ready for occupation in January, February, March, and April 1848. The total number of tenants has been 173, several of whom, having left their apartments, have subsequently wished to return. It is gratifying to the directors to make this statement; and they have pleasure in being able to add, that not only have the tenants expressed themselves pleased with the superior comforts and accommodation afforded them, but have also proved, by regularly paying their rents, and their general strict observance of such rules as your directors have thought proper to lay down for the management of so large a building, that they are desirous of assisting them in preserving a high character for respectability in its occupants. The strongest fact, however, which the directors can advance to prove the healthy condition of this first investment of the Association, is, that out of £1390, 1s. 3d. of rents accrued due, £1382, 12s. 4d. have been paid, leaving only £7, 8s. 11d. in arrear; the whole of which, within a few shillings, will be ultimately received, the prospects of the artisan being better at the present time than at the period of the actual receipts. It may be remarked that, of 173 tenants who have occupied the buildings, on two only has it been found necessary to distrain, both of whom have since paid their arrears. Nine deaths only have taken place in the building, eight of which were children. There are now 351 children on the premises, and 29 have been born there.'

On the same occasion the Earl of Carlisle observed, that 'even in a commercial point of view, the success of the Association could no longer be doubted; but were they to look at the case in a moral point of view, all doubts and misgivings as to success must vanish from their minds, and their language and feelings must be those of congratulation and assurance. To enable them fully to participate in these feelings and sentiments, he would only advise them—such as had not done so—to pay a visit to the dwellings. It was that which would, more than anything else, excite them to vigorous action in behalf of the objects of the Association.' When they saw the neatness and the cleanliness of the apartments in those dwellings, and thought of the miserable hovels in which the majority of the industrious classes had been hitherto crammed, and from which those who inhabited those apartments had been transferred—in

damp cellars, surrounded with foul air and filth of all kinds, or mounted up in attics under the broiling tiles, exposed to the summer sun—when they thought of that, and contrasted the pleasant apartments they were now placed in, certainly no one could but feel that a more rational mode of exercising their benevolence could not be devised. It was true there was nothing gaudy about those dwellings; but they were well aired, and were capable of affording many comforts which their ancestors, who lived under lofty ceilings, and in gilded apartments, could not boast of. They were capable of affording most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries of social life. The proportion of deaths which had taken place among those who inhabited them were few in comparison to the rest of the metropolis; while the society of the metropolis had been enriched by a number of births which had taken place in them. It was said at the outset that these dwellings would be inhabited by a set of ill-behaved, troublesome individuals; but he spoke the truth when he said that the fact was the reverse: a better-conducted class of people could not be found.*

Dr Southwood Smith spoke to the same effect, and referring to the comparatively small number of deaths, observed:—'Taking the deaths at twelve—five adults and seven children—the mortality was only 1·4-10 per cent., while the mortality in the metropolis generally was 2·3-10 per cent., or double that among the residents of those dwellings. There did not seem to have been a single case of typhus fever, nor fever of any kind among the adults; neither had there been any case of cholera. But the best test as to the healthiness of a place was afforded by the deaths of children. In different parts of the metropolis the amount of the mortality among children varied. In Holborn, St Giles's, St Saviour's, and Whitechapel, the mortality among children under five years of age was so high as 10 per cent. In other parts of the metropolis it was 8 per cent., but in this establishment only 1·4-10 per cent. Those facts spoke for themselves, and must convince every one of the good the Association had effected.'

The Association is at present engaged in erecting a similar establishment at Spitalfields: it is to be called the Artisans' House, and to possess a lecture and school-room, coffee-room, cook's-shop, and other accommodations for general use. We regret to see that some of the defects of the St Pancras building are to be reproduced in this.

ODDITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE is a little volume before us which is a favourable specimen of what may be done, even in the way of writing a book, by a man ignorant of science or literature, but having reasonably observant eyes in his head, and common sense to direct them.* It affords at the same time, however, an illustration of the absurdity of the common educational curriculum, which begins and ends with certain languages. In the exceptional cases in which the boy is born an artist, this introduces him to a literary career, but to nothing else. His mind has not been farther opened. It has not been sought to make him acquainted with the globe he inherits, with the system of which it is a part, with its materials and their combinations, with its inhabitants, animal and vegetable; and the consequence is, that when he goes abroad into the world, he sees without understanding, and is satisfied with receiving and reproducing a series of mere sensuous images, fit only for the amusement of minds as vacant as his own. It is truly lamentable to think how many ardent, chivalrous, and talented adventurers penetrate every day into the most interesting countries in the world, and return without having added anything to the stock of human knowledge beyond a

few facts, unconsciously given, but seized upon by those at home who comprehend their value. If travellers carried with them a knowledge, however general, of geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology, &c.—far more easily acquired than Latin and Greek—they would take altogether a new status as a body, and their books would be ransacked with eagerness by the learned, without giving a whit less delight to the vulgar.

Mr Byam, with perhaps somewhat less than the average literary skill in setting them forth, has more facts than are usually found in the compass of so small a volume; and without any scientific knowledge of natural history, his tastes as a sportsman have led him to bestow special attention upon the habits of animals. Some of the anecdotes he gives are new, and a greater number odd; but Oddity appears to be the characteristic of the whole country which is the scene of his 'wild life.'

Central America, our readers know, is the isthmus connecting North and South America; and our traveller—whose objects were to hunt wild animals and discover rich mines—built his hut on the borders of Nicaragua and Segovia, about 120 miles from Leon, the capital of the former state. Food is plentiful, though coarse, throughout the country; but even in the towns the people are very poor, so far as regards the possession of money. If they have little wealth, however, they have few wants. All they care about is idleness and tranquillity. Mr Byam, in passing through a town (not on a holiday), counted the number of persons who were at work, and found them to amount to four! The oddity is, that these good quiet souls are never out of the turmoil of a revolution! The government is perpetually changing; proclamations flying about, neutralising each other; and the few hundred troops robbing and murdering all parties time about. In explanation, we are told that it is the few hundred troops who make the revolutions. 'Leon, being the capital of the province of Nicaragua, and head-quarters for the troops, may contain fifty thousand inhabitants and about three hundred dissolute soldiers; and it is by this mere handful of ruffians, or rather by a portion of them, that revolutions are effected. A subaltern officer gains over a portion of the men with promises of plunder, increased pay, and promotion for the non-commissioned officers to the commissions soon to be vacant. They await their time when the barrack-guard and sentries will be all composed of the men so gained over. The barracks are then taken possession of in the night, the commandant's house stormed and plundered, and the next morning a few volleys of musketry make the people acquainted with the fact, that their late commandant and his adherents have been placed on the fatal "Banqueta," and have made vacancies for the successful rebels, who may most likely be destined to suffer the *lex talionis* within a very few months.'

But it is only near the coast where these revolutions are felt: the interior is secure in its poverty, its paucity of population, and its independence of spirit. There the sturdy peasant sows his maize, and then has nothing to do but to hunt or fish. He has a horse for riding, and a cow or two for milk, curds, and cheese; and once or twice a year he takes a colt and a quantity of beeswax to the nearest town, and buys with them a piece of chintz for his wife and daughters, and enough of strong linen for himself to make a pair of trousers and a shirt. What has such a man to do with revolutions, or revolutions with him?

The first oddity we come to among the animals is the ox, who has a great talent for deer-stalking, and takes much pleasure in its exercise. His education, however, is somewhat severe. He is tied up to a tree by the horns, and is every now and then beaten near their roots, till the horns are loosened, and become extremely sensitive. A cord is then fastened to each tip, and he is now guided as easily as a horse is when bitted. The horns in time get well, but not till he has acquired

* Wild Life in the Interior of Central America. By George Byam, Late Forty-third Light Infantry. London: Parker, West Strand. 1849.

* The seat upon which prisoners are placed when about to be shot.

the habit of being guided by them; and as soon as this is accomplished, he is taken out to stalk, and in a short time follows the amusement with all the keenness of a sportsman. 'It is really curious to watch the scientific mode in which an experienced ox conducts the operation on an open plain; he must take a pleasure in it, or else acts the part to perfection. No sooner does he perceive a deer on the open plain, than down goes his head, and he nibbles, or pretends to nibble, the grass, walking in a circular direction, as if he were going round and round the deer; but the cunning file always takes a step sideways for every one he takes in front, so as to be constantly approaching his victim, but in such a manner as to excite no alarm. In a large open plain the ox will make two entire circles, or more, round the game, before he has narrowed the inner one sufficiently to enable the hunter to take aim within proper distance; and the first notice the unsuspecting stag receives is an arrow, generally behind the shoulders—a gun-shot is best directed at the neck, but an arrow as above, for it impedes more the movement of the deer. An experienced hunting-ox is best left alone, as he is far more cunning than any hunter, and always keeps his master well hidden; he is only checked by a small pull when within shooting distance.'

Another way of hunting deer would seem to be very barbarous, but for the necessity the poor Indians are under of preventing depredations which, when successful, reduce their families to starvation. They observe the part of the fence which the deer leap over into their maize fields, and fix some sharp-pointed stakes in the earth for their reception. The marauders come bounding down after dark, and having no suspicion of a place they had passed in safety the night before, do not take the precaution to look before they leap. They are transfixed on the stakes, and an Indian watching at a distance runs up and destroys the victims.

The ox is not the only animal distinguished for his sporting propensities. The cuyote, supposed to be a large breed of dog run wild, hunts the panther in packs, but only when the latter has by some aggression aroused his vengeance. When the panther, for instance, in the course of his travels, finds himself suddenly in the midst of an assembly of cuyotes, he can rarely withstand the temptation to knock some of them over before taking to flight. The *esprit de corps* is immediately on fire at the insult, and the fugitive is followed by the dogs one and all. Tired out with the pertinacity of the pursuit, he at length takes to a tree, and perches himself on a branch high enough to be out of the reach of his enemies. But this does not dishearten them: the contest merely turns to a blockade, and assembling round the trunk, they wait patiently till their enemy descends, well knowing that he cannot remain there for ever. The conclusion of one of the odd hunts we give in the words of an Indian, Mr Byam's authority, only premising that by the word 'tigre' he means a panther:—"The tigre was tree'd, Don Jorge, and the cuyotes were about fifty in number, and they kept continually walking round and round the tree where the panther was sitting, uttering now and then a fierce growl. I saw this in the forenoon," said the Indian, "from a high tree which I had climbed up in search of honey; and towards sunset I mounted the same tree, and the tigre was still there, with the cuyotes under the tree; but only about half the number, as the others had most likely gone in search of food; but at sunset they returned and took the others' places, who then took their departure. I went to my rancho, and at sunrise was again at my post, for I was very curious to see how it would all terminate: the tigre and the cuyotes were still there, but the smell even when I was was horrible; and if I could smell it so strong, what must the tigre have done, who was only a few feet above it! At last he took a leap into the middle of the pack, and though he killed and disabled a few, he was soon pulled to pieces."

The cuyotes hunt the deer likewise as regularly as

a pack of hounds. When they lose the scent, they separate in all directions; and when it is recovered, the successful individual announces the fact by a peculiar howl. These dogs never bark even when tamed, which, the Indians say, is a proof of their being of a dishonest breed: a dog of honour, according to them, barks in imitation of his master's shouts when driving cattle; but a cuyote has no sense of fidelity, and will not take the trouble to learn.

The racoon is another odd fellow. He usually lives in communities of fifty and upwards; but occasionally, for some inexplicable reason, he separates from his comrades, and takes to the life of a hermit. This life agrees with him exceedingly well, and he grows sleek and oily. The beavers in North America who live out of their village have probably been expelled for their misdeeds, for they grow thin and shabby, and have a careworn, neglected look, like so many old bachelors. But the solitary racoon is probably influenced by some virtuous motive. He soon ceases to be lean and dry, as are all the comrades he has left; and instead of playing the ascetic, he gets all his little comforts about him, and eats, drinks, sleeps, and grows fat, like a racoon whose conscience is at rest. A hermit of this kind is rarely met with. Our author never saw more than one, and 'he was far heavier than his livelier brethren; also, when the skin was off, the fat was half an inch deep on his back, and half of him roasted the same day proved a most excellent feast for several persons: the weather would not allow of its being hung up for a few days, which no doubt would have improved it. The meat was like excellent roe venison with plenty of fat, which that sort of venison does not possess.'

There is a monkey in the forests surrounding the lake of Nicaragua which attaches himself to a particular locality, and even a particular tree. 'They generally appear to choose trees about a hundred yards apart, and there the great red-bearded monkey sits, making what seemed to me a booming noise, but very horrible, and without much variation. The cry is responded to by others, and taken up again by those more distant, and the forest resounds and echoes with the most unearthly sounds.' This monkey is himself an oddity, for the rest of the tribe wander about from place to place—'come like shadows, so depart'—and as they never travel but at night, have something mystical both in their appearance and disappearance. Here is an instance of the affection they show for their young:—'A person with me wishing to secure a young monkey alive, fired at the mother in whose arms it was, thinking she would fall, and the baby be unhurt;* however, the fall only broke her arm, when she shifted her child to the other arm, and tried to climb, but could not. She then placed the little one on her back, and with the assistance of another monkey, who was also wounded, raised herself from branch to branch of the surrounding trees, and, I was very glad to see, escaped.' To shoot wantonly such creatures!—'I have never but once,' says our traveller, 'fired at a monkey, and would never do it again, except at a troop of plunderers—and then a good example is not lost on their little community. Wantonly shooting them is cruel and useless; but let us always except from the list of the cruel those who are making collections of skins for stuffing; those who have fruit-grounds, and wish to keep them far away; and, above all, those who are hungry, and like a tender roasted monkey, which, setting prejudice aside, is as good a dish as it is possible to eat. But if a sportsman, for mere sport's sake, could see, as I have seen, a monkey with a rifle-ball through him, lying on his back on the ground, putting his hand upon the wound, and then raising the hand to the glazing eye to look at the blood, together with the anguish plainly shown by the almost human distortions of the face, he would never fire at one a

* 'The easiest way to procure a young monkey is to look out for a she monkey, with a young one in her arms; if she falls down, she is generally between the ground and the young one, who is seldom hurt.'

second time, or if he did, his heart must be of strange stuff and in a strange place.

The monkey, however, is an odd animal everywhere; and we shall now direct our attention to another tribe of creation, selecting an instance to show that there are human feelings, habits, and manners among the birds as well as the beasts. Our author was one day watching at some distance the carcass of a pony, which had been placed on a hill with a view to its being devoured by the vultures. He saw with interest the gathering of these birds from all parts of the compass; and at length the dim specks in the sky, enlarging as they approached, resolved in one instance into a magnificent bird, with extended and seemingly motionless wings, the whirring noise of which became distinctly audible. This was the King of the Vultures; and the spectator, who had heard much of his majesty, was extremely anxious to observe what effect his presence would have upon those of his subjects who, coming from shorter distances, had already commenced the feast. They all retired; some perching on the neighbouring trees, but the greater number forming a circle around, and watching with courtier-like deference while the monarch alighted and commenced his meal. Long and heartily did the king eat; but not a single claw was extended towards the savoury food, either from the circle already formed, or by any one of the numerous guests who continued descending to the banquet. At length the Royal Vulture was satisfied; and having taken his departure, with a slower and heavier flight than before his arrival, his subjects threw themselves upon the fragments of the repast, and devoured them without ceremony.

Mr Byam, we may say in passing, combats the notion that vultures are attracted by the scent. 'Sight I believe to be the cause of the "gathering of the vultures;" for, having lived for six years in countries where vultures abound, and having examined their habits very closely, I have often seen this opinion confirmed. The enormous height they soar at gives them a widely-extended view, their keen eye enabling them to perceive a dead animal from incredible distances, and their instinct teaching them to watch the movements of dogs and other carnivorous animals, as well as to watch the flight of their own species.'

We come now to an odd adventure, which must have involved an agony of terror altogether without parallel. The coral snake is the most deadly in existence. After its bite there is no time even to attempt a cure; the victim falls instantly, his blood coagulates, and he soon becomes a lifeless mass of putridity. There is no mistaking the appearance of this terrible creature, which is made manifest not only by its bright-red colour, but by its body being of an almost uniform thickness from head to tail.

An Indian, dressed in a pair of loose drawers, with a coarse poncho over his head, lay down on his back on the side of an eminence near the path to sleep. He was awakened by something crawling over his leg. It was a coral; and gliding up his drawers, the reptile went to sleep upon his stomach. To move, almost to breathe, was death: but what to do? Even if travellers passed by, the first touch of their friendly hand would be the signal for the snake to sink its deadly fangs into his flesh. Yet this was his only chance of escape, slight as it might be; and after enduring unspeakable mental agonies, for what was to him an immeasurable time, he actually heard footsteps approach. He called out. The footsteps hastened—but hastened on—the passer-by taking the voice to be that of the decoy of some marauding Indians. Another came and passed, and another; till at length the poor wretch could only moan inarticulately as he heard the tramp of a horse. The rider saw him; and drawing near, observed distinctly the form of the snake (which was three feet long) beneath his drawers. He dismounted; and taking a pair of scissors from his saddle-bags, cut gently the cloth till the creature's head was visible as it lay fast asleep. He immediately seized it by the neck, and threw it suddenly off;

but it was some little time before the rescued Indian recovered sufficiently from his prostration both of mind and body to comprehend his safety, or even to be able to stand.

Another adventure is related of almost equal peril, but of a kind which, with somewhat less remorse, we can describe as 'odd.' Everybody remembers Mr Waterton's celebrated ride upon an alligator, and the severe remarks that were made upon the narrative by persons who had never seen an alligator in their lives. Mr Byam, however, who is intimately acquainted with the animal, who resided long near its haunts, and acquired a neighbourly knowledge of its habits and manners, declares that, even setting aside the *prima facie* evidence of Mr Waterton's high character, the account is perfectly probable and consistent. The tail of the alligator, he says, is the only dangerous weapon of the creature, which in the water he uses to stun any large animal he may encounter. When he accomplishes this, he drags his victim to the bottom, and holds it fast with his powerful teeth, while he tears it asunder with his claws. The tail is much less manageable on land, even if Mr Waterton's courier had been less occupied with the anchor in his mouth. The alligator, indeed, is dealt with very unceremoniously by the Indians of Central America; for when dragging the large pools of a river for fish, if one of these enormous creatures gets into the net, a man walks coolly into the water, throws a noose round the fore-leg, and he is straightway drawn on shore, and killed with the axes of the party.

Sometimes, however, these lords of the pool give more trouble, as the adventure we allude to will show. One of them was a perfect dragon among the calves, and even cattle that came to drink at the river, pulling them every now and then under the water; till the farmer, a dusky acquaintance of our author, became wild with rage. One day, when riding, he had the fortune to fall in with his enemy in shallow water at some distance from his accustomed pool; and having, as usual, his lasso with him, attached to the pommel of his saddle, he at once gave chase, and as the beast was making for his haunt, threw the noose round his neck, and tried to drag him to a tree on the bank. But he had entirely miscalculated his means: the horse was no match in strength for the alligator, and was brought upon his knees. The avenger, therefore, was compelled to follow where he thought to have led, and in an instant man and horse were spinning through the river to the opposite bank.

The predicament was serious, and our friend tried to sever the lasso with his axe. But the instrument was blunt; the hard thongs resisted its edge; and on dashed the alligator with his prisoners in his wako. Down thundered the three, through shallows and deep water, rattling over stones, plunging in pools, till a voice of terror came upon the farmer's ear—the roar of a fall of the river as high as a house! On hearing this, the first thought that darted through the man's mind was, that he was about to die unconfessed! 'No, caballero,' said he, when telling Mr Byam the story—'no, senor, there never was, nor ever will be again, such a *pasco* (promenade)!' He now remembered, however, all on a sudden that there must be a knife in the pocket of his sheep-skin mantle; and succeeding, after some trouble, in getting at it, he at length severed his tow-rope.

'For nights after, Don Jorge,' continued the relator of this adventure, 'I could not sleep; or if I did for a moment, awoke fancying myself going again on my *maldito* voyage down the river—sometimes soused to the bottom of a pool, and sometimes tumbling and rolling about among the big stones—until at last I took such a violent hatred to this particular alligator, that I used to lie awake all night thinking how to be revenged. I used to go to the pool every morning to try and get a sight of him, and one morning I did see him; but what made me still more angry was, to see the loop of the lasso still round his neck, for all the world like a necklace: he must have gnawed off the

remainder about a yard from the noose. I then went home, loaded my long Spanish gun very carefully with two balls, and taking with me a cur of a dog, who could do nothing but yell and howl, I returned to the pool, and tied the dog to a tree close to one of the alligator's paths. I then took a long string, and making it fast to the cur's leg, hid myself behind another tree, and began to pull hard at the string, and the dog began to howl lustily. In a short time the *lagarto's* nose appeared above water, and then his eyes and head: both dog and alligator must have seen each other pretty clearly, which made the dog howl more than ever. The beast, after looking round to see if the coast was clear, made straight for the shore, and was just creeping up the steep bank to seize the dog, when I fired my long barrel at him, not five paces distant, and sent a ball just into his eye. He was dead before you could say "Ave Maria!" and, Don Jorge, I slept soundly that night, and gave the cur-dog a good supper.'

This farmer stood much upon his dignity, which must have given a still higher relish to his story of having been run away with by an alligator. He was one day in a great rage with his son for having failed in an errand he had intrusted to him. He would fain have thought of some terrible name to call him, but ass, mule, or dog, would have been a reflection upon himself as the father of such an animal; and so, to save his dignity, while venting his indignation, he said to Mr Byam, 'Don Jorge, my son has eaten a he-mule for his breakfast!'

Let us conclude our list of oddities by mentioning that in Central America it is the custom for a man when overtaken by heavy rain, which there comes down in a deluge, not to cover himself up from the invasion, but to strip to the skin! This was our author's own practice when in the forest; and the reason was, that in that climate ague is invariably produced by wet clothes. The reader now sees, we hope, that there is some amusement to be gleaned from this little work; and he cannot do better than undertake the task for himself.

'HAPPY HOME.'

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, 'marries it,' goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home to go to and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story—or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted—and as that face was all he wanted, all he 'paid attention to,' all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to 'love, honour, and protect,' he gets sick of his trade; knows a dozen faces which he likes better; gives up staying at home of evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters, whisky-punch, and politics, and looks upon his 'home' as a very indifferent boarding-house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his 'face' knows anything about training them; so they come up helter-skelter—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the whole household.—Another young man becomes enamoured of a 'fortune.' He waits upon it to parties, dances the Polka with it, exchanges *billets-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets 'Yes' from it, is published to it, takes it to the parson's, weds it, calls it 'wife,' carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he, too, is married, and has got a home. It's false. He is not married: he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He's in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the newer baby; and then bid the 'fortune' and him who 'husbands' it good-morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded 'fortune' were falsely declared to be one.—Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them: they take. The

delighted whiskers make an offer, first one and then the other, proffering themselves both in exchange for her one heart. The dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair (of whiskers) before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.—*Burrit's Christian Citizen.*

CHILLIANWALLAH.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
Where our brothers fought and bled!
Oh thy name is natural music,
And a dirge above the dead!
Though we have not been defeated,
Though we can't be overcome,
Still, where'er thou art repeated,
I would fain that grief were dumb.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a name so sad and strange,
Like a breeze through midnight harpstrings
Ringing many a mournful chango;
But the wildness and the sorrow
Have a meaning of their own—
Oh, whereof no glad to-morrow
Can relieve the dismal tone!

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a village dark and low,
By the bloody Jhelum River,
Bridged by the forboding fow,
And across the wintry water
He is ready to retreat,
When the carnage and the slaughter
Shall have paid for his defeat.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a wild and dreary plain,
Strown with plots of thickest jungle,
Matted with the gory stain.
There the murder-mouthed artillery,
In the deadly ambuscade,
Wink the thunder of its treachery
On the skeleton brigade.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
When the night set in with rain,
Came the savage plundering devils
To their work among the slain;
And the wounded and the dying
In cold blood did share the doom
Of their comrades round them lying,
Stiff in the dead skyless gloom.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
Thou wilt be a doleful chord,
And a mystic note of mourning
That will need no chiming word;
And that heart will leap with anguish
Who may understand thee best;
But the hopes of all will languish
Till thy memory is at rest.

A 'TRAP' QUESTION.

Looking in the other day at the Jubilee School at Newcastle we found a score of the lads interrogating each other in history. One young rogue came out with a 'trap' question. 'How many kings,' said he, 'have been crowned in England since the Conquest?' Several answers were returned, but none receivable by the querist; and being called upon at length to furnish the information himself, he replied, 'One!' 'One!' exclaimed a dozen incredulous voices. 'Yes, one!' repeated young Quibble: 'James the Sixth of Scotland was the only king that was ever crowned in England!'—*Gateshead Observer.* [Richard the Lion-hearted was of course a king when he was crowned for the second time on his return to England after his imprisonment by the Duke of Austria.]

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THE DESERT AND ITS ADVENTURES.

THE ancient and classical comparison of the Desert to the ocean, and the oases to verdant islands scattered on its surface, is as true to nature as it is beautiful in poetry; and it may assist in presenting to the imagination a more correct picture than is usually drawn of the great African wilderness. The Sahara, or Falat, as it is now more frequently called, has too long been a land of mystery, peopled only with paradoxes, and fertile only in natural impossibilities. It is represented as a uniform plain, entirely composed of arid sands, without water, without vegetation, offering, in short, no sustenance for either animal or vegetable life; then palm-trees are made to rise in this empire of absolute sterility, and wild beasts to raven in solitudes denuded of everything that could serve for nourishment or prey. Let us try if we cannot extract from the Algerian experiences of the French some ideas more consonant with nature and probability, and at the same time still more redolent of that spirit of romance which hovers over the waste places of the earth.

The fertile tract of country occupying the north of Africa, and stretching along the shores of the Mediterranean, is called the Tell, and may be considered the continent of the white people. It is a belt of about eighty miles broad from north to south, bounded on the north by the humid plains of the Mediterranean, and on the south by the burning waves of the Desert, which recent French writers call the Algerian Sahara. This desert, which includes the solitudes of Shott, Aghad, &c. divided by the great Atlas Mountains, and diversified with numerous oases, represents a sea studded with islands grouped in archipelagocs. Proceeding southward, we arrive at the great ocean, that is, the Central Desert, and beyond it, still southward, is Soudan or Nigritia, the name given to an immense region little known to Europeans. This is the continent of the black people, bounding the sandy ocean to the south. The fleets which plough these dangerous deeps are the caravans. They are equipped on the shores of the Tell; put in to the islands of the Algerian Sahara, to renew their provisions and trade with the inhabitants; at length they quit these archipelagocs, turn their head southward, and make for the continent of the blacks, whose principal port is Timbuctoo. The caravans that merely pass from one oasis to another are but cruisers; those only which steer for Timbuctoo or the Haoussa, undertake what is deemed a voyage. They are organised on a most extensive scale, and supplied with implements of war, on account of the enemies that they may expect to encounter.

The great Central Desert of Falat exhibits considerable portions of surface covered with scanty vegetation; besides these there are stony plains, for the most part

somewhat elevated; lines of dunes, or sandy hills, which are generally, but not always, liable to shifting; large sheets of perfectly arid and barren shingle; and depressions constituting basins, in which the waters settle that have flowed through the country in the rainy season. The most remarkable deviation from this general character is the famous Djebel-Hoggar, which rises like a large island in the bosom of the sandy ocean. The plateau and peaks of Djebel-Hoggar must be very high, for though it is in the torrid zone, the inhabitants line their dresses with fur, and huddle together under tents covered with skins, to secure themselves against the intense cold.

The driest and most barren parts of the Falat are those where the ground is stony, raised, and steady. Over these tracts the sands often roll in the form of vortices, or settle in temporary hills, which are soon removed by the wind, and rolled down the declivities. They then gather and settle in the hollows above-mentioned: and thus it is easy to explain why vegetation is seldom found in the bottom of these basins—why there is no formation of beautiful oases, as in the Algerian Sahara. If the water is a fertilising element on the one hand, the quantities of sand on the other, passing and repassing over every inch of the soil, is a powerful obstacle to vegetation. The hollows thus present simultaneously the principles of life and death. Even in the Algerian Sahara this antagonistic operation of sand and water on vegetation may be observed; the oases are constantly menaced by sandhills, which advance towards them, encroach by degrees on their gardens, and threaten their very existence.

But the Falat differs from the Algerian Desert, in having much more sand and less vegetation; being subject also to a temperature considerably higher, and liable to severe storms, which sometimes bury whole caravans in the sand. Far also from being studded with frequent and beautiful oases, its wells are often two or three hundred miles apart. And if, as sometimes happens, a storm has blown the sand in such a manner as entirely to cover the wells and springs to which the fainting caravan had been pressing, both man and beast must perish, unless the encumbrance can be cleared away; or the water, having taken another course, be found in some neighbouring spot. In the twenty-three days' journey from Agabl to Timbuctoo, eight or ten are reckoned on without water; and this is the portion of the journey which is most dreaded. If the sirocco overtakes a caravan here, and blows for some time, it dries up the water, and occasions many deaths. But this is not a sandy tract; the soil is composed of a stiff, red earth, which is called *tanegrouffe*.

The palm-tree does not grow in the Falat; and there are some places quite destitute of every species of vegetation. But for the most part we find plants scattered

everywhere, and more thickly in the hollows which have not been invaded by the sand. On the driest tracts, few animals are to be met with; but about the skirts of the Desert, and in the mountains, we find giraffes, ostriches, gazelles, zebras, antelopes, lions, panthers, and serpents. Among the domestic animals are the goat and the sheep—nearly the only ones which thrive in the most inauspicious situations.

The spaces which are utterly dry and barren have of course no settled inhabitants, but are from time to time tracked by caravans or traversed by freebooters. On the other hand, wherever there are found even scanty supplies of water and vegetation, there may be seen groups of tents, sheltering a miserable population whom one might suppose incapable of supporting life on the little share of nature's bounty that falls to their inheritance.

The inhabitants of the Central Desert are called *Touareg*; *Targui* being the singular. They are a white people, and are often supposed to be like the inhabitants of Sahara, of the *Bereber* race. Certainly there are several points of resemblance between them; but the *Touareg* have habits, manners, and a way of life quite peculiar to themselves. Their language is derived from that of *Barbary*; but it is a dialect very different from that spoken in the oases. It has a roughness, which has led to its being called the German of the Desert; and seems to approximate most to the language of the *Gouanches*, the former inhabitants of the *Canaries*. In religion the *Touareg* follow *Islamism*; but they singularly mingle the idolatrous rites of *Petishism* with the duties of the *Koran*.

The *Touareg* do not compose a tribe merely, but a great nation—the scum, the pirates of the sandy ocean. Driven in all probability at some remote period from the *Tell*, by the invasions of the conquerors who have successively appeared in *Algiers*, then expelled from the *Algerian Sahara*, which they seem to have occupied in early ages, they appear desirous of avenging themselves to this day on the descendants of those who banished their race to the Desert. Their families live in towns to the south-east, along the borders of *Soudan*, or occupy huts in the *Djebel-Hoggar* above-mentioned; and here the men also spend the months of winter. But in spring they betake themselves to a wandering life, their occupation being either to transport goods along the line from *R'Dames* to *Demergon*, or to rob the caravans on the line from *Timbuctoo* to *Insalah*.

In all his expeditions, whether honest or otherwise, the *mehari* is the inseparable companion of the *Targui*. The accounts which have been given of the sagacity, docility, and swiftness of this animal are almost incredible. General *Marey*, who appears to have seen three of them, thinks that the *mehari* is to the common camel just what a racer is to a draught-horse. The Central Desert is not only its native country, but, it would seem, its exclusive abode. It has very rarely been seen in the *Tell*, or indeed in any of the more northern parts of *Africa*; the reason being, either that it cannot be acclimatised, or, as some say, that it dies from eating a poisonous plant called *drias*; which is so like a nutritious one belonging to *Falat*, that the animal does not perceive the difference, and perishes the victim of its error. It is a dry, nervous, lean, supple, sober, and submissive creature, and allows itself to be guided by means of a long rein, which is either passed through the ring, or hooked to the small metallic trunk which is fastened through the muzzle. His prodigious swiftness is suitable to the immensity of the plains which he has to traverse. The natives divide their *meharis* into ten classes: the lowest comprehends those which can make about twenty-five of our miles in a day, and the highest those which clear ten times the distance in the same space of time. It is confidently asserted that a good *mehari* can travel from seventy to eighty miles day after day continuously.

Their mode of rearing this favourite animal is singular. When it is born, they plunge it to the neck in fine, shifting sand, that the delicate bones of its legs may not be bent by supporting the weight of its body; and for fourteen days it is subjected to a prescribed diet, chiefly consisting of butter and milk, of which both the composition and quantity are varied from day to day, according to well-known rules. It is an object of great solicitude that it should have a dam renowned for the rapidity of its movement, for it is a settled point in the Desert that the *mehari* inherits chiefly the maternal qualities. It is seldom allowed to run till the end of the first month; an iron ring is then passed through its nose, and its education is begun.

The sagacity of a well-trained *mehari* is no less wonderful than his swiftness. If the *Targui* chooses, in the midst of a rapid course, to plant his lance in the sand, the attentive animal, cognisant of his master's every wish, turns round the weapon, till the cavalier has succeeded in picking it up again; then, without at all abating his speed, he pursues his course as before. When the warrior falls in battle, his faithful companion does not abandon the field: he approaches the *Targui*, stretches himself on the sand, like a dog fawning at his master's feet, watches whether he exhibits any sign of life, and appears to invite him to remount his back, and fly from the scene of carnage. If the *Targui* remains mute and motionless, the *mehari* takes the way to the town or *douar** where his family reside; and when they see him return alone, the women begin their lamentations for the dead, and the children raise the bitterest cries. The agitation spreads through the village, and all turn their anxious inquiring gaze towards the horizon: some dark spots appear; they increase and approach: these are other *meharis* without their masters; silently, but too truly, telling that the loved ones have been defeated and slain.

The constitution of the *Touareg*, like that of their *meharis*, is dry; and their form so slender, that the appellation of *lath* is given to them throughout the Desert. They are divided into black and white; not according to the colour of their skin, but of their costume. The white *Touareg* dress nearly like the *Arabs*, but the black have a peculiar stamp; their clothing, mounting, arms, manners, habitations, are unlike any of their neighbours.

The black *Touareg* wear pantaloons, like Europeans, confined at the waist with a woollen girdle. They go barefooted, because they scarcely ever walk, but mount their *meharis* to pass the shortest distance from one place to another. Those, however, who are not rich enough to have an animal to ride on, wear a kind of sandal tied on their feet with strings. They dress in a variable number of vestments, made in the form of blouses, or loose gowns, and composed of cotton cloth, variously striped, and only a few inches broad. This cloth is called *sate*, and is brought from the *Negro* country. Whether in the town or the camp, they generally wear at least three of these blouses, the outermost of which is ornamented with rich embroidery in gold, forming irregular designs, and particularly heavy on the left breast and the right shoulder-blade. When they betake themselves to the open country, they add other two blouses of a dark colour, and cover the head and neck with a long deep *haick*, or woollen scarf, which leaves only the eyes uncovered. The stuff of which this is composed is covered with a varnish, made from various gums, to prevent the adhesion of the sand. They shave the head, leaving only a long queue behind; and they wear a *chechia*, which disappears under the folds of the *haick*, so that at a distance the *Targui* appears like a black spot gliding over the surface of the glittering sand.

When the winter is over, the *Targui* prepares to tear himself from his repose and his family, and to pursue his marauding career. The fleets of caravans are now

* A *douar* is a group of tents.

ploughing over the Falat; they must either pay him an impost, and thus gain his protection, or else they must fight their way. He furnishes himself with some scanty provisions, and a leathern bottle filled with water: he arms himself with his long lance, broad two-edged sword, a dagger, enclosed in a sheath attached to the fore arm, his bow and arrows, and a shield of elephant's skin. Thus equipped for war, he mounts his mehari, bestriding a kind of saddle placed between the hunch and shoulders. He bids a hasty adieu to his family in the act of urging on his courser, which carries him away so rapidly, that he hears not their responsive wishes for the success of his enterprise. He joins the piratical troop, which may number from a few hundred to two thousand men. They march only by night, under the guidance of the stars, and thus suffer much less from the noontide heats, as well as approach the caravan with more probability of being unobserved. Each morning they take their observations, and they can perceive the approach of a caravan at a distance of twenty-five miles at least. Whenever the camel-drivers have left their bivouac and commenced their march, the usual stillness of the Desert is disturbed, not by cries, not even by a vague sound, but by certain vibrations in the air, which can be detected only by the acute senses of the Touareg. The robber-horde advance with caution, and presently a cloud of sand proves they were not mistaken. The attack is fixed for the following morning. But the caravan also has its scouts, who have glided like serpents among the undulations of the sand to reconnoitre the force of the enemy. The main body, encamped around some water-springs, wait with patience the return of the explorers. If it appear that the robbers are so numerous that it would be unsafe to venture alone into the Desert, the caravan remains by the water for several days, or even weeks, or months, till other similarly-destined bands arrive; they then unite, and when the body is large enough, they prosecute their course. If, on the contrary, the pirates do not appear very formidable, the caravan determines to proceed, sure to be attacked, and likely to lose some of their men, as well as loaded camels.

The next morning a glimmering light appears in the horizon, and the disk of the sun comes into view almost immediately afterwards, for in these countries the twilight and dawn are but momentary. The camels lying with their long necks stretched out on the sand are awakened by their conductors, and utter their frightful grumbling. Some with great docility allow themselves to be loaded; others rise and attempt to escape; but a few gentle blows from the driver make them crouch down again. The Sheikh-el-Bakal, commander of the fleet, is absolute master of all its movements, and gives the signal for starting when he deems all in readiness. The Menan, who are experienced travellers, acting in the capacity of pilots, take their places in the van, and the whole mass puts itself in motion. The scouts have observed the Touareg retire, doubtless to seek another prey; the murderers gradually fade in the distance, till they are entirely lost amid the warm tints of the horizon.

But the merchants have mistaken a *signe* of the enemy for a friendly one. The Touareg, learning from one of their own scouts that the caravan is proceeding, approach it after the evening has closed in, clearing perhaps a hundred miles in a single night. At daybreak a hoarse, wild, fearful cry breaks the silence of the plain: it is the signal of attack. A desperate conflict ensues. The sand is the battle-field; and it will be the only grave of the vanquished. Happy those who fall by a mortal blow, rather than be left lingering wounded on the plain! The conqueror would not take the trouble of despatching those he has prostrated; he knows that the Desert will complete the work of death, and that the tedious agonies of thirst and despair are more cruel than any tortures his bitterest vengeance could suggest. After the massacre comes the pillage, and the victorious troop, carrying off their spoil, and

leading away their loaded camels, disappear behind the sand-hills.

In the evening the sand and sky are bathed in lurid colours by the setting sun: these brilliant tints become by degrees brown and sombre; till, in the darkness which veils the heavens and weighs on the earth, nothing meets the eye but a track as of fire in the horizon. In the stillness of night one may for a time hear cries, and prayers, and blasphemies from the scene of the late carnage; but the Mussulman soon wraps himself up in that passive resignation which is one of the leading features of his character; and he will die without a rebellious feeling against the fate which he believes was determined for him by an unalterable decree from the moment of his birth. Some shadows may be seen to move, to creep along, and to fall again immovable: these are the last convulsions of the dying.

A dull sound arises, increases, approaches; the atmosphere becomes unusually dry and heavy; each breath of wind is as suffocating as the blast which escapes from a burning furnace; and the particles of sand, which are lashed into shape, appear to burn like sparks from a crackling fire. It is the *sirocco*! The sands roll their impalpable grains over each other; the surface of the plain ripples at first like a tranquil lake when agitated by the fall of an insect. But the undulations increase more and more; now it may be called a billowy sea; and the vortices rise in the air, turning spirally at the base, spreading like a sheaf at the top, and increasing in their course over the sand, which they worm out by this whirling motion.

The noise again decreases, and at last is entirely hushed, the troubled air becomes calm; and the coolness of night supersedes the hot breath of the *sirocco*. But the sand has engulfed the wreck of the caravan; the moon shines on a level plain; and all is silence and solitude in the Desert!

THE CADET BRANCH.

Two of the cheeriest, blithest ladies of my acquaintance were the Misses Tabitha and Deborah Darvall, who, with their long-widowed, gray-haired mother, resided, a few years ago, in one of the pleasant semi-rural cottages the neighbourhood of London is so thickly studded with, upon an income which, to persons unfamiliar with the magic of a minute and judicious economy, might appear barely sufficient for the mere necessities of life, but which they made amply suffice for most of its modest luxuries. Guileless, cheerful-hearted maidens! who that witnessed with what a gentle, loving-kindness you

'Rocked the cradle of declining age'—

how gaily you gossiped, how prettily you played and sung—how sensibly, when you had nothing better to do, you discoursed—could have thought otherwise than contemptuously of the venerable fallacy which connects misanthropy with elderly-maidenhood, and invariably associates singleness at forty with crabbedness and an evil disposition? For myself, I beg to express a firm belief that if Tabby and Debby—familiar domestic brevities these, permitted, be it understood, only to a favoured few—I say I firmly believe that if Tabby and Debby had each blessed three husbands, and been surrounded by a dozen or more cherubs in bibs and pinafores, they could scarcely have been more gentle, obliging, and thoroughly amiable than they actually were. This, I repeat, is my solemn opinion. But coming as it does from a confirmed old bachelor, it must of course be taken *cum grano salis*. One weakness, besides tea, these ladies confessed to: they loved, with an enthusiasm unsurpassed by that of the celebrated Mrs Battle, a sound, quiet rubber of whist—good old constitutional whist, mind; none of your *short* heresies—with its illustrations, 'a clear fire, a clear hearth, and the rigour of the game.' Fortunately they lived in a thoroughly whist neighbourhood. The two

semi-detached cottages that, with their own, constituted the chief street of that young locality, were occupied by two staid widowers, with whom, since the death and burial of their wives, whist seemed the one-cherished object of existence; and hundreds of rubbers were valiantly fought out in that pleasantest of pleasant parlours between the mature maidens and their somewhat ancient neighbours—Mr Peter Danby, and Mr John Dusatoy.

Yes, Peter Danby and John Dusatoy are the names of the gentlemen; but if the reader is to understand clearly this charming little 'histoircette'—that is, if I do not mar it in the telling—something more of introduction than the mere announcement of their names is essentially necessary. Mr Peter Danby—a man of singularly-expressive silence—may be dismissed after his own manner in a very few words. He is a retired drysalter, living physically and morally upon the accumulations, material and mental, of former exertions. The first—the material—are decidedly the most tangible, consisting as they do of between five and six thousand pounds in sundry solid securities, national and joint-stock. The mental capital, though not perhaps so accurately set down, nor so easily reckoned up as consols and debentures, must necessarily be considerable; as, without having added one single item to it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the street—who is unquestionably the old lady yonder, nodding so comfortably in her arm-chair over her knitting—he has for many years enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, a daily reputation from it: a man of powerful action I have no doubt, but of marvellous few words. Many a brave talker, I am told, he has in his time listened down: kept steadily at it, in fact, till the fountain was thoroughly run out. Shortly, to sum him up, and give his brief-total, he is a kind of drysalter-illustration of Mr Carlyle's somewhat paradoxical apothegm in his *Hero as Poet*: 'speech is great, but silence is greater.' His tremendous superiority at whist may be imagined.

Mr John Dusatoy, on the other hand, is essentially a man of words; but unfortunately of such small ones, that a shower of them produces the faintest imaginable impression. A decent, quiet, well-meaning little man, nevertheless, is John Dusatoy. Dusatoy, I repeat, is a very quiet, respectable person; wears a carefully-kept flaxen wig, and has everything handsome and comfortable about him; and, to crown all, a daughter, who—

Yes, sir; positively the young lady seated at the rose-wood work-table, with the beautifully-moulded Grecian head, raven tresses, dark full brilliant eyes—and now, as she rises to snuff the candles for the absorbed whist-players, you perceive, of queenly figure and graceful, elastic carriage—is the little flaxen wig's heiress and only daughter, Geraldine Dusatoy. . . . Well, sir, what of that? I maintain that it is a soap and candle dealer's birthright—his and every man's inalienable, constitutional privilege—to have his daughter christened by any name he pleases. You admit it? That being the case, I don't mind still farther enlightening you. But in order that I should be enabled to do so, you must, if you please, step back with me to just seventeen years ago last Monday evening. A long distance! And now we have got to it, only look what a dark, gusty, sleety, plashy, disagreeable evening it is! Well, on this very evening Mr John Dusatoy was belated at a distance of something more than six miles from his lawful home and wife, situated both of them in one of the large manufacturing towns of the north of England. It was entirely his own fault, I must tell you, that he was thus belated. He might have been home hours before, had he not been fascinated, juggled out of his usual prudence, by a troop of spangled vagabonds, with a black-eyed gipsy girl for their prima donna, who were exhibiting their tricks and tumblings at the 'Golden Fleece,' whither Mr John Dusatoy had betaken himself by appointment early in the afternoon, for the settlement of a rather heavy account. When he at last

rose to depart, he found that he had awfully overstayed his time; and direful were the forebodings which filled his mind as to the reception he should meet with from Mrs Dusatoy—a respectable, but altogether over-cloquent lady, who, John instinctively felt, as he glanced at the hands of his watch, had already heaped up abundant treasures for him. 'Nearly seven miles by the road,' soliloquised the repentant, self-accusing soap-dealer: 'bless me, I shall be two hours or more getting home that way. Through the wood saves nearly three miles; but then it is so plaguy dark, I might miss my way.' He nevertheless resolved to venture. The brandy and water he had swallowed rendered him unusually valiant; and on he desperately staggered, through marsh, and brake, and brier. Rash, rarely successful men are they who wander from beaten paths in search of short cuts to desired havens; and honest Dusatoy proved no exception to the rule. For more than two mortal hours did he wander to and fro in the dark, marshy, perplexing wood; till, worn out, bewildered, terrified almost to death, he sat down upon a damp, uncomfortable stump, fairly overcome with fright and vexation. The imminence of the peril roused him to renewed exertion. 'Man lost!—man lost!—man lost!' he shouted, jumping up, and raising his voice to a dreadfully-cracked pitch, in the desperate hope of attracting assistance. The strange sounds echoed through the stillness of the forest; but no sympathising voice responded to the agonised appeal. 'Man lost!—man lost!' reiterated the perturbed but persistent oil-man with quavering vehemence. This time there was an answer. 'Who—o—o—o—o?' came distinctly down the wind. 'Poor Johnny Dusatoy!' he replied with deprecatory supplication: 'as honest a man as ever broke a bit of bread!' 'Who—o—o—o—o?' again returned the sympathising stranger. Johnny eagerly repeated his description, baptismal, patronymic, and moral, and still the same query replied to his frantic asseverations. On, however, he pressed in the direction of the voice; and, as he conjectured, was not more than a quarter of a mile from the cold-blooded questioner, when, emerging from the tangled darkness into a somewhat clear opening in the wood, he was startled out of his few remaining wits by the apparition of an enormous gipsy suddenly confronting and striding towards him. No wonder his jaws rattled like a pair of castanets, and that he shook in every fibre of his little body: it was—no doubt about it, considering the hour and the locality—a most unpleasant meeting.

'Who is that?' demanded the grim vagabond; 'who is that dialoguing with the owls at this time of night?'

'I—I—I, p-o-o-o-r Jo-ohnny Du-u-u-satoy, as ho-o-o-nest a—'

'Oh, it's you, is it? I'm glad of it, for I thought I had missed you. You are the very man I want.'

'A-a-a-am I?'

'Yes: you are rich and childless; and you must take this one, and bring it up as your own. The girl you saw at the inn has preserved it during the last five or six days at the hazard of her life. The band, for various reasons best known to themselves, will have it destroyed and buried snugly out of the way. I have undertaken the job; but at the request of that girl have promised to deliver it to you; with this distinct understanding, that you bring it up as your own; and above and before all, that you never breathe a word to one living soul as to how you came by it.'

'Ye-e-es.'

'You consent: I am glad of it, as it may save trouble. Now, then, here's a Bible: look and see that it is a real one. Good. Now place your hand upon it, and repeat after me.' Mr John Dusatoy stretched forth his hand, and mechanically repeated the words of an awful oath binding him to secrecy. He then, at the command of the gipsy, kissed the book.

'It is well. Now mark: if ever you reveal to a single human being what has passed to-night, you will be a

dead man before twenty-four hours are over. Come, this is your path.'

Five minutes afterwards, Mr John Dusatoy found himself upon the high road, within ten minutes' distance of his home, with a lusty infant of about two years of age in his arms. His mind was in a state of complete confusion. He certainly had seen such things done in a play, and had read of them in circulating romances, but that a respectable man and a rate-payer should be served a trick of the kind in actual real life seemed utterly absurd and incredible. He, however, moved mechanically homewards, holding the babe nearly at arm's length, something after the manner in which people carry joints of meat to a bakehouse; and had arrived within a yard of his domicile before a thoroughly full sense of the utter desperation of his condition flashed upon him. If he had before dreaded encountering his amiable partner, how on earth was he to face that determined woman with such a present as *that* in his arms? The very idea of it turned him up and down; and cold and sleety as it was, he perspired like a roasting cook in the dog-days. Long, long he stood irresolute; but at length nerving himself to desperation, he rang the bell. Quickly a well-remembered step was heard upon the passage floor-cloth, and a well-remembered voice exclaimed—'Oh, there you are at last! Upon my word this is very pretty—remarkably so indeed. Aint you ashamed of yourself?' continued Mrs Dusatoy, furly boiling over, and at the same moment throwing open the door. 'Aint you ashamed?'

The current of her eloquence was checked at once. I give you my word, sir, that a company of grenadiers chugging into that passage with fixed bayonets and bear-skin caps could not have so scared that remarkable woman, as did the blessed babe sustained upon her husband's outstretched arms. She started back dumbfounded, paralysed! Johnny, profiting by the momentary panic of his better half, darted by her, rushed frantically into the parlour, and deposited the infant on the table, exclaiming, as he wiped his teeming forehead, 'There! I swore a dreadful oath I would do it, and I *have* done it. There!'

The scene which followed must be left to the imagination, which, if a very brilliant one, may possibly do it justice. I can only relate the fug-end of the fray, after the storm had spent itself, and John Dusatoy had escaped to bed. 'Well, Sally,' said the mistress of the house, addressing her confidential maid-of-all-work; 'we cannot throw the brat into the street, so you had better take it and let it sleep with you to-night;' and Mrs Dusatoy, who had been engaged for the last two or three minutes in an unsatisfactory voyage of discovery over the baby's features, endeavoured to transfer it to the arms of her handmaid. But the child would not be so shifted. It clung perversely, but most endearingly, round Mrs Dusatoy's neck, pressing its coral mouth upon her lips, and peremptorily refusing to depart. The good woman's better nature was awakened by the child's appeal. Thoughts of the one, only one sweet bud of promise that had briefly blessed her life, swelled her heart and filled her eyes. 'Never mind, Sally, she shall remain with me to-night at all events.' The next morning, after patiently listening to her husband's explanation, Mrs Dusatoy agreed to adopt the child. It soon secured a firm hold on the affections of both husband and wife; and as the Dusatoys were even in those days comparatively rich, a liberal education was ungrudgingly bestowed upon the beautiful Geraldine—this name was found marked upon a portion of the infant's dress, and was of course retained—and possessed as she was of great natural capabilities, she speedily reflected credit on her instructors. Her birth, or rather her rescue and adoption, Mrs Dusatoy a few weeks before her death unreservedly communicated to the sorrowing, adopted daughter. That knowledge has not, as you perceive, in the slightest degree abated the affectionate respect which she has constantly manifested towards her kind, well-meaning, reputed father.

And now, sir, having, as I trust, fully satisfied your curiosity respecting the young lady at the work-table, you will, if you please, allow me to continue my story without interruption.

The whist-players, then, on the evening in question, were not, it was quite clear, in harmonious accordance. Both Tabby and Debby seemed fidgetty and nervous, strangely forgot what cards were out, and altogether played abominably. Twice Mr Dusatoy, as fresh hands were in course of distribution, had querulously remonstrated with Debby upon not leading the right suit at the right time; and once Mr Peter Danby, after enduring much unwilingly, paused in the midst of the play, laid his cards emphatically on the table, raised his spectacles from his eyes to his forehead, and glared solemnly in fair Tabitha's face with a look which said as plainly as look could, 'Remember, madam, you are losing my money as well as your own.' There were four sixpences, I should state, under one of the candlesticks. This done, he replaced his spectacles, resumed his cards, and steadily continued the game.

'Well,' said Miss Deborah at the conclusion of the hand, 'we are playing shockingly; but the truth is, we have been a good deal flustered this afternoon by a letter from General.'

'Lieutenant-General D'Harville,' interposed Tabitha; at the same time volunteering the orthography of the general's name.

'Yes, Lieutenant-General D'Harville,' resumed Deborah; 'and that, it seems, is the correct mode of spelling our name, which has been somehow shortened and vulgarised by dear papa's connection with the City. The general reminds us that we are a cadet branch of the family tree. Now what, for mercy's sake, is a cadet branch?'

'It's people that go to the East Indies to serve their queen and country in the capacity of gentlemen,' replied John Dusatoy with confident alacrity.

'Nonsense, Mr Dusatoy. How can Tabby and I, or dear mamma, be people of that sort?'

Mr Peter Danby paused for an instant in the act of shuffling the cards for a fresh deal, and looked with much intelligence at Miss Deborah: he then favoured Mr Dusatoy with another emphatic glance, easily translatable into 'You're a donkey;' he, however, only said, as he placed the pack before him, 'Cut!' Everybody felt that Mr Danby knew what a cadet branch was, but that he for the moment declined imparting his knowledge. This was a favourite trick; and indeed one of the chief modes by which he raised and sustains his great reputation.

'I believe,' said Geraldine, coming, as usual, to the rescue, 'that a cadet is a younger brother, and I suppose his family might be called the cadet branch of the house?'

'That explains it, dear Geraldine,' cried the spinsters both in a breath. 'Quite. Well, who *would* have thought it?'

General Sir Frederick D'Harville had in fact written a curt stately note, informing Mrs D'Harville—corruptly spelt Darvill—that having lost his only son about a twelvemonth previously in one of the great Indian battles, he and Lady D'Harville had determined to adopt one of their nieces, and bestow her handsomely in marriage, in order, as better could not be, that the ancient family might be continued and perpetuated through the cadet branch. He would call, for the purpose of escorting his niece to Maida Hall, on the morrow about noon.

For obvious reasons, the entire contents of this strange missive were not communicated to the company; but enough transpired to convince the widowers that a dreadful blow had been aimed at the peace of the card-table; and that, moreover, any further play even on that evening was out of the question. Mr Peter Danby rose, quietly placed his broad-brimmed hat on his deliberate head, drew on his gloves, buttoned up his coat, bowed comprehensively, and stalked forth in accusing silence.

Mr Dusatoy and his adopted daughter departed half an hour later.

Alas, there was more, much more in danger than the wheat-table! Pope was quite right: in these days the Evil One tempts, not by poverty, but riches. For the first time Tabby remembered with bitter malevolence that Debby was three years her junior; and Debby, for the same reason, exulted ungenerously over her sister. Twelve hours before, neither of them would have believed in the possibility of such feelings arising within their gentle bosoms; so sad was the change wrought by the glittering bait, present and prospective, set before them by their crafty uncle the lieutenant-general.

The general arrived the next morning in great state. He was a fine military-looking man, and was indeed possessed of many admirable qualities; but all dimmed and obscured, to the superficial observer at least, by overweening pride of birth and lineage, and haughty superciliousness of manner. He was ushered into the front parlour by the awe-struck maid-servant; and a minute afterwards, Geraldine Dusatoy, blushing, and somewhat embarrassed, but losing nothing of her native grace and dignity of manner, entered to apologise for the momentary absence of Sir Frederick's nieces.

The instant the general's eye fell upon the form of the beautiful girl, he started from his chair with strange emotion; and advancing rapidly towards her with extended hands, exclaimed in a tone of joyful surprise, 'My niece!' Geraldine explained, and Sir Frederick's countenance immediately fell. He did not, however, relinquish her hand, and continued to gaze at her with a troubled, inquisitive glance. Presently the door opened: 'Miss Deborah D'Harville,' said Geraldine, very much embarrassed, and anxious to divert the general's attention from herself.

'It is very strange,' muttered Sir Frederick, gently yielding Geraldine's hand, and turning mechanically towards Deborah: 'Who is this young lady?'

'Geraldine Dusatoy—a neighbour.'

Tabitha now entered; and Sir Frederick's attention being necessarily given to the sisters, Geraldine Dusatoy adroitly slipped away, much wondering at the general's strange behaviour.

General D'Harville's reception of his nieces, as soon as he recovered his rarely-disturbed self-possession, was kind and courteous. It was soon arranged that Deborah, as the youngest, should succeed to the vacant niche of heiress to the House of D'Harville; and preparations for immediate departure were at once commanded. I will not say that the general's hopes and anticipations were not somewhat damped by the perusal of the record of mature age stamped upon the countenance even of his youngest niece; but he by no means despaired of the stability of his ancient House. He was a man of singularly sanguine temperament, and had in his youth led two forlorn-hopes.

Arrived at Maida Hall, Deborah was introduced to her stately aunt, Lady D'Harville—a tall, splendid, but apparently a grief-stricken woman. 'Surely,' thought Deborah, 'I have seen that face before. Oh, to be sure. If she were twenty years younger, and happier looking, she would be the very image of Geraldine.'

Lady D'Harville received her niece with a cold, sad smile; and Deborah, after a few frigid words of course, was consigned to the care of her appointed attendants.

'Your niece's education, Sir Frederick,' said Lady D'Harville as soon as Deborah had left the apartment, 'has, I fear, been sadly neglected. You will have enough to do to render her presentable at the next drawing-room.'

'Yes: there is no time to spare neither. At all events, she has good blood in her veins. We must make up for lost time as well as we can.'

The result of the general's resolution to make up for lost time is very clearly set forth in the following epistle received by Miss Tabitha about a fortnight after her sister's departure:—

'MAIDA HALL.

DEAR TAB.—If you still feel any desire to be a great heiress, and live in state, get your things packed up ready; for, please goodness, I'll put up with the life I'm leading here no longer; no, not to be cadet branch to Queen Victoria! The general comes home to-morrow evening; and if he won't take me back in the carriage, I'll run away! Why, Tabby dear, you can have no conception of the torments and martyrdoms I have been made to endure, in the hope of transmogrifying me into a fine lady. But it's no use, Tabby dear—not the slightest: it's not in me, and that's the honest truth. First of all, as early as seven in the morning, I'm drilled for three-quarters of an hour by Sergeant Pike, in order to make me keep my shoulders back: after breakfast, my French and Italian masters take me in hand for an hour each: then come the piano and harp professors, and I am made to thump and twang away till luncheon-time: directly that is over, Monsieur Pirouette, the dancing-master, exercises me for two mortal hours: and when he has concluded, it is time to surrender myself into the hands of Mademoiselle Angélique, to be screwed up, fizzed, and plaited for dinner. Ah, Tabby, if I could once see that dear Angélique upon the bare back of our donkey, and I behind with a good switch in my hand, *wouldn't I*— But no matter, here I won't stop, that's poz! The cadet branch and posterity may shift for themselves for what I care; I'll have no more of it, and so you may tell dear mother; and believe me, Tabby, your affectionate sister in affliction,

DEBORAH DARVILL.

'Yes, Darvill! good, honest, downright Darvill! The deuce take their H's, and their E's, and their apostrophes, say I, for ever and amen!'

Tabitha and Geraldine Dusatoy were still occupied on the following morning commenting upon this portentous letter, when the general's carriage was seen to drive furiously up to the garden gate, and presently out sprang Deborah, before the door was well opened, and came running frantically up the gravelled path towards the cottage. In she burst, hot, panting, and impatient.

'God bless you, Tabby; here's an uproar, and all of my making! Geraldine, don't be frightened; there's a dear: but as sure as you're alive, you are an elder branch, or worse. Turn down your left shoulder, and you'll see. The general had been talking to his lady about your uncommon likeness; but there, poor soul, you don't know anything about it; and I happened to let out that you were a "babe in the wood," suckled by gipsies seventeen years ago, and that your name was Geraldine; and if Lady D'Harville hasn't been going on distractedly ever since, wringing her hands, and walking in her sleep like the lady in the play. Oh, here she is.'

Lady D'Harville, supported by her husband, here entered the room in a terrible state of agitation. The instant she saw Geraldine she sprang wildly towards her, and clasping her in her arms, exclaimed in a choking voice, and with frenzied eagerness, 'It is she! I know it—feel it! Oh, God would not so deceive a mother! Quick—quick, if you would not see me die! Her left shoulder—three moles triangularly placed!'

'It is she!—look here!' shrieked Sir Frederick with wild excitement, and at the same time seizing the astonished Geraldine in his arms. Lady D'Harville slid down on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes raised towards Heaven, ejaculated in broken accents, 'Thanks, Father of Mercies, thanks!'

The explanation which, as soon as the excitement had in some degree subsided, was gone into, proved perfectly satisfactory. Maida Hall had been broken into and plundered a few days previous to the night on which John Dusatoy had duetted with the owls, by a band of gipsies, and the child carried off, in the expectation, it was conjectured, of obtaining a reward for its restoration. The pursuit, however, was so hot, that the band must have feared to afford any clue to the

detection of the authors of the burglary by any negotiation of the sort; and hence doubtless their resolution to put the child out of the way: a design happily frustrated by the compassion of the gipsy girl, and the opportune appearance of Mr John Dusatoy at the 'Golden Fleece.'

Matters were speedily arranged: Mr Dusatoy parted regretfully with Geraldine; but both were consoled by the frank and cordial invitation the honest man received from Sir Frederick and Lady D'Harville to visit Maids Hall as frequently as he found it convenient and agreeable to do so. A large addition to the income of Mrs Darvill and her daughters was also spontaneously offered by the general, and of course gratefully accepted.

Sir Frederick, Lady, and Geraldine D'Harville departed just as the shades of evening began to fall. Half an hour afterwards, the candles were lighted, the card-table again set out—Mrs Darvill was wheeled closer to the fire, and the accustomed four once more seated themselves at their beloved board of green cloth. Deborah, enfranchised Deborah, all smiles and sunshine, having shuffled the cards, waved them in the air with a gesture of exuberant triumph, and then, bringing them down with a flourish, plump before Mr Peter Dunby, exclaimed, 'Cut!' 'With all my heart,' rejoined Mr Dunby, suiting the action to the word. 'Hurr!' This unwonted outburst added of course considerably to the excitement, which, however, completely subsided during the progress of the deal. 'Play!' cried Tabitha. Deborah played, and on went the solemn game, and on it is going to this day, as any lady or gentleman who can procure an introduction may easily satisfy him or herself on any evening during the week, 'Sundays excepted.'

HYBRINATING QUADRUPEDS OF BRITAIN.

A singular dispensation is observable in the hybernation of such creatures as feed entirely on insects, or on the more delicate parts of vegetable structures. As soon as the blasts of winter destroy the substances which are essential to their support, they (for the most part) bury themselves in the ground, as in the case of the hedgehog; or roll themselves in a soft warm coverlet of moss and fibres, as in that of the dormouse. The bat, however, is an exception to this rule; it merely 'puts itself by,' as it were; suspending itself, for this purpose, by the hinder-legs to the roof of a dark cavern, or the rafters of some deserted castle or neglected church, where it quietly sleeps, until the warm sun calls forth from their chrysalid tombs the moths which serve it for food. Let us glance at the habits of the winter-sleepers peculiar to these islands.

Being possessed of a most sensitive acuteness of ear, the rest of the bat might be frequently broken, and its senses roused to a feeling of hunger, which it had no means of satisfying, were it not for the curious apparatus by which it can at pleasure close the aperture through which sound is conveyed. This consists of an integument resembling a small car, placed backwards, at the entrance of the larger or real ear, which acts at will, in the manner of a valve. Some species of bats are distinguished by very large ears; while in others, as the vampire-bat, it is small; but this aurial appendage is observed in all. The body of the common bat is somewhat smaller than that of the mouse, which it much resembles in form and colour, though the fur of the latter is lighter than that of the bat. The face is like the visage of a faery minstrel; and though its cry seems but a faint piping, yet if it be held close to the ear, it sounds like the miniature bark of a dog: the wings are formed by the continuation of the skin of the back and breast down the fore-arms, encasing the finger-bones, and extending along the body to the legs, and again to the tail; and thus the order of bats has been appropriately named Chiroptera, from two Greek words signifying hand-wings. We say appropriately, for when the bat spreads its wings, it has the appearance of extending them with its hands, as a lady

would do with a shawl which was placed on her shoulders, and which she was about to wrap around her. The wings are black, and of a leathery texture; the front point of each is furnished with a hook, with which the animal supports itself when not about to retire to sleep. By means of these wings, it is enabled not only to follow the evolutions of the insects on which it preys, but to sweep them together by a forward semicircular movement, so as to bring them more within reach. The mother also folds her wings round her young while suckling them. The manner in which the young are carried about by the parents is exceedingly curious: the former attaches itself by the hind-claws to the breast of the mother, and in such a way, that when the latter flies about with her burthen, the back of the young one is downwards.

The food of the bats consists of those countless tribes of insects which come abroad in the warm twilight of a summer's evening; hence their scientific name *Vespertilio*. They drink on the wing, in the manner of swallows, and frequent the margin of waters, on account of the large number of insects which abound in such places. Bats are excessively sensitive; so much so, that Spallanzani considered them to be possessed of a sixth sense; for they avoided objects placed in their way, when deprived of him of eyes and the power of smelling. This delicacy of perception seems to exist principally in the membrane of the wing. An instance of the acuteness of all their senses is observable in the rapidity with which they turn, if, when flying low, two persons, placing themselves a few yards apart, alternately raise their hands as the animals approach, which will cause them to fly backwards and forwards incessantly; this being what we, as children, used to call playing 'living battledore and shuttlecock.'

It is stated that there are fourteen distinct species of bats in Britain. Of these the most common are the noctule (*V. noctula*), which is mostly found in trees, though sometimes in houses also; as is the whiskered bat (*V. mystecus*), the long-eared bat (*V. auritus*), which attaches itself to churches, where it hangs in clusters from the joints of the rafters like swarms of bees. We must not, however, omit to mention, that though bats frequently congregate together in this manner, they never fly abroad in flocks: the pipistrelle (*V. pipistrellus*), which dwells mostly in caverns; and the barbastelle, which is rare, and which is said to have no odour—which certainly is not the case with the others.

If we consider the anomalous position in which these animals were placed in the eyes of our forefathers, we shall not feel surprised at the superstitious feelings with which they were regarded. Flying with the wings of birds, yet bearing the head and fur of quadrupeds; pursuing the insect tribes, and eschewing the ground, yet bringing forth and suckling their young; rejected of the earth and air, shunning the pure light of the sun, dwelling in dark and haunted places, serving as a prey to no creature save the ominous raven or the solitary owl, and appearing only at the hour of spirits, these observers of old, who were at once accurate and superficial, could not but regard them with suspicion; and thus we find, as Mrs Jameson remarks, that while angels were represented with the wings of birds, malignant spirits bore those of bats. The bat is easily tamed, and becomes an amusing and familiar pet. Mr Bell mentions one which, being set at liberty in the parlour, would, if a fly were held between the lips, settle on the cheek of its young patron, and take the insect with the greatest gentleness: and so far was the familiarity carried, that when either of his young friends made a humming noise with the mouth, in imitation of a fly, the bat would search about the lips for the promised dainty.

The squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*) is undoubtedly one of the prettiest of our native quadrupeds, whether we consider the brilliancy of his black eyes, the beauty of his red back and white chest, the luxuriance of his bushy tail, or the agility and grace of his playful movements; so may he in one particular lay claim to being one of the most singular. We allude to his bird-like propensity for building his nest in trees. Choosing a convenient spot, he

ly; the foundation in the fork of the branches, and there he brings moss, leaves, and twigs, with which to make a structure which will resist the most violent storms he makes it with a dome, as the wren forms hers, and leaves only a small aperture near the top for ingress and egress. And if not more interesting, it is at least more amusing to watch him (or we should say her) during the time of building; for she well knows that no bird's patience will be required for the purpose of sitting on eggs, and the labour, though not one of greater love, is one of more careless glee, and the little animal becomes so buoyant with delight at each addition to the nest, that it would appear as if no gambols were sufficiently eccentric to excite her joy. We, not having been born in the days when evil spirits roamed at large upon the earth, have a great partiality for bats, but it is a grave and studious business—a religion associated with lonesome caverns and ruined buildings, with tombs and spirits—a feeling which makes us still, yet most calm. Not like this is our love for the bright and joyous quirel—a love which calls back childish thoughts and feelings, and makes the very throbbing of our hearts imitate the antics of the exulting animal. And then what intense pleasure it gives us to see the little creature sitting with a fir cone between its paws, picking out the seeds with his long front teeth, and culling us side by side all the time with an expression of the utmost gaiety and fun, or perhaps, as we approach a little nearer, chattering and scolding in the fiercest manner possible for he is a courageous little fellow, and very daring when he knows that we only are near, as if persuaded that he had discovered our nature, and knew that we would not hurt him, and therefore he defies us. But only let a gun appear, or a schoolboy approach within a stone's throw of the tree, and down goes the hero; the hitherto pert tail is extended as flatly on the bough as the trembling body, and there he crouches, close and motionless, until the danger is past.

But the fir cone is not his only food—the nut, the acorn, the bee-hive, and a variety of similar fruits, are devoured by him, as well as the young buds of trees; and occasionally a few grains of corn, or a blade or two of grass. I have stated that squirrels catch and devour birds, but this appears to have proceeded from some unaccountable mistake, which a glance at the teeth of this rodent animal will at once disprove. That squirrels will pursue birds with great vehemence, we are perfectly aware, for we have seen them so engaged, more especially in the building season; but this is caused merely by some little passing jealousy or annoyance, and it is quite as common to see the squirrel chased by the bird. Notwithstanding the fun and frolics of the squirrel, it is a provident and careful little creature, which lays up in a hollow tree, or some similar cavity, a store of nuts, acorns, &c. for the dreary days of winter, or rather for the bright sunny days with which the winter is occasionally enlivened, for on such days the mild air partially rouses the little sleeper, who peeps out to see if the glad spring is near, nibbles a nut or two, and goes to sleep again. Somewhat allied to the squirrel is the dormouse, the soft-furred little emblem of sleepiness. It is of the same family, and resembles it in the length of its tail, its colour, the agility of its movements, and the brightness of its eyes. Though the form of its teeth appears to connect it more closely with the mouse family (*muridae*). It also, like the squirrel, lays up acorns, nuts, and other fruits of this description for the winter, on the approach of which it rolls itself in a warm ball of moss, from which it emerges occasionally to take a little food, and then rolls itself up again. The nest of this pretty little animal is formed in the hollow of a tree, or in the roots of a bushy shrub, and is thickly lined with moss and leaves. There are few animals which are so easily tamed, or which appear to be so completely happy in confinement. Accustomed, when in a state of nature, to the most secluded and most beautiful forest coverts, it appears, when in captivity, as if it knew not a thought or wish beyond its cage, felt not a want, except for food and materials for its hybernaculum, and experienced not a regret for its free birthplace. And it soon becomes so sophisticated

as to find a piece of lace or a handkerchief quite as convenient a substance to be nibbled up for a winter coat as the freshest, greenest moss.

The harvest mouse (*Mus messorius*) is the smallest of our British quadrupeds, measuring from nose to tail two inches and a quarter, four fifths of which measurement is occupied by the tail. It was first brought into notice by White, the Selborne naturalist, who thus describes its nest—'They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially plaited, and composed of the blades of wheat, perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball, with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. This elegant instance of the efforts of instinct was found in a wheat field, suspended in the head of a thistle.' It also builds in the stalks of the growing wheat. The nest—

'A wee bit heap o' leaves an' a stibble
That costs it mony a weary nibble—'

is nicely lined with delicate fibres, and the young are ready to leave it by the time the corn is ripe and the straw is cut down. In the winter, the harvest mouse is not comfortably located in a corn stack, returning into the ground, where it forms a bed of dry grass and leaves. It is one of the prettiest little creatures possible. It is very slender, and most graceful in its movements, running up and down the blades of wheat with the utmost agility and lightness. Professor Henslow particularly notes the prehensile properties of its tail, which is serviceable to it when climbing. He says that he kept one of these little animals in a large deep earthenware pan for more than a year. In the centre of this pan was fixed a perpendicular stick, up which the mice would run, and then slightly bending the tip of the tail round it, they would slide down with great rapidity. When they reached a knob in the stick, they would quickly untwist the tail, and immediately coil it round again. It is a most cleanly creature, and spends much time in brushing its face, ears, &c. with its paws.

The water rat (*Arvicola amphibus*), or vole as it is sometimes called, is certainly the most unconquerably shy of all our native quadrupeds, yet if we can sufficiently accustom it to our presence, it is a most entertaining little animal, now darting from beneath the broad leaf of the water lily, and swimming a little way down the stream, now concealing all but its head under water, while it fixes its sharp eye on us, and nibbles a few blades of river grass, now ascending the bank, and indulging in a few gambols.

'On the happy autumn fields

and finally, on the slightest alarm, disappearing with the rapidity of lightning into the matted roots which hang over the stream, or diving until the danger is overpast. In form it is allied to the common rat, but the structure of its teeth places it amongst the family of beavers, its fur, which is of a dark red brown, is very thick and warm. It makes its den, in which it all sleeps through the winter, in the holes and interstices of the river bank, where it frequently brings up six or eight young ones. It is extremely expert in diving for minnows and other small fish, as well as in catching frogs, for the spawn of which it seems to have a great liking.

Perhaps few animals have in all ages been greater objects of superstition than the shrew (*Sorex*). The Egyptians paid it divine honours; and the mummies of two distinct species have been discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, in the crypts of Thebes and Memphis. Of these there are twenty specimens in the collection of Egyptian antiquities in Paris, belonging to M. Passalagny. It was worshipped in the Aethiopic district of Egypt, and was sacred to Latona. The extreme smallness of its eyes caused its dedication to one of the gods of darkness and concealment. Aristotle, Pliny, and

Agricola, declare its bite to be dangerous to horses and other beasts of burthen; the last recommends, as a remedy, that the little animal should be cut asunder, and applied to the wound. In France, and even in our own land, it has been believed to paralyse any animal over which it runs; in this case 'planet-struck' and 'shrew-struck' appear to be synonymous terms; and Bingley states that the prescribed cure was 'to drag the animal through a piece of bramble that grew at both ends.' White also speaks of a pollard ash which was highly regarded as a shrew-ash. 'Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which the beasts suffer from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part; for it is supposed that the shrew is of so baneful and telotoxic nature, that whenever it creeps over a beast—be it horse, cow, or sheep—the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would keep its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was thus made:—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew was thrust in alive; and plugged in no doubt with several quaint incantations now forgotten.'

The shrew has an extremely long nose, which is pointed and overhanging. This appears to be of use in burrowing and digging for its food, which principally consists of insects, grain, and other miscellaneous substances. The common shrew (*S. tetragonurus*) measures about 2½ inches from the nose to the tail. This tail is somewhat quadrangular, from which the name is probably derived. It is of a mouse colour, and not reddish-brown, as has been frequently stated. The nest is usually formed in loose heaps of stones, ruined walls, or, not unfrequently, in the clefts of broken ground. We have often remarked great numbers of these animals lying dead in the fields and lanes in the beginning of the autumn: their death appears to have been a natural one, and always to occur at the same period of the year. The upper fore-teeth of the shrew are of a peculiar formation, having an extremely minute barb on each side. The water, or long-tailed shrew (*S. jodensis*) is larger than the last-mentioned, and is extremely rare in most parts of our island. The form of the two species is very similar. It is an excellent diver and swimmer, and is so excessively shy, that it is seldom seen. They usually make their homes in the banks of rivers and streams. They are merry, sociable, little things, who spend a great portion of the day in play.

It is a common error to regard the shrew as a 'kind of mouse;' whereas it belongs to the order Insectivora, which includes the hedgehog and the mole. The first of these, the common hedgehog or urchin (*Erinaceus Europæus*), is well known, on account of its armour of prickly points, and also from the peculiar faculty which it possesses of rolling itself into a ball when attacked; or, to speak more correctly, of withdrawing its head and legs within the muscular envelopment of the back; in which state it receives no injury from any fall, however great the distance may be. Like the shrew, it has been the object of many superstitious fancies; the greater part of which, however, are of a curative, instead of an injurious nature. 'All plants,' says the 'Journal of a Naturalist,' 'producing thorns, or tending to roughness, were formerly considered to be of a drying nature, and upon this foundation the ashes of the hedgehog were administered as a great desiccative.' Pliny prescribes the gall of a hedgehog, mixed with the brains of a bat, as a depilatory: while Albertus Magnus declares that the oil in which one of its eyes has been fried, if kept in a brass vessel, will endow the human eye with the faculty of seeing as well by night as by day; an economical substitute for a lamp which must have been very useful to this learned seeker of the Philosopher's Stone, as that valuable substance did not deign to bestow any portion of its riches on those who studied its materials. Perhaps this was one of the valuable ideas given to him by his far-famed speaking head

of brass. In modern times, the hedgehog has been used as an article of food, though it has quite now fallen into disuse in England: it was (and still is, on the continent) generally roasted or made into a pie, and was considered best in the month of August. The skin, with the spines on it, is constantly used in country places as a muzzle to place on the noses of calves, for the purpose of weaning them; and before the cultivation of tea was carried to any extent, this skin was found serviceable as a carder of hemp.

The hedgehog is a nocturnal feeder, and extremely timid, for which reasons it is but rarely seen; though it exists in great numbers even in the cultivated districts, from which the generality of our native quadrupeds have long been banished. The food of the hedgehog consists principally of insects and worms; we say principally, because its alleged propensity for eggs and young birds has given rise to much controversy amongst naturalists; and as we have had no opportunity of proving the question, we leave the decision to those better qualified to make it. That the hedgehog destroys and devours snakes, has been satisfactorily shown by the Dean of Westminster, and none can deny that animal matter is occasionally consumed by it; yet the habit of hibernating seems very unusual in a carnivorous or an omnivorous creature.

The nest is formed amongst the roots of bushes, in the most secluded covert; each nest contains from three to five young ones; they are born blind; and their spines, which are white, become hardened two or three days after their birth. In winter the hedgehog burrows, though not to any depth, in the ground; and before establishing itself in its retreat, it weaves itself a warm coat, by rolling amongst the dry leaves which lie on the ground; and which, adhering to the prickles, form a large ball, which appears as if entirely composed of some vegetable and inanimate substance. It is difficult to account for the universality of the belief that this animal commits a robbery by sucking the cows, unless it be from the attraction the cowhouse presents to it in the swarms of flies to be found there; while a glance at the small size of its mouth must at once show the fallacy of the idea. It is, notwithstanding its retiring habits, easily tamed; in which case it becomes very useful in a garden, as it devours a great number of depredating insects. We once knew one which was perfectly domesticated, and which would lie for hours partly drawn within its coat of mail, but with its head and cunning eyes peeping out, and watching for the children, who brought it flies. When one was held out to it, it would wake up very briskly, seize the proffered morsel, and then return to its state of dreamy contemplation.

As the mole is commonly regarded as a hibernating animal, we shall include it in this paper; though at the same time we most heartily concur with those naturalists who affirm, that though the mole probably sleeps for a greater number of hours each day in the winter than it does in the summer, yet it cannot properly be called a winter-sleeper or hibernator. That it retires deeper into the ground is indeed true; but in this its movements only follow those of the grubs and worms on which it preys. During the past winter, 1848-49, we have observed the moles at work every day: this will perhaps be attributed to the unusually mild weather which they experienced; but even in the most severe seasons, the approach of a thaw brings with it fresh mole-hills; a fact which may be accounted for by the radiation of heat from the earth, by which the moles feel the genial change before we do. Keen and accurate observation is the only instrument by which a controversy of this kind can be determined; but analogy is certainly in favour of the non-hibernation of the mole; for no animals hibernate save those who are with difficulty supplied with food in the winter days. The mole feeds almost exclusively on earthworms and grubs, which in winter bury themselves deep in the ground; therefore we may reasonably conclude that the mole does not hibernate.

There are perhaps few animals whose form seems better adapted to the circumstances in which their mode of life places them, or less calculated for movement in any other

sphere, than the moles. The strong, hand-shaped claws would, with their out-turned palms, be found almost useless on the surface of the ground, though perfectly contrived for excavating, as well as for moving in the burrows, in which these creatures are born and die: the short, heavy and keel-formed breast-bones, and shapeless body, which, above ground, seem almost incapable of movement, travels at an incredible pace when under it; nay, even the diminutive eye, and the texture of the fur (which lies smoothly, whether stroked backwards or forwards), are instances of the same adaption of form to habit which we see in the wings of the bird, the swiftness of the hare, or the armour of the hedgehog.

The mother mole hollows out her nest not under the small hillocks which we see in the fields—and which are merely the accumulations of earth made in, and rejected from, the galleries—but under a larger one, which is placed in the shelter of a hedge, a wall, or the roots of a tree. Here she raises a mound, on the flattened top of which she lays a little bed of dried grass, and deposits her young. This apartment also serves as a sleeping-room for the parent during the winter; but in the summer it generally reposes in one of its open galleries. When one district or pasture-ground is exhausted, the moles usually migrate to some fresh field; and it is stated that in so doing they frequently cross large rivers. The mole displays great and heroic devotion as a spouse or a mother. An instance is on record in which a female having been caught in a trap, the male was discovered lying dead beside it: few, we think, would imagine that the heart of a mole was so easily broken, or that his love was so strong. The eyes and the organs of hearing are so minute in this animal, that it was not formerly supposed to possess either, though men soon discovered that its sense of hearing was remarkably acute—

'Tread softly: let not the blind mole
Hear thy foot fall.'

Such are a few habits of those animals of our own land which sleep 'the winter through'; but there is one common, we believe, to them all, which we state in conclusion, because it is so beautiful an illustration of the instinct by which their Creator leads them. We allude to the care with which, when they store up grain for their winter supply, they bite out the embryo or growing point of the seed, so as to prevent it from germinating, and thus becoming worthless.

PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.

ONE can scarcely look over a newspaper without perceiving indications of a growing feeling that the recently-fashionable doctrines respecting paupers and criminals act injuriously on society without being beneficial to the parties commiserated. Humanity is felt to be not less commendable than ever it was, but not that blindly-inconsiderate humanity which almost obliterates a sense of justice. The indiscriminate relieving of paupers with weekly doles of money, no matter how the paupers have brought themselves into a state of wretchedness, no matter how they misspend the means placed at their disposal, is found *not to answer*: it is found to manufacture pauperism at so rapid a rate of increase, as to appear to be going on to an absorption of all the available resources of the country, leaving a nation of beggars instead of independent labourers.

England, by its workhouse test, more or less stringently applied, may be said to have escaped the consummation here hinted at; but Ireland and Scotland are too purely gravitating into an abyss of pauperism, and their case demands the most earnest consideration. A few facts will show the working of the new Scotch poor-law:—

In the year ending 1st January 1836 the sum expended on the poor did not exceed L171,042: in the year ending 1st February 1846 it amounted to L295,232,

an increase of L124,190 in ten years: in the year ending 14th May 1847 it was L433,915, being an increase of L138,683 in one year: in the year ending 11th May 1848 it was L544,334, being again an increase of L110,419.

The number of poor on the rolls at 1st February 1845 was 63,070, or about 1 in 42 of the population: on the 1st February 1846 it was 69,432, or about one in 38: on the 15th May 1847 it was 74,161, or about 1 in 35.3. The total number of paupers of all sorts relieved during that year was 146,370, or about 1 in 17.8 of the population. On the 14th May 1848 the number of poor on the roll was 77,732, or 1 in 37.7 of the population. The total number relieved during that year was 227,647, or 1 in 11.51 of the population.

Besides the evil of an enormously-increased expenditure, there is a rapid deterioration in the general character of the labouring population. This is forcibly stated in a Report by a Committee of Commissioners of Supply for the county of Peebles:—'The aversion, which was almost universal in rural districts, to relief from the parish is now unknown. The provident habits of the people are giving way, and their friendly societies for provision against sickness are in many instances dissolved; and it is not unlikely that a few years will witness the complete extinction of these beneficial institutions all over the kingdom. Families no longer show any desire to maintain their parents in old age; and from the facility with which illegitimate children are thrown upon the parish, a direct encouragement is held out to immorality, and to the indefinite extension of pauperism. In one word, the working of the law, as it stands, removes all stimulus from the labouring population to exercise habits of industry, frugality, and foresight, and acts as a positive incentive to carelessness and improvidence.' Such are the unfortunate effects of an act of philanthropy which is now perceived to have proceeded on too favourable a view of human nature.

And so with regard to criminals. A few years ago the national mind was all for tenderness, kindly treatment, reformation. Severity was scouted as unchristian, inhuman, calculated to strengthen rather than weaken evil dispositions. Then was established that beautiful organisation of prison discipline which gave to each delinquent a neatly-furnished apartment to live in, with all the comforts of elegant seclusion. The object was amiable; it was designed as a correction by humane means. Has this end been accomplished? Alas, no! It is found that while you possibly operate beneficially on a few, you give the bulk rather a taste for imprisonment: they contrast the comforts of their cells with the wretchedness of their ordinary garrets and cellars, and act accordingly. In short, the prison has lost its terrors, and the result, as might be expected, is an expansion of the criminal class.

Besides the great Central Prison at Perth, which may be called Downdraught-General for Scotland, each county has been put to an immense expense for palace prisons. One of these establishments, erected near Cupar, for the county of Fife, we some time since had an opportunity of visiting. Nothing could be more perfect in its way: it was a 'Pentonville' on a small scale. The Fife Prison Board has just issued a memorial respecting the operation of this institution, in which they present a variety of facts worthy of earnest consideration. After making every allowance for turbulence at railway works, increased vigilance of police, &c. they regret to arrive at the unavoidable conclusion that 'crime, even amongst the permanent population of the county, has been materially on the increase. To reach some proximate idea how the present prison system has worked in deterring from the repetition of crime, it may be stated that in the county prison at Cupar the recommissions have been nearly in the following proportions:—for the second time, 1 in 11; third time, 1 in 44; fourth time, 1 in 144; fifth time and

oftener, 1 in 216. In Dunfermline prison the proportion for the second committal has been much the same, but greater for those beyond that number. The County Board believe that these statistics show a smaller average of recommitments than the returns of Scotland at large, but still they substantiate the inefficiency of the present system of prison management in preventing the repetition of crime.

With regard to incarceration, as now regulated, 'they consider that the system aims too indiscriminately at reformation, without reference either to age or length of sentence.

'It must be acknowledged by all who have thought upon the subject, that it is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of a first punishment in the subsequent character of an offender; and hence the necessity for its nature and severity being such, according to the age of the criminal, as will deter both him and his associates from the commission of crime: this the present system is not fitted to do.

'In their own prisons not only has the separate system become impracticable, but frequently two or three male prisoners are confined together, which, in an apartment heated and ventilated according to the present regulations, and supplied with wholesome food, and allowed entertaining reading and conversation, is not only no punishment, but in their opinion positively holds out a temptation to the commission of crime. And even were the separate system practicable, the County Board believe the comforts enjoyed in prison, in point of cleanliness, food, and lodging, to be so superior to what the majority of the working-classes can command in their own dwellings, or the lodgings which they frequent, as entirely to annul the moral effect of incarceration as a punishment. Indeed several prisoners in the county of Fife have admitted that their comforts were greater in prison than in their own homes.'

'The Board are of belief that the present prison system has been formed too exclusively with a view to reformation. 'A hardened criminal's mind,' they properly add, 'must be prepared for the influences which the chaplain and teacher may bring to bear upon it, and they consider that it would be beneficial to their future progress that their stubborn hearts should be broken down under 10 or 15 days' close confinement on stinted diet, without work or instruction, before the present system is brought into operation, when they can conceive no treatment more likely to promote a wholesome reformation than kind, religious, and temporal instruction and advice, accompanied by moderate labour in separate confinement, with separate out-of-door exercise. Any treatment with the view of reformation for short-sentenced prisoners without stringent penal accompaniments suited to the age of the convicts, the County Board consider to be worse than futile.

'In their experience many of the long-sentenced prisoners have made wonderful progress in education, and not a few have been taught to read and write tolerably who were in perfect ignorance on their admission. Many also have made professions of repentance, and expressed resolutions of amendment during their confinement; but they know of few who have evidenced the reality of their reformation by a sustained course of good conduct.

'The County Board approve of the present separate system, as likely to lead to reformation in the case of long-sentenced prisoners, provided it were fully carried into operation after a period of more penal regulations after their first short conviction.'

In concluding, the Board observe that, on the whole, their experience has led to the conviction that the present system of prison discipline has proved ineffectual in the objects of prevention, punishment, and reformation; and the remedies which they venture to propose are, a more severely penal system in the case of all short sentences; flagellation exclusively for the petty offences, and flagellation, with imprisonment, for the graver offences of juveniles; and that, in cases of long

sentences, the separate system should be fully enforced.'

Every Prison Board of management could, we believe, tell the same tale, and point to the necessity for a less indulgent system of discipline.

A GUIDE THROUGH LONDON.

'The limits of London, as defined by act of parliament, are the circumference of a circle, the radius of which is of the length of three miles from the General Post-Office. This would make London about twenty miles in circumference: it is generally said to be about thirty.* This thirty miles of ground, which geologists call the London Basin, is, as everybody knows, crammed with habitations as closely as they can pack. These are arranged—if such a word can be applied 'to a world without a plan'—in streets, alleys, squares, lanes, crescents, &c. in so dense a confusion, that a map of London strikes the stranger as an inexplicable puzzle which no ingenuity can unravel. Most of the streets take such heterogeneous directions, that he often travels east when he thinks he is going west, and finds himself in one of the four counties on which London stands, when he is perhaps in another, two counties off. The Thames, instead of affording him a clue out of the maze, confounds him. 'I began to study the map of London,' says Southey (*Esperella's Letters*), 'though dismayed at the sight of its prodigious extent. The river is no assistance to a stranger in finding his way. There is no street along its banks, and no eminence from whence you can look around and take your bearings.'

There is therefore no place in the world for which a guide is so thoroughly requisite as the Great Metropolis, and it is remarkable that till now such an auxiliary has not existed—at least such a one as gives a comprehensive as well as detailed view of the vast subject. Perhaps no man—till the courageous Mr Cunningham, whose volumes are now before us—has had the nerve to deal with the million of facts London presents; or whoever has, may have been crushed under the mountain of labour it entailed. We heartily congratulate the present author, not only on having survived his task, but on having performed it thoroughly and well.

It is quite clear that Mr Cunningham gave up as hopeless and impossible the notion of guiding his reader through the streets of London. All, however, he could do for the bewildered stranger he has done. He says to him in effect—'Find your way into any locality, street, or public edifice you are interested in or want to know about, and I will tell you every thing worth knowing concerning it.' His 'Handbook' is therefore arranged alphabetically. 'The dictionary form, though not a novelty in books about London,' he says in his preface, 'is, I am confident, the very best form the work could have taken. The visitor who finds himself in a certain street, or near a certain building, and wishes to read on the spot whatever is known about them, has, where the alphabetical plan is followed out, only one reference to make—he goes direct to the article itself.'

As a specimen of Mr Cunningham's knowledge of his subject, of his research, of the quantity of knowledge afforded in a small space, and of the collateral information to be instantly got at by cross references, let us take an article at random. You are in Fleet Street—the chief scene in Sir Walter Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel'—and you turn up the entry in the 'Handbook.'

'FLEET STREET.—A line of street with shops and houses on either side between Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill, one of the largest thoroughfares in London, and one of the most famous, deriving its name from a streamlet called the Fleet, obscure in itself, but widely known from the Ditch, the Prison, and the street to

* A Handbook for London Past and Present. By Peter Cunningham. In two volumes. London: John Murray.

which it has lent its name. There are two churches in the street—*St Dunstan's-in-the-West* and *St Dunstan's-in-the-East*. The following places of interest are described under their respective titles:—*South or Thames Side*—Middle Temple Gate; Inner Temple Gate; Falcon Court, Mitre Court; Ram Alley, now Hare Place; Sergeants' Inn; Water Lane; Whitefriars; Salisbury Court. *North Side*—Shoe Lane; Peterborough Court; Bolt Court; Johnson's Court; Crane Court; Fetter Lane; Chancery Lane; Apollo Court, Bell Yard; Shure Lane. The Fire of London stopped at the church of *St Dunstan's-in-the-West* on the one side, and within a few houses of the Inner Temple Gate on the other. Fleet Street has been famous for its waxwork and moving exhibitions since Queen Elizabeth's time, "probably," says Gifford, "from its being the great thoroughfare of the City." It has only recently lost its character for waxwork exhibitions.

"*Spogliardo* They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jona and the whale, to be seen at Fleet Bridge. You can tell, couldn't you?"

Tommy Yes, I think there be such a thing. I saw the picture
Ben Jonson, I say Man out of his Humour

"And now at length he's brought

Unto our London city,

Where, in Fleet Street,

All those may see it

That will not be belyed my ditty. —*Bulfinch*

"I design to expose it to the public view at my secretary, Mr Lillie's, who shall have in explication of all the terms of art, and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the Moving Picture in Fleet Street." —*The Tatler*, No. 129.

Mrs Salmon's celebrated waxwork exhibition (a permanent exhibition like Madame Tussaud's) was shown "near the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street." The house was distinguished by the sign of the Salmon, and has been engraved by J. T. Smith.

"It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout for which reason she has elected to have her house figure of a fish that is her name—the Trout." —*The Spectator*, No. 28.

"The figure of Venus is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs Salmon, who Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax work, that represents the beautiful Statira." —*The Spectator*, No. 31.

Eminent Inhabitants—Sir Symond D'Eves.

"Sir Henry Spelman, an aged and learned antiquary, came to visit me at my lodgings near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street, where I had lain since my coming to town, who dining with me, we spent a great part of the day in solid and fruitful discourse." —*D'Eves's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 97.

Michael Drayton, the poet,

"I lived at the bay window house, next the east end of St Dunstan's church in Fleet Street." —*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 335.

Cowley, the poet

"He was born in Fleet Street, London, near Chancery Lane. His father was a grocer, at the sign of '...'." —*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 295.

Praise-God-Barebones. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and owner of a house called "The Lock and Key," in the parish of St Dunstan-in-the-West, let to a family of the name of Speight, in whose occupation it was when it was consumed in the Great Fire of London. It was rebuilt by Barebones.*—T. Snelling, known by his works on coins. One now before me has this imprint, "London printed for T. Snelling, next the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street, 1766, who buys and sells all sorts of coins and medals." The Horn Tavern is now "Anderton's Hotel," No. 164 Fleet Street. *Eminent Printers, Stationers, and Booksellers*.—Wynkyn de Worde, "at the sign of the Sonne." Richard Pynson, "emprynted by me Rychardo Pynson, at the temple barre of London, 1493." Rastell, "at the sign of the Star." Richard Tottel, "within Temple Bar, at the signe of the Hande and Starre;" now the shop and property of Mr Butterworth, the law bookseller, who possesses the original leases from the earliest grant in the reign of Henry VIII. down to the period of his own purchase.

* Addit. Mss. 5070, in Brit. Mus.

John Jaggard, in the reign of James I., and Joel Stephens, in the reign of George I., were law stationers in Fleet Street, using Tottel's old sign of the Hand and Star. W. Copeland, "at the sign of the Rose Garland." Bernard Lintot, at "the Cross Keys," "between the Temple-gates," and next door to Nando's. Edmund Curll, "at the Dial and Bible against St Dunstan's Church." Lawton Gilliver, "at Homer's Head against St Dunstan's Church." Jacob Robinson, "on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane;" now Groom the confectioner's.

"The friendship of Pope and Warburton had its commencement in that bookseller's shop which is situate on the wayside of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane. Warburton had some dealings with Jacob Robinson the publisher, to whom the shop belonged, and may be supposed to have been drawn there on business. Pope might have a call of the like kind, however that may be, there they met, and entering into a conversation which was not soon ended, conceived a mutual liking, and, as we may suppose, plighted their faith to each other. The fruit of this interview, and the subsequent communications of the parties, was the publication, in November 1739, of a pamphlet with this title—A Vindication of Mr Pope's Essay on Man. By the Author of the Divine Legation of Moses. Printed for J. Robinson." —*Hackings's Life of Johnson*, p. 69.

Arthur Collins, "at the Black Boy in Fleet Street," here, in 1709, he published the first edition of his excellent *Peerage*. T. White, at No. 63. H. Lowndes, at No. 77. John Murray, at No. 32. [See Falcon Court.] *Eminent Bankers*—Child's, at Temple Bar Within, the oldest existing banking-house in London; "Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, at the Marygold in Fleet Street," were goldsmiths with "running cashes" in the reign of Charles II. The old sign of the house, the Marygold, is still preserved. Alderman Backwell, who was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II., was for some time a partner with Blanchard and Child, his accounts for the sale of Dunkirk to the French are among the records of the firm. The chief proprietor in the house is the present Countess of Jersey, wife of George Child Villiers, Earl of Jersey. "In the hands of Mr Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar," Dryden deposited his £50 for the discovery of Lord Rochester's bullock, by whom he was brutally assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, Covent Garden.—Homes, "James Home, at the Golden Bottle in Cheap-side," was a goldsmith, with a "running cash" in 1677, and Mr Richard Home, a goldsmith, "at the Golden Bottle in Fleet Street," in 1693. Among the debts of the great Lord Clarendon occurs, "To Mr Home for plate, £127, 10s. 3d."—Gosling's, at "The Three Squirrels, over against St Dunstan's," Major Pinekey, a goldsmith, lived, in 1673–4, at "The Three Squirrels, over against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street." *Celebrated Taverns and Coffee-Houses*.—The Devil Tavern, the King's Head Tavern, "at the corner of Chancery Lane," the Bolt-in-Tun; the Horn Tavern; the Mitre; the Cock; the Rainbow; Dick's; Nando's; Peel's, at the corner of Fetter Lane (in existence as early as 1722). Chaucer is said to have beaten a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, and to have been fined two shillings for the offence, by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple; so Speight had heard from Master Barkly, who had seen the entry in the records of the Inner Temple.

Here all that the inquirer wishes to know about this celebrated thoroughfare is compressed into three pages. Mr Cunningham doubtless had not room for Boswell's and Dr Johnson's opinion of the charms of Fleet Street, as reported by the former:—"We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He (Johnson) asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street.' Johnson: 'You are right, sir.'"

Fleet Street naturally recalls to the reader's recollection its neighbouring Alsatia; and with the burst of Jeremy, in Congreve's *'Love for Love'*, on his lips, 'Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever!'

he will naturally turn to Mr Cunningham's amusing account of that precinct, the unbridled liberties of which were anciently not altogether bounded by its northern limit, Fleet Street.

The dictionary, which of course occupies the bulk of the book, is preceded by concise general information respecting London, and directions as to what 'the painter and connoisseur should see,' and what the architect, the sculptor, and the archaeologist should see. There are also lists of the celebrated palaces near to, and the palaces and chief houses of the nobility in, London. The author also informs the weary pedestrian where he can best recruit exhausted nature during his peregrinations. He points out where he can best dine, where a draught of the best London porter is to be had, and where the best cup of coffee; where he can best lodge, and how he can best get from one end of the brick and-mortar wilderness in omnibuses and cabs to another; and to show how necessary this last sort of information is, he gives the length of some of the streets. We find that the New Road is 5115 yards, and its continuation, the City Road, 1690 yards more; so that this single thoroughfare is nearly 4 miles long. Oxford Street is 2304 yards, Regent Street 1730 yards (or within 30 paces of a mile), and the Strand 1369 yards long.

The 'Handbook' is not only a guide to the surface, but takes the reader into the lower regions of London—its sub-ways. The amount of sewerage within the city of London—that small centre which does not occupy above an eighth of the space on which the metropolis stands, but which, notwithstanding, includes fifty miles of street—goes under 47½ miles of them. The tunnelling for the purpose of drawing off refuse under the rest of the town must be prodigious, for the ordinary daily amount of London sewerage discharged into the river Thames, on the north or Middlesex side, has been calculated at 7,045,120 and on the south side, 2,457,600 cubic feet, making a total of 9,502,720 cubic feet—a quantity equivalent to a surface of more than 36 acres in extent, and 6 feet in depth. In other words, this vast body of *bane* is allowed to poison the water of the Thames and the air of London, and by consequence the health of the people, when, by judicious management, it might be converted into a blessing; for it is the finest possible manure, and, if properly dealt with, could be made to fertilise the land for hundreds of miles round London. We perceive that the 'Gardeners' Chronicle'—a first authority on this subject—promises half-a-dozen crops per annum on grass land by the use of London sewerage as manure; and Mr Chadwick shows its economy by stating, from actual experiment, that the cost of labour in applying it to the land is no more than 1s. 8d. per acre, while the ordinary cost of a less efficient top-dressing in present use is from 13s. to 15s. per acre. A company has already obtained full legislative powers for diverting the fetid but most valuable refuse into the agricultural districts by means of underground pipes and steam-forcing agency. Thus London will soon become a vast centre of sewerage—and there is great room for the extension of the centre; for a vast portion of the metropolis itself is still without the means of drawing off refuse. It will scarcely be believed that it is only within a year or two that Buckingham Palace, the residence of her Majesty, had the advantage of sewers; and Mr Cunningham states that the parish of St James's, with 168 streets and alleys, has fifty-eight of them totally without sewers. If the court parish be in this condition, what must be the state of those wretched sinks of filth and disease Rotherhithe, Bethnal Green, Jacob's Island, &c.?

There are several hundred miles of water-pipes hidden in the soil of London. These are said to supply 35,000,000 gallons of that fluid to the inhabitants per diem; yet of the 270,000 houses in London, 70,000 have no water supplied to them whatever. The London public are the victims of seven Water-Companies, whose charges are so exorbitant, and their profits so inordinate, that a hundred-pound share in the New River

Company was sold a short time since for £17,000! Yet the water supplied from the sewer-polluted Thames is, despite filtration, so bad, that Mr Cunningham advises his readers by no means to drink it, but to draw on the public pumps, which happily abound.

We have referred to these points because, as they do not lie on the surface, they are less heeded by strangers than more prominent subjects. In relation to the demands of sight-seers, the 'Handbook' will speak most efficaciously for itself; hence we do not allude to the 'show-places' so elaborately described in it. The extraordinary research displayed by the author gives his work a literary charm which is a novelty in a dictionary. It can be read with pleasure, page after page, because of the countless extracts from the works of the best authors illustrative of various localities. Mr Cunningham states in his preface that he has been seven years engaged on this useful undertaking.

STORY OF NORMAN M'LEOD.

I AM the son of a veteran named Daniel M'Leod, who entered the army when he was a mere boy. By good behaviour, he was raised to the rank of lance-corporal in the 72d foot. When the regiment was passing through Darlington, my mother, at that time a young servant-maid, became attached to my father, and shortly afterwards was united to him in wedlock. After sojourning a short time in the south of England, the regiment was shipped on board a transport, and conveyed to Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, where they were placed on garrison duty, their only relief from such monotonous employment being in occasionally repelling the attacks of the Caffres. My earliest recollections are of camps, soldiers, red coats, waving plumes, and gaudy military displays, and even yet I have a dim remembrance of calls to arms, of the groans of the wounded, of the ghastly dead, and the wailings of the bereaved; for I was old enough before I left Graham's Town to get such spectacles stamped on my memory.

I had no choice in a profession: I was born a soldier, if I may use such an expression. When a mere boy, I was placed under the charge of the bandmaster, and in a short time became quite a proficient player on the fife. I am still fond of the instrument, though it has frequently led me into trouble. For a number of years I continued doing my duty to the entire satisfaction of my superiors, and altogether I felt pretty comfortable. I had received a passable education in the regimental schools, and as I was fond of reading, I got plenty of books out of the barracks' library. These books consisted chiefly of tales of adventure by 'flood and field,' or such as threw a kind of chivalrous romance round the profession of arms, and fired the imagination with military ardour. When our period of foreign service had expired, we were ordered to embark for England, as we were to be relieved by the 9th regiment of infantry. The vessel which brought us to the shores of Old England was a clumsy old hulk called the 'Ganges'; and instead of sailing, she literally rolled over the billows until she arrived at Portsmouth. Before leaving the Cape I had married a young girl named M'Kenzie, whose father originally belonged to Inverness. He, like many other country lads, had enlisted in a frolic during a 'fair' time in his native town; and afterwards married a Highland servant, whom he became acquainted with in Glasgow. She bore him two sons and one daughter. One of the sons is now in a good line of business in New York, the other is an agent for a West India house, and resides in Liverpool.

In the midst of our rejoicings after reaching England, I was seized with dysentery, and placed in the hospital, where in a short time I was reduced to skin and bone. When getting better, I learned one day that a number of our men, who had been long abroad, and who were advanced in years, were to get their discharge, amongst whom were my father and father-in-law. This was a

severe shock to me, and the parting with them was the greatest trial I had as yet experienced. My father, before leaving, gave me some good soldierly advice, and faintly encouraged a hope that he would 'buy me off.' He went to Perth, where, by dint of telling wonderful stories and selling good whisky, he manages to drive a brisk business as a vintner. My wife's parents took an affectionate leave of us, and many were the 'salt tears' all of us shed. They retired to their native town, Inverness, where they live in comparative comfort; but from some unknown cause, they have never, since the day they left the regiment, recognised me.

After we had been about two years in England, we were sent to Edinburgh Castle, and here an accident occurred that changed the whole current of my after-life. One warm day in the month of June, our bandmaster, with whom I was a great favourite, went to the Forth to bathe, and when at a considerable distance from shore, he was seized with the cramp, and was drowned. The death of this man snapped the cord that bound me to military life; I never enjoyed a day's happiness in the army after I lost him. An ignorant person, who disliked me, was promoted to his situation; and after he was made my master, he delighted in tormenting me. To such a length did he carry his vexatious annoyances, that they became unbearable. There is no redress for such sufferings. On review day, the general asks if the men have any complaints against their officers; but this is a mere farce—no complaints could be made with safety, or the after-consequences would be indeed galling and bitter. From the circumstance mentioned, and other causes, I took an insuperable dislike to the military profession; and without calculating the cost, I decided on deserting.

When I had formed that resolution, I kept as much aloof from my former companions as possible: the thought of what I was to do made me melancholy, and my comrades tormented me with questions; and advised me, if I was ill, to go to the hospital. My wife, who was an affectionate creature, was unceasing in her efforts to cheer my drooping spirits. She saw I was unhappy, and longed to impart a healing balm to my soul. She was indeed a sweet, lovely creature. Well, one day I announced to her my resolution to desert; and although she burst into tears with the surprise and terror, she made no opposition. With a few shillings which I had saved, I purchased a suit of old moleskins from a broker in St Mary's Wynd, and told my wife to stop for two days after I had gone, as this would lull suspicion. On the 1st September 18—, all my plans being completed, I decamped. I bivouacked for the first night in the woods adjoining Craigmillar Castle, a few miles south from Edinburgh. I here took off my regimentals, and hid them in the branches of a dark, thick-set Scotch fir-tree, where they possibly are to this day. On the following morning I set out, by way of Alloa, Dollar, and Milnathort, for Perth, which I had appointed as the meeting-place of myself and wife.

On arriving in Perth, I went straight to my father's, and asked for refuge until I had arranged plans for my future guidance; but he would not listen to me, and ordered me out of his house, as the harbouring of a deserter would cause him to lose his pension. I was stunned by this unexpected blow: I slowly withdrew; and after I reached the door, I burst into tears. I stood on the opposite side of the street nearly two hours watching the expected arrival of my wife. When she did arrive, the news of my father's reception completely unnerved her, and I was obliged to carry her in my arms to a small public-house in the Watergate, where we got refreshments and lodgings. We settled that, on the following morning, we would proceed to Aberdeen, from whence she would go on to Inverness to her father's.

After much toil and trouble we reached Aberdeen, where we separated, not without mutual anguish and loving protestations. I obtained employment at Devanah Brewery, where I continued for three months in comparative comfort, if I except the slavish fear and jealousy

that always hovered o'er my mind. It was certainly wrong in the first place to desert; for it was a base breach of promise to be faithful to my duty. But it was not less foolish for me to think of escaping detection and capture. Till this day, I am unable to explain my conduct in this respect, unless by a candid allowance for stupidity. Detection, as a matter of course, came. One day I was wheeling a barrow along Union Street, when I was suddenly arrested by two policemen, and thrown into jail as a deserter. On the following morning I was marched off to Perth between two soldiers, fully armed, who had the usual instructions in such cases. Nothing occurred worth mentioning until we arrived at Cupar-Angus, where the people appeared to sympathise with me in my unfortunate condition. We entered a public-house there to get dinner, and were ushered into a large room in the second floor. The servant who attended us upbraided the men for not removing my handcuffs, and ultimately they yielded to her solicitations. We began dinner, and silently despatched a plate of broth each. While one of my guards was filling the plates a second time, I seized the basin of warm soup, and dashed it in his face. In a moment I felled the other to the ground with the wooden ladle; and before they could recover, I was on the street.

I ran in as zig-zag a direction as possible. On reaching the outskirts of the town, I held right east for about a mile, when I came to a wall of great height, which apparently enclosed a gentleman's garden. As I was anxious to see about me, by the assistance of a young tree which was close to the wall, I climbed to the top of it, and stood up to look for my pursuers: in a moment I lost my balance, fell to the ground, and became insensible. When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on a sofa, and an old lady bathing my temples with cold water. I told her the whole truth; and when I spoke of my poor wife, she feelingly pitied me, and the tears ran down her cheeks. I was invited to stay all night, and next morning she presented me with five shillings and a packet of bread and cheese, and wished me God-speed. I left her with a heavy heart, and made my way to Errol, a small town in the Carse of Gowrie, and situated close to the banks of the Tay. On arriving there, I felt completely prostrated in mind and body. I entered a small shop, and purchased a penny roll, which I ate, seasoning it only with a drink of water. When evening came, I tried to find lodgings, but failed; and I entered a farmer's shed close by the town, and slept amongst the straw.

Next morning I crossed the Tay to Newburgh, from thence I proceeded to Dunfermline, where I got work at a bleachfield in the neighbourhood of the town. Feeling myself pretty secure here, I sent to Inverness for my wife, and on her arrival, we took up house in Dunfermline. Here I suffered severely from the effects of my fall in the garden at Cupar; and for a long time I was very unhappy in my mind. I started at every knock, and my sleep was disturbed by visions of handcuffs, jails, and halberds.

I had continued here fully two years, and amongst the young men of the work I had organized a musical 'band,' and devoted all my leisure hours to instructing them; and by my diligence and knowledge of music, made the 'Dunfermline Band' famous in Fife-shire. One day I was busy at work preparing liquor, when two soldiers entered, and asked me where they could find Norman M'Leod. I politely informed them I had not been long about the work, but directed them to the manager's house, that was some distance off, and I had no doubt he could tell them where they would find Norman. They had no sooner turned their backs than I hastened into town, changed my dress, put a few shillings in my pocket, tore myself from my wife, and fled, never stopping till I reached Dundee. I wrote to my wife, requesting her to sell our furniture, and proceed to Liverpool to her brother's, where I would join her; as from thence, by his assistance, we might get out to America. She did as I directed, and I never

saw her more. Worn out with constant terror, anguish, and fatigue, she was seized with fever when passing through Carlisle, and died; and before the people connected with the infirmary could find me out, she was buried. How bitterly I felt this bereavement I need not tell. Indeed my grief, added to the pain I was suffering from the effects of my fall at Cupar-Angus, for a moment allowed thoughts of suicide to enter my mind; but my better nature prevailed.

For eight months did I live unmolested at Cherryfield, Dundee; when one night a few friends, who were fond of music, invited me to a small party in a tavern close to the Magdalen Yard—the place where George Kinloch held the reform meeting that was the cause of his flight from Scotland. On going home to my lodgings, I plied all the way on my favourite instrument, the fife, when suddenly I was arrested on the Perth Road as a deserter. My comrades, who were entirely ignorant of my former profession, were astonished, and protested that the policemen were mistaken. I was thrown into the police cells, and next morning was marched off to Glasgow, where my regiment was lying. The sudden shock I thus sustained increased the danger of the malady I was and am suffering from; and my trial was delayed, as the surgeons decided I was in a dangerous condition. While confined in the hospital a letter reached me, announcing the death of an uncle, who was a farmer in the vicinity of Arbroath. He was a bachelor, and bequeathed the sum of £500 to my unfortunate self. Through the medium of one of our surgeons, who was a very feeling-hearted man, I proposed to purchase my discharge; and as his representations were unfavourable to my ultimate recovery, it was granted, and I returned to Dundee to spend the remainder of my days. How thankful I was to escape from the vulgar oppressions of sergeants and baudmasters. No man, I think, can fully know the value of liberty till he has gone through the slavery of soldiering.

Broken in constitution, I feel that my days are not to be long on the earth; but I hope, while I live, that I may be able, by frugality and temperance, to keep myself upon the legacy so providentially left me. But oh, that life of a deserter—that reign of terror and torture! I still start and tremble at the sight of a soldier, and the idea of that profession, which kept me so long in bodily and mental anguish, and murdered my only friend and love, my sweet and gentle wife, makes my blood run cold.

[The above autobiography, we are told, is literally true, and we give it as a curiosity. Norman McLeod is now at rest, the weary, solitary man sleeps soundly in the old graveyard of 'bonnie Dundee.']

THE FEMALE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LAURA MARIA CATHERINE BASSI was born 29th October 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her, from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develop some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired a knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment. But as the loftiest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up to the study of philosophy, and therein discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favourite pursuit. The study of

the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of her youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashfulness, alleging that, since she was endowed by superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge. But Laura, whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, 'I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good actions and models to follow. I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most arduous in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy.' The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April 1732 she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements, by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanour; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and having assumed the doctor's robe and a silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honour. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town.

The favours which Laura had so deservedly received at the hands of the public were continued to her undiminished as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honoured by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications. Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanour, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from distant countries to hear her, and on their return, celebrated her wisdom and excellence. The church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV., a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion

may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agreeable relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we clearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the 'Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna,' exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honourable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labours of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labours—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

INODOROUS TURPENTINE.

A most important chemical discovery has been recently made, by means of which oil of turpentine can be freed from its peculiar smell so completely, that not only is it inodorous, but it can be impregnated with any desired perfume, without at all deteriorating from its useful properties. The eminent chemist, Dr Serny, who has analysed the sweet oil of turpentine, states that while all the useful properties of oil of turpentine are preserved intact, all deleterious qualities are completely obliterated. The doctor also states that paint, when mixed with sweet oil of turpentine, is free from smell, and does not emit those noxious vapours which are so prejudicial to health; and that, in short, the use of sweet oil of turpentine is a certain preventive of painter's colic, and by its use house-painting becomes a perfectly inodorous process.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

EYE-DRINK.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

With spirit-thirst I wander forth
From towns, with right good-will;
And marvel if on all the earth,
Down dell and over hill,
A brother-spirit pines like mine
For want of rock and rill.
Week after week, month after month,
'Mid crowded streets to live,
Imparts that fever to the blood
Which fatal vapours give;
And life ebbs from us, in a flood,
Like water from a sieve.
The ocean and its margins, then,
They are a pleasant sight;
And heated, from the haunts of men,
The eyes upon them light—
Like birds sun-patched and weary, when
They rest near waters bright!
The fields, all green with grass, all red
And yellow with wild flowers—
The hedges, whence comes fragrance, shed
By blossoms from bird-bowers—
The gardens, near trim cottage-homes,
Refreshed by short soft showers:
The lanes, old lanes near hamlets noat,
Lanes rich in leaf and bloom—
The avenues of elm, where feet
May saunter in cool gloom
When July is at mid day heat,
As in some quiet room:
And, more than all, the shady woods
Where mossy banks abound;
And dingles, where the painted hoods
Of foxgloves still are found,
Though summer drought hath dried the buds
Of many a plant around:
Where here a glade, and there a glen,
And up and down them twain,
Quant little brooks run out and in,
As if they tried to gain
The secret life of leafiness
By dint of questings vain!
Woods, where the dove is heard all day,
The nightingale all night;
Where Summer shines a goddess gay,
And Winter, clothed in white,
A cosie earl, with fagots gray
To make his fireside bright!
And mountains, brown with heath—and cliffs
That overtop the sea,
Covered by sea-gulls, ships, and skiff—
That seem intent to be
Each on its separate track of life,
And each a mystery!
And purple moorlands—yellow tracts
Of golden furze and broom;
And rushy marsh, where musk harsh
Swells in the bittern's boom;
And ancient cairn, near wayside barn,
Where gipsy tents find room!
All these make Eye-drink; and the thirst
Of spirits worn and hot,
Assuaged by the delicious burst
Of waters, that flow not
From source impure, here finds a cure
That sweetens nature's lot.
But though I prize the forest best
Which quiet shelter gives,
And wonder how from sun and bough
Such bliss the soul receives,
I've it not for all its wood,
But for its wealth of leaves.
The path of life seems only green
When we ascend the hill;
But though gray shades are on it seen,
Its downward course to fill,
In nature we may sometimes see
A pleasant prospect still.
And so from crowded cities we
Do well, at times, to go;
And when athirst, all heavily
We feel our spirits grow,
'Tis wise to think such sweet Eye-drink
From country sights may flow!

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CHANGE.

A LADY was accustomed to transport her family every summer to the country for change of air, and never without obtaining the desired benefit. The inhabitants of a certain village, however, were far from enjoying robust health themselves, and she expressed to the local doctor her surprise at the pale faces and languid looks she so frequently met in her peregrinations. 'The air here,' she said, 'is so exhilarating, that one would think there is no cause for the kind of exhaustion that seems to prevail among so many of the natives. Why should we derive more advantage from it than they, and carry back to our smoky town a health we do not find?' 'Alas, madam,' replied the doctor, 'if these poor people could return your visit, and spend every year a certain time in some smoky town, there would be fewer pale faces and languid looks in our village. The benefit you derive is not so much from the quality of the air, which you see clearly enough is not of the nature of a specific: it is from the *change* of air.' To many persons this doctrine will be a little puzzling; for it is more common than otherwise to attribute certain mystical qualities to the air of a particular locality. How are these qualities supposed to originate? Is there a different intermixture there of the gases forming the atmosphere? Or is the change produced by exhalations from the earth? In either case the air is not stationary. The village, which is of the earth earthy, has no fields of air it can call its own. The wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth; and the lady in her smoky town enjoys the reversion of that exhilarating fluid, which she found when in the country to have the power of reanimating the drooping health of her family.

The village doctor was right: it is in Change that the curative influence resides; and this fact is demonstrated by all the analogies of life and nature, whether drawn from the history of hours and seasons, of plants and animals, or of men and nations. The only thing constant in this world is change. The lives of human beings are a perpetual alternation of ease and labour, of slumber and waking, of hunger and repletion; and it is these conditions which preserve the balance of health. All are wholesome—all necessary. We must rest, or we cannot work; we must sleep, or our waking energy is lost; we must have an appetite, or we can derive no satisfaction from food. These are truisms; and a man would be laughed at who lectured upon the propriety of resting when one is tired, or eating when one is hungry. So much the better. We thus obtain a firm starting-point from which to proceed in a speculation on the general nature and necessity of change, as a preservative and curative principle.

Change must partake more or less of contrast; and thus the doctor's notion may be philosophically just,

that a villager would be likely to derive as much benefit from his visit to a town as the townman would from his sojourn in a village. The latter would gain nothing by removing to another town, as the former to another village like his own, where both would find themselves under the same atmospheric and other conditions as usual. It would be useful to establish this fact, if it be one; for it would involve the banishment of sundry local superstitions, which we believe to be as irrational as those of ghosts and dreams. It would destroy the sanctity of many fashionable pilgrimages, and disenchant many sacred wells, hitherto supposed to be haunted in a special manner by the Spirit of Health. The temple of Hygeia would be thrown open, to all who have the passion and the power, to roam; and we should no longer meet with the pitiable anomaly of crowds of health-seekers converging at some given spot, as if for the double purpose of enhancing the price and neutralising the benefit of change of air. Superstitions of the kind are common, even when they have no connection with fashion. A family derives advantage from their summer sojourn in a particular village, and straightway take it into their heads that this is owing to some mystical quality of the air. They return year after year to the same place; and even although the beneficial effect may diminish, they never suspect that this is owing to the scene having become so familiar as to deprive them to a certain extent of the sensation of change.

To establish the fact, however, would be of still higher importance to those who have fewer facilities of migration. If they knew that what they want is simply contrast: that the curative principle does not reside in a particular air, but in change of air; and not in change of air alone, but change of scene—in all things that originate new impressions, and divert the thoughts into new channels; and if they could be made to comprehend that an evening walk, or a holiday stroll, the sight of the green trees, the breath of the fields, the murmur of the river, the dash of the sea, the singing of uncaged birds, the lowing of cattle—any, in short, or all of the sights and sounds of nature, coming upon their wearied senses in contrast with the artificial things of their daily life—would ultimately purify and refresh both soul and body, we should have fewer pale faces and languid looks in our manufactories, and fewer diseased hearts brooding over necessary and manly labour, as if it were a curse instead of a blessing!

Change of employment has a similar refreshing effect to change of air: original authors, for instance, who cannot in the usual way remain long upon the wing with advantage, have been known to extend their hours of labour, by working in the same day upon two or more separate and wholly different compositions. Even during sleep, these individuals tell us, the mind is active.

although we are unconscious of its operations; and its demand, therefore, is not for cessation, but merely change of occupation. The connection, however, is so close between the mind and body, that it would be unwise to carry this theory too far into practice. The body demands periodical rest, even to unconsciousness; and the mind, whose workings conduce in a still higher degree to the wear and tear of mortal life, must be treated not only with as much, but with greater tenderness. There is no doubt that in this instance of authorship, the intellectual power would depend upon the contrast in the two kinds of composition being sufficiently great to urge the mind into new trains of thought: but still, there is so much general similarity in literary brain-work, that conversation, music, or other social amusements, would be a far better alternation than mere change of labour.

Amusement, in fact, is change of air for the mind; but, in spite of the every-day experience of mankind, its necessity is not recognised by modern legislators. Among the ancients, and up to the close of the middle ages, it was a matter of grave consideration how to entertain the people; but in the present new Iron Age, we act upon the principle that amusement—except in the case of those who want it least—is mere waste of time. The sovereign patronises the Opera, and sets the good example to her well-bred subjects of dancing, and fête-making, and travelling for change of air; but her Majesty, we fear, has never been taught to consider that something analogous is still more necessary for the masses of the people. The efforts of parliament and of the moralists are directed, and very properly so, against such popular recreations as are inconsistent with the comparative refinement of the time. They give no quarter to boxing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other barbarities; but while saving human and animal life, they have depressed the tone of the national mind, for they have provided no substitute for these sports of a ruder age—no change of air. Under the influence of their well-meant crusade against barbarism, the knife has now taken the place of the fist in the decision of vulgar quarrels; poison, the most dastardly, as well as the most atrocious of all weapons, has come in to the assistance of the knife; and the instances of crime given by our historian Hume, in proof of the barbarism of the epochs he describes, seem positive virtue when compared with the gigantic horrors of the passing day. This is the result of a disease, a moral typhus, occasioned simply by the want of change of air. The popular amusements we have referred to were brutal and abominable; but we are clearly of opinion that they were less hurtful than no amusement at all.

We may be told that in mechanics' institutions, lectures, and cheap reading-rooms, we have both the substitute and the contrast sought for: but this is a mistake. The province of these excellent novelties is to rival the taproom. Like it, they offer sedentary occupation, but of a totally different nature. They elevate the mind, and not merely the spirits, with an excitement which is followed by no reaction; and they inspire a sacred thirst which is more reviving, and yet more eager, after every draught. They are the natural combatants of low desires and mean indulgences, and transport the liberated soul from a poisonous to a wholesome atmosphere. But they are not, in the popular sense of the word, amusement, which can only contrast with work. The artisan can be expected neither to perform his duties nor enjoy his book without a frequent release from thought and care, such as his ruder ancestors sought in games of

blood. We ask too much of him, and give too little. We demand that he will lay aside his ancestral tastes, but never think of providing him with the means of gratifying the new ones we would substitute. We restrain him from unwholesome amusements, but take no care to provide him with others. We surround him with personal restrictions, and congratulate him on his intellectual emancipation. Read the commentary in this voice from the workshops of our country:—

'Air! air! We are sick with the breath of this iron civilisation: we are faint for want of air. Give us parks and promenades instead of enclosed fields, which we can only look at over the wall. Throw wide open to us your mis-called public gardens, and let us sit on the grass with our wives and children, and watch the flitting figures of the picture, and listen to the music till our souls comprehend it. Refinement! approximation of character! What refinement, what approximation can you expect from us with these iron rails between? You have taken from us our rudeness, and will you not give us something better in its stead? You have touched our imaginations, you have roused our longings, you have troubled our spirits with gleams and visions, and will you keep us panting and gasping here for ever? Give space to the limbs you have set free, and freedom to the souls you have made too big for their habitation. Air! air!' And these are not the humble longings the unreflecting imagine; for in the wholesome exhilaration of such amusements, contrasting with the monotony of daily toil, there resides an influence more powerful than that of all the moral lectures in the world. If our governors studied political philosophy as much as politics, they would know that to open places of harmless recreation to the people is to shut jails and work-houses. Nay, the very desire to enter the former argues an advance in refinement; there is something tranquillising even in the restlessness of this aspiration, like the murmuring motion of a stream; and though it be but a day-dream, yet doth it—in the words of Rare Old Ben—

'Yet doth it like an odour rise
On all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon the eye,
And music on the ear!'

But change in this respect being necessary for the moral health of the people, it is sure to come. History does not flow in England in the spasmodic gushes that make France a marvel. Change, whether social or political, is slow with us, but it is certain and effectual; and already we can see the dawn of a coming time when we shall all, now and then, set to play together like philosophers. The Scottish games in London, for instance, were a good omen; but independently of individual facts, there is on all sides a growing tone of good-humour. Even in those parts of the country where the Reformation confounded vice with gaiety, and recreation with irreligion, we can see the brow of orthodoxy begin to smooth its wrinkles. It is fully time for this, for we have now had leisure to separate things essentially distinct, though accidentally grouped together. We are weary of restrictions no longer necessary, and want change of air.

Is it not to the desire of change, intuitive in human bosoms, that we owe nearly everything that is great or good? Is it not this which has in all ages lighted the torch of discovery, and sent forth the pilgrims of science to the ends of the earth? Is it not this which has built up the civilisation of the present world into a form so peculiar? And is it not this principle in our being on

which the ministers of religion more especially rely, when exhorting us to press forward to the world to come? But the desire of change and contrast, like everything else, must be regulated by good sense; and, as usual, we must take for our guide the analogies of nature. More sleep than is required to repair our faculties, more food than suffices to allay our hunger, and more amusement than is necessary to unbend our minds after mental or bodily toil, are all equally injurious. One day of rest in the week (setting aside its religious character) is among the wisest of our social provisions; but more than one, even if permitted by economical considerations, would be a very questionable good. Amusements, in like manner, depend for much of their zest upon their periodicity; and as for the literal change of air with which we began, if our country sojourn be too much prolonged, it is no change at all.

But even while recognising the urgency of our aspirations after change, there is no occasion to mistake their other characteristics. If genuine, they will take advantage of circumstances, but not war against them. We have no right, before exhausting the indulgences at our command, to clamour for those beyond our reach. The artisan who does not enjoy sometimes an evening walk or a plunge in the river, who does not stop to look with tranquil pleasure upon the trees and fields, who does not listen with a glowing countenance to the natural music that floats upon the air, has no claim to be admitted to the resorts of the more refined. We have all access to a thousand humble and inexpensive pleasures, if we only choose to enjoy them. At this moment the town is going into the country; houses are shutting up on all hands, and dingy old women posting notices in the window that 'letters and parcels are to be left at No. 10.' Some families, who find inconvenient a further migration than to their back rooms, ashamed of remaining behind, have closed the shutters in front, to make-believe that they are in the country. And what becomes of us, whose pen betrays the ungenteel secret that we are at home? Why, a ramble now and then by the banks of Forth, a tour of the Calton Hill, a buffet with the breezes of Arthur's Seat, and a joke with some other last man in town—these are our change of air! L. R.

THE INFANT KING.

THE day had not yet dawned on the 7th October 1715 when a little boy of about five years of age, who occupied one of the most splendid apartments in the palace of Versailles, started from his sleep, and sitting up in bed, fixed his eyes eagerly on a man who was seated in a large arm-chair by his side. The light of a bronze lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling showed him that his companion slept. He coughed two or three times, as if undecided whether or not to disturb his slumbers, but at length cried, 'Comtois—Comtois!'

'Sire?' replied Comtois, rousing himself hastily.

'Do pray look out, and tell me whether much snow has fallen in the night.'

Comtois approached the window, and lifting the curtain, quietly replied, 'Yes, sire, a great deal.' But the young king, who had followed with anxious eyes the movements of his valet, and had caught a glimpse through the window of the snow-covered landscape, exclaimed, 'How glad I am! Oh, take me up quick, Comtois! quick—quick: dress me—but do make haste, Comtois.'

'What can have put it into your majesty's head to wish to get up so early this morning?' replied Comtois, seating himself quietly in his arm-chair.

'You do not know, perhaps, that I have a great battle to fight this morning, Comtois; and I would lay a wager that the enemy is already under arms. I would not for anything he should be in the field before me.'

'The enemy is asleep, sire; and if you take my advice, you will follow his example.'

'Sleep! the day of a battle? Who ever heard of such a thing?' But take me up, Comtois, I say,' continued the child, tossing himself impatiently in the bed.

'Calm yourself, sire; you must be more reasonable. Madame de Ventadour has forbidden me to allow you to get up so early.'

'And I, Louis XV., king of France, I command you to take me up!'

'Your majesty must please to understand—'

'I do not understand anything! I choose to get up,' said Louis more eagerly. 'The little Duke de Chartres sent me a challenge yesterday: he is the head of one party, I of another. I am sure, Comtois, you would not wish your king to appear either *lazy* or *cowardly* in the eyes of his subjects?'

'You may be quite easy, sire, on that head—the kings of your race have never been either cowardly or indolent.'

'Take me up, then, if you please, before the sun rises.'

'What, sire! has the sun also sent you a challenge?'

'No, no, good Comtois; but it would melt my arms.'

'What arms have you then chosen, sire, which melt before the sun?'

'Excellent ones, Comtois, I can assure you—good balls of snow. You need not laugh, Comtois: a ball of snow, well thrown, can give a famous blow I can tell you.'

'I have not the slightest doubt of it, sire,' replied Comtois, still laughing.

'You shall be present at the battle, Comtois, and you shall see what a grand affair it will be. Just fancy—we shall form two camps: the Duke de Chartres will command one, and I the other. I shall have all the best under my orders—the Duke d'Harcourt, the Count de Clermont, the Marquis de Nesle. Oh, I have not been able to sleep all night thinking of it, and I have so longed to get up! Now, like a good Comtois, do make haste—the sun will melt all our weapons; and I am sure that those who are to fight under my banners are waiting for me already on the field of battle. Oh, how happy kings are, that they cannot get anybody to overtake them!'

A slight tap at the bedroom door interrupted Louis in the midst of his speech; Comtois opened the door, and was not a little surprised on seeing the Duke de Villeroi, the governor of the young king, entering the chamber at this early hour.

'Is the king awake yet?' inquired the marshal.

'He has been wanting to get up for this hour past, monseigneur,' replied the valet de chambre.

The Marshal de Villeroi approached the bed. 'Sire,' said he, 'the Duke of Orleans is this day to be appointed to the regency; it is necessary that you should make a short speech on the occasion. Do me the honour of listening to me, I beg of you; for you must learn this speech by heart, so as to be able to repeat it before the whole court.'

'Yes, sir, I will,' replied Louis, who was in reality a timid boy, and who did not venture to show his dissatisfaction at this delay.

'Listen to me attentively, then, sire: say after me, "We declare"—'

'Don't you think the sun, whenever it rises, will be sure to melt the snow?' interrupted Louis, whose attention was suddenly attracted by the glittering whiteness of the park, as its snowy vestment reflected the first beams of the rising sun. He had not heard a word of the commencement of his speech.

'Very possibly, sire,' replied Villeroi with an impatient gesture; 'but repeat after me now—"We declare the Duke of Orleans"—'

'We declare the Duke of Orleans,' said Louis; then, almost in the same breath he added, 'Comtois, just look whether the snow is still hard.'

'No matter whether it is or not, sire,' interrupted the marshal, who did not attempt to conceal his impatience at the inattention of his royal pupil. 'Now let us proceed, then—"regent of this kingdom."'

'I daresay that the Duke de Chartres has a pile of snowballs as high as this ready by this time.'

'If you do not pay more attention, sire,' said Marshal de Villeroy in a tone of severity, 'you will never learn your speech.'

'But I should much rather play in the park with the other children,' replied Louis petulantly.

'You shall go there, sire, after the ceremony.'

'But the snow will be melted, sir, by that time.'

'Well, sire, then it *must* be melted.'

'But then I shall not be able to make snowballs.'

'Well, then, you must do without them, sire.'

'And my battle, and my warriors, and all the other children who will be amusing themselves, while I am here shut up in my room!'

'Kings, sire, are not like other children; they cannot be allowed to be always running about and amusing themselves.'

'Then if so, it is not at all an amusing thing to be a king, Marshal de Villeroy.'

'I must really insist, sire, upon your learning this speech: you ought to have known it an hour ago.'

'Well, I *will* listen now,' said Louis.

The marshal, somewhat softened by this promise of docility on the part of his pupil, seated himself by the bedside, and repeated, word by word, a very short speech, which his pupil recited after him with great exactness. He then retired, feeling fully assured that the young Louis was well prepared to perform his part in the approaching ceremony.

Louis bounded with joy when he saw the door close upon his governor. 'Now, then, for the park!' he exclaimed.

'Here is Madame de Ventadour, and your tutor Monsieur de Fleury,' said Comtois, as he ushered in these two new personages, followed by some domestics belonging to the palace, who carried a complete suit of clothes fitted for the royal child. When the divers articles which composed it were spread upon the table, the sight of so brilliant a costume helped to divert the mind of the young king for a moment from the fixed idea which had hitherto occupied his thoughts. But suddenly the idea seemed to strike him that this equipment was just the thing which would do to wear on the field of his intended battle.

'How beautiful it is—how very beautiful! Are you going to dress me in all these pretty things, dear mamma?' said he to his governess, of whom he was very fond, and whom he always called by the sweet name of mother.

'Certainly, my dear king,' she replied, as she began to perform his toilet. 'It is a pretty costume; is it not?'

'Oh how pleased my comrades will be to serve under my orders!' said Louis, as he examined separately each article.

First, there was a little jacket with falling sleeves of violet-coloured cloth (*violet* being the colour appropriated to royal mourning, and the little Louis having only lately lost his grandfather, Louis XIV.); then there was placed upon his head a cap of violet *crêpe*, lined with cloth of gold; and finally a blue ribbon was passed around his neck, to which hung suspended the Cross of the Order of St Louis, and that of the Order of the St Esprit. Up to this point everything went on as smoothly as possible; the child, absorbed in the contemplation of this rich and brilliant costume, was beginning to forget his morning vexations: he longed to be dressed, in order that he might escape from the hands of his governess; and he was just on the point of asking Comtois to hand him his miniature weapons, in order to be ready for the battle, when, to his great surprise, Madame de Ventadour handed him a pair of splendid leading-strings in cloth of gold.

'What are these for, mamma?' said he.

'They are leading-strings, sire,' she replied.

'And what are you going to do with them?'

'To put them on you, sire.'

'On me! leading-strings! You are joking, mamma?'

'They complete your costume, sire: they must be put on.'

'I cannot put them on, mamma: I really *will* not!'

'I am very sorry to be obliged to do anything which annoys you, my dear king; but it has been decided that, in order to mark your age, leading-strings should form a part of your costume.'

'But I do not choose to have them on, dear mamma. I do not want them, and I will not put them on!'

'But they cannot be dispensed with, sire.'

'Not dispense with leading-strings! Indeed I can, dear mamma. What is the use of putting them on me? Do you ever see me tumble when I am walking? How long is it since I have given myself a bruise on my forehead? You do not put leading-strings on me to run all day in the woods, to go up and down stairs, to skip over the *tanches*, and now you want to put them on me when I am only going to ride in a carriage, and then to sit in an arm-chair. Indeed, mamma, you are not reasonable: leading-strings are only put on *little* children.'

'Every one knows, sire, that *you* are not a little child; certainly one is no longer a child at five years and a-half; but still it cannot be helped—etiquette requires that on grand occasions you should wear leading-strings until your education is confided to the care of men.'

'Etiquette, custom! You say that every minute, dear mamma. The custom *ought* to be only to put leading-strings on little children who do not know how to walk. But if people are so anxious to use leading-strings, why not put them on all those old seigneurs we have here—on the Duke de Bourbon, who can hardly stand; or on the old Bishop de Troyes, who stumbles at every step; they, indeed, may be in want of them: but as for me, it is quite decided—I will not have them!'

'I intreat you, sire, to comply.'

'Do not talk to me any more about it, dear mamma. The sun is already risen; I have a battle to fight this morning, and my munition of war is not yet prepared; so pray do not keep me any longer.'

'Your leading-strings will not be the least in your way, sire. Pray put them on.'

'And how my companions would laugh at me, especially the Duke de Chartres!'

'They would not dare to do so, sire. Indeed it is not well done of you to require so much pressing about such a trifle. You ought to show yourself a little more ready to obey one whom you honour with the title of mother.'

'If the other children had them too, mamma, then I should not mind; but look at the Duke de Nangis, the little Marquis de Neesle, &c.: did you ever see them in leading-strings?'

'But they are not kings, sire, as you are.'

'And I am sure, then, it is very *lignesome* to be a king. How I have been teased ever since I got up this morning on account of my kingdom! My battle has been delayed; I have had a long speech to learn by heart; and now you want to put on these ugly leading-strings. But it is of no use talking to me: I will not do it!'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said Madame de Ventadour to the king's tutor, who stood in the window reading his breviary, 'will you have the kindness to come here and make the king listen to reason?'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said the child, 'as you are at the window, will you be so good as to tell me whether the snow is beginning to melt?'

'Not yet, sire,' replied M. de Fleury, approaching the fire, in front of which stood Madame de Ventadour with the leading-strings in her hand, whilst the young king kept his hands clasped behind him, to prevent her from taking him by surprise, and slipping them on.

'Why are you so obstinate, sire? Give me your hand, and let me see you do obediently, and for the sake of pleasing Madame de Ventadour, that which, sooner or later, ~~must~~ be done.'

'But I want to go to the park,' said the little Louis with a swelling heart, and tears starting to his eyes. 'I have snowballs to make.'

'You have, in the first place, duties to perform, sire; and you, sire, more than all other children: for, as a king, you ought to set them the example. Begin to do so at once by yielding to the wishes of your governess: raise your arm, sire, if you please: well; now, the other. There, now, it is done, sire, and I thank you for your obedience.'

'If kings are happy, it is not while they are children at all events,' said Louis XV., as he looked with tearful eyes on the gold belt of his leading-strings.

'You are right, sire,' said M. de Fleury. 'It is later: it is when they have learned to make their people happy.'

'The king's carriage is at the door,' said a gentleman-in-waiting, opening the folding-doors of the king's apartment. Madame de Ventadour rose, took the king by the hand, and led him down the grand staircase to the carriage, whilst M. de Fleury and the royal pages followed. The day was bitterly cold; but the poor little king rejoiced in the freezing blast, for he thought it would keep the snow from melting, and he could yet have his battle on his way back. With this hope he cheerfully entered the carriage, and waited with patience for M. de Villeroy and the Duke du Maine, who had both the right of entering the royal carriage. They reached the step at the same moment; and the foot of the one having accidentally touched that of the other, each measured his opponent with a disdainful glance.

'I beg to observe to the Marshal de Villeroy,' said the Duke du Maine, 'that, in the quality of prince of the blood, I have a right to the seat of honour in his majesty's carriage.'

'And I,' replied the marshal, without yielding a step, 'beg to observe to the Duke du Maine, that, as governor to the king, I have a right to the seat of honour, and am only bound to yield it to a legitimate prince of the blood, and not to M. le Duc du Maine.'

'We shall see that,' replied the duke, stepping into the carriage. The marshal, with a fiery glance, laid his hand on the intruder's arm. During this discussion the carriage door was necessarily kept open, and the young king was freezing with the cold. At length he exclaimed impatiently, 'For goodness' sake, gentlemen, come in, and both of you take the place of honour: I should just as soon sit with my back to the horses.'

'That is out of the question, sire,' replied the marshal. 'Well, then,' replied the young king, shivering with the cold, 'draw lots to see who shall sit by my side, or else both take your seats with your backs to the horses.' This last advice of the young king was at length followed, and the eight horses started at full gallop.

The carriage was no sooner in motion than the Marshal de Villeroy, bending forwards towards the young king, asked him if he remembered his speech; but at that moment they were passing the park of Vincennes, and his heart was too full to answer. He heard the joyous cries of his young companions, who were fighting the battle of which he had dreamt all the preceding night; he saw the hard, glittering snow, which would have made such glorious bombs; and then, when he began to think that before he was free again all the fun would be over, the tears started to his eyes.

'What are you thinking of, sire?' inquired the marshal. Louis made no reply, but pointed to the battlefield, and his large black eyes looked so full of sorrow, that it touched the heart of the marshal.

'What can we do, sire?' he observed, as M. de Fleury had already done. 'The children of kings are not like other children: they have duties to fulfil; and as it is their business to set an example to their people, no duty must be left undone.'

By this time they had reached the Faubourg St Antoine, and the people, both in the windows and the streets, were assembled to look at their king. A thousand exclamations welcomed him on every side, but the poor little fellow was sad and pale—he still thought of his

lost battle. They at length reached the palace of the Tuilleries, and the young monarch was conducted to his throne in the Chamber of Peers by the Duke de Tremie, who filled the office of Lord High Chamberlain. Madame de Ventadour was already seated upon the steps of the throne, and the countenance of her little pupil brightened as he saw her. He exclaimed aloud with childish glee, 'Madame de Ventadour!' 'Hush!' said his governess kindly, whilst with an expressive glance she designated to him the imposing assembly by which they were surrounded. Louis XV. immediately resumed a little air of grave dignity which was natural to him, and began to look composedly around him at the striking spectacle which the court of France at that day offered when assembled in full costume. The young king himself, who formed the centre of attraction in this brilliant circle, was well formed to grace the high post he occupied. He stood erect upon his throne, and awaited with a dignified patience the commencement of the ceremony. It might almost have been imagined that he felt the importance of the functions he was called to fulfil.

Soon the mass of courtiers began to move around the throne, and one great functionary of state after another approached the little king, and addressed him in speeches prepared for the occasion—all of which had one point in common, which was not a little distressing to their young auditor—namely, their interminable length. However, he bore the infliction with great apparent tranquillity, although it must be avowed that his glances were more frequently directed towards the window, where might be seen a tree bending beneath its sparkling, snowy burthen, than towards the grave speakers of very grave and very heavy speeches. When the moment at length arrived for the young king to deliver his speech, the Marshal de Villeroy bent forward, and asked him in a whisper whether he remembered what he had taught him in the morning.

'Perfectly,' he replied.

'Now, then, is the time to say it aloud, sire,' said the marshal.

With perfect grace, and with a certain infantile timidity of manner, which added yet more to the charm of his appearance, Louis XV. repeated aloud, and with perfect correctness—'We, king of France and of Navarre, declare the Duke of Orleans regent of this kingdom, to administer the affairs of state during our minority, conformably to the decree of parliament made on the 3d of September.'

The Duke of Orleans advanced to kiss the young sovereign's hand in token of gratitude, the Council of Regency was then named, and each member of it came forward in turn to perform the same act of homage. Then followed the administration of oaths, more speeches, and an endless routine of ceremonies, which became wearisome to all, but insupportable to the poor child. He at length ceased to listen, his eyes wandered towards the door, he stood up, sat down, yawned, played with the crosses which hung suspended from his blue ribbon, and then pettishly throwing them from him, began to yawn anew. Suddenly his attention seemed arrested by some object in the far corner of the room; his eyes ceased to wander, and were filled with an expression of comic surprise. The marshal, who had been following with anxiety every movement of his pupil, looked in the direction to which the child's glance was directed, and soon discovered that the object of his attention was the old cardinal of Noailles, a prelate of pre-eminent ugliness, which was shown off still more by his scarlet costume, and who was as yet unknown to the young prince, as he had only lately returned to the court, having been disgraced in the reign of Louis XIV.

The marshal, fearing doubtless that the old courtier might be displeased at this marked attention, whispered to his pupil a request not to look so steadfastly in that direction.

'But I choose to look that way,' replied the child.

'It is not polite,' replied his governor.

'So much the worse,' said the king.

'But it is very wrong of you, sire.'

'I am sorry for it; but it amuses me.'

'Listen to this gentleman who is making you a speech, instead of looking about you.'

'I am very tired of hearing him,' replied Louis.

'I beg of you, sire—sire—sire—pray attend to me.'

'Leave me alone,' said Louis impatiently, quite wearied out by the admonitions of his governor and the interminable speeches of his courtiers.

'But, sire, I cannot leave you alone,' replied the marshal: 'you are not here for the purpose of being amused.'

'Ah, my snow, my beautiful snow!' said the king, to whose mind the word *amusement* recalled with vividness his morning disappointment.

'You must not think about that now, sire, but attend to what is going on here.'

'Oh, do leave me alone!' said the king, bursting into tears.

'Sire, sire; pray hold up your head, and do not disgrace yourself in this way.'

The poor little king's tears were, however, unheeded; the wearisome ceremony lasted till the close of the day; and when poor Louis passed the park on his way back to Versailles, the finishing stroke was put to his sorrows, for—the snow had melted!

'Oh, my battle, my snowballs!' he exclaimed, weeping bitterly. To add to his mortification, as he mounted the stairs of his palace of Versailles, he met all his young playmates talking and laughing over the divers feats of prowess which had been performed during the day. They were all glowing with health and animation; and as the pale, wearied Louis passed the merry group, there was not one of them who envied his royal lot.

'Who gained the day?' inquired Louis mournfully.

'The Duke de Chartres,' was the reply, 'but the Marquis de Neale fought very well too.'

'Come, then, at least, and tell me all about it,' said the little king.

'Sire,' interposed Madame de Ventadour, 'this is the hour for you to retire to rest.'

'Well, then, the hour must be put off,' said Louis pettishly.

'That, sire, is impossible; your gentlemen of the bed-chamber are in waiting.'

'Oh how tiresome it is to be a king!' said Louis XV., his tears commencing to flow afresh as his governess led him to the bedchamber. 'I am always unfortunate: in the winter, I am not allowed to make snowballs; and in the summer, when it is so fine, and everybody walks out, I am kept at home in the palace.'

'Oh, sire,' said his governess, as she began to undress him, 'are you not taken out whenever you please?'

'Am I indeed? And do you think I have forgotten the day of the fête of St Germain, when I was at the window, and saw such numbers of children passing by, and they all looked so happy? I asked you where they were going, and you told me to the fair; and when I asked what this fair was, you told me it was a place where they amused themselves under the trees, and bought toys and sweetmeats; and that in the evening I should see all these children returning with their playthings and their cakes. Oh, how I did long to go! But you were sick, mamma, and so I was obliged to stay at home.'

'You shall go, sire, next year.'

'And in the winter,' resumed the king, 'it is so pleasant to run upon the snow, to make snowballs, to throw them at one's companions, and have them thrown at one's self in return; and now, to-day, they have made me miss the finest battle in the world! When will some snowfall again?'

'Come, sire, you must not think any more of that now, but try to go to sleep.'

'I can't go to sleep: I suppose I shall be told presently that this is the hour at which I must go to sleep, because I am a king!'

'Console yourself, sire,' replied his governess; 'when

you are a man, you will be happier.' As Madame de Ventadour said this, she sighed, for she knew but too well that the future happiness of her little pupil was, if possible, even still more uncertain than the present.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Four years ago, we had occasion to notice the 'Travels of Sir Charles Lyell in the United States,' chiefly in relation to the geological explorations of the author. A 'Second Visit' to the States by the same writer having just made its appearance,* we are enabled to revert to this deeply-interesting subject. On the present, as on the previous occasion, Sir Charles travelled with a special view to the investigation of natural phenomena; but we can assure all who feel inclined to peruse his second production, that it abounds likewise with observations on matters of social concern, and is, on the whole, one of the most amusing works which has for some years appeared on the United States. Having travelled with his wife, the author possessed more than the usual means of acquiring a knowledge of the people among whom he travelled.

Passing over one or two of the earliest chapters, we take up Sir Charles as he journeys through the New England States. Here he has occasion to refer to that very curious phenomenon, the discovery of organic remains in ice. How the bodies of animals become so imbedded, is a question of much interest. It appears that in extreme northern and southern parts of the world, the ground is a mixture of rock and ice, the ice lying in strata below the general surface. In 1821, when the captain of a merchant ship wished to enter the body of a sailor in one of the South Shetland Islands, he set a party 'to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating in nearly a hundred places through six or eight inches of sand, they came down everywhere upon solid blue ice. At last he determined to have a hole cut in the ice, of which the island principally consisted, and the body of the man was placed in it.' This body was afterwards found as fresh as when buried. The bodies of whales and other creatures often get imbedded in icebergs, and it is then discovered after the ice has become partially mixed with sand and gravel, that has led to so much learned investigation. The rise and fall of masses of ice, according to the action of the tides, when in contiguity with land, accounts for no small part of the phenomenon.

Talking of icebergs, we are led to remark, that to these floating masses in the Northern Atlantic much of the irregularity of our summer climate may be imputed. Icebergs are occasionally seen as far south as the 36th degree of north latitude, and of immense size. 'Sir James Ross saw icebergs which had run aground in Baffin's Bay in water 1500 feet deep.' An iceberg of much less dimensions than this turns the climate to winter wherever it goes, and its approach to any coast is a terrific visitation. A military officer told our author 'that last year, when he was in garrison in Newfoundland, an iceberg continued aground in the harbour of St John's for a year, and they used to fire cannon-balls at it from a battery.' We have heard of more ridiculous projects than would be the fitting out of an expedition to clear the Atlantic of icebergs by bombardment.

Sir Charles made a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Washington (one of the White Mountains), which reaches to a height of 6225 feet above the level of the sea. Here a Flora was observed similar to that of lands bordering on the sea in the extreme north of America, Europe, and Asia. How did these plants attain this height in an inland mountain in a comparatively southern latitude? 'Geology,' says our author, 'teaches us that the species living at present on the earth are older than many parts of our existing continents—that is to say, they were created before a large part of the

existing mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers, and seas were formed. That such must be the case in regard to the island of Sicily, I announced my conviction in 1833, after first returning from that country. And a similar conclusion is no less obvious to any naturalist who has studied the structure of North America, and observed the wide area occupied by the modern or glacial deposits before alluded to, in which marine fossil shells of living but northern species are entombed. It is clear that a great portion of Canada, and the country surrounding the great lakes, was submerged beneath the ocean when recent species of mollusca flourished, of which the fossil remains occur more than 500 feet above the level of the sea near Montreal. I have already stated that Lake Champlain was a gulf of the sea at that period, that large areas in Maine were under water, and, I may add, that the White Mountains must then have constituted an island, or group of islands. Yet as this period is so modern in the earth's history as to belong to the epoch of the existing marine Fauna, it is fair to infer that the Arctic Flora now contemporary with man was then also established on the globe. We have thus to consider that many of the higher mountains were at one time islands, in a sea chilled by the melting of floating ice. As the continent grew by the slow upheaval of the land, and the islands gained in height, and the climate around their base grew milder, the Arctic plants would retreat to higher and higher zones, and finally occupy an elevated area, which probably had been at first, or in the glacial period, always covered with perpetual snow. Meanwhile the newly-formed plains around the base of the mountain, to which northern species of plants could not spread, would be occupied by others migrating from the south, and perhaps by many trees, shrubs, and plants then first created, and remaining to this day peculiar to North America.

Intermingled with interesting disquisitions of this kind are graphic notices of the odd sectarianism—it might almost be called the religious derangement—in many parts of New England. 'At the Franconia hotel I first heard of the recent fanatical movement of the Millerites, or followers of one Miller, who taught that the millennium, or final destruction of the world, would come to pass last year, or on the 23d day of October 1844. A farmer from the village of Lisbon told me that, in the course of the preceding autumn, many of his neighbours would neither reap their harvest of Indian corn and potatoes, nor let others take in the crop, saying it was tempting Providence to store up grain for a season that could never arrive, the great catastrophe being so near at hand. These infatuated people, however, exerted themselves very diligently to save what remained of their property when the non-fulfilment of the prophecy dispelled their delusion. In several townships in this and the adjoining states the parochial officers or "select men" interfered, harvesting the crops at the public expense, and requiring the owners, after the 23d October, to repay them for the outlay. I afterwards heard many anecdotes respecting the Millerite movement, not a few of my informants speaking with marked indulgence of what they regarded simply as a miscalculation of a prophecy which must be accomplished at no distant date. In the township of Concord, New Hampshire, I was told of an old woman who, on paying her annual rent for a house, said, "I guess this is the last rent you will get from me." Her landlord remarked, "If so, I hope you have got your robes ready" (alluding to the common practice of the faithful to prepare white ascension robes) "for going up into heaven." Hearing that there had been advertisements from shops in Boston and elsewhere to furnish any number of these robes on the shortest notice, I took for granted that they were meant as a hoax; but an English bookseller, residing at New York, assured me that there was a brisk demand for such articles, even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October. . . . In a subsequent

part of our tour, several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth (Massachusetts) and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced from ease to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the Tabernacle, in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension. Among other stories which, whether true or not, proved to me how much fraud was imputed to some of the leaders, I was told of a young girl who, having no money, was advised to sell her necklace, which had been presented to her by her betrothed. The jeweller, seeing that she was much affected at parting with her treasure, and discovering the object of the sale, showed her some silver forks and spoons, on which he was about to engrave the initials of the very minister whose wife she was, and those of the lady he was about to marry on a fixed day after the fated 23d of October. The society of Millerites has since become bankrupt, and their tabernacle has been transformed into a theatre, where the author had the pleasure of seeing Mr and Mrs Kean perform 'Macbeth.'

In a conversation with one of the managers of the Lowell factories, Sir Charles elicited what may be considered a good hint as to an improvement in the position of the working-classes. These factories, it appears, are joint-stock concerns. The shares are often as low as 500 dollars, and held by operatives. 'By this system the workpeople are prevented from looking on the master manufacturers as belonging to a distinct class, having different interests from their own. The holders of small shares have all the advantages of partners, but are not answerable for the debts of the establishment beyond their deposits. They can examine all the accounts annually, when there is a public statement of their affairs.' Unfortunately the law of partnership prevents plans of this kind being carried out in England. To procure an abolition of this law, the working-classes in Great Britain ought to make a strenuous exertion: but when do we find these classes aiming at anything half so practical?

At Boston our author makes the common observation that the New Englanders have generally a pale, careworn look, arising 'partly from their striving and anxious disposition, and their habits of hard work, mental and bodily, and partly from the effects of the climate. One of their lawyers expressed to me his regret that the members of his profession, and their most eminent politicians, physicians, and literary men, would not spare themselves, and give up some time to relaxation. "They seem determined," he said, "to realise the sentiment so finely expressed by Milton—

'To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

Our ancestors had to work fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, in order not to starve in the wilderness; but we persist in straining every nerve when that necessity has ceased." He then reminded me how much more cheerful, plump, and merry the young negro children looked in the south than those of New England, who had all the appearance of having been forced in their education, and over-crammed at school. I suspect, however, that the principal cause of the difference in the Anglo-Saxon race in England and America is the climate. During both our tours through the United States, my wife and I enjoyed excellent health, and were delighted with the clearness of the atmosphere, the bright sun, and the great number of cloudless days; but we were told that, if we stayed a second year, we should feel less vigorous. Many who have been born in America, of families settled there for several generations, find their health improved by a visit to England, just as if they had returned to their native air; and it may require several centuries before a race becomes thoroughly acclimatised. English travellers often ascribe the more delicate health of the inhabitants here to their in-door habits and want of exercise. But it is natural that they should shrink from exposing themselves to the severe frosts and long-continued snows of winter,

and to the intense heat of the summer's sun. An Englishman is usually recognised at once in a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and ruddiness of complexion; and it is surprising how distinguishable he is even from persons born of English parents in the United States. It is also a curious fact, which seems generally admitted, that the native Anglo-Australians bear a considerable resemblance to the Anglo-Americans in look and manner of speaking, which is a mystery, for there is certainly in that case no analogy between the climates of the two countries.

New England, as every one knows, is greatly in advance of Great Britain with respect to national education; and on this subject the author speaks of the Americans in language of just commendation. Where all are called on to take part in the action of government, it is felt that the safety of society depends on all being educated. The education imparted is under a general, not party or sectarian management; and every attempt made by religious denominations to acquire a special control over the public schools has been promptly checked. The affected belief that this unsectarian education would lead to irreligion and discontent has been completely falsified. Nowhere are the people more religious or better citizens. 'It is acknowledged by the rich, that when the free schools have been most improved, the people are least addicted to intemperance, are more provident, have more respect for property and the laws, are more conservative, and less led away by Socialist or other revolutionary doctrines. So far from indolence being the characteristic of the labouring-classes, where they are best informed, the New Englanders are rather too much given to overwork both body and brain. They make better pioneers when roughing it in a log-house in the backwoods, than the uneducated Highlander or Irishman; and the factory girls of Lowell, who publish their "Offering," containing their own original poems and essays, work twelve hours a day, and have not yet petitioned for a ten-hour bill.' Further on, the author observes, in reference to the independent position which schools and teachers have attained:—'There is in no state any dominant ecclesiastical body sufficiently powerful to thwart the maxims of those statesmen who maintain that as the people are determined to govern themselves, they must be carefully taught and fitted for self-government, and receive secular instruction in common schools open to all. The Roman Catholic priests, it is true, in the state of New York, where there are now 11,000 schools in a population of 2,500,000, have made some vigorous efforts to get the exclusive management of a portion of the school fund into their own hands, and one at least of the Protestant sects has openly avowed its sympathy in the movement. But they have failed, from the extreme difficulty of organizing a combined effort, where the leaders of a great variety of rival denominations are jealous of one another; and fortunately the clergy are becoming more and more convinced that, where the education of the million has been carried farthest, the people are most regular in their attendance on public worship, most zealous in the defence of their theological opinions, and most liberal in contributing funds for the support of their pastors and the building of churches.'

Sir Charles speaks regretfully of the tendency in New England to cultivate a sour conventional spirit, which discourages innocent recreation, without finding a suitable substitute. The injury arising from this social defect is only in part remedied by the growing taste for reading. In every district there are lending libraries, which prove of great use. 'Towards the purchase of books for these libraries the State grants a certain sum, if an equal amount be subscribed by the inhabitants. They are left to their own choice in the purchase of books; and the best English poets and novelists are almost always to be met with in each collection, and works of biography, history, travels, natural history, and science. The selection is carefully made with reference to what the people will read, and not what men of higher educa-

tion or station think they ought to read.' When will our own legislature vote sums in aid of public district-libraries? Not, it may be supposed, till something less is spent in the apparatus of naval and military armament.

As a matter of course, the author, in travelling, was exposed to the usual amount of questioning as to his age, family, and objects of pursuit; but though annoying, this enabled him to question in return, and by that means to procure valuable information. An American related to him many diverting anecdotes to illustrate the inquisitive turn of his countrymen. Among other stories he gave a lively description of a New Englander, who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said, 'Are you a bachelor?' To which the other replied dryly—'No; I'm not.' 'You are a married man?' continued he. 'No; I'm not.' 'Then you must be a widower?' 'No; I'm not.' Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—'If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?' 'If you must know,' said the other, 'I'm a divorced man!'

INCONSTANCY OF THE DOVE.

IN a paper in No. 280, we referred to the unpleasant ideas associated by the Hindoos with the cooing of the dove; a sound which, however sweet and loving to us, seems to them like the wail of a doomed creature commemorating the cruelties it committed in a former state of existence. We still clung, notwithstanding, to the constancy of the dove. We might abandon the minor graces of gentleness, innocence, and timidity; but fidelity in love it still retained in our imagination—

—'all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench that loveliest one!'

Philosophy, however, is always bursting bubbles, or blowing up steamboats, and Poetry is ruined in breakage by her awkward or malicious handmaid Science. Here is a letter stripping our favourite dove of the last of its fine feathers!

The letter has been presented to us by the courtesy of Mr Waterton, the well-known naturalist; and it is addressed to himself by Mr Ord of Philadelphia, to whom the scientific world is indebted for various contributions to natural history, and for a life of Wilson the ornithologist:—

'I promised you, in one of my late letters, an anecdote concerning the common pigeon, tending to show that inconstancy in conjugal affection is a failing by no means peculiar to the human kind, but may be discerned in the inferior animals. My dovecot, from its position and economy, is an attractive object for the pigeon: hence every apartment is occupied; and when a male disappears, even for a single day—an occurrence by no means unfrequent—an adventurer, always on the look-out for advantages, steps into the vacant domicile, and asserts his right of possession on the principle of pre-emption. A poor little vagrant pigeon, driven from its natal home, sought refuge on my premises. Its flagging wing and simple countenance denoted its youth and its poverty. I enticed it by food: daily acts of kindness produced familiarity. It proved to be a male of uncommon docility and sprightliness; and it soon became a favourite of the whole family. The period of connubial attachment arrived, and my little stranger soon felt the influence of the universal passion. A wandering female responded to his vows of affection; and their union, after the usual ceremonies, was duly consummated.

'The first care of our youthful couple was to procure a dwelling. Day after day did they endeavour to secure some comfortable quarters: even attempts at encroachment upon the rights of others were made; but all in vain. At length one of the residents of the columbarry, a fine old male, disappeared: his home-

stead was enviable; and our couple took possession of it, in defiance of the opposition of the widowed occupant, who stood no chance in such a contest. The happy pair, thus domiciliated, lost no time in their domestic economy. A nest was arranged, eggs were laid and incubated, and one squab was the reward of the toil and solicitude of its parents. The offspring grew and flourished until near maturity, when I perceived a commotion in the dovecot: my protégé was engaged in mortal combat, in his own premises, with an intruder, who, from his superior size and strength, rendered the strife unequal, and who finally succeeded in ousting the possessor. While I stood sympathising with my favourite on this unexpected calamity, what was my surprise to find that the supposed intruder was no other than the former proprietor of the mansion, who had been entrapped by some neighbouring poacher, and who had returned to assert his rights! My sense of justice would not allow me to interfere in this affair, although I was tempted to take a part for the sake of the poor youngling, that I observed was maltreated by the wrathful victor. In battles for the acquisition of a home, the male pigeons alone are generally the warriors: hence the difficulty of success, as the pair in possession, by mutual assistance, almost always prove to be too powerful for the assailant.

But in the case in question I noticed a singularity: my favourite's mate appeared to be a passive spectator of the contest; she afforded no succour to her partner in his desperate struggle; and when he was finally expelled, she evinced no disposition to associate with him. Her affection for her offspring, however, seemed to be unabated, as she continued to feed it, and, what I thought strange, she was permitted to do so without any molestation from the conqueror. The mystery was soon explained by the revelation of the fact, that the faithless creature had actually abandoned him whom she had vowed to love and cherish, and had united herself to his enemy. Well might the poet exclaim—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" What! forsake her youthful partner at a crisis when commonly the best feelings of the heart are called into action! Yet such was the fact. Long did the forsaken make the groves vocal with his murmurs; but all in vain. At length his pathetic complaints touched a congenial soul: a kind female tendered him the consolations of sympathy, her love was reciprocated, and former griefs seem now to be forgotten in present enjoyment.

The dove or pigeon is represented by the poets as the emblem of innocence and constancy:—

In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.—*Gay.*

The domestic kind are eminently gregarious, and yet they are eternally at war; the slightest cause will provoke their pugnacious habits during the day; but no evening passes without a fight, as if the hour of rest required excitement to render it salutary. As to their connubial constancy, the above-mentioned circumstance will show that there are exceptions to the law of sexual affinity, which, however, should seem to be more faithfully observed in those animals that pair, than in the nobler part of creation, which is so eminently distinguished by the superiority of reason.*

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TOMBS.

EGYPT offers subjects of conversation and meditation which no one can entirely neglect, whoever he may be, if he have eyes to see, a memory to remember, or a sprinkling of imagination wherewith to dream. Who can be indifferent to the tableaux of unaccountable nature on the banks of the Nile? At the spectacle of this river land, that no other land resembles? Who will not be moved in the presence of this people, which of old accomplished such mighty deeds, and now are reduced to misery so extreme? Who can visit Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Thebes, without

being moved by reminiscences the most imposing and the most diverse? The Bible, Homer, philosophy, the sciences, Greece, Rome, Christianity, the Monks, Islamism, the Crusades, the French Revolution; almost everything great in the world's history seems to converge in the pathway of him who traverses this memorable country! Abraham, Sesostris, Moses, Helen, Agassians, Alexander, Pompey, Caesar, Cleopatra, Aristarchus, Plotinus, Pacomus, Origen, Athanasius, Saladin, St Louis, Napoleon—what names! what contrasts! Thus exclaims an eloquent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: but his list of memorabilia, M. Amparo very well knows, begins where the really marvellous ends; and to arrive—not at the origin of Egyptian civilisation, but merely at the epoch where our researches are lost in the darkness of antiquity—we must go back at least fifteen centuries before the calling of Abraham! With Moses, between two and three hundred years after the first patriarch, begins the procession of the historians, lawgivers, and warriors of a world now passed away; but in the tombs of Egypt there are written, with a freshness that endures to this day, the annals of a long anterior greatness—a greatness earlier than antiquity itself.

Egypt is now the great highway between the East and West; and one may as well stay at home as pretend to travel without seeing the Pyramids. To enjoy, however, the descriptions we receive from every succeeding tourist of a buried people, who, 2400 years ago, reproached the ancient Greeks with their modern juvenility, it is necessary to know from what sources these records are drawn, and what are the claims to authenticity possessed by the Language of the Tombs. To do this, we do not require to understand the ancient tongues, or any other modern one than English; Colonel Vyse having thrown into an appendix, in the second volume of his quarto work, all that is known on this subject.* But a much smaller book has recently been published, touching upon all the Egyptian questions together; and although, from the highly-condensed form in which the knowledge is conveyed, it is somewhat difficult of study for persons previously ignorant of the subject, we are in hopes of being able to extract from it, for the benefit of our readers, some rudimentary information. It consists of a series of reports, taken from several American newspapers, of the lectures of the distinguished Egyptian antiquary Mr Gliddon; and the whole has been revised by himself, and enriched with learned notes and appendices.†

Previous to the year 1802, the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters of the Egyptians, found in the sepulchres and on monuments, were a mystical scrawl, the unknown signs of an unknown tongue, which the learned gazed at with unavailing longings. But a stone, found three years before between Rosetta and the sea by a French officer of engineers, was destined to give the hint, which fell like a sudden spark of light upon their conjectures. This was the celebrated Rosetta Stone (now in the British Museum), a fragment of black basalt, 3 feet in length, and originally 2 feet 5 inches in breadth, and from 10 to 12 inches in thickness. The sculpture was not in itself of great antiquity, dating 156 years before the Christian era. It contained two inscriptions—one in the Greek, and one in the popular Egyptian character, called Demotic or Enchorial, afterwards discovered not to have been much used before 700 years B.C.; but there was likewise a third, in hieroglyphics; and it may be supposed with what interest it was discovered that these three were identical in substance! They were an edict chiselled at Memphis, in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and the concluding sentence was in these words:—"That this

* Operations carried on at the Pyramids of Ghizeh from 1887 to 1890. * See also Gliddon's *Chapters on Early Egyptian History*. 1843.

† *Ota Egyptica: Discourses on Egyptian Archeology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries*. By George R. Gliddon. London: Madden. 1849.

decree should be engraved on a tablet of hard stone, in hieroglyphical, enchorial, and Greek characters, and should be set up in first, second, and third-rate temples, before the statue of the ever-living king.'

The inscriptions being identical, would of course repeat the name the same number of times; and the word Ptolemy, in its various inflections, being found in the Greek eleven times, the first business was to look for a corresponding word in the Demotic character. In this inscription a group of seven letters was found repeated eleven times; and these were discovered to compose the word Ptolmis, thus giving seven letters of the alphabet, from which the whole was afterwards deduced. But the hieroglyphic inscription? How was it possible to interpret those representations of animals and things, intended though they must be for the symbols of a language? Here and there some of them were enclosed in an oval. This was repeated again and again, and must no doubt be the name sought for. The middle figure was a recumbent lioness, the Coptic name of which is *laboi*. Might not the lioness represent the sound of the initial letter of her own name? It was a wild and fantastic conjecture, to which the explorer was no doubt driven by mere despair: but it was inspiration. The moment it was taken for granted that this was one letter of the name, the others were read with comparative ease; and thus were obtained to begin with the signs of seven hieroglyphical letters, PTOLEMIS.

We of course cannot pretend to follow here the course of the discovery; but Mr Gliddon declares, that with the aid of the published literary resources, any intelligent person may at this day read into English, direct from the hieroglyphics, words, phrases, and consecutive sentences, as easily as he would acquire any other Oriental tongue. The revelations thus made have released Egypt from the plague of darkness. She is no longer a land of sorcery and mysticism, such as she appeared to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; but thousands of years ago, her every-day life appears a prototype of our own. The hieroglyphics are at once manuscripts and pictures—illustrated books, speaking at once to the eye and the mind; and the genius of the people seems to have delighted in perpetuating themselves in their records. 'If we enter a tomb,' says Mr Gliddon, 'we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. The—I had almost said Christian—name, the profession, rank, and blood-relationship of each member of the family, are written against him or her. The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labour in the field; the anthem that, when living, he offered to his Creator; and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade figures in this picturesque encyclopædia—from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense-bearer, and smelling-bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley, which still germinate when replanted, are also discovered. The eggs, the desiccated remains of the very milk he had once used for his breakfast, even the trussed and roasted goose, of which the guests at his wake had partaken—all these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist, in kind, in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. But not only do the scenes sculptured or painted on the temples or in the sepulchres furnish every detail concerning the Egyptians; they give us the portraits, history, geographical names, and characteristics of an infinitude of Asiatic and African nations existing in days long anterior to the

Exode—many of whom have left no other record of their presence on earth, and others again whose names are preserved in the Hebrew Scriptures.'

Not the least curious and important of the hieroglyphical revelations, is the synchronism which exists between the Scriptural annals and the monuments of Egypt. The names of some of the Pharaohs are not only the same, but they are identified in particulars of their history; and authenticated portraits of sovereigns incidentally referred to in the Bible are now exhibited in engravings throughout the Christian world. These portraits are carried back to 3500 years ago (about the time of Joseph), but the synchronism cannot be traced earlier than 971 B.C. This is unfortunate, as it would be very interesting to identify in their monuments the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Solomon, Moses, Joseph, and Abraham. The earliest, however, as yet reached is Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, son of Solomon; and indeed, as the Bible does not mention by name the earlier sovereigns of Egypt, there is little probability of farther advance in this interesting study. As for the supposed death of the Mosaic Pharaoh in the Red Sea, it is neither countenanced by the text of the Pentateuch—which merely relates the destruction of Pharaoh's host, chariots, and chosen captains—nor by the traditions of the Talmud, which expressly state that the king returned and reported the loss of his army. The hieroglyphics, however, are silent on both points. Neither has any trace at all been found in them of the patriarchal relations with Egypt. We may add that Mr Gliddon makes the pertinent remark, that if the validity of hieroglyphical history be proved 'from the Scriptures for the times succeeding Moses, in all those cases where either record refers to the events mentioned in the other, the authenticity of hieroglyphical monuments in affairs whereon the Bible is silent, and which antedate Moses by twenty centuries, cannot fairly be called in question.' While mentioning portraits, let us descend to later times, and say that the portrait of Cleopatra, taken from the temple of Dendera, by no means establishes the Shakespearian authority with regard to the personal beauty of that 'serpent of old Nile.' The Cleopatra of history appears to have been celebrated only for her powers of fascination and the splendour of her court.

The earliest date of the sacred language is not known; but if the antiquaries are correct, there must be an error in the commonly-received interpretation of Bible chronology, the original fifteen hieroglyphic letters having been in common use only 250 years after Menes the first Pharaoh. This would carry back the origin of hieroglyphics to near the time commonly assigned to Cain and Abel! The emblem of the scribe's palette, reed-pen, and ink-bottle, is found about 3400 years B.C., and books, indicated by the sign of the papyrus or scroll, are long antecedent to the time of Abraham. This language received afterwards some change, and in that form became more current as the hieratic or sacerdotal. About 700 years B.C. there was introduced an alphabetic kind of writing called the Demotic, Enchorial, or Epistolographic; and this remained in popular use till it was suppressed by Roman imperial authority, and replaced by the Coptic alphabet, formed of Greek and Egyptian letters intermixed.

The prayer-book of the Egyptians, called the Book of the Dead, is traced as far back as 3200 B.C. It was a collection of hymns and liturgical prayers offered by and for the departed Egyptians; and extracts from it are met with on mummy cases, and every other object connected with death or religion. In this antique ritual are taught the doctrines of the soul's immortality and resurrection of the body; but instead of the Jewish commandments, and the Christian petitions for Divine aid to observe them, they present only a series of self-righteous assertions of innocence, supposed to be made by the departed spirit. In these, however, which are forty-two in number, is found the whole, and more than the whole, decalogue.

It is impossible to ascend to the origin of the mummies that are covered with extracts from this ritual. Mummification, as the science is now called, is supposed to have been earlier than the Pyramids or tombs, the first mummies having been buried in the sand. The Necropolis at Memphis is twenty-two miles in length by about half a mile in breadth, and here, it is supposed, one-fourth of the population of Egypt was buried. The Great Pyramid was built 4000 years ago; but supposing the period of mummification to be only 3000 years, Mr Gliddon calculates that the number of mummies in Egypt is about 500,000,000. A Cairo journal, a year or two ago, went further: it counted up the quantity of cloth in the wrappers, and came to the conclusion that if the linen were manufactured into paper, it would bring into the pasha's treasury £4,200,000! The objection as to the vast space so many mummies would fill, is met by a calculation which shows that they could be contained in a cube half a mile in length, breadth, and height; although, so far from being cramped in room, the tombs of a single individual sometimes cover several acres of subterranean ground.

Under the fourth dynasty the bodies were prepared by saturation with natron, and were baked in ovens, and wrapped in woollen cloth. The sarcophagus of Cheops was a plain monolithic bin, and that of Mycerinus a rectangular chest, with an inscription in which the dead Osirian king is saluted with a sublime simplicity, 'Live for ever!' Under the twelfth dynasty linen is found in use, the bodies are partially gilded, and all the luxury in coffins had commenced which, from the eighteenth dynasty down to the time of the Romans, remained at a great pitch of extravagance. Under the eleventh dynasty, round the 'sides are usually painted the whole sepulchral equipment of the dead—his bows, arrows, quivers, shirts, wigs, mirrors, sandals, and cosmetics. They are, in fact, the pictorial portmanteau of an Egyptian gentleman twenty centuries before our era, as well as a bill of fare: his ducks, geese, haunches, shoulder, chops, bread, cakes, biscuits, flour—his drinks, water, beer, wine, white, northern, or Maræotic—his salt and pistules—are detailed at the head of these coffins.' The eighteenth dynasty is the era of the introduction of bitumen, which became known to the Egyptians through their conquests of Assyria; and the new fashion changed the colour of the mummies, which, since that epoch, are black, while those earlier embalmed are of the natural hue. By this time the system of idolatry had attained its full development; even the bodies of animals were at length embalmed as well as those of men; and the religious simplicity of the earlier mummies existed no more. About the Augustan period the shape of the sarcophagus was changed, and the mummies were not wrapped in the human form, but of an equal thickness all down, and swathed in a coarsely-painted cloth exhibiting portraits of the deceased.

The cost of these embalments varied from £4 up to £250, according to the rank in life of the deceased, and the luxury of the coffin and ornaments. There are specimens still in existence which contain above 1000 yards of linen, varying in texture from good calico to superfine cambric. The majority, however, belong to the middle-classes, and their cost is estimated at £60: but calculating them all at the cheapest—namely, £4—this would give an annual expense for manufacture of £666,000. For our own part, however, unless the lowest classes were mummified at the public cost (which is very improbable), we do not see how even £4 could have been paid for their funeral expenses; and as Mr Gliddon remarks that only a single negro mummy has been found, although negroes were always very numerous in Egypt as domestic servants, there must, we think, have been a portion of the population allowed to moulder in the usual way. The whole of the revenue arising from this process belonged to the priests, 'who were the physicians, apothecaries, mummy-makers, undertakers, scribes, and sextons, and who, besides, leased out the sepulchral excavations in which the bodies were to

repose.' They held also the monopoly of the linen cloth used for wrapping the body, the flax for which was grown and manufactured by themselves. The mummies made, however, were so strictly the property of the purchasers, that a debtor was obliged to give up in pledge to his creditors the remains of his ancestors; and if he died insolvent, his next relations were held bound, both in honour and law, to redeem them.

The Pyramids, it is now known, were sepulchres for containing the mummies of the Pharaohs. 'As to the epoch of those of Memphis,' says Mr Gliddon, 'these were all built between the times of Noah and Abraham in the scale of Biblical chronology, and those of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, and the founder of the first dynasty at Memphis, and the thirteenth dynasty in collateral Egyptian hieroglyphical chronology. Thus all the Memphite pyramids existed and were ancient 2000 years before Christ. All the pyramids in Lower Egypt are 4000 years old; and taking the pyramid of Moeris, according to Lepsius' letters, built between 2151 and 2194 years before Christ, as the last of this series, the remainder will successively recede to above 5000 years ago.'

When a king commenced his reign, a small isolated hill of rock was fixed upon for his tomb, and a chamber excavated in it, with a passage communicating with the surface. Around and over this a course of masonry was built in a four-sided figure, converging at the top, in general of limestone, but in four instances of sun-dried brick; and if the death took place during the year, this was immediately cased over, and thus a small pyramid formed. If the king lived a second year, another course of stone or brick was added, and so on another and another, till, as in the case of the Great Pyramid, the solid materials thus piled over the chamber in the rock would suffice for the construction of a city. 'The pyramid continued to be increased every year until the death of the king in whose reign it was erected, fresh courses being added each year of his life. When the king died, the work of enlargement ceased, and the casing was put on the pyramid. This was done by filling up the angles of the masonry with smaller stones, and then placing oblong blocks one upon another, so as to form steps from the base to the apex; after which, beginning at the top, and working downwards, these stones were bevelled off at the corners, so as to form one uniform angle, and give a smooth surface to the pyramid, leaving a perfect triangle. . . . Two conclusions will strike the observer: first, that a pyramid, being smooth from its base to its summit, was by its builders never meant to be reascended: secondly, that the entrance was hermetically closed, never to be reopened; although its location, to judge by classical and Arabian traditions of hieroglyphics on the exterior, was probably indicated by a royal tablet, or stele, commemorative of the Pharaoh interred in each sepulchre. . . . The philosophical deduction from all this is, that the size of the pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of the king's reign in which it was constructed, having been begun at his accession, and finished at his death. Large pyramids indicate long reigns, and small pyramids short reigns. The sixty-nine pyramids, therefore, represent some seventy or eighty kingly generations (two kings having been sometimes buried in the same pyramid), the last of which race died before Abraham was born. Such is the law of pyramidal construction. Of its importance in chronology the reader can judge.'

In the Great Pyramid there are several chambers: the Great Hall, the Kings' and Queens' Chamber, the Well, as it is called, &c.; and there are air-passages communicating from these with their external surface. The casing-stones were eight tons in weight, but were removed by the caliphs, so that the edifice can now be ascended as if by the steps of a stair. There is no danger either in the ascent or descent; although, in 1831, Mr James Mayes, an English traveller, contrived to commit suicide by throwing himself from the summit.

The private tombs scattered around the regal pyramids are full of interest of the same kind; being covered with paintings of the manners, customs, genealogies, &c. of the ancient Egyptians to such an extent, that the antiquary Lepsius promises to write the Court Journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty, which flourished five thousand years ago! 'The manufacture of glass,' Mr Gliddon tells us, 'was known in Egypt 2000 years previously to its reported discovery by the Phœnicians; and the decimal system of numeration, *units, tens, hundreds, thousands*, and upwards, was current in the days of the pyramids, or 4000 years before the Arabs of Mohammed's era. In the tomb of Eimeï, architect of the pyramid of Shopho, of the fourth dynasty, is an inventory of his wealth. There are, amongst other details, "835 oxen, 220 cows, with their calves, 2234 goats, 760 asses, and 974 rams." The numerals are hieroglyphical *ciphers*; and the same decimal system is found in the *quarriers' marks* on all the pyramids. Indeed it became evident that perhaps, with the exception of steamboats, electrotypes, Daguerreotypes, the magnetic telegraph, chloroform, printing-presses, and cotton gunpowder, the arts and sciences, were much the same at that early period in the Valley of the Nile as at this time in our own country. The drawings of the trades, as found pictured on the walls in the tombs, show the practical sort of people the Egyptians were.' Corroborations of the last remark are to be found in the various paintings now extant of 'carpenters at work, boat-building, musicians, poulterers, veterinary surgeons, wine-pressing, brick-making, weaving, ploughing, transporting of columns,' &c. All these are illustrated by, and serve as illustrations of, that sacred language which, at the end of fifty ages, speaks to us from the tombs almost as intelligibly as it did to the priests at a time which could only be known to the Jewish patriarchs as an old-world tradition.

Having now run through these lectures—although not in a cursory manner, for one must pick his steps while traversing such a mass of erudition—we have only to recommend the volume to the studious reader, as one from which he will receive as much general information on Egyptiographical science as he could obtain by the perusal of a variety of more bulky, though not more learned, productions.

NEW HYPOTHESIS OF CONSUMPTION.

[We have received the following communication from Mr D. B. Stone of Bristol; and our readers will probably be interested by the novelty of the author's conjectures, and more especially by the hopeful view he takes of a disease which has hitherto remained a standing opprobrium of the medical art. We are not competent ourselves to form any judgment of the real value of the hypothesis; but nothing which serves to stimulate thought and inquiry can be useless.]

I HAVE ventured to address the following remarks to you (for reasons which I shall by and by state), believing that they contain the true explanation of the nature and causes of that fearful malady, 'pulmonary consumption'; 'fearful, not so much from the number of its victims, as from the circumstance that it is most fatal—not in infancy, when life is without plan, and attachments are but vague—not in old age, when the powers of mind and body are feeble, and seem but to wait to be suspended by an attack of some disease incidental to that period of life—but from its ravages being almost confined to youth and dawning maturity, when life is in its spring, and when those attachments are formed, and engagements entered into, intended to cease but with existence. I shall not now attempt to point out the reasons why this disease has hitherto baffled the inquiries of physiologists, but proceed at once to explain what I, with great confidence, believe to be its nature and causes,

Life, or at least animal life, may be considered to be a prolonged struggle between opposing forces: the oxygen of the air endeavouring to unite with the various tissues and fluids of the body, and the vital forces preventing this union beyond the extent required for the maintenance of the conditions of health. Death is a suspension of those forces, and the consequent decay is but a recombination of the constituents of the body among themselves with the oxygen of the air. The various organs of which animal bodies are composed consisting almost entirely of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, the products of decomposition are carbonic acid, from the union of oxygen and carbon; ammonia from that of the nitrogen with part of the hydrogen; the remaining hydrogen escaping either free, or in combination with the small quantities of sulphur and phosphorus found in some of the tissues of sulphuretted or phosphoretted hydrogen. I have conceived it to be better thus to explain scientifically the nature of decay; the popular idea not getting beyond destruction or perishing.

It is now well understood that the office of the lungs is to expose the blood to the action of the atmosphere, and bring about the union of the carbon of the one with the oxygen of the other, producing animal heat. Now it seems impossible to effect this if the substance of the lungs were of a compact or hard nature, or without their presenting a very extended surface to the inspired air; this being contrived by their minute subdivision into an incalculable number of cells. Bearing these facts in mind, and remembering also that the materials of which the lungs are composed are obtained from the constituents of the blood, and are chemically identical with them, there will be no difficulty in perceiving that there is extreme liability of the substance of the lungs, in breathing, to enter into combination with the oxygen of the air, or, in other words, decay. To counteract this tendency, the vital forces are in action, and, in a state of health, are quite adequate to prevent the structure of the lungs from being impaired; but if these forces be from any cause so reduced as not to produce this result, decay of their substance, indicated by tubercular deposits, as they are termed, follows.

It seems here necessary to say something of the vital force. Of its higher manifestations the writer is here silent; but of that portion constituting animal and vegetable life, there seems to be every reason to believe it to be either electricity (as Mr Smee in his late work has attempted to show), or some modification of that surprising agent. Consumption, then, I conceive to be simply a decay of the lungs, and other soft tissues occasionally (tubercles being frequently found in consumptive patients in the brain, and various other parts of the body), from a deficient supply of this protecting influence; and tubercular deposits, to be organic matter in an early stage of decay. To explain my meaning further, take an illustration in close analogy:—The function of the stomach is to digest or dissolve, by the action of the gastric juice which it secretes, organic bodies submitted to it; but this secretion has no action whatever on the substance of the secreting organ, which is protected by the agency of the vital force; though it readily dissolves muscular fibre, or even part of the stomach of a dead animal: just such an influence does vitality exert over the lungs and other soft tissues which it protects from the oxygen of the atmosphere.

It will be seen how completely these views are in accordance with what has been observed of this disease. Persons so afflicted suffer most, and the consummation is hastened most rapidly during the colder months, when, as modern chemistry has revealed to us, a larger quantity of oxygen, principally through the displacement of aqueous vapour, is contained in a given volume of atmospheric air inspired by the lungs, and which at each inspiration is a constant quantity. In an enumeration of the causes of consumption in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' we find: 'Next to hereditary transmission of the consumptive diathesis, the causes in producing this

state of constitution are a sedentary life, more especially when associated with a confined posture of the body and impure air; bad quality, or insufficient quantity of food; insufficient clothing; excessive mental or bodily labour; mental depression; and abuse of spirituous liquors.

I need scarcely point out in detail the harmony of the preceding theory with this statement. And it will, I think, be admitted, that in the great majority of consumptive cases a want of buoyancy of feeling manifests itself, indicating, from whatever cause it may arise, a deficiency of nervous energy; and although to this it may be objected that the nervous stimulus supplied to the lungs is not from the brain, but from the ganglions of the excito-motory system, yet every physiologist is aware of the intimate sympathy existing between the brain and that portion of the nervous arrangements. It is not a little remarkable, if this theory be the true one, that *phthisis*, the scientific name for consumption, means decay or corruption; thus arriving at the very threshold of the true explanation, and shadowing forth, as in numerous other instances in science, important discoveries arrived at by a better method.

The mode of treatment, then, which these views suggest as a remedy for consumption, is to strengthen, in most cases, by increasing the healthy activity of the nervous system; just in the same way in which cures have taken place, to appearance spontaneously in some individuals, after unmistakable symptoms have presented themselves; when, on removing to a warmer climate, or from a painful or monotonous occupation, which has depressed the nervous system, new scenes and incidents have excited a vivid interest; thus increasing the power, or, to vary the phrase, the quantity of the vital force. The present practice of acting as though there were no remedy, because *medicine* furnishes none, is obviously calculated to aggravate the existing causes by further depressing the nervous powers.

A word before closing on the method employed in the preceding explanation. Mr J. S. Mill, than whom there does not exist a higher authority, in his 'System of Logic,' after explaining and illustrating the inefficiency of the methods of direct observation and experiment in investigating physiological phenomena, says: 'Neither, again, after physical science had attained a certain development, could there be any real doubt where to look for the laws on which the phenomena of life depend, since they must be the mechanical and chemical laws of the solid and fluid substances composing the organized body, and the medium in which it subsists, together with the peculiar vital laws of the different tissues constituting the organic structure;' and again: 'The insufficiency of these resources (those of direct induction) is so glaring, that no one can be surprised at the backward state of the science of physiology; in which, indeed, our knowledge of causes is so imperfect, that we can neither explain, nor could, without specific experience, have predicted many of the facts certified to us by the most ordinary observation.' He then shows that the *a priori*, or deductive method, is that which is alone practicable; and this I have endeavoured to apply, proceeding from the known laws of the oxygen of the air and of the elements of organized bodies, and their tendency to enter into combinations with the influence, so far as known, of the preservative power of the vital forces: and then verifying the results, by showing them to be in harmony with what is known empirically of the disease to be accounted for. I cannot help remarking in addition, that in the above quotations from Mr Mill must be found the reasons why the elaborate works on consumption extant, with their tables of duration, and microscopic appearance of the tubercles, have hitherto furnished no explanation, and consequently no remedy, beyond a palliative for that fearful disease.

The novelty of the above views rendering their rejection all but certain with the medical periodicals and profession, there remained but a single resource: I have

therefore submitted them to you, as editors of a periodical of general literature, and now place them at your disposal.

INCOMBUSTIBLE MEN.

THE following extracts from a paper by Mr P. H. Boulligny, having for title 'Quelques Faits relatifs à l'état Sphéroïdal des Corps. Epreuve du Feu. Homme Incombustible,' &c. which appeared in the 'Comptes Rendus' of the French Academy for May 14, will probably interest our readers:—

In France, in England, in Italy, in all places where I have had occasion to speak of bodies in a spheroidal state, I have met with persons by whom the question has been put to me, 'Should not some relation exist between these phenomena and those of men running barefooted over liquid brass, of a white heat, or those where we hear of the hand being plunged into melted lead, &c.?' I have invariably replied, 'Yes, I believe there to be an intimate connection between all these facts and the spheroidal state;' and I have afterwards, in my turn, asked, 'Did you witness any one of the instances to which you refer?' and the answer invariably has been in the negative. I confess that these queries, added to the marvellous tales which I had perused in various works concerning the proof by fire, and incombustible men, admitted without reserve by some, and by others as obstinately disbelieved, warmly excited my curiosity, and rendered me extremely desirous of establishing the truth of such phenomena, and recalling them to the memory of the present day; for it is all, alas! as old as the hills—*Nil sub sole novum*.

I wrote, in the first instance, to my friend Dr Roché, who passes his life in the midst of the furnaces of the Department de l'Eure, and who is the healer of bodily ills to a portion of the Cyclopean population which it supports. His answer was to the effect, that a man named La Forge, aged about thirty-five or thirty-six, and very robust, frequently walked with naked feet upon the melted metal, immediately after its being poured into the trenches for casting into pigs: but he had not witnessed it himself. This was not sufficient to dissipate my doubts. I then betook myself to a foundry in Paris, where they smiled, and showed me the door. I said nothing, but withdrew, musing on the difficulties attending the verification of a solitary fact—itsself very simple.

A short time subsequently I was fortunate enough to meet with M. Alphonse Michel, who resides among the forges of Franche-Comté. M. Michel with great kindness promised that he would institute careful inquiries, and communicate to me the results. The subjoined is an extract from a letter which I have received from him, dated 26th March last:—

'On my return, I did not omit to speak with the workmen concerning the subject of our conversation, and generally was laughed at for my pains. This, however, did not rebuff me. One day, at length, finding myself at the forge of Magny, near to Lure, I renewed my questions to a workman, who assured me that nothing was more common; and to prove his assertion, at the moment when the brass in a state of fusion was pouring forth from a *Wilkinson*, he passed his finger through the incandescent jet. An employé of the house repeated the experiment with impunity; and I myself, emboldened by what I beheld, likewise effected it. I would remark, that in making these trials, neither of us moistened our fingers.

'I hasten to make you acquainted with this fact, which appears to me to support your ideas in relation to the globular state of liquids; for the fingers being naturally more or less humid, it is, I think, to this humidity passing into the spheroidal condition, to which their momentary incombustibility must be attributed.'

I have made the following experiments:—I have divided or cut with my hand a jet of melted brass, exceeding two inches in diameter, which sprang from the plug-hole of the melting pot, and immediately afterwards I have plunged my other hand into a mass of incandescent metal truly frightful to gaze upon: I shuddered involuntarily.

Nevertheless both hands remained perfectly unscathed; and at the present moment, if anything give me cause for astonishment, it is that such experiments are not altogether common and every-day matters.

It will probably be demanded of me, what precautions are necessary to preserve one's-self from the destructive action of incandescent matter! I reply, *None!* Have no fear, but make the experiment with confidence, and pass the hand rapidly, yet not too much so, through the liquid brass: otherwise, if the trial be made timidly, and the action be too rapid, the resisting power possessed by all incandescent bodies will exhibit itself at the cost of the experimentalist.

The experiment succeeds best when the skin is in a state of perspiration; and the trepidation occasioned by the vicinity of such masses of fire is highly conducive to placing the body in the state of moisture necessary for its proper performance: but on taking certain precautions we become absolutely invulnerable. I have found the following mode to answer best:—After rubbing my hands with soap, so as to give to them a polished surface, I at the moment of making the experiment steep the one I am about to employ in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, impregnated with sulphuric acid; or, in place of that, fresh water. Regnault, who is engaged on this subject, says, 'Those whose profession is the handling and eating of fire, sometimes employ a mixture composed in equal parts of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice.'

M. Boulligny concludes by saying that the experiment, so formidable in appearance, is almost insignificant in reality, and that he has frequently repeated it with lead, bronze, &c. and invariably with like success.

THE SHORT-TIME AND RELAY SYSTEMS IN FACTORIES.

A QUESTION affecting the wellbeing of a large class of operatives, and the prosperity of their employers, is now agitating the manufacturing districts. It relates to the duration of daily labour in factories, and may be called the 'Long-Time Question,' in opposition to the 'Short-Time Discussion,' till that was resolved by the Ten Hours' Act passed in 1847.

This measure having come into operation about a year since, we are now able, from data supplied from authentic sources, to judge of its effects in connection with what the other factory acts have done for women and children,* and to remark upon a means of evading these acts, which the masters have recently adopted by what is called the 'Shift and Relay System.'

It would appear that, on the whole, the Short-Time System has worked well. It was at first feared that the reduction in the hours of labour, necessarily lessening the amount of wages, would diminish the personal comforts of the operatives, and that they—for whose especial benefit the act was passed—would be eager to have it rescinded; that, moreover, their spare time would be spent in idleness and profligacy.

Happily these fears have not been realised. There has been no diminution of wages that has not been practically made up by equivalent advantages. It has been found that the lessened amount of money received at the end of the week or fortnight is by no means in proportion to the reduction in the number of hours, except in Scotland, where it is precisely the same—namely, one-sixth. In England, under the old system, the two last hours of the twelve were not those in which the greatest energy and vigilance were shown; while under the new, the hands are enabled in ten hours to do more work, and in a better style, than they could in the first ten hours of a working-day; hence their wages are not so liable to abatements for bad work, and to fines for negligence. The masters have also found it necessary to accelerate the speed of the machinery, so that a

greater amount of work is turned out in the shorter time. The reports of the English factory inspectors inform us that the operatives get through their tasks with more hearty good-will, with greater care and attention, and in better spirits, than heretofore. We are also told that the spare hours have been employed profitably and well; so much so, as to aid materially in counterbalancing any pecuniary loss sustained by the daily loss of two hours' pay. The females are able to attend to their household duties themselves, instead, as under the old system, of being obliged to employ hirelings; and, in consequence, their households are better and more frugally kept. The factory children have now time to acquire some education; for one clause in the act of 1844 provides that where there is a good school in the neighbourhood, children from eight to thirteen years of age shall attend them half the day, and work the other half. 'A combination of trade and school for such young persons,' says Mr Leonard Horner, one of the factory inspectors, 'is attended with great advantages. Their intelligence and powers of observation are quickened by their employment, and by living more amongst older people; school is made less wearisome; and their wages, small though they be, are more than sufficient to clothe them, and to pay for their education.' It would appear, indeed, that, with few exceptions, all the educational clauses of the Factories' Acts relating to children and young persons have worked well.

The effects of the new system upon the adult males have been equally beneficial. The strict enforcement of the former acts applicable to women and young persons employed in factories has had a tendency to increase the demand for the labour of men, and to keep up their wages. Neither has their spare time been misapplied. 'I find much more garden ground is cultivated in the suburbs of large towns than formerly,' writes the inspector over one-third of the manufacturing districts of England. 'It is no uncommon occurrence for hands who are employed at a factory to be residing in surrounding villages at a distance of four and sometimes five miles from their work. This reminds me not to pass over unnoticed a remark made to me by a medical practitioner of much experience—"That the hands under the Ten Hours' system enjoy an advantage which you cannot appreciate in money, but to the value of which they are keenly alive—improved health." In truth, it needs not medical authority to prove that all, especially young girls and boys, must be benefited by walking long distances to and from their work, which, if not always sedentary, is often performed in close apartments. The benefits of the Short-Time movement, in it would seem, fully and extensively appreciated by the operatives themselves: there is a common expression among them, 'I would rather give up a meal a day than go back to long hours.'

To the workpeople, therefore, it would appear that the Short-Time Acts have been generally, though not universally, acceptable. The exception is Scotland; and it may be noticed as characteristic, that the operatives here so much prefer, if not performing the maximum amount of work, receiving the maximum amount of wages, that many of them have struck in consequence of the reduction of hours and pay. Mr Stuart, the Inspector of Factories for Scotland, reports as follows:—'Very many of the persons employed seem to have taken it for granted that when trade revived, as it has done, they would be able to prevail on their employers to pay them twelve hours' wages for ten hours' work: and their disappointment that wages are not raised to the old standard is such, that while I was in Glasgow for a fortnight in the month of April, several thousands of them discontinued to work, and about 4000 I hear still (1st May) held out, refusing to receive less than their old wages.' I had frequent opportunities at Glasgow of communicating with the employers and employed of all classes; and I am very much inclined to think, from all I heard or observed, that the latter, with the excep-

* The 'Factories' Act,' passed in 1844 (7th Vic. c. 15), and the 7th and 8th Vic. c. 22, solely applicable to print-works.

tion of married women having families to attend to, and of overseers, clerks, and enginemmen, who, on account of skill or superior qualifications, must have extra wages, would far rather have twelve hours' wages and twelve hours' work, than ten hours' wages and ten hours' work.

Taking, however, the whole population of operatives in Great Britain, it may be with confidence stated that the Factories' Acts relating to women and children, and the more recent 'Ten Hours' statute, have worked well for those on whose behalf they were enacted. They have appreciated the benefits so conferred on them, and have not misused the leisure the legislature has been the means of affording them.

But as there are two sides to every question, and as there is no good unmixed with evil, so the interference of the legislature with factory labour has already caused some serious difficulties and embarrassments to the masters, and will eventually do so to the workpeople. Unhappily the operations of commerce from exterior causes are so intermittent and capricious, that the manufacturers of this country are sometimes overwhelmed with orders, and at others their machinery is but partially employed, or stands wholly idle. The consequence is, that on some occasions they are called upon to manufacture a vast quantity of goods in a short time; for if delay takes place, the market flies from them like an *igni-julus*; or else they have nothing to do, and work their mills at a loss. It is then that these restrictions upon the periods of labour operate disastrously. Under ever so great a pressure, the law forbids them to allow their operatives to be employed longer than ten hours during each day, although for months previously a deficiency of trade may have prevented them from employing them at all or only in part. Thus neither the master nor the man can make up for previous losses. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, in times of manufacturing prosperity, means should be taken to evade the law in respect of the hours of labour. This has happened to a very considerable extent of late by resorting to what is called the 'Shift and Relay System.'

This consists of working the operatives in classes or 'relays' during the day, one gang succeeding another at stated intervals, yet each not working in each factory more than the legal number of hours; by which the manufacturers have endeavoured to keep on the safe side of the law in the face of the 26th sec. of the 7 Vic. cap. 15, which expressly states that 'the hours of work of children and young persons shall be reckoned from the time when any child or young person shall first begin to work in the morning,' &c. According to this plan, a relay of operatives may begin work at half-past five in the morning; work four hours; be idle four more; and then continue to work till half-past eight at night: making the whole number of hours, as computed by act of parliament, fifteen instead of ten. The continuance of 'shifts,' indeed, makes the whole number actually working hours; for by that the relay is not idle, but works the 'off' four hours at another factory. By this 'shift' a combination of mill-owners get fifteen hours' work out of a given number of persons who get fifteen hours' wages. This is a virtual repeal of all the Factories' Acts.

To show how extreme the pressure for manufactured goods is on some occasions, and of what value even minutes are, we may quote from Inspector Saunders's Report:—'Statements have been made to the sub-inspectors and myself of overwork, by certain mill-occupiers running their machinery five minutes (a little more or less) over each meal hour, and in the same manner commencing work a few minutes before the meal hour had been actually completed; thus in the course of each day running the machinery from twenty to thirty minutes more than the ten hours.' The Scottish inspector mentions the case of a Paisley firm, which, by means of the Relay System—but by employing adult males only for ten hours' night-work—kept their machinery going for some time during twenty

hours per diem, the other four being occupied for meals. This was done to supply a pressing demand for the American markets. This gentleman also reports that the system of Relays is very general in Scotland, existing, in fact, in forty factories, and is perfectly satisfactory both to employers and employed. In some instances, indeed, as in the one case we have mentioned, it is, though illegal, indispensable. It does not appear that the less legitimate and proper contrivance of shifts is resorted to anywhere north of the Tweed.

The inferences to be drawn from the facts we have adduced are—1st, That when work is plentiful, and danger exists of too much labour being exacted from operatives, especially from women and persons of tender age—the factory laws now in force are everything to be desired for all parties; but that, 2dly, at times when slackness of trade is succeeded by too great an influx of it, some relaxation of the Short-Time statutes might with safety and advantage be allowed, in order to admit of both master and man making up for lost time and capital. In print-works propelled by water-power, the hardship is grievously felt; for in them the time, lost by floods or drought cannot be recovered on streams that are much subject to such fluctuations; and these losses, added to the ordinary vicissitudes of trade, cause the Short-Time Acts to be felt as a serious inconvenience by calico and silk printers. The difficulties which surround the whole question are doubtless great; but it is to be hoped that the practical experience of those concerned, sifted and weighed by the government—whose constant exertions in favour of the working-classes must be warmly felt by them—will eventually bring the matter to a satisfactory adjustment.

ON THE TREATMENT OF YOUNG LADIES.

This is a most difficult subject—How to treat young ladies. If you are a married man, your course is clear enough; they regard you with perfect indifference; allow you to take your seat at their father's table without troubling themselves to criticise either your demeanour or your dress. To them you are a dummy—a monk—a monopolised individual; you are safe in their indifference, except when you officiously offer your arm to them, and so stand in the way of a younger or single man. A married man, therefore, derives at least one advantage from his double state—the advantage of being regarded by the book muslin and bare shoulders that crowd metropolitan drawing-rooms with indifference, or, may be, contempt. Let a married man presume to pester a young lady to dance with him twice in one evening, and he would be sorry to overhear her comments on him at the morrow's breakfast. A Benedict must submit to be snubbed by virgins. The truth must go forth; in the estimation of young ladies a family man is a ball-room nuisance. Leaving, then, all married men to meet virgin contempt with their best philosophy, to bear all the weight of the blame if the bachelors remain long over wine (for young ladies invariably declare that the married men detain the bachelors), let me turn to the unfettered men of England—to those epicures not yet betrothed to conjugal skirts, and who, moreover, with a moderation worthy of all honour, are content to have for a home, at some £20 per annum, one of those west-end palaces called clubs, from the contemplation of which the virgin minds of England shrink with instinctive horror. The unmarried epicure, if his wishes are bounded with the moderation to which we have referred, has a stormy path to traverse. Live and die a bachelor! Ha! ha! shout a hundred silvery voices in derision. It is no easy matter, let me tell you, my single friend. Did you hear the mocking music of that plotting hundred? Well, they have each netted a mesh in the net that is to catch you. And how will they lure you to the snare? Why, with baited smiles and dimples, and pearly rows of teeth, and scented breath, and fairy forms, and mountains of muslin, and yards of ringlets, and rarest perfumes, and crimson blushes, and whispered vows, and pouting pulpy lips. And these are snares, believe me, that count their thousands of victims, your humble servant among the number. Once defy beauty, and you must remain on guard against her for ever. You will know no cessation of hostilities—she will pursue you to the grave—therefore it is indispensable for the single epicure to enter upon life with a

tough and a stout heart; to him the dulcet accents of the virgin must ever recall the marriage bell; he must touch her hand as he would a red-hot cinder. He must be a block of ice, defying thaw, keeping at the same time in coolest places; yet must he, for the satisfaction of his stomach, so act, that he may not give offence to his host's daughters. He may not behave coldly towards them, and to treat them with marked attention would endanger his own peace of mind; the safest course, therefore, for him to pursue, is to talk seriously with their father on the subject of marriages, to say incidentally that his host's daughters will make charming wives, that, in fact, they deserve to marry into the very best families in the kingdom; and then (it must be dexterously done) let him advise their father to watch them narrowly, and to seek to ally them to titled husbands. By acting in this way, he will secure the good-will of the father, and, if the matter come to the ears of the daughters, flatter their pride, and make them turn their thoughts to coronets. He will of course have prefaced this discourse by declaring that he is not a marrying man; that, in fact, his habits are those of a confirmed bachelor; besides, he is too humble and limited in his means to provide what he considers a suitable home for a specimen of nature's masterpieces.—*Knife and Fork.*

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN IRELAND.

This invention has been introduced into Ireland, and is now in operation on a portion of the Great Southern and Western Railway. 'One peculiarity of this telegraph,' says Saunders's News-Letter, 'is, that the wires usually placed upon poles are in this instance buried at a considerable depth in the ground. No person travelling on the line would suppose that such a mysterious agent as the Electric Telegraph was at all in operation. Two great advantages are gained by the adoption of this plan—namely, security from the effects of lightning and depredations. The means employed for generating the electric fluid is somewhat novel, and consists in the use of a certain salt known to chemists as chloride of calcium, being, in fact, the pure base of lime. This salt has the property of attracting sufficient moisture from the atmosphere for keeping up the supply necessary to work the telegraph, thereby entirely dispensing with the use of acids, found by all electricians so destructive to the metals employed.'

COST OF PRISON ACCOMMODATION.

The sums hitherto expended on prison buildings have in some cases been enormous. The cost is seldom less than £100 to £150 per prisoner (a sum sufficient for building two or three neat cottages, each able to contain a whole family); and in some instances it has been much more. A portion only (the newest) of the County Prison at York, capable of accommodating only 160 prisoners, cost £200,000, which is more than £1200 per prisoner—enough, if it had been desired, to build for each prisoner a separate mansion with stable and coach-house.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

THE ZICZAC AND THE CROCODILE.

On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large crocodile, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was, within ten feet of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish colour, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down, close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me; and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, it jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'ziczac!' 'ziczac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed itself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air; and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river, and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, stood apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me

justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

THE SHEPHERDESS'S CRADLE-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Thy father tends the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the little tree,*
Down falls a pretty dream for thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
The skies are full of sheep,
Each starlet's but a little lamb,
The moon it is the lambkin's dam—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
The Saviour tends his sheep;
Himself the gentle lamb indeed,
Who for us all was made to bleed—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
And thou shalt have a sheep;
A sheep with golden bells so fine,
A playmate he shall be of thine—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
And bleat not like a sheep;
Or else the shepherd's dog so wild
Will come and bite my naughty child—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep—
Away and herd the sheep;
Away, thou shepherd's dog so wild,
And do not wake my darling child—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

* The cradles are suspended to the trees.

PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

Whoever judges of things by appearance, finds that Providence has distributed his gifts in a very unequal manner. I could show that we often attribute to Heaven what is alone due to our own ignorance, but I confine myself to the affirmation that Providence has conferred on all men the conditions necessary to happiness. Seeing that we are all able to perfect and develop our faculties, we have within ourselves a prompt and facile means of obtaining interior peace, and at the same time contentment and repose in ordinary life. If, therefore, education accustomed us better than it does to live with and in ourselves, to seek in faith and confidence the pleasures of conscience, by preferring them to the deceitful and fugitive pleasures of the passions, we should find at all times, and in every condition of life, the means of satisfying our innate desire for happiness.—*Symora Perucci.*

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THE KOH-I-NOOR, OR MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

IF there is one object in nature more interesting to human beings than another, it is the Diamond. Why this should be so, Philosophy might perhaps be able to tell if we consulted her; but it is not surprising that Poetry, who is always more or less inclined to superstition, should refer the influence of the stone over our judgments and imaginations to some occult talismanic power working upon us like fascination. This idea is fortified in a curious manner by a consideration of the history of the most remarkable of all diamonds, now rendered, by circumstances, an object of public curiosity and interest to both hemispheres: the celebrated gem which has been named, with Oriental extravagance, the Mountain of Light.

Some time ago Sir Charles Napier assured us in this country that it was on its way from the Punjaub to England, destined for the treasury of Queen Victoria; but a more general opinion now is, that Gholab Singh, alarmed for its safety during the Sikh convulsions, carried it off to Jamoo, and that it still remains in his possession. The whole Punjaub, however, having become a portion of our dominions, this famous historical diamond, it is to be presumed, will fall ere long to the British crown: and at anyrate our readers will probably not be displeased to have before them an account of the Koh-i-noor and its singular fortunes.

Like other subjects of history, the Koh-i-noor has its fabulous as well as authentic era; but of the former we shall only say that the diamond is believed by the Hindoos to have belonged to mythological Pandoos before it came to illumine with a fatal gleam the close of the Mogul dynasty. Although we spare the reader, however, on this point—and perhaps derogate thereby from our own character as an orthodox historian—we may at least advert to one of the omens which preceded its actual appearance. The anecdote is given by Captain Hamilton,* and although obviously wrong in chronology (the royal pair referred to having been married before their accession to the crown), it is sufficiently characteristic to be probable. Shah Jehan, he tells us, was led by his well-known love of the arts and sciences, and by his constant patronage of foreigners, into strangely liberal notions of the rights and true social position of women. 'He was sorry,' says the captain, 'to see the most beautiful part of the creation caged in seraglios, bred up in ignorance, and kept from useful and pleasant conversation, by the heavy fetters of blind and unreasonable custom;' and the plan he took to break through the conventionalities of his court was to get up a *fancy fair*. In those days, however, the doctrine of free trade was unknown; and when the ladies on the appointed

day had established themselves in their booths, provided with jewels and trinkets for sale, the courtiers were compelled to buy at whatever prices they chose to ask, and the emperor himself was among the purchasers.

Shah Jehan, in his progress among the booths, was struck by the engaging expression of one of the sellers, and inquired what she had to dispose of; on which she told him that she had still one large rough diamond on hand, and would not object to part with it for a consideration. Hereupon she produced in a grave, business-like manner, the object in question; and the emperor, unaccustomed to that feminine freedom he had himself desired to call into existence, was no doubt much amused, as well as surprised, to find it a piece of fine transparent sugar-candy cut in the diamond form. He asked her how much she demanded; and with a pleasant air, which passed off very agreeably the pretty assurance, she replied that it was well worth a lac of rupees—£10,000! Shah Jehan gave an order for the money upon the spot; and in this way began his acquaintance with his future empress, the mother of Aurungzebe. When Ranoo died, her husband perpetuated her name by building for her one of the most remarkable mausolea in the world, the famous Taj, the construction of which, we are told by Tavernier, occupied 20,000 men for twenty-two years, and cost £3,174,802 sterling. When Colonel Sleeman visited the place with his wife, he asked her what she thought of it. 'I cannot tell you,' she replied, 'what I think, for I know not how to criticise such a building; but I can tell you what I feel: I would die to-morrow to have such another over me.'

Aurungzebe, born of this marriage, came into the world, it may be supposed, with an air-drawn diamond glittering in his imagination; and perhaps it was his knowledge of the prodigious effect of his mother's sugar-candy which led to the introduction of the Koh-i-noor into the treasury of the Great Mogul! Shah Jehan, notwithstanding his magnificence in building—exemplified in the Taj Mahal alluded to, and in the great mosque at Delhi—had filled the coffers of the state; for the celebrated Peacock Throne, likewise his work, was not a mere extravagant bauble, but a receptacle for the jewels of the crown, with which it was incrustated. In his later years, however, unprotected by the influence of his queen, now no more, he had sunk into intemperance, and consequently disease; and on a report of his death in 1658, his four sons, as was always the fashion in India, flew to arms to scramble for the throne. But Aurungzebe made no pretensions for himself: his thoughts were fixed upon another world. He was never seen without the Koran under his arm, and never failed to say his prayers five times a day in a loud and

* Hamilton's New Account of the East Indies, from 1668 to 1723.

* Sleeman's Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.

melodious voice. He professed himself to be a faquir, or religious mendicant—a kind of Mohammedan friar—lived upon rice, roots, and water, and dressed in plain white, without a single jewel or other ornament. His sole object of ambition was to retire to Mecca, to spend the rest of his life in prayer near the tomb of the Prophet; and in the meantime he espoused the cause of the youngest brother, joining his army with his. But even in this union they were not a match for the other two separately, and something more remained to be done.

Aurangzebe governed the province of the Deccan, and there had formed a strict though secret alliance with a man as extraordinary as himself. This was a Persian adventurer, Ameer Jumla, who had come to Southern India as an attendant upon a merchant, and risen in the service of the king of Golconda till he became viceroy over the richest portion of the country, containing its celebrated diamond mines, and commander-in-chief of the army. His wealth was so immense, that the king at length looked upon him as a rival in the state; and Ameer Jumla, whose grand ambition was to be the founder of a royal dynasty somewhere or other, was glad to enter into a union with the Mogul prince even at a sacrifice of a portion of his prodigious fortune. As arranged between them, therefore, he repaired to the court of Shah Jehan, the report of whose death had been premature, and offered to lead an army against Golconda, and deliver up to him its boundless wealth; as a specimen of which, he presented to the dazzled emperor, not a piece of sugar-candy, but the veritable Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light!

The Koh-i-noor being our theme, we can spare but a few words for the human personages of the great Indian drama. Ameer Jumla was intrusted, by the avarice of the fated king—in spite of the remonstrances and intreaties of his eldest son, whom he had destined for the throne—with the army he prayed for; which he first carried against Golconda, and then added to the forces of Aurungzebe. The two eldest brothers in the meantime had met in the field, when one was worsted, and forced to fly; and Aurungzebe led his combined strength against the victor, whom he completely routed in a pitched battle. The force of the faquir was therefore at an end. He deposed and confined his father, who still clung to the cause of the eldest of his children; and making his youngest brother drunk at an entertainment, sent him quietly off to a state prison, and mounted the imperial throne himself in 1658.

The Koh-i-noor was by this time set in the Peacock Throne, and from that proud seat looked with its large, cold, bright, unwinking eye upon the approaching crisis. It witnessed the rise in a few years of the peasantry of its own Golconda and the neighbouring countries into a great power, known as the Mahratta Empire; it watched the new inundation roll over the Mogul dominions, sweeping away their political demarcations; it admired the firmness and intrepidity with which the brave, unscrupulous, and crafty Aurungzebe fought and flinched by turns, and struggled with his destiny even to extreme old age; and it read the will in which the last of the really great Moguls proclaimed in these words the vanity of human life:—"I came naked into the world, and naked I go out of it. Let no ensigns or royal pomp accompany my funeral: let a faithful servant convey my corpse to the place of Shah Zen al Din, and make a tomb for it in the simple manner of dervishes: let not my fortunate children give themselves any concern about a monument.* Long ere now the family competitors of Aurungzebe had perished; and Ameer Jumla, while planning the conversion of the government of Bengal, which had been bestowed upon

him, into an independent sovereignty—the grand ambition of his life—had died quietly in his bed. In the twelve years succeeding the emperor's death, no fewer than five other princes reigned and died successively, each leaving the Mogul empire deeper in decay. But still the Koh-i-noor continued to gaze and glitter from the Peacock Throne, till its mocking gleams were at length beheld afar off in the visions of Nadir Shah.

Nadir Shah was a soldier of fortune, who had seized upon the throne of Persia; and after conquering, as had been done more than once before, the then imperial territories of Ghizni and Cabul, he yielded to the temptations of the Koh-i-noor and the other treasures of India, and resolved to snatch a booty even from under the beard of the emperor himself at Delhi. There was nothing very surprising in this, as the riches of Mohammed Shah, the great Mogul of the time, were very dazzling to a *parvenu* king; and as the state of the acclimatised Tartars, who had gradually sunk into effeminacy, seemed to point them out as the prey of the first comer of the many enemies who were now gathering like vultures round the dying empire. Nadir advanced into India, defeated Mohammed Shah in a general engagement at Kurnaul; and then the two kings, the conqueror and conquered, proceeded together to Delhi.

Here the pretext chosen by Nadir was an insurrection of the populace; and so savage were the Persians, who had hitherto been kept down by the policy of their commander, that even the animals found in the streets and houses were not spared, far less the men, women, and children. "As the great number of dead bodies that lay about the castle, and in the bazaars and other places, caused a very offensive stench, they pressed most of the people they met with in the streets, and employed them in removing the bodies. Some, by tying cords to the feet, they dragged without the city; some they throw into the river; and those whom they imagined to be Hindoos, they piled forty or fifty of their bodies a-top of each other, and burnt them with the timber of the demolishing buildings.*" Nadir now proceeded to the main object of his inroad—robbing the treasury, and then the inhabitants individually, and torturing or slaying all who were refractory. In this manner he collected in money and plate about £12,000,000, not including the Peacock Throne, the crown jewel, and, above all, the Koh-i-noor. This booty cost in all, according to Fraser, 200,000 lives.

On his march homewards, he distributed large sums among his soldiers; and at Herat made a display of his acquisitions, of which the following description is given by a Kashmerian writer of credit, who was an eye-witness:—"When Nadir Shah was at Delhi, he had such a profusion of jewels, that he ordered the *moabir bashy* to make up arms and harness of every kind, inlaid with precious stones, and to ornament a large tent in the same manner. For this purpose the best workmen that could be procured were employed a year and two months during the march; and when Nadir Shah arrived at Herat, the *moabir bashy* informed him that a great number of the following articles, richly inlaid with precious stones, were prepared—namely, horse harness, sword sheaths, quivers, shields, spear-cases, and maces, with *sundelucs* or chairs of different sizes, and a large tent lined with jewels. The tent was ordered to be pitched in the *deewan khansh*, in which were placed the *tukht taous-see*, or Peacock Throne, brought from Delhi the *tukht nadery*, with the thrones of some other monarchs, together with the inlaid *sundelucs*. Publication was made by beat of drum throughout the city and the camp, that all persons had liberty to come to this magnificent exhibition, such as had never before been seen in any age or country. Nadir Shah was not pleased with the form of the tent; and besides being lined with green satin, many of the jewels did not appear to advantage:

* Fraser's History of Nadir Shah.

* Fraser's History of Nadir Shah.

he therefore ordered it to be taken to pieces, and a new one to be made, the top of which, for the convenience of transportation, should be separate from the walls, such as in Hindoostan is called a *rowty*. When he returned to Meshed from his expedition into Turan, this new tent being finished, was displayed in the same manner as the former one; but its beauty and magnificence are beyond description. The outside was covered with fine scarlet broadcloth, the lining was of violet-coloured satin, upon which were representations of all the birds and beasts in the creation, with trees and flowers, the whole made of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones; and the tent poles were decorated in like manner. On both sides of the Peacock Throne was a screen, upon which were the figures of two angels in precious stones. The roof of the tent consisted of seven pieces; and when it was transported to any place, two of these pieces packed in cotton were put into a wooden chest, two of which were a sufficient load for an elephant; and the screen filled another chest. The walls of the tent, the tent poles, and the tent pins, which latter were of massy gold, loaded five more elephants; so that for the carriage of the whole were required seven elephants. This magnificent tent was displayed on all festivals in the dewan khanch at Herat during the remainder of Nadir Shah's reign. After his death, his nephew, Adil Shah, and his grandson, Shahrokh, whose territories were very limited, and expenses enormous, had the tent taken to pieces, and dissipated the produce.*

The monster Nadir is represented by the same writer as having been tall, with a beautiful complexion of red and white, and a fine animated countenance. Fraser reports, from one who knew him, that he was upwards of six feet high, well proportioned, of robust make and constitution, with an inclination to be fat, counteracted by the fatigue he constantly underwent. His diet was simple, his wine of moderate quantity; and even these indulgences gave way, when necessary to business, the king satisfying his hunger rather than his appetite with a few parched peas, which he always carried in his pocket, and a draught of water. He was extremely generous, but yet a strict man of business, and a fierce disciplinarian, punishing offences with death or mutilation without mercy. In the evening, he was accustomed to unbend freely with a few chosen companions; but on one occasion two of them chancing to address him the next day, as if remembering their intimacy, he caused them instantly to be strangled.

Nadir now proceeded from conquest to conquest, becoming more cruel every day, and unluckily, according to honest Khojeh Abdulkurreem, neglecting those prayers and prostrations which had given success to his former cruelties. He now rarely prayed at all, and yet continued to indulge himself as usual in depriving his friends of their eyes or lives on the most trifling pretences; till at length his 'imprudence' in this particular ended in his forming a design for a wholesale massacre of his Persian troops by the Afghans and Uzbecks, whom he preferred. This was a little too much. A cabal was formed against him; and one morning the body of Nadir Shah was found in his tent, with the head cut off, and an old woman lamenting over it. The Koh-i-noor was not a witness of this tragedy: it had been previously sent off with the other diamonds to Kelat; and when the successor of Nadir mounted the throne, he found himself the possessor of L.10,000,000 in money, besides gold and silver bullion, and the Peacock Throne.

This prince, however, was not allowed to preserve long either the diamond or his own eyes. His rebellious subjects deprived him of the latter; and Ahmed Shah, the commander of Nadir's Afghan cavalry, who had thought fit, in the confusion of the time, to make himself a king in Afghanistan, relieved the blind man of

the charge of the Koh-i-noor. This fatal gem may be thought to have acted like a talisman upon its possessor. He first wrested the Punjab from India, and then, by an uncontrollable impulse, threw himself headlong into the *mêlée*, when the Mogul empire, convulsed with its last throes, was in the death-gripes with the Mahrattas. At Paniput, within fifty miles of Delhi, in the year 1761, the battle was fought which decided the fate of all parties. The Mahrattas were beaten and dispersed; Ahmed Shah returned to his own dominions, after having assisted at the slaughter of 200,000 men; and the empire, already mortally struck, fell to pieces, and made way for a company of foreign merchants, to raise an English sovereignty upon its ruins.

The Koh-i-noor remained at Cabul, emitting its sardonic gleams over the vicissitudes of the Afghan monarchy. The third in succession from Ahmed—for reigns are short in such times and countries—was driven from his throne by a younger brother, and taking refuge with his diamond in a distant castle, found himself there in confinement. He hid the Koh-i-noor in a crevice in the wall; and even when betrayed into the hands of his brother, and blinded by his orders, he refused to discover the treasure, affirming that he had thrown it into the river as he crossed. The third and youngest brother of this amiable family—well known to our readers as the Shah Shoojah—now set both the others aside, mounted the throne himself, and endeavoured to satisfy poetical justice by blowing from the mouths of cannon the treacherous castellan and his wife and children! In gratitude for this vengeance, the blind brother disclosed to Shoojah the place where the diamond was concealed: and when the latter was soon after compelled to fly into the Company's territories, he carried with him the Koh-i-noor. The Afghan portion of this narrative we take from Colonel Sleeman, who received it from the old blind king himself.

When Shoojah and the Koh-i-noor arrived at Lahore on their way to the Company's territories, they were at first received with great distinction by Runjeet Singh; but this did not last long. If the royal fugitive had left the diamond in the wall, he might have passed on in peace; but Runjeet felt as powerfully as any of the others who had been exposed to it that spectral gleam which, like some fatal meteor, had always been the herald of strife and disaster. The Koh-i-noor, in fact, even before its recorded history commences, had perhaps always been the object of violence and robbery. In Golconda, as we are informed by the Venetian traveller Marco Polo, the richest diamonds were obtained from a small valley so completely surrounded by inaccessible rocks, that it afforded no approach for human beings. It was the custom of the people, therefore, to throw large pieces of meat over the cliffs, and when the white eagles of the region darted down upon the prey, to pursue them to their retreats, and in their turn rend away the spoil. Adhering to the meat, they found diamonds of great value. This, for aught we know, may be a fiction; but the story is repeated in the 'Arabian Nights,' and was the faith of all Asia.

The unlucky Shoojah was offered a territory and a fort, and all sorts of things, for the diamond; but he denied that he had it in his possession, and his wife, drawing upon her feminine imagination, declared that it had been pawned for supplies. 'Runjeet, disbelieving these assertions, placed guards round the Shah's residence, and allowed no access or egress without strict search. The exiled family, however, being proof against the severity of mere restraint, the prohibition of food was added, and for two days the shah, with his wives, family, and servants, suffered absolute deprivation; but their firmness was even proof against this trial; and Runjeet, from a regard to his own reputation, determined to proceed with more art, and ordered food to be supplied.' A letter was now forged, implicating Shoojah in some correspondence with Runjeet's enemies; and it was now assumed to be indispensable to take precautions against the intrigues and machinations of the

* Memoirs of Khojeh Abdulkurreem. Translated from the Persian by Francis Gladwin.

shah; and a guard of two companies of Sikhs, from the newly-raised corps, being added to that previously set over the premises where he resided, threats of a transfer of the shah's person to Govindgurh, with treatment of the most galling and injurious kind, were resorted to, in order to enforce compliance with the demand for the jewel. Having tried remonstrance in vain, the shah next resorted to artifice, and solicited two months' delay, to enable him to procure the diamond from certain *mahajuns* with whom it was asserted to be pledged, and he said that some lacs of rupees must be expended to effect this. Runjeet reluctantly consented to allow the time solicited, and severities were accordingly suspended for a season. They were renewed, however, before the period expired; and Shah Shoojah, wearied out by them, and seeing that the rapacity of the Sikh would not hesitate, even at the sacrifice of his life for its gratification, agreed at last to give up the precious jewel. Accordingly, on the 1st of June, Runjeet waited on the shah, with a few attendants, to receive it. He was received by the exiled prince with much dignity, and both being seated, a pause and solemn silence ensued, which continued for nearly an hour. Runjeet then, getting impatient, whispered to one of his attendants to remind the shah of the object of his coming. No answer was returned, but the shah with his eyes made the signal to a eunuch, who retired, and brought in a small roll, which he set down on the carpet at an equal distance between the chiefs. Runjeet desired Bhoonance Das to unfold the roll, when the diamond was exhibited and recognised, and the Sikh immediately retired with his prize in hand.* Runjeet, however, was enraged with Shoojah for having kept him so long from the object of his desire, and another attempt was made to implicate him in political intrigues. According to the anonymous author above quoted, however, he was finally permitted to purchase his liberty with L.2000; but another writer says that he made his escape only by climbing over the roofs of some houses, and creeping under the walls of the city through a sewer.† Runjeet remained in possession of the diamond till his death, and by his last will bequeathed it to the temple of Juggernaut; but although the other bequests of the dead Lion of the Punjaub were carefully attended to, his successors disregarded this one, and the Koh-i-noor remained in the royal treasury. Since then, it continued to glare steadily upon the distractions of the country, till all on a sudden it disappeared.

It cannot, however, remain long in obscurity. Before these sentences see the light, it will in all probability have been discovered, and have returned, after passing through so many strange adventures, into the hands of the Masters of India.

Having now brought our historical narrative to a close, we must proceed, after the manner of our betters, to give some account of the appearance, character, and value of our subject. The Koh-i-noor, like many other great personages of history, is not indebted much to external form. It is not cut so as to sparkle like a brilliant, but returns the beholder's gaze with a cold, steady glare, fit to make a nervous man wink. It is plainly set in gold. With regard to its pecuniary value, the common superstition is, that it is worth L.3,500,000 sterling; but this will not stand the test of figures for an instant. The professional mode of estimating the value of a diamond is to square the number of carats it weighs, and then to multiply the product by the price of a single carat. Thus a rough diamond of eight carats' weight, at L.2 for one carat, is worth L.128, the arithmetical process standing thus: $8 \times 8 \times 2 = 128$. But although a rough diamond is estimated at L.2, when cut brilliant-fashion the price is L.8, and rose or table-fashion L.6. The carat, let us further premise, is four grains diamond weight, which is equivalent to 3.174 grains Troy.

Now our diamond, though said, when in the rough state, to have weighed 900 carats, has been diminished by cutting and polishing to 279, and not being shaped as a brilliant, its price must be based upon L.6 for one carat. This, by the rule above stated, would give L.467,000—a splendid sum, no doubt, but not a seventh part of the commonly-assigned value. A similar exaggeration is current as to the value of the great diamond of the Emperor of Russia, a splendid stone which we had once the honour of gazing at in the Kremlin at Moscow. It is said to be worth L.4,804,000; whereas, taking it at the most favourable estimate, it would not come to more than L.264,200. But the truth is, the rule we have given is rarely extended to stones of more than 20 carats, after which weight the valuation is arbitrary. The Empress Catharine is said to have given for the Russian diamond L.90,000 in ready money, and an annuity of L.4000; and our diamond, we say, is worth—just as much as it will fetch. We have only to add, that the Koh-i-noor is the second largest diamond in the world; that of the Rajah of Mattan, found in Borneo, weighing 367-carats. As for the Brazil stone of 1680 carats, it is supposed to be nothing more than a colourless topaz.

L. R.

THE PROGRESS OF PENNY POSTAGE.

A SET of tabular returns has recently been issued by order of parliament, which will afford some curious and interesting information respecting the Post-Office to those whose patience and arithmetical powers are equal to the task of extracting it. These tables exhibit a history of the Penny Postage: the first shows the number of chargeable letters which have passed through the London General Post, inwards and outwards, since the first reduction of postage from distance-rates to the uniform rate of fourpence, which happened on the 5th December 1839, to the beginning of the present year, dividing the time into periods of four complete weeks each. This of course takes in the whole period of the Penny Postage, which was commenced on 10th January 1840. That a means of comparison may be afforded, there is shown on the same page the estimated average number of letters for the four weeks immediately preceding the introduction of uniform rates.

The conservative character of our nation, and the tardiness with which we avail ourselves of anything that is new, even though highly beneficial, is strikingly shown in this document. It appears to have taken eight years for the public to find out the advantages of Penny Postage; and even now, it is by no means clear that these are as extensively appreciated as they will be. The number of letters passing through the General Post-Office to and from London, and every other part of the world, has, it is true, increased in the eight years above eightfold; but the increase has been curiously slow and gradual. In 1839, the estimated average number of letters per lunar month was 1,622,147; in the first four complete weeks noted in these returns as having elapsed after the Penny Post began—namely, from the 1st to the 29th February 1840—the number little more than doubled, being 3,338,074. From this point the augmentation goes on in progressive numbers with extraordinary stealthiness, as is seen by running the eye down the column of totals, where we find the initial figures representing millions mounting up by units, at almost regular intervals of time, to 9,268,457, which is given as the total number of letters which passed through the London General Post-Office during the four weeks ending on the 17th February 1849.

To show the influence of cheapness on the amount of public correspondence, we need only adduce the returns

* History of the Punjaub. London: Allen.
† Fane's Five Years in India.

respecting the district or local post of London. Up to 1840, when the tax was twopence per letter 'on the stones'—as the inner circle of the metropolis was then called—and threepence 'off the stones,' or to the extremity of the outer circle or suburbs, the estimated average number of letters for four weeks was two-thirds as many as that which passed through the London Post-Office to and from the rest of the world. In other words, in 1839 the average local correspondence of London occasioned the passage through the post of 1,021,386 epistles per *mensam*; while for its provincial and foreign correspondence, with the excessive distances then enacted, the number was no more than, as before stated, 1,622,147 per month during that year. Another singular revelation tending to show the influence of cheapness may be discovered in studying these returns; for it would appear from them that the increase in the public interchange of letters through London has been in almost exact proportion to the decrease in the charges for transmitting them. Thus, as we find the reduction for the London district post was from an average of twopence and a fraction to one penny, so we also find that the number of letters has more than doubled; being—instead of 1,021,386, as in 1839—2,601,951 for the month ending the 20th January in the present year. We have also already seen that the increase in the number of London General Post letters has been above eightfold; and eightpence was about the average per letter charged under the old system.

Although London, being the great mart and centre of the empire, would appear to present a matter of this kind in its most magnified aspect, yet if we turn to another table, which includes, besides the London, the local district, and cross posts of the English provinces, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, the ratio of increase in public correspondence occasioned by the Penny Postage which we have named is not overstated, even when applied to the whole of the United Kingdom. We glean from a comparative statement of the number of letters *delivered* in one week of each calendar month, beginning with November 1839, and ending with the present time (20th March 1849), that during the week terminating with the 24th November 1839, there were delivered in the United Kingdom 1,585,973 letters. That was under the old rates of charge. In the week that ended on the 21st of last February, the number was 6,849,196. This is an increase of more than five million letters per week, *delivered* at a penny each, to which must be added, to make up an approximation of our former estimate, letters *sent* to the colonies and to foreign parts, and those misdirected, or, from other causes, not delivered at all, and destroyed in the Dead-Letter Office. As a matter of curiosity, we may add, that the number of letters which was delivered in the United Kingdom in the year 1848 was about 328,000,000, and the number which passed through the London General and District Post-Offices during the same year was something over 144,000,000!

When Mr Rowland Hill first proposed the uniform Penny Rate, one of his calculations—in the correctness of which the public found it most difficult to place faith—was that which prognosticated that in time the gross revenue of the Post-Office would be as great under his cheap as it then was under the dear system. That calculation is now very nearly verified in accounts returned three or four weeks ago to an order of the House of Commons. The gross sum paid for postage by the public in the official year ending 5th January 1838 was £2,339,737, and their contributions of pennies in 1848 amounted to a sum not very far short—namely, to £2,192,478. Neither has the cost of management kept pace with the eightfold accession of business, for that has not quite doubled. In 1838 it was £687,313, and in 1848 it was £1,386,853. It is, however, well known that Mr Rowland Hill has met with much official resistance to his plans of economy; and that were they fully carried out, the cost of the establishment would be so

materially diminished, as to be brought much nearer the former expenditure than it remains at present. The new regulation, forbidding the reception of unstamped paid letters, will relieve the Post-Office of much expense and trouble. The public were not sufficiently aware that the effect of paying a penny with a letter, instead of putting a stamp on it, was to help in occasioning some half-dozen unnecessary entries on post-masters' bills, cash accounts, &c. in its transit to its destination.

Although the expenses of the Post-Office department have doubled, yet the net revenue or profit accruing to the treasury has not been diminished in like proportion. The net revenue in 1837–8 was £1,652,424; in 1848–9 it was £1,740,429. There is no doubt, however, that when all the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of Mr Rowland Hill's plans have been removed, and his plans efficiently carried out—together with such improvements in them as have been suggested by his own practical experience in office, and by his colleagues—the Post-Office will become a source of revenue as great, if not greater, than it ever was.

Not the least benefit which the Penny Post has conferred, is the facility it has created for the transmission of small sums of money. The progress of the Money-Order Office has been commensurate with that of the other branches of the vast establishment. In the three months which ended on the 5th April 1839—when the old system was in force, and when a commission of 6d. was charged for transmitting £2 and under, and 1s. for over that sum up to £5, besides the postage of the money order itself, which was from London to Edinburgh 1s 1½d.—the number of money orders issued in England was 54,623 for various sums, amounting in all to £92,734. Now each order costs only 3d. or 6d., and one penny for transmission; consequently, in the quarter which ended on the 5th of January 1849, the number of money orders issued was 1,775,789 for sums amounting in all to £3,544,250, 19s. 11d. During the whole year, £16,303,781 passed through the Money-Order Offices of the United Kingdom!

The uniform Penny-Postage rate is no longer, then, an experiment, but a fact achieved; and achieved against an amount of official resistance and lukewarmness which would assuredly have discouraged and appalled a less energetic and well-balanced mind than, happily for this country, that which Mr Rowland Hill possesses.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

SECOND NOTICE.

In going southwards, Sir Charles has frequent occasion to speak of the 'domestic institution' which is the great bone of contention in the States. He of course greatly laments the existence of slavery, nor does he conceal its more odious and dangerous features; but we should infer that he considers the proceedings of the Abolitionists as not always warranted by good-feeling or sound policy. It seems at least certain that the uncompromising violence of the Northerners has greatly offended the Southerners, and contributed in no small degree to perpetuate the very evils which it was wished to eradicate. Many Southern planters would gladly liberate and dismiss their slaves, if they could be assured of having their fields cultivated at a reasonable expense by free labour. An intelligent Louisianian, conversing with our author, observed that emancipation 'must be the work of time; the prejudices of owners have to be overcome, and the sugar and cotton crop is easily lost, if not taken in at once when ripe—the canes being damaged by a slight frost, and the cotton requiring to be picked dry as soon as mature,

and being ruined by rain. Very lately a planter, five miles below New Orleans, having resolved to dispense with slave labour, hired 100 Irish and German emigrants at very high wages. In the middle of the harvest they all struck for double pay. No others were to be had, and it was impossible to purchase slaves in a few days. In that short time he lost produce to the value of 10,000 dollars. Notwithstanding this unfortunate attempt, it could be demonstrated that free labour, in general circumstances, is greatly more profitable and satisfactory than the employment of slaves, who must not only be bought, but supported in childhood and old age. The author mentions a case in which free settlers completely outstripped their slaveholding neighbours only by their more active industrious habits. It is pleasing to know that whenever free negroes are allowed fair-play, they manifest a disposition to improve. Various instances are mentioned of able coloured preachers, and many of this unjustly-persecuted race are making fortunes in trade. 'One of them, by standing security for a white man, had lately lost no less than 17,000 dollars, or 3400 guineas; yet he was still prospering, and kept a store, and being a free man, would willingly have sent his son to the college of Tuscaloosa, had he not been prevented by the prejudices of a white aristocracy, ostentatiously boastful of its love of equality. In consequence of similar impediments, many thriving artisans of the coloured race remain uneducated, and are obliged to have white men to write for them and collect their debts; and I found that many cabinetmakers, carpenters, builders, and other mechanics earning high wages, who in New England would send their sons to college, do not contribute here even to the maintenance of common schools, their children not being permitted by law to learn to read and write. I cannot believe, however, that this state of things can endure many years.'

We are presented with some amusing anecdotes of electioneering. In some parts of the country there is the strongest indisposition to elect wealthy men to office, in consequence of a belief that they would not be sufficiently subservient. 'One who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. "Do you think," answered a former partisan, "that they would vote for you, after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?" His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *flounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion; and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine woods. In the new settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great.' The doctrine of political equality appears to have been carried on one occasion to a remarkable length. Natchez, a populous and commodiously-situated town, was decided to be no longer a metropolis, from being discovered to be several miles away from the centre of the state. A search for the true centre being ordered, it was found to be a spot in the middle of a swamp, accessible only by a canoe. 'This was welcome news; all might now be placed on a footing of equality, the spot being equally inaccessible and inconvenient for all. When the architect, however, came to build the Capitol, he took the liberty, instead of erecting the edifice on piles in the centre of the swamp, to place it on an adjoining rising ground, from which they had cleared away the native wood—a serious

abandonment of principle, as it was several hundred yards from the true geographical centre.' We hope our American friends can laugh as heartily at this as we do.

At New Orleans, Sir Charles was struck with the difference between the English and French quarters of the town, as well as the dissimilarity existing between the Anglo-American and French-American character. In the First Municipality, you would almost consider yourself in Paris; in the second, all is English and go-ahead. It seems that here, as elsewhere, the tendency of French society is to stand still. How strange the following circumstance:—'Hearing that a guide-book of New Orleans had been published, we wished to purchase a copy, although it was of somewhat ancient date for a city of rapid growth. The bookseller said that we must wait till he received some more copies from New York, for it appears that the printing even of books of local interest is done by presses 2000 miles distant. Their law reports are not printed here, and there is only one newspaper in the First Municipality, which I was told as very characteristic of the French race; for, in the Second Municipality, although so much newer, the Anglo-Americans have, during the last ten years, started ten newspapers.'

On going up the Mississippi, the author makes similar remarks on the comparative backwardness of the French settlers. 'My attention was next called to the old-fashioned make of the French ploughs. "On this river, as on the St Lawrence," said an American, "the French had a fair start of us by more than a century. They obtained possession of all the richest lands, yet are now fairly distanced in the race. When they got into debt, and sell a farm on the highest land next the levee, they do not migrate to a new region farther west, but fall back somewhere into the low grounds near the swamp. There they retain all their antiquated usages, seeming to hate innovation. To this day they remain rooted in those parts of Louisiana where the mother country first planted her two colonies two centuries ago, and they have never swarmed off, or founded a single new settlement. They never set up a steam-engine for their sugar-mills, have taken no part in the improvement of steam navigation, and when a railway was proposed in Opelousas, they opposed it, because they feared it would 'let the Yankees in upon them.' When a rich proprietor was asked why he did not send his boy to college, he replied, 'Because it would cost me 450 dollars a year, and I shall be able to leave my son three more negroes when I die, by not incurring that expense.'" Dr Carpenter informed me that the legislature of Louisiana granted, in 1834, a charter for a medical college in the Second Municipality, which now, in the year 1846, numbers 100 students, and is about to become the medical department of a new university. The Creoles were so far stimulated by this example, as to apply also for a charter for a French college in the First Municipality. It was granted in the same year, but has remained a dead letter to this day.'

As might have been anticipated, this 'Visit' has not been unproductive in a geological point of view. Besides corroborating certain opinions formerly advanced in reference to the occurrence of gypseous strata in connection with the Coal measures of Nova Scotia, the comparatively recent emergence of the North American continent from the waters of the ocean, new evidences of the glacial or drift period, the existence of air-breathing reptiles during the Coal era, and other facts of importance, Sir Charles is now satisfied that the coal-field of Richmond in Virginia belongs to the Oolitic period. The data upon which this opinion rests are stated with his usual accuracy and minuteness, and must now be admitted as one of the great truths of the science. That coal beds (in one instance forty feet thick) should have been formed at so recent a period as that of the English oolite, is certainly a startling fact to those geologists who regard each formation as a creative distinct effort, and that nature never, as it were, repeats herself. All

the hypotheses formerly advanced to account for the formation of coal, such as an excessive temperature, an atmosphere surcharged with carbonic acid, and the like, must now be in a great measure abandoned as mere fancies; and we must return to the wider, but more sober notion, that the creative energies of nature are inexhaustible, and that there is no phenomenon connected with the past which it is not in the power of the present or of the future again to unfold.

Sir Charles also made some extensive investigations with respect to the delta of the Mississippi, and the changes effected on the banks of the river by alterations in the course of the stream. The Mississippi occasionally overflows its usual channel, and forms inland lakes, which, strange to say, sometimes acquire a rich vegetable surface. In the preceding paper, we noticed the discovery of ice as a substratum; but it will seem not less remarkable that lakes are found beneath pastoral meadows. 'A curious description was given me by one of my fellow-travellers of that same low country, especially the region called Attakapas. It contains, he said, wide "quaking prairies," where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland. Yet, if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you find sea-fish swimming about, which make their way in search of food under the superficial sward, from the Gulf of Mexico, through subterranean watery channels.'

For a large amount of original and highly-valuable information respecting the geological features of the Northern States we must necessarily refer to the work before us, which in all its details is the production of a gentleman and a scholar. We would, however, add, that it is still more remarkable for the honest explicitness of the writer's sentiments on matters usually the subject of controversy. Alluding to recent discoveries of vast organic remains and fossil foot-prints of animals, interring a prodigious antiquity in our planet, Sir Charles speaks of that 'moral phenomenon,' the persecution of men of science in Pennsylvania for daring to propound undeniable truths to the world. 'Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," makes his traveller say, that after he had walked through Europe, and examined mankind nearly, he found that it is not the forms of government, whether they be monarchies or commonwealths, that determine the amount of liberty enjoyed by individuals, but that "riches in general are in every country another name for freedom." I agree with Goldsmith that the forms of government are not alone sufficient to secure freedom—they are but means to an end. Here we have in Pennsylvania a free press, a widely-extended suffrage, and the most perfect religious toleration—nay, more than toleration, all the various sects enjoying political equality, and, what is more rare, an equality of social rank; yet all this machinery is not capable, as we have seen, of securing even so much of intellectual freedom as shall enable a student of nature to discuss freely the philosophical questions which the progress of science brings naturally before him. He cannot even announce with impunity results which half a century of observation and reasoning has confirmed by evidence little short of mathematical demonstration. But can riches, as Goldsmith suggests, secure intellectual liberty? No doubt they can protect the few who possess them from pecuniary penalties, when they profess unpopular doctrines; but to enable a man to think, he must be allowed to communicate freely his thoughts to others. Until they have been brought into the daylight and discussed, they will never be clear even to himself. They must be warmed by the sympathy of kindred minds, and stimulated by the heat of controversy, or they will never be fully developed, and made to ripen and fructify. . . . "To nothing but error," says a popular writer of our times (T. Carlyle), "can any truth be dangerous; and I know not," he exclaims, "where else there is seen so altogether tragical a spectacle, as that religion should be found standing in the highways, to say, 'Let no man learn the simplest laws

of the universe, lest they mislearn the highest. In the name of God the Maker, who said, and hourly yet says, *Let there be light*, we command that you continue in darkness!'"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

A LITTLE more than a year after the period when adverse circumstances—chiefly the result of my own reckless follies—compelled me to enter the ranks of the metropolitan police, as the sole means left me of procuring food and raiment, the attention of one of the principal chiefs of the force was attracted towards me by the ingenuity and boldness which I was supposed to have manifested in hitting upon and unravelling a clue which ultimately led to the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of an artistically-contrived fraud upon an eminent tradesman of the west end of London. The chief sent for me; and after a somewhat lengthened conversation, not only expressed approbation of my conduct in the particular matter under discussion, but hinted that he might shortly need my services in other affairs requiring intelligence and resolution.

'I think I have met you before,' he remarked with a meaning smile on dismissing me, 'when you occupied a different position from your present one? Do not alarm yourself. I have no wish to pry unnecessarily into other men's secrets. Waters is a name common enough in all ranks of society, and I may, you know'—here the cold smile deepened in ironical expression—'be mistaken. At all events, the testimony of the gentleman whose recommendation obtained you admission to the force—I have looked into the matter since I heard of your behaviour in the late business—is a sufficient guarantee that nothing more serious than imprudence and folly can be laid to your charge. I have neither right nor inclination to inquire further. To-morrow, in all probability, I shall send for you.'

I came to the conclusion, as I walked homewards, that the chief's intimation of having previously met me in another sphere of life was a random and unfounded one, as I had seldom visited London in my prosperous days, and still more rarely mingled in its society. My wife, however, to whom I of course related the substance of the conversation, reminded me that he had once been at Doncaster during the races; and suggested that he might possibly have seen and noticed me there. This was a sufficiently probable explanation of the hint; but whether the correct one or not, I cannot decide, as he never afterwards alluded to the subject, and I had not the slightest wish to renew it.

Three days elapsed before I received the expected summons. On waiting on him, I was agreeably startled to find that I was to be at once employed on a mission which the most sagacious and experienced of detective-officers would have felt honoured to undertake.

'Here is a written description of the persons of this gang of blacklegs, swindlers, and forgers,' concluded the commissioner, summing up his instructions. 'It will be your object to discover their private haunts, and secure legal evidence of their nefarious practices. We have been hitherto baffled, principally, I think, through the too hasty zeal of the officers employed: you must especially avoid that error. They are practised scoundrels; and it will require considerable patience, as well as acumen, to unkennel and bring them to justice. One of their more recent victims is young Mr Merton, son, by a former marriage, of the Dowager Lady Everton.'

* The names mentioned in this narrative are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.

Her ladyship has applied to us for assistance in extricating him from the toils in which he is meshed. You will call on her at five o'clock this afternoon—in plain clothes of course—and obtain whatever information on the subject she may be able to afford. Remember to communicate *directly* with me; and any assistance you may require shall be promptly rendered.' With these, and a few other minor directions, needless to recapitulate, I was dismissed to a task which, difficult and possibly perilous as it might prove, I hailed as a delightful relief from the wearing monotony and dull routine of ordinary duty.

I hastened home; and after dressing with great care—the best part of my wardrobe had been fortunately saved by Emily from the wreck of my fortunes—I proceeded to Lady Everton's mansion. I was immediately marshalled to the drawing-room, where I found her ladyship and her daughter—a beautiful, fairy-looking girl—awaiting my arrival. Lady Everton appeared greatly surprised at my appearance, differing, as I dare say it altogether did, from her abstract idea of a policeman, however attired or disguised; and it was not till she had perused the note of which I was the bearer, that her haughty and incredulous stare became mitigated to a glance of lofty condescending civility.

'Be seated, Mr Waters,' said her ladyship, waving me to a chair. 'This note informs me that you have been selected for the duty of endeavouring to extricate my son from the perilous entanglements in which he has unhappily involved himself.'

I was about to reply—for I was silly enough to feel somewhat nettled at the noble lady's haughtiness of manner—that I was engaged in the public service of extirpating a gang of swindlers with whom her son had involved himself, and was there to procure from her ladyship any information she might be possessed of likely to forward so desirable a result; but fortunately the remembrance of my actual position, spite of my gentleman's attire, flashed vividly upon my mind; and instead of permitting my glib tongue to wag irreverently in the presence of a right honourable, I bowed with deferential acquiescence.

Her ladyship proceeded, and I in substance obtained the following information:—

Mr Charles Merton, during the few months which had elapsed since the attainment of his majority, had very literally 'fallen amongst thieves.' A passion for gambling seemed to have taken entire possession of his being; and almost every day, as well as night, of his haggard and feverish life was passed at play. A run of ill-luck, according to his own belief—but in very truth a run of downright robbery—had set in against him, and he had not only dissipated all the ready money which he had inherited, and the large sums which the foolish indulgence of his lady-mother had supplied him with, but had involved himself in bonds, bills, and other obligations to a frightful amount. The principal agent in effecting this ruin was one Sandford—a man of fashionable and dashing exterior, and the presiding spirit of the knot of desperadoes whom I was commissioned to hunt out. Strange to say, Mr Merton had the blindest reliance upon this man's honour; and even now—tricked, despoiled as he had been by him and his gang—relied upon his counsel and assistance for escape from the desperate position in which he was involved. The Everton estates had passed, in default of male issue, to a distant relative of the late lord; so that ruin, absolute and irremediable, stared both the wretched dupe and his relatives in the face. Lady Everton's jointure was

not a very large one, and her son had been permitted to squander sums which should have been devoted to the discharge of claims which were now pressed harshly against her.

I listened with the deepest interest to Lady Everton's narrative. Repeatedly during the course of it, as she incidentally alluded to the manners and appearance of Sandford, who had been introduced by Mr Merton to his mother and sister, a suspicion, which the police papers had first awakened, that the gentleman in question was an old acquaintance of my own, and one, moreover, whose favours I was extremely desirous to return in kind, flashed with increased conviction across my mind. This surmise I of course kept to myself; and after emphatically cautioning the ladies to keep our proceedings a profound secret from Mr Merton, I took my leave, amply provided with the resources requisite for carrying into effect the scheme which I had resolved upon. I also arranged that, instead of waiting personally on her ladyship, which might excite observation and suspicion, I should report progress by letter through the post.

'If it *should* be he!' thought I, as I emerged into the street. The bare suspicion had sent the blood through my veins with furious violence. 'If this Sandford be, as I suspect, that villain Cardon, success will indeed be triumph—victory! Lady Everton need not in that case seek to animate my zeal by promises of money recompense. A blighted existence, a young and gentle wife by his means cast down from opulence to sordid penury, would stimulate the dullest craven that ever crawled the earth to energy and action. Pray Heaven my suspicion prove correct; and then, oh mine enemy, look well to yourself, for the avenger is at your heels!'

Sandford, I had been instructed, was usually present at the Italian Opera during the ballet: the box he generally occupied was designated in the memoranda of the police; and as I saw by the bills that a very successful piece was to be performed that evening, I determined on being present.

I entered the house a few minutes past ten o'clock, just after the commencement of the ballet, and looked eagerly round. The box in which I was instructed to seek my man was empty. The momentary disappointment was soon repaid. Five minutes had not elapsed when Cardon, looking more insolently-triumphant than ever, entered arm-in-arm with a pale aristocratic-looking young man, whom I had no difficulty, from his striking resemblance to a portrait in Lady Everton's drawing-room, in deciding to be Mr Merton. My course of action was at once determined on. Pausing only to master the emotion which the sight of the glittering reptile in whose poisonous folds I had been involved and crushed inspired, I passed to the opposite side of the house, and boldly entered the box. Cardon's back was towards me, and I tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly round; and if a basilisk had confronted him, he could scarcely have exhibited greater terror and surprise. My aspect, nevertheless, was studiously bland and conciliating, and my outstretched hand seemed to invite a renewal of our old friendship.

'Waters' he at last stammered, feebly accepting my proffered grasp—'who would have thought of meeting you here?'

'Not you, certainly, since you stare at an old friend as if he were some frightful goblin about to swallow you. Really—'

'Hush! Let us speak together in the lobby. An old friend,' he added in answer to Mr Merton's surprised stare. 'We will return in an instant.'

'Why, what is all this, Waters?' said Cardon, recovering his wonted *sang froid* the instant we were alone. 'I understood you had retired from amongst us; were in fact—what shall I say?'

'Ruined—done up! Nobody should know that better than you.'

'My good fellow, you do not imagine'—

'I imagine nothing, my dear Cardon. I was very thoroughly done—done *brown*, as it is written in the vulgar tongue. But fortunately my kind old uncle'—

'Passgrove is dead!' interrupted my old acquaintance, eagerly jumping to a conclusion, 'and you are his heir! I congratulate you, my dear fellow. This is indeed a charming "reverse of circumstances."'

'Yes; but mind I have given up the old game. No more dice-devilry for me. I have promised Emily never even to touch a card again.'

The cold, hard eye of the incarnate fiend—he was little else—gleamed mockingly at these 'good intentions' of a practised gamester fell upon his ear; but he only replied, 'Very good; quite right, my dear boy. But come, let me introduce you to Mr Merton, a highly-connected personage I assure you. By the by, Waters,' he added in a caressing, confidential tone, 'my name, for family and other reasons, which I will hereafter explain to you, is for the present Sandford.'

'Sandford!'

'Yes: do not forget. But *allons*, or the ballet will be over.'

I was introduced in due form to Mr Merton as an old and esteemed friend, whom he—Sandford—had not seen for many months. At the conclusion of the ballet, Sandford proposed that we should adjourn to the European Coffee-house, nearly opposite. This was agreed to, and out we sallied. At the top of the staircase we jostled against the commissioner, who, like us, was leaving the house. He bowed slightly to Mr Merton's apology, and his eye wandered briefly and coldly over our persons; but not the faintest sign of interest or recognition escaped him. I thought it possible he did not know me in my changed apparel; but looking back after descending a few steps, I was quickly undeceived. A sharp, swift glance, expressive both of encouragement and surprise, shot out from under his penthouse brows, and as swiftly vanished. He did not know how little I needed spurring to the goal we had both in view!

We discussed two or three bottles of wine with much gaiety and relish. Sandford especially was in exuberant spirits; brimming over with brilliant anecdote and sparkling badinage. He saw in me a fresh, rich prey, and his eager spirit revelled by anticipation in the victory which he nothing doubted to obtain over my 'excellent intentions and wife-pledged virtue.' About half past twelve o'clock he proposed to adjourn. This was eagerly assented to by Mr Merton, who had for some time exhibited unmistakable symptoms of impatience and unrest.

'You will accompany us, Waters?' said Sandford, as we rose to depart. 'There is, I suppose, no vow registered in the matrimonial archives against looking on at a game played by others?'

'Oh no; but don't ask me to play.'

'Certainly not; and a devilish sneer curled his lip. 'Your virtue shall suffer no temptation be assured.'

We soon arrived before the door of a quiet, respectable-looking house in one of the streets leading from the Strand: a low peculiar knock, given by Sandford, was promptly answered; then a password, which I did not catch, was whispered by him through the key-hole, and we passed in.

We proceeded up stairs to the first floor, the shutters of which were carefully closed, so that no intimation of what was going on could possibly reach the street. The apartment was brilliantly lighted: a roulette table and dice and cards were in full activity: wine and liquors of all varieties were profusely paraded. There were about half-a-dozen persons present. I soon discovered, besides the gang, and that comprised eleven or twelve well-dressed desperadoes, whose sinister aspects induced a momentary qualm lest one or more of the pleasant party might suspect or recognise my vocation. This, however, I reflected, was scarcely possible. My beat during the short period I had been in the force was far distant from the usual haunts of such gentry, and I was otherwise unknown in London. Still, questioning

glances were eagerly directed towards my introducer; and one big burly fellow, a foreigner—the rascals were the scum of various countries—was very unpleasantly inquisitorial. '*Y'en réponds!*' I heard Sandford say in answer to his iterated queries; and he added something in a whisper which brought a sardonic smile to the fellow's lips, and induced a total change in his demeanour towards myself. This was reassuring; for though provided with pistols, I should, I felt, have little chance with such utterly reckless ruffians as those by whom I was surrounded. Play was proposed; and though at first stoutly refusing, I feigned to be gradually overcome by irresistible temptation, and sat down to blind hazard with my foreign friend for moderate stakes. I was graciously allowed to win; and in the end found myself richer in devil's money by about ten pounds. Mr Merton was soon absorbed in the chances of the dice, and lost large sums, for which, when the money he had brought with him was exhausted, he gave written acknowledgments. The cheating practised upon him was really audacious; and any one but a tyro must have repeatedly detected it. He, however, appeared not to entertain the slightest suspicion of the 'fair-play' of his opponents, guiding himself entirely by the advice of his friend and counsellor, Sandford, who did not himself play. The amiable assemblage broke up about six in the morning, each person retiring singly by the back way, receiving, as he departed, a new password for the next evening.

A few hours afterwards, I waited on the commissioner to report the state of affairs. He was delighted with the fortunate *début* I had made, but still strictly enjoined patience and caution. It would have been easy, as I was in possession of the password, to have surprised the confederacy in the act of gaming that very evening; but this would only have accomplished a part of the object aimed at. Several of the fraternity—Sandford amongst the number—were suspected of uttering forged foreign bank-notes, and it was essential to watch narrowly for legal evidence to insure their conviction. It was also desirable to restore, if possible, the property and securities of which Mr Merton had been pillaged.

Nothing of especial importance occurred for seven or eight days. Gaming went on as usual every evening, and Mr Merton became of course more and more involved: even his sister's jewels—which he had surreptitiously obtained, to such a depth of degradation will this frightful vice plunge men otherwise honourable—had been staked and lost; and he was, by the advice of Sandford, about to conclude a heavy mortgage on his estate, in order not only to clear off his enormous 'debts of honour,' but to acquire fresh means of 'winning back'—that *ignis-fatuus* of all gamblers—his tremendous losses! A new preliminary 'dodge' was, I observed, now brought into action. Mr Merton esteemed himself a knowing hand at *carté*: it was introduced; and he was permitted to win every game he played, much to the apparent annoyance and discomfiture of the losers. As this was precisely the snare into which I had myself fallen, I of course the more readily detected it, and felt quite satisfied that a *grand coup* was meditated. In the meantime I had not been idle. Sandford was confidentially informed that I was only waiting in London to receive between four and five thousand pounds—part of Uncle Passgrove's legacy—and then intended to immediately hasten back to canny Yorkshire. To have seen the villain's eyes as I incidentally, as it were, announced my errand and intention! They fairly flashed with infernal glee! Ah, Sandford, Sandford! you were, with all your cunning, but a sand-blind idiot to believe the man you had wronged and ruined could so easily forget the debt he owed you!

The crisis came swiftly on. Mr Merton's mortgage-money was to be paid on the morrow; and on that day, too, I announced the fabulous thousands receivable by me were to be handed over. Mr Merton, elated by his repeated triumphs at *carté*, and prompted by his friend

Sandford, resolved, instead of cancelling the bonds and obligations held by the conspirators, to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against those liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners; but Mr Merton warmly seconded by Sandford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that *carté* should be the game by which he might hope to regain the fortune and the peace of mind he had so rashly squandered: the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sandford, that he would ever handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sandford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—when he had recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived; and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators—eight in number—were to be present; and no stranger except myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to this crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr Merton, and that under a promise, 'on his honour as a gentleman,' of inviolable secrecy. It was this: 'Be sure, before commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table.' He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreamt of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determined to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. 'Ah, by the by,' exclaimed Sandford as I entered, 'Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*,' he added in a whisper. 'It will soon be returned.'

'No, thank you,' I answered coldly. 'I never part with my money till I have lost it.'

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be despatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr Merton looked at and counted them; and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played, or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman.

'Hark! what's that?' suddenly exclaimed Sandford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. 'Did you not hear a noise below?'

My ear had caught the sound; and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

'Touch the signal-bell, Adolphe,' added Sandford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains, was suspended as they listened for the reply.

'It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. 'All right!' shouted Sandford. 'Proceed! The farce is nearly played out.'

I had instructed the officers that two of them in

plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the door-keeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all to silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamblers. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me: it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing and stairs were filled with police-officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked towards the table at which Mr Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sandford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

'Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!' shrieked Mr Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sandford's throat: 'you, devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!'

'No doubt of it,' calmly replied Sandford, shaking off his victim's grasp; 'and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Snivelling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much.'

Mr Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

'Not quite so fast, Cardon, if you please,' I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. 'It does not appear to me that Mr Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine.'

'Dog!' roared Sandford, 'do you hold your life so cheap?' and he rushed towards me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the levelled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr Merton looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

'Wrench the papers from him!' screamed Sandford, recovering his energy. 'Seize him—stab, strangle him!'

'Look to yourself, scoundrel!' I shouted with equal vehemence. 'Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!'

In an instant the room was filled with police; and surprised, panic-stricken, paralysed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sandford, or Cardon; but he had half-a-dozen aliases, one of them—were transported for life: the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon afterwards conferred upon me. Mr Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money, restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience,

never again entered a gaming-house. Neither he nor his lady-mother was ungrateful for the service I had been fortunate enough to render them.

CHARACTERS RECONSIDERED.

ADDICTED as men are to the sheepish principles of following where they are led, and apt as the multitude may be to credit what they are told to believe, inquiring and independent spirits make their appearance from time to time to question history, and call for a reconsideration of the characters of its heroes. The general tendency of these inquiries has been to rescue from obloquy great names that may have been undeserving of it—to add to, and not detract from, the majestic images in the yet unfilled gallery of the world's heroes. Many a name once execrated has become respected; many a false man, in the popular estimation, has been elevated into a true man; and many a quasi-demon into a quasi-saint. We shall not attempt to go through the long and illustrious list of such names—a list which, to say nothing of the saints and apostles of Christianity, would include Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Cornelius Agrippa, and a whole host of glorious men, to whose memory the world has done justice for the scorn, hatred, and persecution of their contemporaries. It may not be uninteresting, however, to group together a few minor instances of this kind of reaction in the moral world, of which the effect is not yet complete. We select a few cases still pending in the great court of human appeal, in which the appellants have been heard by their counsel, and in which the great judge, Opinion, has shown by his random expressions, as well as by the tones of his voice, that he is about to reverse the judgment of the 'court below.'

Two remarkable instances of this kind of reaction have taken place with regard to characters in Shakspeare. In his immortal pages, Macbeth stands branded as a weak and cowardly murderer; a man who, goaded by a strong-minded and bad woman, and by the promptings of his own guilty ambition, treacherously slew his sleeping guest—that guest the king to whom he had sworn allegiance, and to whom he owed the double fealty of a subject and a host. Yet recent researches have shown that Shakspeare pilloried a comparatively innocent man, by founding that noble play upon tradition, and not upon history. Macbeth slew Duncan, it is true; but not in his bed—not asleep and unarmed—but in open fight on the field of battle. It does not even appear that Macbeth was a usurper; but granting that he were, still, in the unsettled and semi-barbarous period at which he lived, usurpation was a common occurrence; and in his case the usurpation, if such it were, proved of advantage to the country that acquiesced in it. Shakspeare's narrative was derived from Holinshed, who derived it from Boyce, who again derived it from tradition. Banquo is a personage totally unknown either to history or tradition. Macbeth reigned over Scotland for fifteen years; and if there were a legal flaw in his title to the throne, endeavoured to make a good moral title by the general vigour and policy of his administration, and by his justice to the people. Sir Walter Scott says of him, 'that he broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew him at a place called Butligowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin; and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but in very truth the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.' The reaction has thus begun: men have learned to separate the Macbeth of Shakspeare from the Macbeth of history—to admire the first-mentioned as one of the grandest portraiture of crime and sorrow in the whole range of literature; more interesting, although fictitious, than the real Macbeth that lived and moved; but to do

justice at all convenient times to the fame that had the misfortune (for itself, if not for the world) to come in the way of so mighty a genius, and to be made available for its purposes.

Richard III. of England is another royal personage whose memory has been similarly unfortunate in coming into contact with the purposes of Shakspeare. No doubt the world has gained; but the world, while doing justice to the real Richard, will fortunately lose no portion of the delight and instruction derivable from the eventful story of the imaginary one. The materials available for the dramatist's purpose were found in Holinshed, who took them from the prejudiced pen of Sir Thomas More. Later historians denied the accuracy of Sir Thomas More's statements, and the truth of his portraiture: and while they could not gainsay the fact that Richard had committed crimes in the pursuit of power, explained, if they did not apologise for them, by the character of his age, which was one not tender of human life, nor scrupulous as to its means for the attainment of its objects. The Richard of Shakspeare is a gigantic criminal; the Richard of impartial history is still a criminal, but a man not *all* evil—a man that turned to a good use the power that he may have ill acquired; a man that made enemies of his haughty, vindictive, and bloodthirsty nobles; but that ruled the people with wisdom and moderation, and treated them in a manner to deserve, if it did not obtain, their love. His memory has cried aloud for justice. Mr Sharon Turner has done battle in its behalf—has entered the court of appeal, and made out such a case in his favour as goes far to qualify, if it cannot reverse, the previous judgment.

While we are upon the subject of kings, we cannot omit the case of James I.—the alleged bigot and pedant; the mock Solomon, and the butt of ridicule for a long period for every one who desired to have a fling at royalty. Every one who has read the elder D'Israeli's inquiry into the literary and political character of that monarch, will confess that he has found not only a zealous, but an able defender. Mr D'Israeli, as he informs us in his preface to this interesting historical sketch, set off in the world with the popular notions of the character of James I.; but in the course of study, and with a more enlarged comprehension of the age, he was struck with the contrast of his real with his apparent character, and developed those hidden and involved causes which so long influenced historians and memoir writers in vilifying and ridiculing this monarch. Mr D'Israeli's treatise is a masterpiece of its kind. It seeks to prove that the alleged pedant detested pedantry; that the so-called bigot was less bigotted than his age; that the epithet 'Solomon,' applied to him in mockery, ought to have been applied in seriousness and in respect; that the monarch, accused of personal cowardice, dreaded war for his people, and not for himself; and that his contemporaries saw and acknowledged in him those virtues and talents which a succeeding age, led astray by prejudiced writers, altogether denied. Who shall say that Mr D'Israeli has failed in this chivalrous attempt? Not we: on the contrary, we must admit that he has done much to rescue the memory of his hero from obloquy that appears unmerited; and that although 'this philosopher on the throne, and father of his people, lived without exciting gratitude, and died without inspiring regret—unregarded, unremembered,' there is justice to be gathered from the rolling of the centuries; that the violence of the blow aimed at his memory has recoiled upon those who struck it; and that the thinkers of the present age, if they do not share in all the enthusiasm of his defender, at least suspend their judgment, and admit that his detractors may have been in error.

The history of the illustrious Machiavelli is another instance of pertinacious wrong disappearing before the lights exhibited by cool and dispassionate inquiry. For three centuries and upwards, his name has served to designate a particular kind of political duplicity and

cunning. To accuse a statesman of *Machiavellism*, has been to exalt his intellect at the expense of his honesty and virtue—to exonerate him from the imputation of lack of brains, only to brand him as possessing too much for the welfare of his species. 'Il Principe' ('The Prince'), his famous treatise, long considered infamous, brought all this obloquy upon him. In that much-spoken-of, but little known work, he drew up the code of despotism, concealing his satire so well, that the world mistook the hater for a friend of tyranny, and the denouncer of crimes against the people for their apologist. Machiavelli suffered in the cause of freedom; he was put to the torture by a despot, and endured sorrows of many kinds for his devotion to his country. Disgusted with princes, and with the people too, he wrote his celebrated work, intending a satire upon the crimes of rulers. The obstinate world insisted upon receiving this satire in a spirit the very reverse of that which animated its author, with about as little justice as we should exhibit were we to accuse Henry Fielding of preaching up robbery and murder for his 'Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.' Machiavelli's object, it is true, was not quite so apparent as that of the novelist. The people, moreover, were not aware of the friend they had in this illustrious diplomatist. They considered the hard words he employed against men in general as the outpourings of a demoniac hatred. They could not see that the severe satire was intended for their benefit, or make any allowance for the bitterness of feeling with which unmerited suffering had imbued one of the ablest men of his time. Machiavelli dedicated his treatise of 'The Prince' to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the usurper of the liberties of Florence; a man whom he hated, against whose government he had conspired, and who had caused him to be put upon the rack to extort from his agony the names of his confederates. This circumstance might have served to open the eyes of the herd of men and of writers to the real purpose of the author; but it did not. Treatise after treatise was written to refute doctrines which Machiavelli detested; and his name became the synonyme for the political criminality and astuteness which it was his real object to hold up to the abhorrence of mankind. Amongst others who employed their pens in this cause was Frederick the Great of Prussia, who wrote in his youth a tract entitled 'Anti-Machiavel.' 'This military genius,' says D'Israeli, 'protested against those political arts which he afterwards adroitly practised; and realised in his own character the political monster which Machiavelli had drawn.' The tide against Machiavelli has long since begun to turn; and though his unfortunate name will, in all probability, survive to designate a species of depravity for which modern languages offer no other, the memory of the man has already received justice from all the impartial students of history, and will doubtless receive justice in due time from a still wider audience.

We need not extend the list, though it were easy to do so. Other names will suggest themselves to the reader, all showing in like manner the certainty of reactions in the moral as in the physical world, whenever there is sufficient strength in the original impetus to produce the inevitable result; and to prove in the long-run, in great matters as well as in small, the truth of the dictum—

'That ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.'

MISSION TO ASHANTEE.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper, purporting to be a report from Lieutenant-Governor Winniett respecting his journey from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, having just been laid before the House of Commons, we are enabled to present our readers with some particulars of not an uninteresting kind on the condition of an African nation. The object of Governor Winniett's journey was to visit the king of Ashantee, and persuade him, if possible, to abandon the ancient practice

of human sacrifice. How he sped in this mission, undertaken by order of the British government, will afterwards appear. The narration of proceedings, which is in the form of a journal, commences by stating that the travelling party consisted, besides the governor, of Captain Powell, commanding a detachment of forty-eight of his men as a guard of honour; the Rev. Mr Freeman, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who acted as secretary; and about one hundred and fifty men, consisting of the band, hammock-bearers, carriers of luggage, and servants—together upwards of two hundred persons. The route was through a rough country, and the distance travelled daily appears to have been from twelve to twenty-five miles. The weather was unfortunately rainy, and therefore camping out at night must have been anything but pleasant. With these preliminary observations, we offer the following condensed and connected string of extracts from Governor Winniett's clearly-written journal:—

Started from Cape Coast Castle on the afternoon of Thursday, September 28 (1848), and stopped for the night at Yaminansah. Next day, at 6. 15. A.M. 'we resumed our journey, and travelled through a fine tract of fertile country, studded with silk-cotton-trees, palms, and plantations of the plantain and banana. At 8. 15. A.M. we stopped to take breakfast at the village of Assaybu, and after refreshing ourselves, and giving the soldiers and people a little time to rest, we proceeded to Akroful, a village several miles distant from Assaybu; and on entering it, a party of men came out to welcome me by firing a salute with muskets: I was much gratified with the friendly and loyal disposition manifested by the people. While we rested a short time in this village, the head men came to visit me, and present me some palm wine. In this place there is a small Christian society of the natives, under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries; and I was pleased to observe a small chapel in the course of erection, and nearly finished, chiefly by the personal labours of this little band of native Christians. At 45 minutes after noon we reached Dunkwa, and took quarters for the night in the school-house occupied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Here I was received by Otu—a Fanti chief, and the successor of Payntree—mentioned so honourably by Bowditch in his account of his journey to Kumasi in 1817. He (Otu) had come over from Abkrampa, the place of his residence, distant about ten miles from Dunkwa, accompanied by many of his captains and people, to meet me, and bid me welcome to that part of the Fanti country which is under his control. After resting a little from the fatigues of my journey, I spent some time in conversation with Otu and his captains.

Shortly after our arrival, I received from Otu a present, consisting of two sheep, some yams and bunches of plantain, with which token of good-feeling and attachment I felt much gratified. Dunkwa is well situated on high ground, near to a good supply of water at all seasons of the year, and surrounded by fine plantations of plantain and banana. It is one of the largest of the Fanti krums, or villages, and has a population of about 1200 souls. The Wesleyan school here is of recent establishment; but it contains thirty-eight children, and promises well.

On the ensuing three days passed through a number of populous villages; stopping on Sunday, and attending divine service at a place where there was a chapel and mission-house.

'October 4, Wednesday.—At 6 A.M. we commenced crossing the river, and in about an hour, the people having all passed over by several trips of a large canoe, we began our journey in the territories of the king of Ashantee. The width of the Pra, at its ordinary height, may be about 80 yards at the ferry, and from one extreme bank to the other about 100 yards. The progress of the current seemed to be about three miles an hour. The forest scenery on the banks of the river is exquisitely beautiful, arising from the elegant and varied

foliage of the trees. We stopped to take breakfast at Kikiwiri, the first village which we reached after crossing the Prah. Early in the morning we were overtaken in the forest by heavy rain; and consequently, when we arrived at the small village of Ansah, at 3 p.m., we were wet through, and greatly fatigued with the labour of walking a considerable distance over a muddy and rugged road. The village was so small, that comfortable quarters could not be obtained for the people; and many of the soldiers, hammock-men, and carriers were therefore obliged to bivouac in the open air on the wet ground. It was great cause of thankfulness that it did not rain during the night; for had it been otherwise, the people would have suffered greatly.

Till Sunday, October 8, passed through the country formerly occupied by the Assins, and now in a state of ruin. The inhabitants are so poor, that provisions could with difficulty be procured in exchange for gold-dust.

On Monday morning, October 9, reached Karsi, about five miles distant from Kumasi, the capital of Ashantee. Here I was waited on by the king's messengers, who were sent to conduct us into the town. At noon we proceeded in full preparation for our entry; and at a distance of about a mile from the town, a party of messengers, with gold-handled swords of office, arrived with the king's compliments.

After halting for a short time, we proceeded to the entrance of the first street, and then formed in order of procession. Presently a party of the king's linguists, with four large umbrellas, ensigns of chieftainship, came up to request me to halt for a few minutes, under the shade of a large banyan-tree in the street, to give the king a little more time to prepare to receive me. After a brief delay of about twenty minutes, during which a large party of the king's soldiers fired a salute about 100 yards distant from us, we moved on to the market-place, where the king and his chiefs were seated under their large umbrellas, according to the custom of the country on the reception of strangers of distinction. They, with their numerous captains and attendants, occupied three sides of a large square, and formed a continuous line of heads, extending about 600 yards, and about 10 yards in depth. Under each large umbrella, and towards the back of the line, the umbrellas being placed about 30 yards from each other throughout the whole line, a chief was seated on a native chair, decorated with round-headed nails of brass, silver, or gold, according to his rank, with a narrow space left open among his people in the foreground, that we might see him distinctly as we passed, and, according to the custom of the country on such occasions, wave the right hand in token of friendly recognition. After we had passed along about three-fourths of the line, we found the king surrounded by about twenty officers of his household, and a large number of messengers, with their gold-handled swords and canes of office. Several very large umbrellas, some consisting of silk-velvet of different colours, shaded him and his suite from the rays of the sun. The king's chair was richly decorated with gold; and the display of golden ornaments about his own person and those of his suite was most magnificent. The lumps of gold adorning the wrists of the king's attendants and many of the principal chiefs were so large, that they must have been quite fatiguing to the wearers.

The king of Ashantee is about six feet high, stout, and strong built, and appears to be about from fifty-two to fifty-six years of age. He is a man of mild and pleasing countenance, and quite free from any of those shades of native ferocity which are so disgusting to the taste and feelings of a European.

We occupied about an hour in moving in procession from under the banyan-tree, where we had rested on entering the town, over a space of about a mile and a-half in length, to the end of the line formed for our reception; after which we proceeded to an eligible situation in an open space at some distance from the market-place, and there took our seats, according to the etiquette

of the country, to receive the complimentary salute of the king and his chiefs in return. At 3.15 p.m. they commenced moving parties in procession, and occupied the ground before us from five to ten deep, until 6 p.m., a period of two hours and three-quarters.

Those whom we first saluted in the market-place passed us first in order, maintaining the greatest regularity; each chief was preceded by his band of rude music, consisting chiefly of drums and horns, followed by a body of soldiers under arms, and shaded by a large umbrella. Those of the highest rank stopped before me, and danced to the rude music, by way of testifying their satisfaction at seeing me, and their good-will towards me.

When the king came opposite me, he first danced, and then approached me, and I took him cordially by the hand. After the king, other chiefs, and a large body of troops, passed in due order, and at 6 p.m. the ceremony closed.

During the whole of the day the greatest excitement prevailed in the town, the population of which was swelled by strangers called in by the king, or detained after the close of the recent yam custom, on account of my visit, from the usual amount of about 25,000 to upwards of 80,000.

Kumasi is very different in its appearance from any other native town that I have seen in this part of Africa; the streets are generally very broad and clean, and ornamented with many beautiful banyan-trees, affording a grateful shade from the powerful rays of the sun; the houses looking into the streets are all public rooms on the ground-floor, varying in dimensions from about 24 feet by 12 to 15 feet by 9; they are entirely open to the street in front, but raised above its level, from 1 to 6 feet, by an elevated floor consisting of clay polished with red ochre; they are entered from the street by steps made of clay, and polished like the floor.

The walls consist of wattle-work plastered with clay, and washed with white clay: the houses are all thatched with palm-leaves, and as the eaves of the roofs extend far over the walls, the front basement of the raised floors, which is generally covered with rude carvings of various forms, have their beautiful polish preserved from the effects of both sun and rain. This mode of building gives to the streets a peculiar aspect of cheerfulness.

Each of these open rooms is connected with a number of rooms behind it, quite concealed from public view, which constitute the dwellings of the people, and there may be connected with each public room, in the manner above described, from 50 to 250 inmates.

Immediately after the procession had closed, we repaired to the Wesleyan Mission-House, where we found comfortable arrangements made by the Rev. Mr. Hillard, the missionary resident in Kumasi, for convenient quarters during our stay.

Greatly as I had been interested with the manner in which the king received me, the appearance of such a vast number of uncivilised men under such entire control, the new style of building exhibited, and its pretty contrast with the ever fresh and pleasing green of the banyan-trees, I was equally interested and excited at the appearance of the Wesleyan Mission-House—a neat cottage, built chiefly with the teak or edoom wood of the country, containing on the second floor a large hall and two airy bedrooms, entirely surrounded by a spacious veranda; and on the first floor a store-room and a small chapel or preaching-room; in the front, looking into one of the finest and most open streets in the town, is a little garden, planted with orange, lime, bread-fruit, and fig-trees (the two latter having been recently introduced from the coast), and behind the house a spacious courtyard, planted with the sour-sop-tree, and surrounded by rooms consisting of servants' and workmen's apartments, so simply constructed, and yet so spacious, as to afford room, without any inconvenience, for quarters for the whole of the men consisting of the guard of honour.

'As I sat down in the airy spacious hall in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment, planted in the midst of barbarism 200 miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of unthorowed pagans the comforts and conveniences of civilised life, and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilisation.'

Nine days were now consumed in the ceremonial of exchanging presents. Desirous of seeing the king, but found that he was unavoidably occupied with superstitious observances. A private and preliminary interview only permitted.

'October 19, Thursday.—At 3 P.M., I went to the palace, attended by Captain Powell and the Rev. Messrs Freeman and Hillard, to have an interview with the king, for the transaction of business.

'The apartments of the royal premises are of the same order and style as those of the native dwellings generally—consisting of a number of square courtyards, connected with each other by doors at the corners, and having on one, two, three, or all sides, a room entirely open on the side looking into the yard, raised from one to four feet above the level of the yard, and communicating with it by steps made with clay, and like the public rooms in the streets already described; but the royal apartments are of much larger dimensions than those of the people, and are kept exquisitely clean. The king's residence in Kumasi, with its numerous attached buildings, covers a space of ground not less perhaps than five acres.

'On our arrival, we found the king seated in one of the squares of the palace, surrounded by many chiefs and officers of his household. We soon entered into conversation; and I told him that my visit was one of pure friendship, for the purpose of promoting good intelligence betwixt him and her Majesty's government. On this head I made many remarks, with which he seemed much pleased, and expressed his great satisfaction at the kind feelings manifested by her Majesty in authorising me to visit, and in sending him so valuable a present as that which had been delivered to him. Another subject which occupied us for some little time was, the best means of communication betwixt his and my government; and I embraced the opportunity of thanking him for the kind protection which he had afforded the Christian missionaries who had visited his country, and also of expressing my hopes that he would still continue to do so. The interview lasted about an hour.'

The next day the king paid a visit to the Mission-House, attended by his officers of the household, and many of his children. He stayed about an hour, conversing freely; inquired how many queens had ever occupied the British throne; the age of her present Majesty; and whether the Prince of Wales was heir to the crown; and was much gratified and amused when Captain Powell drew up his men and fired a salute.

On Saturday the 21st his majesty again made his appearance in front of the Mission-House, whither he came to drink palm wine, as a mark of respect to his guests. He came to the spot in a beautiful little phaeton, presented to him by the Missionary Society in 1811, and which he valued highly, and had kept in excellent condition. The English party joined him, and the band was ordered out to play, by way of returning the courtesy. While they were sitting in the street, one of the chiefs entertained them with a dance: this scene was prolonged for nearly two hours with much merriment and pleasantry. During this singular visit, from 5000 to 6000 of the populace were present, yet there was ample room for all, and no crowding, the street being nearly 200 yards in width. The city itself is about two miles in length, and a mile wide. They received an invitation to dine with the king at Eburasu, his country-seat.

'October 24, Tuesday.—At 2 P.M. we started for

Eburasu, distant about 3½ miles from Kumasi. On our arrival we took our seat under the shade of a large silk-cotton-tree opposite the palace, and the king, in a few minutes, came over to us, took me cordially by the hand, and bade me welcome: we then proceeded to look over the premises, conducted by one of the officers of the household; while the king delicately took his seat under a tree near the spot where we had been sitting. I have already described the character of the native dwellings, and observed that the royal premises are kept more clean, and are of larger dimensions, than those of the people: these distinctions are very striking in the aspect of Eburasu.

'Many of the rooms around the squares were occupied with neat bedsteads of European manufacture, dressed with silk hangings, and decorated with mirrors, pictures, time-pieces, fancy boxes, chandeliers, and many other articles of European manufacture.

'After passing through and examining the principal apartments, we entered a square where the table was set for dinner, under the shade of some large umbrellas, about 10 feet in diameter, and the king immediately entered, and engaged freely in conversation with us; in a short time dinner was placed on the table, in a manner quite consistent with English taste, and it was really very nicely served up: it consisted of soup, a sheep roasted whole, a sheep dressed in joints, a turkey, fowls, a variety of vegetables, plumpudding, oranges, ground-nuts, &c. ale, wine, and liquors.

'The king excused himself from actually sitting and eating at table, on the ground of his inability to use with ease a knife and fork like a European; but he sat opposite me, and looked on with great interest, took wine with me and the gentlemen of my suite, and talked with great freedom on ordinary topics of conversation.

'At all our previous interviews he has generally been dressed in a rich cloth, but on this occasion he wore an officer's uniform.

'After dinner the king took us to the apartments of the ladies of the court, and introduced me to them, declaring that no Ashantee, not even a favourite chieftain, had ever been introduced to that part of the palace, or to the ladies occupying it.

'On leaving this part of the palace, we went out and sat down with the king under the shade of a large tree for about twenty minutes, and then, as evening was advancing, we turned our faces towards Kumasi: the king accompanied us in his palanquin about two miles on the road, and then we took our leave of him.

'The conduct of the king throughout the day was extremely gratifying, and I greatly enjoyed the privacy in which we had dined with him: no chiefs were present; there were only two persons of distinction present connected with the household, and they were merely in attendance on the king, and not taking any part in the affairs connected with the dinner.

'The remains of the dinner, together with some large pots of soup prepared for the occasion, were sent into the Mission-House for the soldiers and people.

'The situation of Eburasu appears to be well chosen: the ground is high, the country open, and the distance from Kumasi very convenient; and it is approached by an excellent road, founded with care, and kept clean and in good order.

'The extent of the royal premises is very considerable, covering perhaps four acres of ground.

'At 8 P.M. the king sent messengers to the Mission-House to acquaint me that he had returned to town, and to request that we would go down to the palace and spend an hour with him: to this I readily consented, and was much gratified, on our arrival at the palace, to find him almost alone, and quite disposed for friendly conversation. Ossai Kujo, the heir-apparent to the throne, and three or four of the king's principal linguists, were the only persons present.

'We immediately entered into conversation, and after briefly adverting to the kindly feelings of her Majesty's

government towards him, I embraced the favourable opportunity thus offered for speaking to him on the subject of human sacrifices: I told him of the anxious desire on the part of her Majesty that these sanguinary rites should be abolished, and begged his serious attention to a question so important to the cause of humanity.

'In answer to these remarks, he inquired whether I had seen any instances of human sacrifice taking place since I had entered his dominions. I certainly had not seen or heard of any, and therefore expressed myself to that effect; and he then observed, that although human sacrifices were a custom of his forefathers, he was reducing their number and extent in his kingdom, and that the wishes of her Majesty should not be forgotten. . . . Matters relative to the Wesleyan mission in Kumasi were then referred to, and I was much gratified to find how completely the mission has secured his confidence and esteem.

'After conversing with the king for nearly an hour, we returned to the Mission-House, greatly delighted with all the pleasing circumstances of the day.

'October 26, Thursday.—At 7 A.M. we visited the king, to take our leave of him previous to our departure. On our arrival at the palace, we found the king ready to receive us at this early hour.

'The interview was quite private, like that of Tuesday evening, and the same persons were also in attendance on him. I again adverted to human sacrifices, and expressed my satisfaction at the remarks he had made on the subject during our last interview. He then observed that the number of human sacrifices made in Kumasi had been greatly exaggerated, and that attempts had thus been made to spoil his name. He wished me to understand that human sacrifices were not so numerous in Kumasi as they had been represented, and expressed a hope that mere reports relative to such a subject flying about the country would not be listened to; and he then observed, "I remember that when I was a little boy, I heard that the English came to the coast of Africa with their ships for cargoes of slaves, for the purpose of taking them to their own country and eating them; but I have long since known that the report was false, and so it will be proved in reference to many reports which have gone forth against me." I answered that I believed him, and that I hoped he would not forget that in every life which he saved from sacrifice, he would be considered as conferring a favour upon the Queen of England and the British nation.

'After conversing with him thus in the most unrestrained manner for about half an hour, we took our leave of him by shaking him cordially by the hand, and then returned to the Mission-House.

On Friday, October 30, the party started on their return homeward, and reached Cape Coast Castle without any misadventure on Saturday the 4th of November.

The expenses of the expedition charged against the government appear to have been £305, 11s. 10½d.; and we can only wish that public money had always been as well spent.

COUNSELS TO THE WORKING-CLASSES.

In the fourth volume of 'Lectures to the Working-Classes,' by W. J. Fox, M.P., we find the following wholesome and friendly counsels to the parties addressed. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may be taken in good part, and acted on.

'The factions object of plaguing the middle-classes [in their effort to abolish trading monopolies], and of showing them that, even for the most righteous purposes, they were powerless without you, was defeated as it deserved. They succeeded, not only without your undivided support, but in spite of the active hostility of thousands who muster in your ranks, and of some whom you recognised as leaders. You thus made enemies, neutrals, or dubious friends of numbers whom your cordial co-operation, in a movement which involved your own interests as deeply as

theirs, would have won to the support of your political rights. Such is the tendency of a narrow and party expediency. You were taught the crooked tactics of faction, and learned them with fatal facility. The blot upon your escutcheon is the darker, because you did not act in ignorance, or in a consistent error. . . . In fact, you have been led too easily, and given your confidence too readily. A class has risen up amongst you who get their living by agitation and organisation. They toil, not with their hands, but with their tongues. The beer-shop is their factory and home. The loom and the plough know them not, yet they always affect to speak in the name of the working-classes. Their harangues glitter with pikes, and smell of gunpowder, although they generally contrive to keep their own persons out of harm's way. They drill you to clamour, and would drill you to blood and plunder could they do it safely. They fawn on your worst faults, and yelp and snarl at all other classes, or at those of your own class who resist their dictation. They are fed by your enemies or pretended friends, to make tools and fools of you for selfish purposes. Through them the demagogue cajoles, the aristocrat bribes, the adventurer plunders, and the spy betrays you; and they are a ready agency for any scheme however preposterous, criminal, or disastrous. I write no names under the picture, and am content to be called a dreamer if nobody knows anything of the originals. Agitation, thus pursued, is not an honest trade. . . . You excite each other, while society is contemptuously calm around you; or only in the more timid exhalations its calmness for alarm. And then the honestly fervid and incautions are laid hold of, to expiate their rashness by enduring judgments due to criminality, while the crafty stimulators skulk into darkness until circumstances are again favourable for following their avocation.

'Strangely enough, you who have most need of co-operation, leave it to the aristocratical and middle classes, and look on listlessly or enviously at the splendour of club-houses, and the convenience of railways, without asking how they are created, or heeding the lesson which they present to your eyes and ears. There are, it is true, some legal difficulties in your way, but they are not of the most formidable description; you rarely advance so far as to come into contact with them, and their removal would not be difficult when once your earnestness had made them an obvious grievance. To some extent you may become your own employers, your own landlords, your own tradesmen, and that greatly to your advantage and independence. Co-operation in expenditure is available more easily, and with more certain and immediate results, than co-operation for production. Various experiments, the results of which are before the public, have demonstrated that the great blessing of comfortable homes, with all the incidentals of ventilation, warming, cookery, &c. is within your reach for less cost than that of your often miserable and noisome abodes. Why call for help, instead of having the virtue and prudence to help yourselves? You have shown, through many a severely trying time, that you can bear manfully; it remains to be seen that you can also act wisely. Do not rail at political economy: you had better study it. If its principles be sound, they cannot be abrogated by legislation, nor destroyed by an insurrection of labour against capital. If those principles be sound, and a large induction has satisfactorily established them in the minds of the ablest thinkers, they are simply an exposition of the course of nature, of the sequence of cause and effect, which is as certain in the world of trade as the law of attraction in the solar system. They are merely the brief expression of classified phenomena, like the laws of mechanical agency or of chemical affinity. You must work in accordance with them, in the one case as in the other, or disappointment is the inevitable result. You can no more destroy the power of capital, or the dependence of labour upon capital, than you can destroy the impeding force of friction, or square the circle. What millions have been wasted in useless strikes! Nor is the offence against truth, as embodied in political economy, the worst, morally speaking, which has been committed: many of you have been the sorest enemies of the rights of labour, and severer oppressors of your brethren than your hardest taskmasters. Honest and skilful men, and in peril of starvation, have been hunted from shop to shop, from one establishment to another, because they had not served a regular apprenticeship, till they were fain to find a loathsome shelter in the poor-house, or lie down and perish by the wayside. Some of your combinations are as relentlessly exclusive as the

sternest monopolists. This is a crying injustice. It is cruelty, where the title to sympathy ought to have been most promptly and heartily recognised. The jealousy with which some trades keep down their numbers, excluding all influx from other trades, limiting the number of the young employed, lest they should grow up into competitors, and even invading the natural right of their own members to train up all their children to whatever occupations they deem most advantageous, is a violation alike of free trade and of common humanity. It tells sorely against your moral right to complain of the oppressions of other classes when you thus oppress one another. In such conduct you may be true to your shop-comrades, but you are false to the working class as a body. The freest circulation of labour is the common right and common interest of that class. It is one of the best physical benefits of education, which enables a man more readily to qualify himself for passing, when necessary, from one occupation to another. It is the corrective and equaliser of a redundant supply of labour for some trades, and a deficient supply for others; and it is the surest safeguard against those vicissitudes in trade and commerce which so destructively affect large masses of the labouring population, and plunge them into prolonged and bitter suffering. Let every man be free to earn his living as best he can. It is not the part of a fellow-labourer, a brother workman, to strike down his untasted loaf to the ground, or dash the cup from his parching lips.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Guides and guardians of the rising generations, mothers chosen by Providence for the grand ministry of preparing in our children brave and upright citizens for our country: it is for us to provide the rule and guide; it is for us to present to Italy in our sons magistrates of integrity, generous writers, men of activity, firmness, and justice, lovers of the beautiful and of the ancient virtues. Let us, then, examine the means by which we may attain so noble an object; let us endeavour to comprehend with clearness and precision what is the character of true civilisation, what are the vices and errors which oppose its progress, what are the thoughts and ideas by which they are most particularly favoured; what are the wants of our age, the virtues necessary to it, the inclinations and usages which contend with and impede their advance. And when we shall have renewed and reformed our own education, which in these respects, and among so many women, has been so unworthily neglected, let us strive to quicken in the hearts of our children the desires, the affections, and the hopes which, rendering man good in himself, render him also useful to others, and fitted to accomplish his social duties with facility, fervour, and firmness. Let us believe that in acting otherwise we shall be unable, without untruth, to declare our love for our country; and thus, by the effect of our own errors and negligence, a name formerly so dear to the world, and so much honoured, would remain unworthily buried in corruption.—*On the Moral Education of Italian Women, by Signora Ferrucci.*

'MUSIC OF THE WILD.'

In the summer of 1846 we were riding along the ridge of Cefn Bryn, a mountain which extends from north-west to south-east across the peninsula of Gower in Glamorganshire; it was one of those still bright summer days in which the vibrations, or, more properly, the modulations of the atmosphere may be seen playing along the surface of the ground—when I became gradually aware of a faint Æolian-like sound, which I at first attributed to imagination or the hum of insects. My companion, however, soon remarked on it; and as it became louder and more distinct, the ponies, by their uneasiness, and the restlessness of their eyes, showed that they too heard the strange sound, which continued whilst we passed over about two miles of ground; but on commencing the descent on the eastern side we lost it. The nearest thing to which we could compare this unearthly music was the vibration of air which is sometimes heard and felt during some peculiar states of the atmosphere, if a steamer is 'letting off her steam' at eight or ten miles' distance: but neither this nor any other material thing will give a just idea of this sound, which even in its exquisite beauty was most distressing from its universality (I can find no other word which will at all express the feeling which it conveyed). I afterwards heard that others had been astonished by this remarkable phenomenon, which fully enabled me to under-

stand the feeling with which the ignorance of superstition has always regarded sounds such as these, or indeed any which it could not understand.—*From a correspondent.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S THOUGHT.

THREE fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,
From spring-head onwards I have traced it wheresoe'er it goeth:
I used to idle on the banks, and childishly to ponder
O'er that river's shining course with pleasant awe and wonder,
Arranging in my secret mind a creed of mystic birth—
That Elfin river was a type of my own doom on earth.
And so from spring-head to the vale where many waters meet,
I learnt the story page by page, and other lessons sweet.
Where the yielding greenest moss gathers o'er the rounded rocks
'Tis the shepherds' favourite rest, crook in hand, to watch their flocks),

There amid the scented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,
Forth a hundred ripples gush on flowery paths to distant dells:
'Mid this waste of summer sweets, mark a fostering hand is near,
And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds here;
Thence again 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toying on its way,
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and fond delay,
 heedless on the water runneth, wideness, and will not stay;
Tasteful bowers are left behind, grand and festal scenes are o'er,
And ere spring-head murmurs fade, bids adieu for evermore
Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways drear,
Merrily it floweth through ruins dim and sights of fear:
'Tis a young and saucy streamlet frolicking so lightly by,
With its surface all unruddled, e'en though wintry breezes sigh:
Gliding on transparently with a murmuring song for ever,
Looking not to right or left—oh, it was a careless river!
Through the sheltered pasture-fields, wandering in and winding out,
How the flisking waters ran, hereabout and thereabout!
Old oak-roots and ivy-leaves, cowslip beds and violet banks,
Washing o'er, and now and then foaming up and playing pranks.
'Twas an idle, roving life; but the dancing days were done,
When a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun;
And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—
'Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish, idle daughter!
Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pool's placid face.
But stars shone on the other side of that clever talking mill,
And the holy moonbeams fell not alone on waters still.
Darting forward with a power they had never known before,
Swiftly onward now they flow escaping from the prison door;
Flowery meads and gardens trim were as though they ne'er had been,
Darksome depths, and raging foam, and splitting rocks made up the scene.

There is a deep and dread abyss, and into it the water leaps—
A silver thread diverging ere the fusion current madly sweeps.
I shrink to hear the distant roar of the tumbling waters wild,
I prayed no wanderer forlorn along that way might be beguiled,
But follow by the silver thread to pastures fair where nature smiled.
Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble stream is known to few,
It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowd adieu;
Straight and narrow, pure and deep—onwards, onwards calmly gliding—
Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamlets hiding.

C. A. M. W.

LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A Parliamentary return 'shows that the total number of volumes of printed books received from 1814 to 1847 inclusive, under the Copyright Acts, by the trustees of the British Museum, amounts to 55,474; and the number of parts of volumes, including music, to 80,047. The number of maps, charts, &c. received since 1812 amounts to 187, and the number of parts of maps, &c. to 131. The total number of volumes of printed books contained in the library of the Museum at the end of the year 1848 amounted to about 435,000; the number of maps, plans, and charts to 10,221; the volumes of manuscripts to 29,626; the rolls of various kinds to 2946; the number of charters and instruments to 23,772; the number of manuscripts on recd, bark, and folded, to 208; the number of papyri to 55; and the number of seals and impressions to 851.' The number of volumes in the Bodleian Library of Oxford is about 220,000, and the number of manuscripts 21,000.

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PERSONAL ORIGINALITY.

ANY one who is strikingly distinguished from the generality of mankind by some predominant quality of intellect or disposition, is usually styled an Original. His personal characteristics are so manifestly distinct and individual, as to give the impression of a constitutional difference, such as is not usually observable among men. A man of this kind appears to us as an exceptional nature: his bold identity stands out from the multitude, like some prominent headland, or mountain peak, among the level eminences and trivial inequalities by which it is surrounded. There is no possibility of confounding it with the ordinary manifestations of personality, any more than there is a likelihood that we should fail to discriminate the Alps or the Andes from the inconsiderable undulations of a comparatively level country. Men such as Milton, Matabeau, and Napoleon, are persons of such a determinate individuality, as to be instantly and for ever distinguishable from the rest of their generation. They are among the prominences and towering projections of humanity, whose figure and elevation assign to them a distinction in the history of human opinion and activity, equivalent to that which a Mont Blanc or a Chimborazo holds in the geographical arrangements.

This personal ascendancy is the colossal revelation of a latent originality which abides in all men. As there is no human face exactly like another, so neither is there any mind, or intellectual constitution, precisely proportioned after another's image; but each has some dissimilarity of features, and a distinct personality of its own. Men are never duplicates of their progenitors or contemporaries, but they are the infinite variations of a common nature, having each a separate state of being to unfold, and a separate destination to fulfil. Without some slight shade of originality there is no man born into the world. The most stupid person extant is different from all others by his superlative stupidity, if by nothing else; and his life accordingly, if developed in conformity with the tenor of his constitution, will present aspects of individual diversity. His peculiar distinction may have little to recommend him to himself or to the consideration of his fellows, but it is not the less a fact; and we may say, in passing, that the obviously wisest thing for him is, to accept his character for what it is, and to adjust himself in the scale of things according to the manner which his nature has prescribed. If in the ranks of intelligence he is palpably the lowest, the lowest place in the human relations will be most suited to his capacity; and he will be happiest, and in the best way provided for, therein. A true adjustment of men to their appropriate position in the world would go far towards opening to every one the chance of attaining to the place in which his personal gifts and accomplishments could be brought into the most fitting and com-

plete activity. Society were then in all respects perfectly and harmoniously constituted; and, so far as the social institutions are concerned, there would be nothing left of what is right and beautiful to be realised. The kingdom of Perfectibility would have come, and there would be universal gladness and satisfaction on the earth.

What we desire here, however, more especially to indicate, is the fact of every man's personal independency—of his being a new variety of human power, destined to work out a new and peculiar existence. Given an altogether dissimilar apportionment of faculties, there will necessarily result from their due employment a new and hitherto unprecedented manifestation. Every sufficiently cultivated man will have an identity as complete and determinate as that which appertains to the pre-eminent characters whose magnificent isolation we admire; though, as the consequence of a less conspicuous endowment, it is not likely to be so boldly and prominently marked. An ordinary hill does not present the commanding appearance in a landscape which naturally belongs to a mountain, but the hill is not, therefore, the less real, or in anywise despicable as a portion of the globe. Not an atom in the universe could be spared, or innocently and without prejudice subtracted from the complement of creation. In like manner, there never was a man endowed with life who was not in some sort essential to the perfection of that universal humanity which he, under a partial and limited personification, represents. When Luther said that God could not do without great men, he uttered, profanely, a really profound truth; since we may be assured that such men are needful to the world's affairs, or they would not have been equipped with gifts and abilities so largely disproportionate to the rest. But if the assumption be true as far as concerns the higher intellects, it must be seen to hold equally in regard to all the lower manifestations of intelligence; and every man in his degree must be esteemed as a necessary and indispensable incarnation. For we are constrained to respect the integrity of the Original Wisdom, and may not impudently attribute to that august Power any superfluous creation.

From such a consideration of mortal being, there will follow some significant results. We can perceive that a man's duties are co-extensive with his capabilities. Each man stands in an original relation to the Supreme Soul, and is responsible to that for the complete culture and development of his nature. The law of his existence is accordingly an indivisible and unlimited self-reliance. He is constitutionally bound to unfold *himself*—conscientiously to work out his peculiar individuality. His personal gifts and tendencies have an obvious reference to the individual life which he is appointed to accomplish. No law is so sacred to him as that which he will find written in his consciousness. Every attempt to represent himself after the model of another, so far at least as his spiritual

identity is thereby diverted into a foreign shape, will result in distortion and disarrangement of his integrity. Imitation is fatal, is a violation of that sacred personality which has been intrusted to his keeping, and whose entirety it is enjoined him to preserve as the foundation of his welfare. He shall not import into his constitution any irrelevant or adventitious elements, but diligently weed the garden of his mind of everything that does not properly consort with its free and graceful cultivation and adornment. Whatsoever he may receive from books, or draw out of the experiences of other men, he must digestively assimilate and incorporate it with the action of his own faculties. Nothing that he cannot transform into a personal power, or susceptively accommodate to the enlargement of his original resources, can be rightly considered to belong to him, but, as far as he is interested, is unimportant and extraneous. Certain facts and images make a more resolute impression upon one man than upon another: these, if he will take thought of it, have a reference to his endowments, and exert a special influence over his education. They are the hints which Nature offers for the acceptance of his intellect, that he may the more perfectly fulfil the destination whereof he is inwardly advertised, and which, being successfully attained, will be seen to be the appropriate outcome of his inherent qualities.

A strict conformity to the pure idea which he personally represents would render every man a unique character. Men would see in him a clearly-defined and self-subsistent nature; one whose life was the growth of principles within his soul—the natural embodiment of his intuitions—and not a loose and perverted incoherency, such as results when a man submits himself to be fashioned merely or principally by circumstances. That want of a definite character which is so commonly observable in the generality, follows from a prior want of truthfulness in themselves. What Pope said sarcastically of women—that for the most part they had no character at all—seems to be true to a large extent of men. But there is no deep-laid necessity for this; for if a man would abide steadily by his instincts, and trust to the spontaneous action of his mind, his character would inevitably grow out of the laws of his being, even as the branches and foliage of a tree proceed out of its natural vitality. A man needs only to be strictly and emphatically himself, and he will not want character. By truly unfolding his latent capabilities, by wisely asserting through word and deed whatsoever his pure reason shall command, by so exercising his powers as to reflect faithfully his individual nature, he shall not fail to exhibit traits of originality, and show forth to the world what manner of man he is. If he will but think of it, he is verily here to do that. Why should he ramp his energies into a foreign shape when the authentic type of his existence is in himself? All this painful striving to appropriate the supposed graces and characteristics of another—the restless ridiculous ambition to be anything but what we are—serves only to pervert and dissipate the native force whereon all manifold integrity is dependent. Let the private thought be trusted, follow the honest suggestions of your conscience, and earnestly endeavour to be what your best insight tends to make you. All great men have accented the admonitions of their genius, and heedless of the suffrages or clamours of the inconsiderate, have unhesitatingly relied upon their inward sense of what was right and fitting to be by them spoken or performed. By no other method can any man attain to that noble unity of life and purpose which is ever his highest and worthiest distinction. He must be a faithful representative to the world of that inmost form of being which is centered in his consciousness, nor aspire after aught that is not natu-

ral to his faculties; for thus only can he testify of the Supreme intentions in creating him, and adequately fulfil his true relations to the universe.

Unfortunately all this may be admitted, and yet it will be felt that there are practical difficulties which oppose the aspirations we are enforcing. In society every man is but a part, not a whole: in youth his destiny has sent him into a career possibly not congenial with his faculties and tastes: and worse than this, considerations of self-interest—absolute means of existence—may oblige the most noble-minded to assume the tone and position of subserviency. We cannot legislate for exceptions to great rules. Our belief is, that, all things considered, there is infinitely greater scope for acting on native motives and self-original principles than the world usually gets credit for. At all events, let each person ask himself this—Shall I be a mere imitator, the slavish follower of the herd in all things, or shall I try to work out opinions and views of my own? With candid self-examination, how many might not attain distinction, or at least be greatly useful in their generation, instead of sinking into the nothingness, and it may be the vice, of imitation. What we want to see is effort—effort to inquire, and to act on the inquiry, ‘What am I most competent to do?’ Let us be fully assured, all exceptions to the contrary, that each man’s vocation is pre-scribed and indicated by the nature of his talent. Endless, truly, are the obstructions whereby a man is hindered from adjusting himself rightfully to his work. Nevertheless, a certain work always belongs to him: namely, that which he can best do—that which affords him the highest and purest satisfaction when it is done. If any man is unconscious of a definite inclination towards any particular species of activity, but finds all, or nearly all, indifferent, it becomes him at least to do well that which falls at any time in his way. ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do in the way of duty, do it with thy might.’ By putting heart and conscience into his work, there is no labour which a man may not ennoble. But the channel through which he can most admirably communicate himself, by a successful use of his special aptitudes and powers, is the one to which he should boldly commit himself, and esteem as the course which will most effectually conduct him to highest welfare. Working thus in alliance and companionship with Nature, he is strong through the virtue of her strength, and is fortified by her invincibility: no honest effort of his can fail; but every stroke which he strikes manfully on the anvil of his fate shall weld his life in closer union with the life which is divine.

Let a man, then, take counsel of his own soul, and justify his appearance in the world by an austere reliance on his own character. Let him have due assurance that since he is born into the midst of things, and partakes of the breath of his generation, he has not been flung superfluously into time, but that the universe had need of him; since to him also a special work has been assigned,—namely, a new and original life to live. He shall not bend or cringe to any existing institution, or pay needless idolatry to any venerated name, but shall greet with a sovereign independence all accredited establishments and reputations, and by thought and act announce that here is a man who will summon all things to the bar of his own judgment. The pomps and solemnities of history and tradition must not be suffered to hide from him the fact of his inherent significance in the creation, nor shake his sublime conviction that, in every worthy and right endeavour, the Omnipotent effort worketh covertly through his hands. By stationing himself steadfastly upon his manhood, and maintaining inviolate

the citadel of his own mind, he shall draw resources from the wells of Eternal Truth, and all his acts shall be coincident with the primal laws of things. Having come into the universe, he has God's authority to transact his own affairs there, to think his own thoughts, and earnestly to do the work which is appropriate to his faculties. Let him not mar or corrupt his nature by any compliances with foolish customs and conventions; but resolutely abide by his integrity, as one who founds his justification on principles which are rooted in the Everlasting Soul whereby all things are sustained. With a stoical magnanimity let him face the world on his own basis, and scorn to be decorated by any distinction, by any ornament, which does not properly grow out of his character. Truthfulness to one's self—that disposition and habit of life which permits the soul to shine through all one's sayings and performances—is not alone the first condition of all greatness, but also of every effort whereby any man would successfully raise himself in intelligence and worth.

LONG LOWISFORD.

Upon recovering from a severe illness when I was about sixteen years of age, I was sent for change of air to some relatives whom I had never seen, residing in a distant part of England. Placed under the care of a friend travelling the same route, our journey was performed in the mail coach, which passed through the town of M —, within seven miles of my destination. Here I was met by a respectable serving-man, and immediately transferred with my luggage to an old-fashioned roomy gite. It was a May evening: in the morning I had left a populous city, and now we were passing onwards through woodlands and pastures, as silent and lonely as the untrodden valleys of the 'far west.' We skirted the side of a swift river, and I was half frightened when we forded it; but the song of birds, the gay wild flowers of the waysides, and all the sights and sounds that met my eye and ear, conspired to hush me into a sort of dreamy consciousness of new life and happiness to come. On attaining the summit of a hill, the domestic, who had not hitherto spoken, pointing to a spire rising amid the greenery of a valley beneath, cheerfully said, 'We be just at home, miss: yonder is Long Lowisford.'

I had seen but little of the country during my brief career, and when we descended to the straggling village—well deserving its name of 'long'—a narrow gushing streamlet flowing throughout its length, with broad flagstones across to reach the houses, the setting sun tinting the gray gables, and playing in a thousand prismatic hues on the latticed windows, whose broad sills displayed many brilliant bouquets, fairy-land unexplored seemed opening to my view. We turned up a coppice lane, and came to a water-mill with dripping slimy wheel: and the foaming waters in the mill-dam quite awed me. We passed an old solemn church, and drew up at the little wicket-gate of the parsonage house, which seemed coeval in age with the church, the porches of both being much alike; that of the sacred edifice being festooned with ivy, and this with roses and chestnuts. I had longed to ask my conductor some questions concerning those with whom I was about to sojourn, but motives of delicacy withheld me from seeking information through this channel. I knew the family consisted of only two members—the Rev. Mr Evelyn and his sister Miss Bridget. I also surmised that they were 'old people,' at least according to my notion of antiquity; and I entertained many private doubts and fears that they might be 'prim and strict'; in short, old people who forget that once they had been young themselves!

But now I was in the hall, with its polished floor of dark oak, and in the arms of the prettiest, sweetest creature I had ever looked on; and yet these terms are applied to a lady past threescore years! I instinctively felt as she addressed me that I was in the presence of a

superior being, and that I must be gentle and good to win her regard, and forget all my wilful rude ways. There was a strange feeling at my heart prompting laughter and tears by turns; and Miss Bridget—for it was she—seeing me weary and agitated, in a low, soft voice spoke tender words of comfort and encouragement. 'Poor, dear little creature! she is exhausted with her long journey: let us get her to bed, Folliman.' The call for 'Folliman' was answered by the appearance of a tiny, active old dame, many years Miss Bridget's senior, her *ci-devant* nurse, now housekeeper, or whatever she liked to be designated: but how widely different was the aspect of these two ancient women! Miss Bridget was a tall, slight figure, slight to attenuation, but still bearing the stamp of elegance and refinement. Her complexion was so transparently fair and pure, that I know not how I came to guess her age; for there were no wrinkles to betoken it: habitual heavenly calmness had bid defiance to the marks of time. Her silver hair was parted on her brow; but her clear blue eyes could never have been more intelligent and expressive than now. Scrupulous delicacy and neatness characterised her attire at all times; and her extremely beautiful hands and feet seemed more fit for show than use: indeed Miss Bridget's walks never extended beyond the garden; and her slender fingers brought melody from the curiously-carved spinet, the tunes she invoked being rare antiquarian treasures. Yet let it not be supposed that her days passed in useless employments or amusement—no: she presided over the still-room when assisted by Dame Folliman; decoctions and herbal recipes were judiciously manufactured and dispensed to the poor; the doctor of Long Lowisford—happy place, there was but one!—jocosely affirming that Miss Bridget Evelyn deprived him of half his patients. Then there was not a poor child in the parish that did not give evidence of Miss Bridget's handiwork in the clothes it wore: and all the little creatures were so neatly attired, their garments composed of small pretty patterns, that strangers remarked what good taste and thrift distinguished the appearance of the Long Lowisford children. There was not a baby born into this world of us in Miss Bridget's parish whose first robe was not made by her fair hands. This was her sole recreation, except, indeed, the spinet, and those gentle ambulations round the flower garden. She never gathered flowers; and once I remember offering the dear old lady a moss-rose, but gently she put back my hand, saying with a half-stifled sigh, 'No; thank you, dear girl: I never accept and never present flowers.' There was a sadness in her low tone which set me thinking for many a day.—A very different individual in all respects was Dame Folliman from her mistress—a sturdy, wiry, fidgetty old soul—'here, there, and everywhere.' Nearly eighty, but with the activity of eighteen, her bead-like black eyes retained unwonted lustre; and she scolded the maids, and often kept the parsonage in a ferment when 'cleaning fits' were on her.

As to Miss Bridget, Folliman still treated her as a girl, chiding her sometimes as a fond nurse does a beloved nursing; still was Miss Bridget beautiful in Folliman's sight, and, according to her account, earth contained not another such angel in woman's form. 'I wonder she has never been married?' said I one day to the busy dame: 'it is very strange, so pretty and good as she is.'

'It would have been stranger if she had,' quoth the dame; but not another word could I draw forth.

But there was another individual of whom I have not yet spoken, whose affection for the sweet Bridget, if more silent than nurse's, was as sincere, and far more deep and fervent: this was her brother Mr Evelyn; and the attachment of this brother and sister had something touching and remarkable in it. He was a year, or two younger than she, though he looked older, the lines of thought and care having impressed their marks on his thin pale face. He was indeed a grave man, and

rarely lapsed into a smile; but ever bore about with him the conscious dignity of his high calling. Devout meditation was stamped on his fine brow: he was a profound scholar, and a finished gentleman; but though uniformly courteous and benevolent, I never felt at ease in his presence. It seemed as if he could have no sympathies in common with me; and my silly prattle ceased when Mr Evelyn's clear blue eye, so serenely cold, spoke, as I fancied, reproof to all levity. He was a faithful pastor, equally beloved by the poor and rich: to the former he proved a valuable 'friend in need' at all times, while the latter eagerly courted his society and advice.

During that long happy summer I was a continual source of annoyance and anxiety to Miss Bridget; for as health and strength returned, so did hyden propensities and outrageous spirits: besides, the novelty of a country life excited my wildest delight, and I rushed about more like a young savage than a young lady. Torn frocks scrambling for wild flowers, torn hands plucking them, wet shoes and muddled stockings, were among the least of my mishaps; and had matters been no worse, and rested here, many months of suffering for myself, and anxiety for my kind friends, had been avoided. But despite admonitions and gentle warnings, received with derisive laughter on my part, and an obstinate determination to persevere in a wrong-headed course, I persisted in entering a meadow where a dangerous white bull grazed, to show my 'superiority to cowardice,' as I said. Once too often I ventured; the infuriated animal tossed me to the other side of the hedge, where I was found bleeding and insensible, one leg broken, and a deep gash over my left eyebrow. How tenderly I was nursed by Miss Bridget and Dame Folliman, and how bitterly did I reprove myself! During convalescence I was haunted by a nervous anxiety to hear the worst—to have the *lecture over*, which I knew was deserved, and I thought was in reservation for me. Repentant and humbled, I earnestly desired to obtain the pardon of Mr Evelyn and Miss Bridget; and one evening, when my heart was full, I told Folliman this, for my restless yearnings were unbearable. They had gone to visit some neighbours, and the dame and I were alone together.

'Oh, Folliman!' I exclaimed, 'what must they think of me, so kind and good as they are? When they were young, did they ever do foolish, silly things?'

'I do not think that Miss Bridget ever did a silly thing in her life, much less a sinful one, bless her dear heart!' Nurse spoke with much warmth, placing an emphasis on the words 'Miss Bridget.'

'But Mr Evelyn,' pursued I; 'he seems to be above all the weaknesses of our nature: will he believe my desire to amend, nurse; and that I am heartily ashamed of myself?'

'Set your mind at rest, Miss Anna,' responded Folliman: 'no one can feel for others as master docs, because he has known a lifelong repentance for rashness committed in youth. I have had it in my mind to tell you the story when you grew better, because it will be a lesson to you for the remainder of your days: for the memory of your own sickness may pass away with the occasion of it; but when you think of Long Lewisford and dear Miss Bridget, I am sure in future years you will never be violent or headstrong again.' And so saying, Dame Folliman settled herself in an easy-chair preparatory to a long gossip. The substance of her narrative was as follows:—

Forty years ago, a large party were assembled at Dalton Park, the seat of Sir Reginald Dalton, in expectation of passing a joyous Christmas in the true old English style. Among the guests were Mr Evelyn and his nephew and niece, orphans tenderly brought up by that excellent man. Bridget was betrothed to Sir Reginald Dalton's eldest son, and the marriage was to be celebrated during the ensuing spring. There was a large family of Daltons, and only one daughter, a young lady about Miss Bridget's age. The boys were schoolfellows

and companions of Edward Evelyn, whom his uncle destined for the church, always fondly trusting that he would become steadier and less headstrong as he grew older and wiser.

Of a bold, reckless spirit was Edward then, pre-eminently handsome and active, and the leader in every mischievous prank attributed to the Daltons and others. Much concern and anxiety he gave his worthy uncle by his wild ways, for he heeded neither reproof nor warning; he liked to do a thing, or he wanted a thing—that was sufficient—and the selfish impulse must be instantly obeyed. Even his sister Bridget, whom he dearly loved, had no power to check or control his violent spirits; and there was another whose disposition and character were more akin to his own—the darling and only sister of many brothers—the dark-eyed, beautiful Helen Dalton; who, while admiring prowess and superiority in every form, took upon herself to admonish, chide, and rebuke her early playfellow, Edward Evelyn; for was she not his senior by two years? And in right of this seniority must not he receive the lectures thankfully and submissively? Whether Helen's mature age or sparkling orbs claimed dominion, is not certain; but that Edward frequently bowed to her decisions is so; though not unfrequently these high spirits clashed, when their mutual displeasure lasted long enough to make reconciliation sweet. It seemed not altogether improbable that at some future period the bond between the respective families might be cemented by another union besides that of Reginald and Bridget: the two fair girls, though opposite in many respects, were sisters in affection; and the more so, perhaps, because Reginald was dearer to his sister Helen than any of her other brothers. For was this partiality altogether inexcusable, for Reginald Dalton combined all those amiable qualities which in domestic life bind and cement endearing love so closely.

Bridget was ever hopeful as to her brother's future career; for he was a generous, warm-hearted fellow, despite his obstinate temper: his brilliant abilities unfortunately rendering steady application to study of secondary importance to him; he achieved, as if by instinct, what others plodded over at a snail's pace.

This Christmas party at Dalton Park, it may be imagined, was a merry one; though one thing the boys earnestly desired, yet which no human means could procure. This one thing wanting to complete their enjoyment was a frost; for there was a fine sheet of water in the park, and if that were but iced over, what splendid skating they could have! Edward was passionately fond of this pastime; and when a sharp frost did set in, and the earth was covered with snow, and the miniature lake with the much-wished-for ice, his delight knew no bounds.

'No skating to-day, boys,' said the baronet; 'for the water is deep—awfully deep—and I insist that no foot shall venture to cross it. To-morrow, if the frost continues, we shall see what can be done.'

Sir Reginald Dalton's word was law with his sons; but Edward Evelyn felt chafed and indignant at his peremptory mode of speaking, and he burst into his sister's dressing-room, swelling with indignation, exclaiming—'I shall go on the lake to-day; he is no father of mine; and I won't be dictated to by him! Uncle has gone to S—, and there is nobody to forbid me, and I know the ice is strong enough for skating. Come, dear Biddy, you have your bonnet on; come and see me skate. Ah, what beautiful flowers you have here: I saw Reginald gathering them in the hothouse, and I guessed they were for you!'

'They are to place in my hair at the ball this evening, dear Ned,' said Bridget, archly smiling as she added, 'there are plenty more snowy camellias left, and Helen's jetty braids will set them off to advantage. Will you not present her with some, and leave the skating, dear, for the peaceful employment of flower gathering?'

'Helen may gather them for herself, if she likes,' pouted Edward: 'she is as dictatorial as her father.'

But I am not going to lose my sport for her whims; so come along, Biddy.—I'm off!

'Nay, Edward,' urged the tearful Bridget; 'I am going to walk with Reginald; but I intreat you not to go on the treacherous ice to-day: to-morrow, perhaps, you can all enjoy the pastime together, and we ladies will then come and admire your grace and dexterity.'

'A parcel of cowards, Bridget! I wonder you should turn against me too. But go I will, were it only to shame them all!'

'Reginald is no coward,' said Bridget colouring; but she added no more, for remonstrance was unavailing when the evil spirit of obstinacy was uppermost with her brother. He darted from the room, scarcely hearing her last words, but shouting, 'Walk by the lake—I shall be there.'

Bridget rearranged the bouquet which her impetuous brother had displaced; and bending over the perfumed blossoms, she kissed them, half smiling and blushing at her own folly, but they had been gathered by the hand she best loved. She walked with her betrothed to the banks of the lake, in the hope that they might win Edward to leave the dangerous spot: but no; he was on the ice, and cried out exultingly when he saw them. When Reginald found that Edward was determined on disobedience, and would not listen to remonstrance, he moved away with Bridget, feeling as if his prolonged presence tacitly encouraged rebellion to his father's just commands. They left the water, and were entering the woodlands, when a shriek reached their ears—a shriek as of one in extremity. Pausing for an instant only to gaze on Bridget's blanched cheek, Reginald darted back in the direction of the lake, whence the appalling sound proceeded. Bridget followed as quickly as her agitation permitted: she saw an arm and hand appear above the surface of the water; and as Reginald grasped it, her brother struggled for dear life, and regained the solid ice, fainting and helpless. At the same moment the weaker part crashed in with Reginald Dalton's weight, who disappeared beneath it. Frantic screams for aid were unavailing; for aid came quickly, though too late—too late! Reginald had saved Edward's life at the expense of his own; and his affianced bride witnessed the sacrifice. She had indeed cast herself into the water, with the impotent hope of saving that precious life: she was with difficulty rescued; but her lover rose no more!

What words can paint Edward Evelyn's agonies and remorse! His bereaved sister tended him during the months of almost hopeless derangement succeeding the awful catastrophe; she never by look or word reproached or reminded him of the dreadful past, and her patient smile first greeted his recovered perceptions. The years following this fatal event were unmarked by recognition or forgiveness on the part of the Daltons; and Bridget intuitively shrank from obtruding her sorrows on their remembrance, for was not she the sister of that brother whose very name brought anguish to the father's heart? How often she thought of the warm-hearted Helen, her dear and early friend; and Bridget yearned to hear her speak words of forgiveness! Then hope might once more dawn for Edward: for now he was sunk in lethargy, his prospects blighted—his heart seemed turning to stone. Bridget Evelyn knew that her brother's sufferings were far more intense than her own; religion taught her resignation and submission when the first tremendous shock was over; and to her sorrows the poignancy of self-upbraiding was not added. For her alone did Edward live, or wish to live, and by a lifelong repentance and devotion expiate his boyhood's fatal error; and when, in the course of time, the same healing balm came also to his aid, and he began to think of entering on the duties of his sacred calling, this beloved sister, whose self-abnegation was so perfect, sustained him in his resolutions, and cheered and comforted him on his heavy pilgrimage. But yet there was another trial in store; but Edward was better prepared to meet it now. Bridget received a letter from Sir

Reginald Dalton, containing the afflicting tidings of Helen's hopeless state, and summoning her to Dalton Park, at the earnest and last request of the dying. Helen had continued to droop since Reginald had perished so fearfully: there was a deeper sorrow to combat with than even her beloved brother's loss, for Edward also was lost to her for ever. She could not give her hand to him; every feeling of her nature forbade it. But to win her father's forgiveness for him, to accord her own, and to tell him that her affection in death was unchanged—this Helen felt she must accomplish ere she could depart in peace. And she did accomplish it: and she died in Bridget Evelyn's arms, calling her 'sister,' and charging her to bear the message of consolation, forgiveness, and love to Edward.

Need it be added how faithfully this devoted sister performed the bitter task? But while sorrowing for the early dead—his first and last love—Edward Evelyn felt lightened of a heavy burthen, which, as a malediction, had oppressed him. He was forgiven by the earthly father, and would his Heavenly one prove unrelenting?

These details, imparted by Dame Polliman with many tears and discursive comments, coupled with the severe punishment which had befallen myself, afforded a lasting and salutary lesson. It is very rarely that our misdeeds injure only ourselves; and it were well if we early learned to remember how many kinds and degrees of selfishness there are disguised under the names of impulse or rashness. To this day I have a strange feeling when I am offered flowers: my thoughts are carried away instantaneously to that Christmas bouquet of poor Bridget, and my ear thrills again with the sweet sad tones in which she told me that she never gave and never accepted flowers.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

FROM the kingdom of Dahomey, on the western coast of Africa, the largest and most steady slave-export trade is carried on. To counteract this trade, the British government, as is well known, incurs a large annual expense, and practically fails in its object. Thus disconcerted, our government has made the attempt to persuade the king of Dahomey to abandon the trade in slaves; and the history of this attempt, drawn from a parliamentary paper, we now propose to give. The particulars are contained in a report by B. Cruickshank, Esq. respecting his mission to Dahomey.

The writer of the report begins by glancing at the present state of this nefarious traffic. 'For a period,' says he, 'extending over the last twelve years, the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the king of Dahomey has averaged nearly 8000. In addition to this number, another thousand at least are annually brought down from the interior, and are kept in slavery in the towns and villages upon the coast, where they enjoy, when well conducted, a very considerable share of liberty, and all the necessities of life in apparent comfort and abundance; but they are subjected to exportation for acts of gross disobedience, as well as for social offences of an aggravated nature.'

'It appears to be a general practice with the masters of the slaves to permit them to prosecute their own affairs, and to receive in exchange for this concession of their time a stipulated monthly sum derived from their labour; owing to this arrangement, an industrious slave is sometimes enabled to acquire his freedom by obtaining funds necessary for the purchase of two slaves, which will generally be accepted as the price of his redemption. This annual supply of 9000 slaves is chiefly, I may say entirely, derived from a systematic

course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the king by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

The king generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defence.

The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the king's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the king's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that those wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the king of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Aberkoutah; but in these and similar cases, where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the king by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the king's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. A selection is then made of a portion of the slaves, who are reserved for the king's employment; and the others are sent down to the slave merchant, who not unfrequently has already sold his goods on credit in anticipation of their arrival.

An export duty of five dollars is paid upon each slave shipped from the king's dominions, even although the port of embarkation may not belong to him. It is a frequent practice to convey them by the lagoon either to the eastward, as Little Popo, or to westward, as Porto Nuovo, neither of which towns are in subjection to the king. He, however, has command of the lagoon leading to these places, and the duty must be paid previous to their embarkation upon it; so that from the export duty alone the king derives an annual sum of 40,000 dollars. But this is not all. The native dealer, who brings his slaves to the merchant, has also to pay duties on each slave at the different custom-house stations on their road to the barracons. The amount paid at these stations it is more difficult to ascertain, as many of the slaves are the king's own property. A sum, however, of not less than 20,000 dollars may be set down for this item. If we estimate the annual number of slaves sold by the king himself at 3000, and reckon them at the present price of eighty dollars, we have an additional item of 240,000 dollars; thus making in all a revenue of 300,000 dollars derived annually from the slave trade.

But this calculation, which is a near approximation to the truth, and is under rather than above the exact amount, does not by any means convey a just impression of the advantages which the king derives from the

slave trade. By the laws of his country he inherits the property of his deceased subjects; so that his head men and others who have been amassing property by this traffic, have only been acting as so many factors to the king, who receives at their death the fruits of the labour of a lifetime; a very small portion of the estate, in slaves and cowries, is generally returned to the natural heir, which serves as a species of capital for him to commence in like manner his factorship. Under a system so calculated to induce an apathetic indifference, the king contrives, by repeated marks of royal favour, and by appointments to offices of trust and emolument, to stimulate to industrious exertion the principal men of his kingdom. These appointments, moreover, become hereditary, and their holders form an aristocracy, with sufficient privileges to induce the ambition of entering its ranks.

In the circumstances here stated, it will not appear surprising that Mr Cruickshank had undertaken an impossibility. On being introduced to the king of Dahomey, and expressing a hope that he would assent to a treaty to extinguish the slave trade on his coast, his majesty was very much at a loss how to reply. He was anxious to conciliate the British government; but on the other hand, the abandonment of the slave trade was pretty nearly equivalent to financial ruin. His majesty's excuses are admirable. His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject, and they had come to the conclusion that his government could not be carried on without it. The state which he maintained was great; his army was expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his government could not be suddenly changed without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honour. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade. No other trade was known to his people. Palm-oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow; and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honoured customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them. It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honoured, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life, had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over men reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be. A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessities and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade. The expenses of the English government

are great; would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English government.

Such were the arguments which the king used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty; and much regret did he express that the object which the English government had in view was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

Although inwardly acknowledging the force of his objections, I did not give up the subject without endeavouring to convince him that in the course of a few years, by developing the resources of his rich and beautiful country, he would be able to increase his revenue tenfold; and that the slaves whom he now sold for exportation, if employed in the cultivation of articles of European consumption, would be far more valuable to him than they now were. I endeavoured to make him comprehend this, by informing him of the price of a slave in the Brazil, and asking him if he thought the Brazilian would give such a price for him if he did not find himself more than repaid by his labour? He believed this to be the case; but the length of time required, the whole process of an entirely new system, and want of skill among his people to conduct such operations, appear to him insurmountable difficulties. He was willing, however, to permit Englishmen to form plantations in his country, and to give instructions to his people.

At last the king appeared anxious to escape from this harassing question; and by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. What principally struck me upon this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the king to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and slavery to their enemies: his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the king's face as he regarded me with a look which said, "these are my warriors;" and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the wild sparkle of their delighted eyes, gleaming with strong excitement, as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the king's question—"Could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?" The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument than any the king had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild, and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not be misunderstood.

At no time before my arrival in his country did I ever entertain the faintest hope of his acceding to it in good faith; and since I had ascertained at Whydah the amount of revenue derived from this trade, and had seen the rude and expensive magnificence of his state, I could not but feel that a repetition of my paltry offer of an annual subsidy of 2000 dollars would only clothe me with ridicule. I was anxious, however, to ascertain whether the king really regarded it as a merely

pecuniary point of view, and would forego the trade in slaves upon finding his revenue made up from other sources. He assured me that he would; but even with this assurance, I may be allowed to doubt whether a monarch and a people of such ambitious character would cease from making war upon their neighbours.

Mr Cruickshank had subsequent conversations with the king of Dahomey on the subject of his mission, but all equally unavailing. Afterwards, De Souza, a person famous in the annals of slave-dealing, tendered a piece of advice which seems far from unreasonable. "Your government wishes to put a stop to the slave trade?" said he. I assented. "Then leave it alone; leave it alone," he repeated; "and believe me, you will disappoint the slave-dealer far more than by the most stringent laws you could form; and in the course of a couple of years you will be much nearer your object than by enforcing the strictest blockade which the whole navy of England could make of the coast of Africa." The source from which this counsel was derived may render it very suspicious in the eyes of some; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the old gentleman was giving a true opinion upon the subject, and certainly, as being the observation of a man of De Souza's shrewdness and experience, it is worth more than a casual notice. It is a distressing truth that our present blockade is no check whatever to the slave trade: it is flourishing at this moment to such a degree, that the last accounts from Brazil report more than 8000 slaves in the market there without any purchaser; and not long ago a cargo of slaves arrived at the same place, which found such a bad market, that they were given up to pay freight. In presence of such facts as these, and the additional fact, that during the whole period that we have maintained cruisers on the coast, the slave trade has gone on uninterruptedly, we must be convinced of the futility of such a system: it appears to me to serve no other purpose than to increase the horrors of the traffic. In the first place, the certainty of losing a considerable proportion by capture, increases the slave merchants' orders for supply to the slave-hunting African kings, and so renders more frequent and incessant their cruel forays, with their endless tale of miseries from the bloody battlefield, where they were taken prisoners, or from their smoking huts, where they were surprised in sleep, throughout their toilsome journey over the burning plains and through the swampy forests, until their arrival on the sea-shore. In the next place, the precautions necessary to avoid the cruisers oblige the slavers to cram these miserable objects into the stifling holds of small vessels, where it is well known thousands die from suffocation. In addition to this, I believe I may add, that it sometimes happens that the slave merchant has been more fortunate than he calculated upon, and that more of his slaves have escaped capture than he expected; he does not therefore require the additional lot of slaves who have been hunted down for him; so they are left sometimes to starve in the hands of their captors, and sometimes are led forth to gratify them with their tortures. There can be no doubt but that much of this incredible suffering would be avoided if there were no cruisers; and truly, if we cannot alleviate the miseries of these wretches by our blockade, let us not add to their torments by our philanthropic but fruitless exertions.

De Souza was right. Our attempts to put down the slave trade by armed cruisers is proved to be utterly hopeless, and monstrous on the score of inhumanity, not to speak of expense. Ships cannot repress the slave trade, neither would a line of fortresses on the coast: for in the latter case, the trade would only be diverted into a new channel. Besides, a land blockade would embroil us with the Americans, French, and other nations. In the name of common sense, then, why is the present pernicious and ruinously expensive policy pursued? If we must have a hand in the thing, why are not more plausible means employed? To the consideration of this most important subject the mind of

all reasonable persons ought to be directed. Unreasoning philanthropy, in this as in other things, has done nothing but mischief.

THE MARIGOLD WINDOW.*

THE author of this elegant volume means no doubt to typify his mind by the marigold window of a cathedral, and his thoughts by the light which passes through it, modified by its fantastic, yet little varied forms, and mellowed by its dim poetical colouring. He exaggerates, however, the value of the illumination conveyed through such a medium; forgetting that it can be of little or no utility in bringing out hidden truths, being introduced merely as a constituent part of a picture, the main object of which is effect. Thought, in fact, is not our author's province. He is led by the constitution of his mind to confound sentimental with philosophical reflection, and to imagine he thinks when he only feels and fancies. Even religion he confounds with its forms; ascribing a devout character to the 'tide of munificence and taste now widening throughout the realm,' and tracing it to 'that fountain of revived catholicity welling up within the green seclusion of the Oxford cloisters.' Christianity, to be felt by him, must be objective. He desires to unite the church on earth with the church in heaven by praying for the dead, and believing that the dead pray for him. He sees no inconclusiveness in this means of union; what his nature craves, and must have even in acts of devotion, is a picture for the employment of his heart and imagination.

In one respect this peculiarity is of advantage to the book, although in another it will diminish its chance of popularity. The advantage—and to that we will confine ourselves—is obvious in the excellence of the descriptive pieces. An old house, a ruined church, a dim and mystic wood, were hardly ever more finely painted. You see the shapes of bygone days flitting through deserted rooms; you listen to the swell of the organ vibrating through vaults where the bat is now the only inhabitant; you hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees. At this season of the year more especially such a book is welcome. We all of us want to flee away somewhere and be at rest. We care not about the paradox in saying that God made the country, and man the town; but continue panting for that Thing of Beauty which lives in green shades, and on mountain sides, and in old solitary houses; and so we

— Rest in hopes
To see wide plains, fair trees, and sunny slopes,
The moon, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers,
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

These 'overlooking towers' are, after all, the grand charm of the picture, bringing the things of inanimate nature home to our business and bosoms. 'Old mansions!' says our author, 'what a worthy theme of chronicle—what a wealthy mine of romance! That they were monuments of the opulence, the magnificence, and the dominion of our forefathers; that their reverend frontispieces look on us, as it were, from beyond

"The deep backward and abysme of time;"

that their principal connection is with the buried world; and that they hold converse with the living from among the dead—are not considerations to nod and sleep upon, if you be instinct with one spark of that heavenly fire which animates the earthy teneament called flesh and blood.' The heart of an old mansion is the fireplace. 'Undoubtedly the fireside is the Magnus Apollo of

romance, the cradle at once, and the nurse of legendary lore. Look at the superiority of our northern tales over the voluptuous lucubrations of softer and sunnier realms, and you may trace it to the influence of the long winter nights, the heartsome homes, and the hearth-flame—the talkative, the amusing, the ethereal hearth-flame—which at once inspires our fancies and suggests our recreation.

The soft purple sky jewelled with stars, the paradisaical perfumes from groves of orange and palm, the silver sparkles of the marble fountain soothing the still and tepid air, the gushing cadences of the nightingale, the tall, pillared pavilion, wooing the spirit-like breezes to wander and whisper round its painted galleries, or flit through the gilt lattice of its balconies—all these appliances had much in themselves to divide and distract attention from the story-teller of Italian gardens.

But when the dark night, early swooping down on the woods and towers of English homes, drove within their gates, and gathered round their firesides, both young and old, high and low, from the stirring excitement of out-door toil or sport; when rain, and sleet, and wind, stalked by door and window, grim warders as they were, and forbade all egress; when the well-spread board had exhausted its gratifications, and the very wine-cup had ceased to charm—then did that domestic fane, the chimney vault, manifest its glories unveiled; then did the feudal focus vindicate philosophy for appropriating its Roman title to express the centre of attraction!

To give an account of the heterogeneous contents of a volume of prose and poetry like this is out of the question; but as Scotland, for various good reasons, will be the great field of the tourist during the present season, we are happy to be afforded an opportunity of illustrating, and perhaps exhibiting in a new phase, some of its more familiar sights. One of the best triumphs of the railway is the Cheap Excursion, which opens out a world of poetry and romance, intermingled with historical monuments, to eyes that have hitherto been condemned to behold such matters only in the pages of a book. But books, although imperfect in themselves, very often serve as spectacles to enable those to see who would otherwise receive only confused and indistinct impressions; a fact which we may illustrate by selecting a very common object in a very common and cheap excursion. Common and cheap! These words escaped our pen, and it is only on reflection that we are startled to think of the character of the journey we would indicate. The tourist proceeds from Edinburgh to Glasgow—from Glasgow down the course of the Clyde beyond the Gareloch—up the whole length of Loch Long—across the neck of land to Loch Lomond—down Loch Lomond from end to end—overland to Dumbarton—up the narrower part of the Clyde to Glasgow, and back again to Edinburgh: all in one day, and all at the expense of a few shillings! The object on this tour illustrated by our author is the hotel at the head of Loch Long.

Descending upon Loch Long, we passed the beautiful village and the Hall of Arrochar, once the principal mansion of the chief of the M'Farlane clan, almost sepulchred in huge groves of noble old trees. It was not our original purpose to have tarried in this romantic spot; but in consequence of some defect in the working of the steamboat, we were compelled to land when about half way down the loch, and walked back to the old castle, now used as a hostel, but still in the occupation of the family (how downfallen!) of the M'Farlanes.

Behold us, then, settled for the night in a wide wainscoted saloon, of carved walnut panels, and to which a steep stair rises direct from the very threshold of the porch—a general air of antiquity hovering over everything, and of course embellished by a thousand visions of the old and warlike clan. The ample hearth sent up a cheerful blaze, most acceptable to this chilly, autumnal night; still there was an aspect of desolation, reminding one powerfully of the Udolpho chambers, with all their

* The Marigold Window; or Pictures of Thought. By the Author of 'Fragments of Italy.' &c. London: Longman. 1849.

accessories of banditti, tyrants, and ghosts. I was to have the haunted room for my dormitory; and fully expected some gigantic chieftain in plaid and kilt to undraw my curtains at the dead of night, and hallo his wild "Loch Sloy!" in my startled ear. My anticipations, however, were not doomed to be realised; for I had a night of deep and refreshing slumber, chimed to by that heavy old clock, whose dim silver dial-plate and spiral frame stands at the head of the great staircase.

'At the first ray of a brilliant October sun I rose, hastily performing my toilet rites, and hurried down to the basking beach of Loch Long. It was a morning of airless frost, cloudless sun, and such serene silence, that the booming of a hundred waterfalls (bournes swollen by the late heavy rains) sweeping down the hills seemed to enhance the repose that enfolded the village, the castle, the church, the woods, and the glass-like sheet of Loch Long in its sleepy spell.

'The old manor castle itself stands on a pleasant point of smooth green turf, commanding the lake: a double row of majestic plane-trees (the customary attendant on the Scottish tower) forms a delightful grove on the south; and the mighty Hill of Arrochar rises abruptly behind the mansion towards the east.

'The house itself is tall, and built in the shape of a T. The most interesting apartment is that which still goes by the name of the Laird's Parlour. It is a lower storey, snug and secluded, wainscoted with fine larch, having the panels highly painted in Dutch landscape, with festoons of fruit and flowers. Among other things, it contains a most curious tea-service of rich porcelain, made in China, expressly for a M'Farlane of his day. Each piece has the M'Farlane arms—argent, a cross in-vecked, saltire, gules, between four roses seeded and barbed proper; the family crest, a sheaf of arrows; the supporters, two Highlanders; the motto, "This I'll defend," and the slogan of the clan, "Loch Sloy," all emblazoned in gorgeous colours.

'As I stood upon the turf behind the interesting building, I actually revelled in the united enchantments of that gray legendary place, and the serene glory of that autumnal morn.

'The venerable house, with its six high gables, towering into large moulded chimneys; its porch surmounted by the wreath that once surrounded the heraldry of the clan M'Farlane; the massy gate itself, clenched with iron studs, the principal stair revealed at the open doorway, and the date of the building, 1697, traced in Arabic figures over the portal, lay all ablaze in the placid splendour of the morning sun; the heavy old trees stood up, green and full, into the azure sky, not a leaf of their variously-coloured foliage tinged by the autumn; and on the mountains beyond the red mineral stains, and the tinges of the dead heather and withering fern displayed their sombre and harmonious colouring.

'What a morning, after a night spent in the gloomy grandeur of a decayed Highland castle!

The Gareloch, which we have incidentally mentioned, is one of the most beautiful bits of water in Scotland. It stretches up from the great bay of Helensburgh, making Roseneath, with its ducal seat, a peninsula, and after leaving the majestic Clyde, assuming all the characteristics of a gentle and solemnly-tranquil inland lake. Here the tourist, who has more time than the flying excursionist, will be tempted to seek out Lady Carrick's Lodge. 'Passing from the sunny shores of the soft Gareloch, through a dismantled gateway, apparently of the early Stuart dynasty, you find yourself all at once plunged among a solemn congregation of trees, whose dimensions are absolutely extravagant, and whose arcades of trunks bewilder you with the luxuriant waste of magnificence, till your astonishment borders upon awe. Yet there is nothing of the gloomy horror of a Druid's grove. The sun sweeps over lawnly glades, that glance in velvet greenness here and there, emblazing sometimes entire ranges of foliage with sheets of lustre, and sometimes with difficulty cleaving through their boughs a pathway of radiance that enlivens even

the gloomiest shadows of their recesses. As to the trees themselves, nothing can exceed the variety of their enchanting foliage (evidently the tasteful work of man's device). The sunny lime, now yellow with its fragrant tassels, the variety of the pine, the cedar of Lebanon, the American oak, the dark and massy yew, the aspen, the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, are intermingled with admirable art; while, on a mound apart and elevated, the Twin Titans do, by their prodigious bulk, win you for a space from the noble but inferior stature of their sylvan co-mates. Still so solitary, so silent, so neglected, looks this beautiful spot, that considering the colossal grandeur, its leading characteristic, you might almost imagine it some Eden which the Deluge had spared—some garden planted by the giants of old, men of renown.

'The labour of man, the art and the taste of man are everywhere conspicuous; and yet the only tokens that man selected this sweet place for his abode are two mouldering pillars, a formal avenue (just like a wall) of gigantic lime-trees, leading straight to two tiers of turf terraces, which were once ascended by stairs, and guarded by balustrades of carved stone, and terminated by a grassy mound, completely over-canopied by ash, birch, and spindle-trees, at once the grave and the monument of the Old Lodge!

'What had its masters done that their habitation should be laid level with the earth, and yet their vast grove suffered to survive, as the witnesses and memorials that the place once so flourishing was now cursed?

'Strange, various, and even contradictory stories are whispered among the rustics. At anyrate it is a lovely, a solemn, a spirit-stirring precinct. I question if I would willingly visit its huge hollows by the ghastly moonlight!

After these splendid trees come the funeral yews, and more especially those of Dirlton Castle, on the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. 'These are the most extraordinary I ever saw. They are of gigantic dimensions, and so thick, as to form profound shades, whose Druidical solemnity a whole forest could not surpass: not frowning here and there in solitary dignity like intruders on the lighter foliage; but glooming in congregated grandeur, the sombre ascendants of the baronial pleasure, their multitude rendering the other trees insignificant, and their sublimity making the gayest colourings of the orchard look trivial and gaudish.

'Their vast size is eminently remarkable, where they form the broad and lofty rampires of the bowling-green, rising to the height of fifty feet in some parts, and in others forming solid walls of clipped foliage round the four sides of a square area of considerable size, and the smoothest and greenest turf. This is in a hollow, over which the old castle (one of the most beautiful and interesting ruins in Scotland) rose, when I saw it, high on a basaltic crag, exhibiting a vast assemblage of round, octagon, and square towers, above which the great donjon stood pre-eminent, interspersed with steep coronets of notched gables and chimneys of the most beautiful mould, huddled together in the most picturesque way imaginable; robes of rustling ivy spread their glossy brocade over the greater part, while the ruddy westering sun painted both the majestic edifice and its solemn tapestries with fervent gold. Deciduous trees, richly annealed with a thousand autumnal colours, clustered around the castle; and below them lay the smooth bowling-green, with its long low seats of turf, corresponding with every side, and its arbours in the centre of each. The placid purple of the sky above, the superb pomp of the autumnal foliage, and the profound gloom of the *Ethiop yews*, their summit just touched by the sunset, at which

"The melancholy mass put on bright looks, and smiled,"

formed altogether a pleasing accompaniment to this October evening, with its breathless atmosphere, dropping leaves, and distant voices from the village green. The owl follows naturally the congenial yew, with a

lament for the approaching close of his ancient solitary reign. The interior of Dirlton Castle 'is the most intricate, shattered, and piquant thing in the shape of a ruin that ever invited an adventurer of the Radcliffe school. Galleries, staircases, recesses, bowers, halls of vaulted stone, turrets that rise not higher into the golden sky than its vaults sink deep into the pitchy earth, sullen wells, shattered niches, dismantled pillars, and fair and luxuriant trees, waving everywhere in their most finely-moulded chambers. The gorgeous and aromatic gillyflower glows here in lavish splendour. One room is very striking. It occupies the great round south-west tower, and is of course circular, is lighted by three windows, whose recesses, nine feet deep, have each groined ceilings, containing a huge fireplace, with carved columns and moulded cornice, and terminates in a stately alcove ceiling or cupola. The castle abounds in gateways, and there seems to have been court within court, some broad and turfy, others tall and narrow as a well. I never saw a Scottish castle so spacious; nor in England one which, with no extraordinary architectural splendour to boast, possesses more attractive features than the basaltic seat, variegated fabric, and antiquated gardens of Dirlton Castle.'

Here is an old town hit off in a paragraph:—'A most romantic air of high antiquity she truly wears—clustering in broad towers and lofty steeples, and girdled by solemn and darkly-globose woods. I do not know when I have seen so striking an effect of architectural old age in a city—not in mitred St Andrews itself. The town stretches the tall and quaintly-gabled mansions of its main street along the southern brow of a steep hill. She then circles round its western ridge, and spreads her houses and gardens down the sides. Gray stone fronts, with blue and red roofs, promiscuously intermingled with tufts of verdure, form a highly-coloured ruinment to the mound; and at its top the stately eminences of the High Street, like a mural coronet, spiked with slender shafts, look, glittering in the sun, down on a fertile plain. The dark and arching wrecks of the regal and abbatial buildings—frowning over a wilderness of gorgeous tinted foliage in the blue misty Glen of Pittencrief, close, with melancholy majesty, this solemn, yet splendid picture. Such is high old Dunfermline town!'

Rothsay Castle is sketched as boldly and as rapidly, and Elgin is satisfied with a few master-touches. 'The view of Elgin from the highway on the east is exceedingly impressive. The boldly-vaulted bridge in the foreground, baring its gray face among rich woods of ash and Oriental plane, makes a triumphal arch over the broad, crashing river. And at the back, monstrous in their magnificence, the two great steeples of the minster, with their tall gable and its grand window between them, together with the graceful octagon of the Chapter House, elevate their venerable bulk above the bridge and its green groves. Glooming against the coloured heavens behind them, that fill up each melancholy orifice, their sombre majesty associates well with the heavy gleams of a storm-foreboding sunset, and the thundery purple of those long, bleak hills. The solemn pomp of the principal objects, and the gorgeous colouring over all, together with the awful tranquillity heightened rather than infringed at intervals by the hollow gusts—(the light horse of the approaching tempest)—combined in a superb picture, over which the "lion port" of the gigantic cathedral reigned paramount.'

We can only refer to the description of Loch Leven Castle as being highly characteristic—some will think it amusingly so—of the writer's enthusiasm; but our space will afford nothing more than an abridged sketch of Falkland Palace. This 'is a highly-picturesque fabric, and, from its associations, absolutely fascinating; but if a man goes thither merely for architectural delights, why, then, a great square donjon, with broad turrets and notched gables, a façade of low and heavy structure, with massive cornice and thick cable mouldings, together with the peculiarity of dozens of

medallions between the buttresses, every buttress containing a statue with elaborate canopies and brackets, frowning turrets enringed with noisy jackdaws, and tall chimneys with quaintly-carved coronals, an assemblage of gorgeous but unwieldy decoration—will, it is to be feared, wofully disappoint him.

'The great hall is 100 feet long, and 40 broad, and its roof is redolent of the flattering remains of past royalty, and wretchedly false promises of future immortality. It is painted in ribbed compartments of azure, vermillion, and gold—in scrolls, in shields, in diadems, in mantles, in cyphers, in mottos. . . . *Fleur de lis*, roses, and thistles, complete the faded decorations of the ceiling; in the centre of which is a large shield containing the arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland; the Red Lion being marshalled *first*, and England quartering France *second* in the escutcheon. I observed the portcullis and crown (the badge of the Tudor family), and the Prince of Wales's plume, with its motto of majestic humility—"Ich Dien." A grand gallery with five colossal windows looking northward extends parallel with this apartment. How like gilded notes in the sunbeam appear its departed companies to the imagination! Nothing but royalty breathes in the murky air: nothing but crimes and coronets break through the dismal arcade: no echoes but of royal command and courtly adulation flit beneath that high and dusky roof! Through the windows you may see the soft hills, sheltered villages, and tinted woods of Strath-Eden; just such a warm sun as this tinged the pale stubbles and green pastures with golden red when kindly eyes saw, but recked not of them. But within the towered palace, *within*—where be the lamps that, with richly-coloured lustre, caused the departed daylight to be forgotten?—where the pictures that made the lovely landscapes of Strath-Eden appear dull and tame?—where the bowered and pillared tapestries which, when men saw, they said, "Would Nature were as fair!"—where the majestic forms that dignified these scenes?—where the lustrous eyes that *defied* them? . . . The most striking feature of Falkland Palace is its cumbrous magnificence of mould: even its commanding towers look low from their bulk. To see the buildings, however, in all their picturesque variety—the roofless and the roofed, turret and hall, staircase and gateway, diamond lattices and gaping windows of rich sculptures, the brocades of barbaric carvings that lace its broad buttresses, and the reverend hue of solemn gray that its huge walls disclose; while birch and pine-trees of gigantic trunks and cluttered foliage are illumined by the calm evening sun-flame that floats upon the pile, and phalanxes of rooks hovering over the trees and towers, whose incessant cries scarcely permitted the shrill note of the martlet, or the deep soft tones of the cushat to be heard—thus to see Falkland Palace, makes desolation pompous, and imparts a glory to gloom.'

At the time and in the place we write, the easier classes are off we know not whither; and in lieu of them the streets are flooded with tourists from far and near, come to admire the objects that have palled upon the others. These new birds of passage are recognised by the healthy brown of their complexions, and by their apparel a little wild and uncouth; but more especially by the guide-book which they carry, like an official baton, in their hand. An English tourist always goes to work in a business-like manner. His pleasure is occupation. He is careful of matters of fact, and checks his book just as he does his hotel bill. Indeed we think there is 'something too much of this' for in watching details, he may forget impressions, and for the sake of a cold correctness in things of little moment, sacrifice much both of the enjoyment and advantage of the journey. To such travellers, but more especially to the cheap excursionists, who have not time for details, a work like the one we are noticing is wholesome reading. It gives the moral colouring of the object, and informs with spirit what would otherwise be only inert matter.

Although it may be wise, therefore, to employ sometimes the telescope and sometimes the rule, it is equally so to take a broad sweeping glance at the scene through some such medium as the 'Marigold Window.'

A LORD-KLEPER AND HIS MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.

If we wish to measure the true baseness of a debased state of morals, it may perhaps be better done, not by exaggerated accounts, and not even by selecting extreme instances, but by observing what those who are brought up in this evil moral atmosphere count as virtues. So perhaps the true wretchedness of the worst man is not to be tested so well by the misery of its worst room as by the tawdry finery of its best. Most people are made familiar with the vicious excesses of the courtiers of the Restoration—with the wild libertinism of Villiers and Wilmot—with the anecdotes of the easy, good natured, and good for nothing king and his ministers 'mad,' as Pepys tells us, 'with the chasing of a post moth' in the saloon of the abandoned Lady Castleman when Van Tromp's cannon were heard booming up the Thames. The schoolboy reads with a little wonder how the Lord Chancellor Jeffries caught a cold, which produced a fever, from his imprudence—participated by another cabinet minister who joined him—in climbing a lamp post to drink the king's health, when both were stark naked, and had of course drunk more than was conducive to their own health. About such details there is a certain rude and vulgar breadth, which even when they are true, makes them look like exaggeration, and for a truer and more delicate measure of the morality and principle of that age, we have sometimes had recourse to the pages of those who profess to describe the virtuous men of the court.

In this view, the Honourable Roger North's lives of his three brothers—Lord Guildford, Sir Dudley North, and Dr John North—are a mine of minute and precious veins. They were published in two quarto volumes in 1740 and 1742. They were subsequently reprinted, either for the use of the curious in historical literature, than for the world at large, in 1826. The phoenix among the three brothers was Francis, who became Lord-keeper of the Great Seal. His portrait as given in his brother's biography, is that of a very handsome man, whose face has a character of judicial grandeur and dignity. At first sight, it seems that of an honest man, and a person who looks at it before reading the book generally thinks so, but before he has finished, as from time to time he looks back at it from the incidents he is reading, he thinks he sees a certain shyness lurking about the well developed mouth, the full well fed cheeks, and even the broad lofty brow.

Perhaps the reason why the moral defects of an age are best developed by the eulogistic biographies, is because the biographer, who thinks all is perfect in the object of his inquiries, introduces us to all his weaknesses, which are the intricate and minute parts of character, while the person who records the vices of his neighbour only sees and describes whatsoever is flagrant. For instance, in an account of a man's vices, written by an enemy, or a person judging him harshly, we would never find an instance of sycophancy like the following, told in such a manner as to secure belief—The young barrister courts a miserly but powerful man, whom all his more imprudent and more vicious brethren shun. In his brother's words—'He was exceedingly careful to keep fair with the cock of the circuit, and particularly with Sergeant Earl, who had almost a monopoly. The sergeant was a very covetous man, and when none would starve with him in journeys, this young gentleman kept him company.' 'I hope,' says Roger North, the writer of these biographies, 'to rescue the memories of these distinguished persons from a malevolent intent to oppress them, and for that end bring their names and characters above board, that all people may judge of them as they shall appear to de-

serve.' In this point he shows his readers how the young lawyer courted favour with the judge, flattering his prejudices, and was ready to sacrifice the interest of an honest client whenever he found that, by pushing it, he lost favour with the judge. Thus 'in circuit practice there is need of an exquisite knowledge of the judge's humour, as well as his learning and ability to try causes; and his lordship was a wonderful artist at suoking a judge's tendency to make it serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion when he was plainly in the wrong, and when mere contradiction had but made him more positive, and besides, that in so doing he himself had weakened his own credit with the judge, and thereby been less able to set him right when he was inclined to it.'

But his love passages are at once the most amusing and characteristic of this astute lawyer's commendable proceedings. At the present day, there is doubtless abundance of mercenary matrimony and hard settlement-bargaining, but it is usual to draw a veil over the harsh outlines of this species of traffic. Although this matrimonial slave trade is not counted in the catalogue of vices, yet it is shrouded under that homage of hypocrisy which vice is said to pay to virtue, and we do not find it blazoned, as among a man's good deeds, that he drove a hard bargain for a wife, and was tempted by ten per cent deduction to abandon the object of his proffered affection.

His first adventure may be styled the Romance of the Usurer's Daughter. It was thus—'There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer in Gray's Inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich, but after his death, to be worth nobody; could tell what His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her, then upon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement, but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children? This was an unanswerable question for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, "That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer." And so they parted, and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had at that time a stout heart and could not digest the being so slighted, as if, in his present state, a profitable profession and future hopes were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter, and thenceforward despised his alliance.' Magnanimous Francis North!

The next incident may be called the Widow's Comedy. The astute young barrister had met his match in a young widow, who kept him and several others of his kind in a long suspense, until she at last married—as if for the mere purpose of spitting them all—a person completely out of the circle of her suitors.

'His lordship's next affair,' says his partial brother, 'was in all respects better grounded; but, against all sense, reason, and obligation, proved unsuccessful. When Mr Edward Palmer, his lordship's most intimate and dear friend, died, he left a flourishing widow, and very rich. The attorney-general and all his family had projected a match of their cousin North with this lady, who were no strangers to each other, nor was there wanting sufficient advices, or rather importunities, of the whole family for her to accept him, against which she did not seem to relent, but held herself very reserved. In the meantime his lordship was excited to

make his application, which he had never done, or, at least, not persisted so long as he did, but out of respect and compliance with the sense of that worthy family, which continually encouraged him to proceed. Never was lady more closely besieged with wooers. As many as five younger brothers sat down before her at one time; and she held them in hand, as they say, giving no definitive answer to any one of them till she cut the thread; and after a clamular proceeding, and match with a jolly knight of a good estate, she dropped them all at once, and so did herself and them justice.'

'There were,' says the partial biographer, 'many comical passages in this wooing, which his lordship, without much pleasantry, used to remember; and however fit for a stage, would not muster well in a historical relation.' He mentions, too, that nothing but the desire of keeping well with an influential family 'could have held him in harness so long; for it was very grievous to him that had his thoughts upon his client's concerns, which came in thick upon him, to be held in a course of bo-peep play with a crafty widow.' Yet the most truly commercial adventure was the third, which is described thus by the affectionate brother:— 'Another proposition came to his lordship by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be £6000. His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who, as the way is, was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrunk to £5000; and upon that his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr Broker (following) came to him and said, "Sir John would give £500 more at the birth of the first child;" but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this despatch his lordship was made solicitor-general, and then the broker came again with news that Sir John would give £10,000. "No," his lordship said; "after such usage, he would not proceed if he might have £20,000." So ended that affair, and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity.'

'It is said that marriages are made in heaven,' is the next remark of the biographer—a singular one certainly to follow such mercenary doings. It refers to the ultimate matrimonial fate of the Lord-Keeper, who married a woman not only of birth and fortune, but of such affection and amiability, as his hard selfish nature did not deserve. Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' says of North that 'he had as much law as he could contain.' And it certainly seems to have filled him so completely, as to exclude every generous feeling and refined sentiment.

FREDERIKA BREMER AND HER COMPEERS.

THE vigorous and poetic mind of Scandinavia was, until a few years ago, a sealed book to our literary world in England. The very names of its popular authors were unknown among us; and had it not been for the charming life-pictures of Frederika Bremer, this ignorance might haply have prevailed even to the present hour. Her tale of 'The Neighbours,' on its first appearance in an English dress, was hailed with universal delight, not merely on account of its freshness and originality, but also as making us acquainted with domestic life under an aspect which had heretofore been comparatively unknown to us. This enthusiasm concerning Miss Bremer's writings has not yet abated, so that each of her works, on its publication in England, is instantaneously sought after and devoured by persons of all ages and of all shades of opinion.

Frederika Bremer has had the good fortune not only to win popularity and esteem for herself, but also to create a general interest in behalf of the literature of her native country, so that translated copies of Swedish poets and historians now obtain a place on the shelves of our public as well as our private libraries and are

inquired for with avidity by the ordinary class of intelligent readers.

Some slight notice of this accomplished writer, as well as of one or two of her literary countrywomen, may not be unacceptable to our readers. But before speaking of them, we must premise that it is no new thing for Swedish women to indulge a taste for literary composition. So early as the reign of Gustavus III., Hedwig Charlotte Nordenflycht was so renowned for her poetic talent, that she was sometimes named Urania, sometimes Sappho, by her admiring countrymen. And, in truth, her poetry possessed fully as much merit as any that has been transmitted to us by her contemporaries of the other sex.

It was, however, only in our present century that the real life of female authorship began in Sweden.

Far above all others stands Julia Christina Nyberg, better known in her own country by the name of Euphrosyne. Her lyrical productions are full of womanly grace and purity, and evidently spring forth from a heart which breathes the deepest and truest feeling. Her *Legend of St Christopher*, which is to be found in Atterborn's 'Almanac of the Muses' for 1822, may be ranked among the best specimens of Swedish poetry. We cannot speak quite so favourably of the tones which Dorothea Dunkel, Anna Lengren, and Eleonora Alscdyll have drawn from their lyres; neither do we admire the romances of Charlotte Berger (born Gräfflin Cronhielm), who walks forth in the field of fiction on those gigantic stilts of pathos which are but too fashionable at present among the novel-writers of a neighbouring country. But instead of lingering among the authoresses who are less pleasing to our taste, we will turn to the trefoil of talent formed by the Ladies Bremer, Flygare, and Knorring, who have shared among them the delineation of quiet citizen-life, of lively village scenes, and of the more glittering world of drawing-room society.

Frederika Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, she inhabited Stockholm for a while, and afterwards spent some time with a friend in Norway. She now dwells with her mother and sister close to the northern gate of Stockholm, passing her summers at a neighbouring estate called Arsta. It is said that she has portrayed her parent in the venerable and singular lady who occupies the foreground in her recent tale entitled 'The Midnight Sun,' wherein also her fair younger sister is beautifully sketched as the suffering yet lovely 'Innermost.' This sister is watched over by Miss Bremer like some fragile plant, which needs all the sunshine of life to make it bloom in freshness and beauty; and it is from the outpouring of her own unselfish heart that Frederika Bremer has given such living pictures of sisterly love and care.

It would be idle to speak here of her works, for they are in everybody's hands; and the merits of her principal personages are discussed with as much freedom in society as if they were our next-door neighbours, or our intimate acquaintances. But our readers will like to know what sort of being in her outer aspect is the lady who has given us such charming pictures of other women. That one who has already passed the boundary-line of middle age should long since have lost the freshness of youth, is self-evident to all; but we wish it were allowed us to add, that some traces of loveliness were still visible about her person, for we are conscious of an instinctive disappointment when the whole human being is not at harmony with itself, when a lofty intellect and a pure imagination are not embodied in a fair and noble exterior. Miss Bremer, however, is decidedly plain. Her spare, sallow features are, however, lighted up by a look full of intelligence and sweetness, and her meagre form is set off by the neat simplicity of her attire. There is perhaps somewhat of the teacher in her aspect—a certain staid and measured glance, which is often perceptible in those who are accustomed to watch over and to check the waywardness of youth. Yet this sort of formality does not destroy the intellectual kindness

of her countenance. She is quite aware of her own unattractiveness, and has therefore always positively refused to have her likeness taken. The picture of her which is in circulation is only an imaginary one, invented by a German painter for the profit of some bookselling speculation. It was humorously reported last year in a Swedish newspaper that the Americans had just despatched a celebrated portrait-painter to Rome and Stockholm for the express purpose of taking likenesses of 'the Pope and the Bremer.'

In Sweden, her tale of 'Home' is preferred far above any of her other works. It is allowed, even by her greatest admirers, that while the authoress views with a poetic eye the narrow and tranquil course of domestic life, and therefore sheds a tender glow around its scenes, she fails altogether in the gift of bold conception. Her female sketches are drawn with truth and spirit; but when she attempts to portray a manly character, her imagination pictures forth only some disjointed fragments, abounding in mistakes and improbabilities. Her philosophy is also somewhat too transcendental for the fiction of every-day life; and it is perhaps too frequently intruded on the attention of her readers. But fault-finding is an ungrateful task when there is so much to admire and to approve of as in the works of Frederika Bremer.

Danile Flygare has not yet passed very far beyond the bounds of her thirtieth year. She is the daughter of a country pastor, and need only have recourse to her own early recollections when she wishes to depict the joys and sorrows of a village life. This is consequently her forte; and her work entitled 'Kyrkoinvigningen' ('The Church Consecration') enjoys great popularity in Sweden. Early in life she was united to an officer, and after his premature death, entered into more than one engagement of marriage, which, being broken off, occasioned unkind observations in the Swedish world of gossip and fashion. At length she gave her hand to Carlén, a very mediocre poet, many years younger than herself, and since this event, she has, according to the fashion of some celebrated women of the day, assumed the double surname of Flygare-Carlén. She resides with her husband in Stockholm, and seems very happy in domestic life. She is fully as expert a housewife as a story-teller, and is not ashamed of assisting occasionally in the cooking of her domestic repasts. Above all, she is very modest in her desire for praise, and seems heartily to esteem those who may be considered her rivals in literary fame. She has a slight active figure, and repose is by no means her favourite element. Her small features are rather pleasing than pretty, but a spiritual expression is imparted to them by the soft lustre of her clear dark eyes.

We must now say a word of the Baroness Knorring, who is a right noble lady, and dwells far from Stockholm with her husband, a man of family and fortune. Her age is not very far from forty; and it is said by those who know her well that her life has been one of deep and passionate emotion; that she may say emphatically with Wallenstein's Thekla—

• 'Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.'

'I have lived and loved.'

She is of a nervous temperament, and of very fragile health, and this, perhaps, is the sort of constitution most fitting to one who describes the weak, sensitive, *sallying* emotions of aristocratic life. Her style is light and graceful, and she is an admirable painter of *high life*, with all its elegant nothingnesses and its spiritless pomp. Her best novel is 'Cousinerna' ('The Cousins'), which, like the popular works of Bremer and Flygare, has been translated into German; but we do not believe it has yet appeared in an English dress.

So much for the three most popular romance writers of the present day in Sweden. We shall only add, that there is no country in which literature is held in higher honour than among our northern neighbours. It suffices for a man to have written a volume of interesting tales,

or of tolerable poetry, to be received and courted in the best society; neither is this thirst for learning confined to the more educated classes; for as one traverses the country, either in lake-steainers or by other conveyances, everywhere he is struck by the intense earnestness with which the poorest people are *sees* poring over some old and oftentimes worn-out volume, as if they were seeking for some hidden treasure. Perhaps they have learned intuitively the truth of Lord Bacon's celebrated aphorism, that 'knowledge is power.' May they also be taught the kindred but still higher truth, that 'wisdom is strength!'

AUSTRALIAN WINE MANUFACTURE.

For some years a considerable effort has been making to render Australia a wine-growing country. Vines of various kinds have been introduced from France, Italy, Germany, and other countries; their culture has been anxiously studied, and their produce made the subject of numerous experiments, all with the view of securing a new and profitable article of export.

The soil and climate of New South Wales being, we believe, especially suitable for vine culture, there it has been carried to the greatest extent; and we should infer that, fiscal arrangements permitting, the time is not far distant when clarets, burgundies, hocks, and other light wines, will form an important branch of import from Australia. And certainly, it may be added, if these articles are to be used at all, better buy them from our own countrymen in the colonies than from France, which, notwithstanding all our liberality, purchases from us as little as it possibly can. We should not indeed be surprised to see the French commercial mind brought by and by to its senses by our large import of wines from Australia.

To show what is doing in New South Wales to promote the wine manufacture, we have the satisfaction of referring to the proceedings of the Hunter River Vineyard Association, on the 1st of November last, as detailed in the 'Maitland Mercury.' This association appears to consist of a number of enterprising settlers of some standing, each of whom brings to an annual meeting a few sample bottles of wines produced on his property, and at the same time reads a report of experiments and observations. On the occasion referred to, proceeds the account in the 'Maitland Mercury,' 'Mr Lang of Dunmore produced three samples: a white wine of the make of 1847, a red wine of the same year, and a red hermitage of 1848. The white wine was of thin body and sharp flavour, but without acidity, and a very pleasant wine for a hot summer's day. The red wine was a good sound wine, of fair body and pleasant flavour. The red hermitage was remarkably good for its age, having been only bottled on the 21st September last; it had the hermitage flavour, and although necessarily weak at present, promised to make a fine wine with age.'

'Mr Edw. Hickey of Osterley produced three samples: a hock of 1847, a pale burgundy of 1848, and a hock of 1848. The hock of 1847 had almost precisely the same flavour as hocks of different growth formerly produced by Mr Hickey; it had a pleasant quick flavour, and appeared perfectly sound. The burgundy was a very good wine, considering that it was only of this year's make, having the burgundy flavour, considerable strength and body, and so palatable, that it was considered it would become an excellent wine. The hock of 1848 was of course thin, and of slight flavour; but what flavour there was, was similar to that of the first hock.'

'Mr Carmichael of Porphyry Point produced eight samples, four of which were tasted—namely, a red wine of 1846, a red wine of 1847, a red wine of 1848, and a white wine of 1848. The red wine of 1846, made from a mixture of black grapes, had rather a sharp flavour, and was somewhat thin, but was a pleasant wine: the red wine of 1847, made from a mixture of red grapes, was of a paler colour, and the flavour rather strong and harsh, although it tasted as if the flavour was not yet fully developed: the red wine of 1848, made from the *franc pineau* grape, was a very good wine for its age, having a good body and fine flavour: the white wine of 1848, made entirely from Shepherd's Riesling grape,

was an excellent wine, although so recently made, sound, of good body, of fine golden colour, and having a full, rich flavour: this was pronounced a really good wine, and a number of questions were asked as to its manufacture, &c. Mr Carmichael said that the wine was made from Shepherd's Riesling alone, and purely from the juice of the grape, the husks being fermented with it: it was made in February 1848, and bottled in September, about one hogshead being made; this was the first produce of those vines which were planted in land ploughed, but not trenched.

Mr King of Irrawang produced two samples: a white wine of 1844, and a red wine of 1836. The white wine was made entirely from Shepherd's Riesling grape: it was a very fine wine, of rich fruity flavour, and a beautiful golden colour. The red wine of 1836, and consequently nearly thirteen years old, was much admired: it was perfectly sound, and had a very fine flavour, but was not equal in our estimation to the red wine of Irrawang produced by Mr King at the last meeting: it had been eleven years in bottle, and had made a considerable deposit on the sides of the bottle, and it was stated that being shaken in carriage had somewhat injured its flavour: the bouquet from this wine was very fine.

Mr Kelman of Kirkton produced one sample: a red hermitage of 1847. This was a fine wine, of great body, sound, and strong; with the hermitage flavour and bouquet: of a remarkably deep colour, but quite clear.

Some conversation followed about the different wines produced, but no distinct opinions were elicited. A general feeling of confidence was expressed that wine would soon be an exportable commodity from the colony.

Mr King produced two samples of liquors—an orange liqueur and novena. The orange was very sweet and palatable, almost syrupy, but was rather fiery in flavour. The novena was remarkably good, of beautiful bouquet, and very agreeable flavour, without any fiery taste.

Mr Lang produced a sample of white brandy, which was strong and somewhat fiery when tasted pure, but very pleasant when mixed with cold water.

Mr Kelman produced a sample of white brandy, so strong, that, when tasting it pure, it was difficult to tell the flavour; but, when mixed with cold water, it proved of fine and pure flavour.

This closed the exhibition of samples, and a discursive conversation followed. Finally, reports were read. In one of these Mr Carmichael observes, 'I conceive that a half-acre of vines on the alluvial land will produce in two and a-half years from the time of planting three hogsheads of wine of sixty gallons each; in three years and a-half five hogsheads; and will continue to increase in quantity till the half-acre will produce five hundred gallons, or perhaps more. I have at this moment in my garden on the alluvial soil about twenty-four rods of vines, or about one-seventh of an acre, which produced last year three and a-half hogsheads of wine. This alluvial land does not so much require trenching as the forest land; indeed it may be dispensed with altogether if the land is twice ploughed, and then a double furrow opened for every row of vines—a spade deep being dug in the furrow when the vines are planted. I have offered to show to these people the whole process of the management of the wine (in which they imagine there is something very abstruse), and to go at any time to examine their vines, to see that their treatment of them is proper. There is,' he adds, 'no cultivation which the settlers in this country could enter on with more convenience and profit to themselves than the vine, because their time for the vintage is not required of them till the end of February, when their harvest and thrashing are all done, and the pruning and clearing of their vines not till July, when their wheat-sowing is all finished, and they have a month or two of leisure.'

The most lengthy and explanatory report is that of Mr King. We well remember this gentleman thirty-four years ago when he was a shopboy in Edinburgh, and when we employed our winter evenings together in various scientific studies. Having proceeded to New South Wales, he there, from small beginnings, attained eminence in the manufacture of pottery and glass; but in the midst of these professional avocations at Irrawang, it would seem that he has been paying considerable attention to vine culture; and now it falls to our lot to give publicity to his far from uninteresting experiments. Commencing his report by a reference to the sample of red wine, vintage 1836, he says, 'This wine is the pro-

duct of the black pineau grape, a hardy variety, though a shy bearer. Within eighteen months, however, from the time when the cuttings were put into the ground, the grapes were perfected which produced it.

The vine cuttings were planted at Irrawang, William River, in September 1834, in trenched land, six feet by four apart, were trained to one stake, and pruned to spurs of two eyes. The soil is free and open, being the débris of puddingstone and porphyry. When the fruit was ripe, it was gathered and pressed in February 1836. The juice was fermented along with the skins in an open vat. When the fermentation became less rapid, as indicated by the reduction of the temperature of the decomposing mass, the liquid portion (the wine) was run into a cask, where, after the fermentive process was finished, it was allowed to remain until the yeast formed had subsided. The clear wine was then drawn off, to prevent the precipitated yeast from again mingling with it, and thereby reproducing fermentation. With the same view, and in order to oxidise any remaining leaven, the wine was in the following spring again drawn off, exposed freely to the air, and run into another cask, where, for the sake of allowing the remaining yeast and oxidised leaven to subside, it remained till the winter of 1837, when it was fined and bottled. From that period to the present time the wine has, in its progress to maturity, gradually undergone various chemical changes. It has consequently deposited in the bottle a portion of its tartar and its colour, lost some of the grape sugar, increased in alcohol, and at times given out carbonic acid; all the while it continued to develop more perfume and ethereal odour, and is now more agreeable and mellow to the taste. Altogether, it has thus become a more perfect wine, without yet exhibiting any symptom of its having reached perfection, or rather that ultimate point of maturity at which, in all wines, deterioration must commence. This wine is the produce of the pure juice of the grape, without any addition whatever.

One of the established laws of nature is, that chemical changes are accelerated with a rapidly proportioned to the temperature of the mass subject to such change; and consequently wine in a warm climate will naturally arrive at maturity sooner than in a colder one. Wine, we well know, is sent from Europe to the East and West Indies, so that the influence of the voyage may facilitate the ripening process, which is generally developed by long keeping. It is found that the wine, after being so carried to the East Indies, is superior to that which had in like manner been carried to the West Indies, simply because the longer voyage exposes the wine more to the influence of an elevated temperature. It has also been found that the same result may be obtained in a much shorter period of time by exposing the wine to a comparatively high artificial temperature—a practice, however, which I conceive to be dangerous and objectionable; and far more so the recommendation, for that purpose, of exposing the wine in bottle to the heat of a baker's oven, given in a French work of recent authority on the subject.

The sample of wine now produced, having been grown and kept in this colony, must therefore possess its present degree of maturity years earlier than it could have attained the same degree in any of the more temperate wine-growing countries of Europe.

A practical result to be drawn from the fact, that temperature exerts a powerful influence in modifying chemical decomposition is, that, from the heat of the climate, the wine growers in this colony, particularly in this locality, will find their wine comparatively soon at a given point of maturity, and will thereby be enabled to send it sooner into the hands of the consumer. This also points out the necessity of cool cellars for the preservation of wine in such a climate as this: whereas, in the higher latitudes, where wine is produced in Europe, the prime consideration in the storing of wine is to protect it from the frost.

There is another law affecting materially the operations of the wine-maker in many stages of his process, from the fermentation of the juice to the disposal of the wine in bottle, to which I beg to call particular attention with reference to the sample of wine now produced. Chemical action is active also in proportion to the volume of the mass acted on, other conditions being the same. Hence it follows that wine, in a large mass, will ameliorate more rapidly, and develop its qualities more completely, than in a small one. It ought to be contained, therefore, in large vessels till that effect be produced; it may take only a few months, or it may take a series of years, to bring it to sufficient

matuity. This depends on the original composition of the wine, the heat of the climate, and other modifying causes. On the Rhine, for instance, wine requires the lapse of many years to ripen to maturity; and, to facilitate that result by the more bulk of the mass, it is stored in very large tuns, some of which are estimated to contain hundreds of pipes.

When the wine has at length been sufficiently so perfected, it is necessary to arrest or retard, if possible, this chemical process, which constitutes the ripening to maturity. For that purpose, in accordance with the law already stated, the mass must be reduced in bulk; and the most convenient mode of accomplishing this is that which is generally adopted—by drawing it off into common bottles, and packing them away in a cool cellar, to remain till the wine shall arrive at perfect maturity; in this state it may remain, according to circumstances, a longer or a shorter period. But wine forms no exception to the universal law. That quality which is common to all dead organic substances—to resolve themselves under ordinary circumstances into their elementary forms, and which, in the case of wine, aids in its formation, will assuredly in time accomplish its destruction. The same chemical decomposition which promoted the progress of the wine to maturity, will in course of time, even in bottle, as certainly cause its deterioration and decay.

The sample of red wine presented is now nearly thirty years old. It was kept only a year and a-half in cask, and has therefore now been nearly eleven years in bottle. Had it been some years longer in the cask, it would no doubt, therefore, have acquired its present degree of maturity in the bottle several years ago.

Such may be said to be the rudimental state of a manufacture which will soon come prominently into notice in England.

OCEAN PENNY-POSTAGE.

[A newspaper paragraph with the above heading, which appeared in No. 280 of this Journal, has elicited the following remarks from a correspondent.]

THE expense of conveying foreign letters by mail-contract packets to and from this country at the present time is about £640 000 a year. The income arising, however, from packet postage falls considerably short of this sum, and it is probable that no alteration of the present foreign rates of postage would cause the income to equal the expenditure. The object, however, of the government in paying large sums of money to private steam-packet companies for the conveyance of letters, is not only to facilitate commerce, and contribute to public convenience, but to be enabled to convert such packets into war steamers in case of need, and to obtain a knowledge of the proceedings of foreign nations, particularly the movements of their ships of war, which could not be ascertained so cheaply by any other means.

The English mail-packets run to and from this country and France, Hamburg, Holland, Belgium, North America, Mexico, India, China, the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Brazil, West Indies, and the south-western coast of America. The sea postage on letters conveyed by these vessels varies from 8d. to 2s. 7d. To foreign countries the amount of postage is proportioned to the distance of any particular part, and the quantity of correspondence conveyed to it. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the packet postage on letters conveyed a short voyage is greater than on those conveyed a longer distance. Thus the sea postage on a letter to Spain, the international correspondence being limited, is 2s. 2d.; while to America, four times the distance, where the correspondence is immense, it is only 1s. To every portion of the British dominions abroad, however (except Heligoland), the sea postage is 1s. This is the packet rate for conveying a letter to Gibraltar, a distance of about 1400 miles, and to Hong-Kong, a distance of above 11,000 miles.

The only important parts of the British dominions abroad to which there are no mail-packets are the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand. The correspondence to those parts is conveyed by merchant ships. The ocean postage on every letter

conveyed by merchantmen is 8d. Out of this sum a gratuity of twopence is paid to the captain of the ship. It will be thus seen that on every letter conveyed to and from the places where the poorest and principal portion of our emigrants resort, the government derives a profit of 6d. The captains of merchant ships are compelled by law to convey letters for the ports to which they are bound, and to deliver them without delay when they arrive. The gratuities paid them are of no value to the shipowner, either in regulating his captain's salary, or in calculating the profits of his ship, because they form so precarious an item, and because also they can only be paid personally to the captain. They are therefore considered merely as a perquisite of the latter.

Now it has been suggested that the government should forego deriving a profit of 6d. on every emigrant's letter; and that, in consideration of the protection from insult and aggression which it affords to the merchant navy, it should compel the master of a merchant vessel to carry letters without receiving gratuities; and that the postage on a private ship-letter to and from any part of the world should be 1d. only. Such an arrangement would scarcely diminish the ocean postage derived from the mail steamers; because, travelling as they do with greater speed and regularity than merchant vessels, they would still convey the letters of the wealthier classes, and all kinds of commercial correspondence.

To all poor persons abroad, and particularly sailors in the merchant navy having relatives at home, the arrangement which has been suggested would be a great benefit. To the poor emigrant in South Africa or in Australia it would prove an unspeakable blessing. The universal complaint amongst emigrants and their friends is the failure of their correspondence in reaching its destination. This is caused principally by defective post-office arrangements in the interior of colonies, and to loss of ships and accidents at sea. But if the postage on ship-letters were reduced to one penny, a dozen letters would be written by the emigrant and his friends where only one is at present—some of which would be sure to arrive safely. At present, the settler in Australia is unwilling to burthen his friends unnecessarily with a tax of 8d.; he therefore writes his solitary letter, and must wait at least a twelvemonth before he can ascertain if it has reached home. If it fail in doing so, it is nearly two years before his relatives can tell whether he is living or dead.

All persons who have had to do with the emigration movement can bear testimony to the anxiety and suspense endured by the relatives of emigrants on account of the limited correspondence that is received from our distant colonies, and which arises entirely from expensive sea postage; and to the unbounded delight felt by the colonist at receiving at intervals, few and far between, a letter from the mother country. It will be utterly useless to organise an extensive emigration movement suited to the exigencies of this country until the postage on ship-letters is reduced. Emigrants and friends part with no expectation that they will ever meet again in this world; and the only consolation that can be offered them is, that they will be sure to frequently hear of one another's existence and welfare.

IMPORTANCE OF AMUSEMENT.

The whole world is distracted with factions; and therefore sure the old time was much to be commended, in tolerating, or rather giving occasion to, some country May-games, or sports, as dancing, piping, pageants, all which did serve to assuage the cruelty of man's nature, that, giving him some little ease and recreation, they might withhold him from worse attempts, and so preserve amity between men. Upon the abolishing of these you could not conceive in reason, were it not that we find it true by experience (for sometimes things which are small in the consideration are great in the practice), what dissolute and riotous courses, what unlawful games, what drunkenness, what envy, hatred, malice, and quarrelling have succeeded in lieu

of these harmless sports! And these are the fruits which our strict professors have brought into the world! I know not how they may boast of their faith (for indeed they are pure professors!), but sure I am they have banished all charity.—*Goodman's Fall of Man.*

CINDERELLA.

BY MRS ORLEDAR.*

We extract a few stanzas from a metrical version of the story of Cinderella, distinguished by much feminine grace and elegance. Cinderella (the name so corrupted from Ella) is beautifully womanish, whether drudging for her harsh sisters, or fluttering through the prince's ball. Here is her second appearance at the ball:—

'Soon has the monarch hailed his guest
With gracious smile and greeting bland;
And now the prince his suit has pressed,
And won for every dance her hand.
High 'neath the gorgeous dome are swelling
The tones of music; taste and art
In many a rich disguise are telling
How ladies change at will their part.

But, like the spark of varying light
In those pale opals round her hair,
And like the floating robe of white
That caught all eyes enraptured there;
Herself the same, to each she seemed
A vision of that brightest thing
He'er had mourned on earth, or deemed
Might spread o'er life an angel's wing.

The mother thought her like her child,
All beauteous, hurried to the tomb—
On her the aged chieftain smiled,
And saw his wife in virgin bloom.
Prince Edred's thoughts enchanted trace
His boyhood's dream in Ella's eyes,
And mark each shade of woman's grace,
His manlier soul has learnt to prize.

That night in many a mirror tall,
The sisters oft their dress surveyed—
Admiring glances on them fall
For well was Ella's skill displayed.
But now, while all around them float
The stateliest forms of pomp and pride,
With jealous pang again they note
The lovely stranger by their side.

Still near the baron would she come,
And win for him the prince's smile;
Then speak to Sybil of her home,
With playful art and gentle wile:
Who that had seen her waiting last,
A handmaid at her haughty call,
Shrinking from anger's blighting blast,
Had known the Beauty of the Ball?

The close of these entertainments, our readers are aware, is always abrupt for the fairy-decked lady:—

'She sang, and while Prince Edred heard,
He felt as though a finer sound
Of music's power within him stirred,
In soul-awaking eloquence:
For she had caught all natural tones
That swell our English woods among;
Her voice was soft as the last low moans
Of the storm, and clear as the blackbird's song.

She ceased, but terror blanched her cheek,
The clock slow echoed to her lay;
And like some form that might not speak,
Through wondering crowds she fled away—
She gained her car, the train was nigh,
The paces on their queen attend;
How rapidly—how silently
Their homeward way they wend!

Yet ere she reached the garden gate,
Her hair unbound—the dress she wore
Ill matched her slippers, glancing late
Like sunbeams on the palace floor:
Back creep the lizards to their hole—
Gourd, bulrush, poppy, withering fall;
And home the frightened maiden stole,
To wait within that gloomy hall.'

* London: Masters.

When she follows her sisters to another fête, she is the expected star of the evening:—

'They went: but 'neath the palace dome
Was all prepared for one alone.
Her time of triumph now was come,
And bright the crystal slippers shone.
The love within her bosom shrined,
Had moulded with its plastic power
The form that answered to the mind,
Like music, played in passion's hour.

Her girdle flashed with gems of light
Brought by some gnome from Eastern mine;
One wild rose decked her royal knight,
Worn where his star was wont to shine.
The ball-room seemed a fairy scene,
Enchanted by a lover's spell;
A thousand lamps, green leaves between,
Glowed round the motto, "*Tout pour Ella.*"

* * *

Yet on her voice Prince Edred hung
As though no royal suitor he.
She starts, for through the vines has rung
A peal of fairy melody!
"Oh stay me not—my hour is gone!"
From hall to hall fear wings her flight,
The prince bewildered follows on:
Ifs Ella vanished in the night?

She dropt one slipper as she ran,
He did but stoop to win the prize;
Of all the courtiers not a man
Can tell where last she met his eyes.
"Ho, guards!—ho, idlers round the gates!"
Which way has gone the Fairy Queen?"
No lady passed—no chariot waits—
No trace of all the train is seen.

"A girl ran by in russet weed;"
"Here shone the car;" "A page stood there."
"This bulrush lies where pranced his steed!"
"Tush," said the prince, "such tales forbear."
Well was it that some pitying fay
Led Ella to her father's home,
Or never had she tracked the way
That late so radiant she had come.'

The lost slipper, as in the original, is the means of identifying the radiant creature of the ball with the slave of the two tyrannical sisters; and a very charming little poem ends with the triumph of love, meekness, family affection, and generosity—the feminine virtues.

THE EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded colour, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale-coloured enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep with *impure charcoal*. Some days after I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose colour as I could wish! I determined to repeat the experiment; and therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and discoloured; but by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigour to the red or violet colours of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. *Yellow flowers* are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review*,

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MOONSHINE.

THE moon is something more than what astronomers tell us. Poets and sentimentalists of all classes have respectively their own ideas on the subject. Physically speaking, there may not be much in a 'matter of moonshine,' but there is a wide world beyond the sway of the five senses. Beauty, poetry, romance, belong to the spiritual realm, in which the soul sits supreme, with Memory and Imagination as her handmaids. Beauty, of itself, and totally irrespective of any other qualities, invests its possessor with a high and fascinating interest. And beautiful, surely, all will allow that orb to be which, rising upon the darkness of night, pours light from a silvery fountain upon earth, and sea, and sky, making lovely the sleep of nature, as the sun makes glorious her awaking.

Our readers have often heard of an Eastern potentate who styles himself Son of the Sun and Moon, but comparatively few have regarded this title otherwise than as a piece of Oriental bombast. Not so, however, and it is not less true than strange, that in China there exists at this moment a race of pagans, equal in number to all the nations of Europe, and superior to some of them in civilisation. The sun is adored by the Chinese as the Great Light, the moon as the Light of Evening. When sacrificing to the former, the imperial high-priest is robed in red; when offering oblations to the latter, in pale vestments; and the whole rites exhibit marks of a thoroughly material worship. We are astonished to think that this worship, whose origin was coeval with that of the Chinese nation, has now endured for more than three thousand years; and its existence among them at the present day is a convincing proof that civilisation alone is insufficient to emancipate the human mind from the blindness of superstition. If such is the case among the educated Chinese, we need not be surprised at finding the moon worshipped by tribes of the Pacific Ocean and of the American continent, among whom the mental vision has been weakened by a long absence from the light. Even among those desperados the Sikhs, a reverence for the lunar orb has not died out. During the late bloody campaign in the Punjab, they monthly saluted the new moon with salvos of artillery; and on one occasion, says an Indian subaltern, when lying opposite our army amid the jungles of Russool, they 'kept blazing away at it the greater part of the night.'

In the heathen world of old, which worshipped the Creator through his visible works, an orb so beautiful and singular as the moon could not fail to elicit adoration. In the Sabian worship—the earliest and purest form of idolatry, which first seduced the star-gazers of Chaldea from the spiritual worship of the Creator—homage to the moon held a chief place. When they

'beheld the moon walking in brightness,' says the afflicted patriarch, 'their hearts were enticed, and their mouth kissed their hand.' In the regions of the south, through whose transparent atmosphere the orbs of heaven glow with exceeding splendour, the worship of the moon was almost universal.

Well did the Greeks make Luna the sister of the god of poetry! Who has not felt that there is romance and tenderness in the moonlight's haze, hanging like a silver veil on rocks and hills, and woods and waters? Modern poets have celebrated its magic power over the heart; and the verse-chronicles of early times are replete with strange fancies concerning it. In those days when the race of man was still young, and fond of the marvellous, the moon was generally considered the mate of the sun, and the female generative principle in nature. Fancy seems in all ages to have given the moon a tenant of some kind or other. Among ourselves the story is, that once on a time a man went into the fields on a Sunday to gather sticks, and that while engaged in this anti-Sabbatical pursuit, he found himself becoming thinner and thinner, till at last he was taken away bodily, and became the Man in the Moon, where he and his bundle of sticks are still to be seen. In a similar fashion the prose Edda informs us that Máni (the moon) carried off from the earth two children named Bill and Hjúki, as they were returning with a bucket of water from the spring called Byrgir; and 'these children,' the Edda adds, 'always follow Máni, as we may easily observe even from the earth.' Above all, in the land of the Greek, where religion, divested of its awe, became a science of the beautiful, the story of the virgin Luna was woven of graceful fancies. Lonely amid the blue fields of heaven, she yet could not escape from the yearnings of human affection. In the silence of night she beheld from the skies the beautiful night-watcher on the Carian Hill; and when she sank behind the woods of Mount Latmos, the Greek deemed that she sought there the embraces of the fair Edymion.

Although there is no heat in the moonbeams, and though their radiance, say astronomers, is between two and three hundred thousand times less bright than the sun's, yet in the regions of the south, a noxious influence is attributed to them, resembling in a faint degree the fatal *coup-de-soleil* (sun-stroke) of the same latitudes. 'The moonlight of Egypt,' says the author of 'Letters from the East,' 'is so bright, that a person can see to read with perfect ease; and the natives will tell you, as I found afterwards they also did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun: indeed the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night would soon be utterly impaired

or destroyed.' And in Hindoostan, it is well known that meat which has once been exposed to the moonbeams cannot be cured, but will quickly putrify; while meat in precisely the same condition, but which has not been so exposed, will preserve readily. Theoretical opinion must give way before a belief founded on experience so long-existing and so universally prevalent. From the earliest ages to our own times, from the sleepers on the flat roofs of Syria to the night-watch on board a Mediterranean steamer, comes corroboration strong. 'The moon by night shall not smite thee,' said the Psalmist three thousand years ago; and a modern writer relates the following incident as having happened to him when sailing in a Maltese vessel off the northern shores of Africa:—It was a brilliant moonlight night in spring, and, fatigued with heat, he lay down to sleep on the open deck; but soon afterwards he awoke with a feeling of suffocation, and found his cloak drawn closely over his head. He removed the encumbrance, and again went to sleep—again to be awoke from the same cause. The captain (an Englishman) now cautioned him against sleeping with his head and eyes exposed; and on his laughing at what he considered the captain's simplicity, the latter referred him to his sailing-guide, where cases were given in which such exposure had been followed by blindness, and sometimes by mental derangement. Lost wits go to the moon!—at least so ran the fable in the days of Ariosto. And accordingly, when the peerless Roland becomes love-frenzied by the coldness of the fair Angelica, and commits all sorts of monstrosities, even to that of running stark-naked through the fields, it is to the moon's orb that Astolfo rides on his winged steed to recover the senses of his friend.

In harmony with the preceding mixture of fact and fancy, is the common belief in the influence of the moon upon those most unhappy of beings—lunatics!—in whom the god-like intellect is extinguished, and the heart, left alone in darkness, forgets its high mission—whose very name (from *luna*, the moon) is expressive of this belief—and whose 'moon-struck' brains are supposed, like the ever-restless sea, to throb more tumultuously as the orb approaches the full. Oh, moon! how can one so gentle be thus cruel—one so lovely be thus ensnaring? How like art thou to woman! Like to woman in thy beauty, like to woman in thy changes; like to her in thy power over the heart and brain; blessing, yet sometimes blighting, him who would bask in thy beams! But let us not blame thee, nor her to whom we have likened thee. Rather let us learn that there is no influence so benign but it may injure—no worship so heavenly but error may mingle therein. The statue cannot always warm to Pygmalion, and Peril sits by the shrine of the beautiful.

Of the vast influence exerted by the moon over the tides of the ocean nothing need here be said. Only let it be remembered that when we stand on the shore at high water, and see the waves come tumbling in upon the beach, very strange does it seem to us that the wavelet that breaks and dies at our feet was born of the moon in the far south, amid the unbroken solitude of polar seas.

But an influence as mighty and subtle, and more inexplicable still, does the moon exercise in the moral world; and as if in harmony with her rule over the water, so sways she the tides of the human heart. Beneath the silent moonlight all the eye sees is repose; all the ear hears is the murmur of sleeping nature. We seem to breathe a tranquillising atmo-

sphere, under whose genial influence the wave of passion subsides, and bitterness dies away in the heart. When the Ancient Mariner stood alone on the rotting ship, motionless amid a rotting sea—with the fearful spell upon him, and his heart dry as dust, so that he could not pray—the moon rose on his weary vigil. Then yearned he towards her as he saw her journeying through the sky as in her home; and as her light made beautiful the hideous scene around him, and he beheld the creatures of 'the great calm' disporting themselves where never an eye could behold their beauty, the stony heart softened, and he blessed them; and straightway the spell began to break. Coleridge had a warm impulsive heart; and doubtless in that career of sorrows, which to his sensitive spirit seemed at times like life in death, he had often gazed upon the calm pure face of the orb of night, holding on her way, passionless, all unmoved by the turmoil of earth: and with him, too, the spirit has grown tranquil, and the cry of the heart been hushed. A sweet consoler is the moon that looks in through the lattice on the weary and wo-begone, cheering him like the gentle face of woman, and yet saying never a word to remind him that he needs comforting.

Yet there is melancholy in the moonlight. Joy is the offspring of day, and laughter and the glad sunbeams go hand in hand; but merriment beneath the moonbeams jars like a loud laugh from a woman. It is an hour, indeed, when joys from the past come floating into the soul, and the faces of absent loved ones are present to the mind's eye; but all is calm, passionless, as an infant's dream. Festivals there have been beneath the moon, and enjoyments there are; but how different from their kindred of the day! Under the skies of southern night may be heard the tinkle of the lute, pale forms of dancing-girls may flit in the silvery gloom, and the sound of falling waters come on the cool breeze like the music of a dream; but the voice of the fountains only makes stillness more still, and motion brings out the sleep of the moonbeams. Through the vinewoods of Italy of yore youths and maidens strayed in the dazzling moonlight, celebrating the vigils of Venus; but on those balmy May-nights amid the concourse there was solitude, and for shouts of the worshippers only the still small whispers of love.

But for the moonlight we would miss one of the most delicate aspects of our planet, and lose a delicious contrast to the heat and glare of noontide. At midnight it makes a softer day—day, without its business, without its noise—day with lustre enough to beautify, not to make plain. It is an hour when the coverlet of cares and suspicions is lifted off, and the heart awakes, and fancy builds dreams.

'None but the loving and the loved,
Should be awake at this sweet hour.'

says Moore; and all poets are agreed that the moonlight hour is propitious to lovers—dangerously so, adds Byron, who in a well-known passage of his 'Don Juan' comments on its influence in throwing over the heart 'a loving languor that is not repose.' Verily not even the star of eve, the star of love, Venus herself—brightest of the wandering planets, and goddess of the magic twilight—hears so many loving vows exchanged, so many sweet words whispered. Yet 'swear not by the moon—the inconstant moon!' says Juliet, looking from her balcony in the moonlight upon her lover—'lest thy love prove like variable.' But the fair Capulet felt how many dangers threatened their loves; and in her thirst for strong assurances, had Romeo sworn by the unchanging sun itself, she would still have asked for more. 'I will think of my love in the moonlight,' says a simple ditty; and whether the object be the gallant Romeo in the garden of his hereditary foes at Verona, or the 'sailor-boy' on his way to the banks where pearls grow, in the hope of bringing thence a casket for his mistress,

the sentiment will generally find an echo in those who, though one in heart, are

—'Sovereign far,
As its reflection from the star.'

Straying by the mellow moonlight of autumn—with no voices in the fields, and no sound in the air, save the fitful murmur of the Teviot, borne on the breath of early night—and thinking of one then wandering beneath the southern cross, I have looked to the moon walking in brightness, and my mouth has kissed my hand. Not in adoration to thee, queen of heaven!—but I fancied the eyes of a loved one were then gazing on thee, and, reflected in thy silver mirror, looked down in unforgetting calmness upon mine! Fancy's

'Smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.'

But what is the aspect of this 'silver regent of the night?'—in what bright world would we find ourselves if transported thither? Are those silvery beams raying from a paradise tenanted by happy mortals, or beings more godlike still? When young, we did not ask ourselves such questions, but vague fancies like these filled our brain when gazing upon the bright lamp of night; and all that was sweetest in our dreams of fairyland and elysium we loved to gather round the 'moonlight's home.' The home of the moonlight!—alas! maturer years, that have cruelly dispelled many a sweet vision, have not spared our lunar utopia! At the glance of the telescope, as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, the glitter of the borrowed sunbeams falls off, and reveals—what? A wilderness of mountains, high as the Himalayas, above; a honeycomb of caverns, deep as the Alps, below. Here and there a circular plain, isolated from the rest of the lunar world by perpendicular walls of rock, which the strong wing of the eagle alone could surmount. A sphere whose hues are the lights and shadows of its tremendous peaks—bare, waterless, almost airless! A ruined world, through whose crust the inner fires have burst in a thousand craters, spreading havoc all around. Now even the craters are extinct; the destroying fires have exhausted themselves. There may be inhabitants; but what a home!

It is night, and the fair orb is now looking in upon me through the slender boughs of the Persian lilac at my window with a calm, sweet smile, as if pleased when an upturned eye thanks her for her light. Oh, moon! lonely amid the blue skies of midnight, with what piteous goodness dost thou cover thy scarred bosom with beams, and, forgetful of thine own sorrows, lightest up untriflingly thy husband orb, making beautiful his season of darkness, and loving him all the more for the lustre thou givest him! In the wide world round which thou rollest, thou beholdest, of all its myriad creatures, one only like to thee—one only so gentle and self-denying—one only whose love, like thee, shines brightest in the night-season! Good-night, gentle moon—good-night!

THE HONOUR OF HONESTY.

'WHEN shall I get a new bonnet?' doubtfully soliloquised a young serving-girl, who, in a dismal back garret, where a great baby was sleeping, was despondingly considering her head-gear, as she prepared to go out one Saturday evening. She might be excused for reflecting on the subject; for the coarse straw bonnet—which had never been handsome—was now sunburnt and dirty, and with its soiled and faded ribbon, looked hardly neat, though it had been carefully kept. 'I declare I'm almost ashamed to go to church in it, it's so dirty,' she continued, as she turned it round in her hand; 'though maybe it's of a piece with my gown and shawl: but come, they're not dirty neither. I wonder whether mother can spare me my wages this week? Perhaps she can: I know she was sure of work last

Saturday: well, we'll see.' So saying, she tied on the shabby bonnet, and carefully folding up two shillings, which she took from the window ledge, she put them into her pocket; and giving a last glance at her little bed, to see that her baby bedfellow was safely tucked in, she hurried out of the room, and out of the house, away on her weekly visit to her family.

Bessie Abbott was a pretty, pleasant-looking girl of nearly eighteen, strong, active, and industrious. She was the daughter of a worthless man, and an excellent woman. The teaching of the latter had borne good fruit in Bessie, who, though only a drudge in the family of a little shopkeeper, was a neat and excellent servant, as far as her knowledge went; while her integrity and good-temper would have rendered her valuable in any situation. She was in the receipt of what she considered the handsome income of two shillings a week, for which, with board and lodging, she did everything in her employer's house; for its mistress was constantly engaged in the shop, and left the whole care of her five children, as well as all the household work, to 'Pretty Bessie;' and never was burthen laid upon a more willing worker. Bessie's father did little for the support of his household: he spent half his time, and more than half his earnings, in the beer-shop; and the little money left for his wife did hardly more than supply his board: sometimes, indeed, he even demanded food when he had given no means of procuring it. The burthen of the family of course fell wholly on his poor wife, who was a quick and dexterous needlewoman, and who was glad to obtain any species of work by which she might earn a little; for her supply from the tailors, who were her usual employers, was not very regular, and sometimes failed altogether for a time.

Bessie was the eldest of a large family: the two next in age to herself, a boy and girl of fifteen and thirteen, were both well placed, though neither could contribute to the family income; but there were seven still younger, entirely dependent on their poor mother's exertions. Such being the circumstances of the household, we need not wonder that a girl so affectionate as Bessie should have felt very doubtful of the possibility of buying a new bonnet; for, unlike too many in her situation, she never felt that her money was her own if it were needed for her mother's use, and was only happy in the thought that she was enabled to contribute to that mother's comfort; and in this respect her natural feelings were aided by higher principles, implanted by Him who so severely censured the unfilial conduct of the professing Jews.

As Bessie hurried along the streets to her mother's house, which was on the other side of the town, she cast many a wistful glance towards the displays of bonnets and ribbons in the shop windows, and even paused once or twice to bestow particular admiration: nay, she went so far as to decide what shape she would buy, and how it should be trimmed, if she could but get the money for it; and she had strong hope of being able to do this, because she knew her mother had been promised more work than she could accomplish for several weeks to come. At last Bessie reached her home, which was one ill-lighted room, with a dark closet adjoining, in a tumble-down old house, situated in one of the courts of a densely-populated neighbourhood, and tenanted by five or six families besides the Abbotts. It was home, however, and Bessie felt that it was so, as, after running up the tottering stairs, she opened the door of her mother's room, which, if not very comfortable, was at least very clean.

'Oh, Bessie, Bessie!—here is Bessie!' cried a posse of little ones as she entered. 'Here is Bessie come, mother! Come to mother, Bessie; she's crying!' and two of the young things seized their darling sister by her dress, and pulled her forward, as though at her coming their mother's tears must dry.

'What is the matter, mother dear?' cried Bessie, frightened, as she approached a neat, careworn woman, who, with her hands convulsively pressed together, and

silent tears dropping from her eyes, looked absorbed in hopeless distress.

'Bessie, Bessie, what shall we do?' she exclaimed, as her daughter knelt, and threw her arms round her: 'what will become of us?'

'Oh, mother, what is the matter? What has happened?' returned Bessie, her own tears beginning to flow in sympathy and alarm. 'Oh, dear! I thought to find you all so comfortable to-night!'

'Ay, and so we might have been,' answered the mother in a tone of heartbroken despondency—'only for him—for your father, Bessie! How could he do it?'

'Mother, mother, what has he done?' exclaimed the terrified girl, all horrible visions of crime starting up before her.

'He has taken away my work, Bessie—my work, that I hoped to get so much for—and he has pawned it for drink—I don't know where; and he beat me like a dog when I begged of him to tell me where it was. And the master wanted it, and I hadn't it for him; and oh he was angry—and no wonder; only it's hard upon me, Bessie. And he says the waistcoats are worth two pounds, and he'll have them, or their worth, if he takes my bed from under me. Then I owe our landlord for a fortnight's rent; for I didn't pay last week, thinking I should be so much better off this. And I haven't a penny in the house for the children's food; they've been nigh famished as it is, for the waistcoats were almost the first work I did. And now where I am to look for money or work I don't know, or how I am ever to pay this dreadful debt: my poor little ones will all be starving about me. How shall I bear it? And then to think who has brought all this upon me. Oh, Bessie, it almost breaks my heart!'

'This is trouble indeed, indeed,' sobbed poor Bessie, as she leant against her mother's shoulder: 'I little thought of finding you like this as I came along. But, mother dear, you mustn't be quite cast down: put your trust in your Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.'

'Ay, Bessie dear; but it's hard to put such trust in Him, when nothing but trouble is to be seen. I'm sure I try; but it's very hard, my child.'

'Yes, it is hard, mother; yet who else shall we trust in? And, mother, here are my wages for to-day and to-morrow, and who knows what Monday may bring? Aren't we bid in such times as these to take no thought for the morrow, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?'

Mrs Abbott pressed her child more closely without reply, and those of the children who were old enough to understand what passed, gathered reverently round to listen to Bessie's words, as she continued her attempts to console her mother. Nearly an hour passed in this manner, and at last Bessie's earnest, hopeful persuasions so far prevailed on her mother, as to excite a feeling of trustful resignation; and with lighter heart the girl began the children's Saturday night's ablutions, while her mother went out to make the necessary purchases of food; and when, on the return of the latter, the hungry little ones were regaled with a large piece of bread, trouble seemed for a while forgotten. However, Bessie, when she had, as she expressed it, 'cleaned all up,' was obliged to depart; and after a tearful adieu, she was once more hurrying through the streets, which she had so lately traversed with such different feelings. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow,' she mused as she reached her abode. 'We may well always remember that: we little thought last week when we were so pleased about the work, what trouble it would bring.'

Sunday morning came, and the sound of pleasant bells; but to Bessie it differed from other mornings only so far as her own thought made a Sabbath around her, for she could not go out until the evening; and she had even more to do on that day than on the other six, especially as her mistress, who rarely attended church herself, was always at hand to find fault. Many were the sad thoughts she bestowed on her mother's troubles

during the day; and when at last she was able to set out for church, under strict injunctions to return immediately on the close of the service, she was depressed in spirits more than she had ever before felt in her life.

The service came to a close, and Bessie in a quiet mind left the church, and slowly and thoughtfully walked homewards. She was one of the last who came out; and as she walked across the wide churchyard to the least-frequented gate, she struck her foot against something, which yielded to her step, and returned a rattling sound. She stooped to pick up the object, and it proved a well-filled purse; the bright beads and tassels glittered in the half light of an autumn evening, and its weight and rotundity showed it well supplied. Bessie stood positively breathless for a moment in the excess of her joy; she felt a dizzy rush in her head, and for a moment all surrounding objects seemed to swim before her; then clasping her hands in a mute aspiration of thankfulness, she recovered full possession of her faculties, and began to examine the treasure.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!' she counted—'seven pounds! Oh, to think of mother, how delighted she will be! Why, this will pay all, and buy I can't tell what beside. Oh how happy I am! And what is this?' she continued, as she took from the other end a roll of soft paper. 'Why, these must be bank-notes, like that mis'ess gave change for once: why, they must be worth I can't tell how much. Here are one, two, three, four of them, and that one mis'ess got was worth five pounds itself. What shall we do with so much money? I'll read what's on these notes, however.' So, approaching a lamp just inside the gate, she with some difficulty deciphered the amounts of the notes, of which two were for fifty pounds, the other two respectively for five-and-twenty. 'It's quite a fortune,' she murmured in a low, reverential tone, as she tried to grasp the idea of so many pounds. 'What a happy thing for me, and how sad for the person who lost it!' Here the current of Bessie's rapturous thoughts received a sudden check; the smile faded from her lips, and she remained silently looking on the pretty purse with a perplexity amounting to distress. 'Oh me, but it is not mine!' she continued, her thoughts finding vent in a half-articulate form. 'This belongs to somebody, who is as sorry to lose it as I am pleased to find it. Oh, what must I do? I wish I had never seen it. Must I give it up just when we want it so? And then it was lying in my way, and nobody near who could have dropped it.' Poor Bessie! the struggle between conscience and want was very severe. She tried hard for a little while to convince herself that she had a right to what she found on a highway, but her principles were too strong to allow of such self-deception; and besides, in testing the matter by the golden rule, she felt that if she had dropped her two shillings on the previous night, she should have been very indignant with any finder claiming a right to them. 'No, I have no business with it indeed,' she murmured, as the tears of disappointment started to her eyes. 'But, however, surely I may keep just one or two of these pounds?—the person who lost this must be very rich, and would never miss them; surely I may have just two pounds for my finding it, and that would put poor mother out of her trouble?' Just at this moment these words, which she had lately heard, darted into her mind like a gleam of light, 'Thou, God, seest me!' 'Oh, what am I thinking of?' she exclaimed, frightened by her own thoughts: 'isn't it all just one as stealing? Let me put this out of my sight as soon as I can, lest I should be too much tempted: I won't keep it an hour.' So, resolutely concealing the temptation, Bessie set off at her quickest pace to the police-station, where she resolved to deposit the money immediately, for the twofold purpose of securing herself against temptation, and of affording the owner the best opportunity for recovering the lost property. When she told her errand to the officer at the station, he looked at her from head to foot with some surprise.

'So you didn't think of keeping it yourself?' he asked as he took the purse.

'Yes, sir, I did for a minute, for we want it bad enough,' replied Bessie with an ingenuous blush; 'but I was kept from it, thank God! There's a deal of money there, sir; will you please to count it, that you may know, when it's owned, that I took none?'

The officer counted it accordingly, and gave her a receipt for the amount, taking down her address at the same time, which she thought nothing about; then, with a thankful, happy heart, and clear conscience, she hastened home.

Frequently, during the labours of the next day, Bessie wondered whether the owner of the purse had regained it, and pleased herself in imagining the pleasure its recovery must have caused. Then her thoughts sadly turned to her poor mother, and she would speculate on the possibility of her receiving a reward. Some one she knew had been rewarded with ten shillings for finding a five-pound note; perhaps she might have a pound given her. However, she sedulously endeavoured to withdraw her thoughts from the subject, and occupied them in the attempt to devise some means of earning a little money in the family somehow, to carry them through this terrible crisis. So passed Monday, and Tuesday was passing in a similar manner. Bessie was busily washing her kitchen floor—talking to amuse the baby, who was tied on a chair in one corner of it, as I thinking over a brilliant plan which had just occurred to her, of proposing one of her brothers as errand-boy to the grocer round the corner, when her mistress looked in, and sharply said some one wanted to speak to her. In great haste and surprise Bessie started up, and as quickly as possible wiped her wet hands, threw off her apron, settled her gown and cap, and hurried into the shop, where she found a middle-aged gentleman, of very pleasant demeanour, leaning carelessly against the counter. He turned as she entered, and advanced a step as she curtsied and looked, as if to inquire the object of his visit.

'Your name is Elizabeth Abbott?' he asked: 'is it not?'

'Yes, sir,' was Bessie's reply.

'You found a purse on Sunday night, I believe?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, colouring as she spoke. 'Did it belong to you, sir? Did you get it? I hope it was all right, sir! I got a note of the money at the police,' continued Bessie, speaking rapidly, and as if half-frightened; for just then she only remembered the possibility of some money being missing, which might be demanded of her.

'Oh yes, all was right,' returned the gentleman smiling. 'I only came to see what made you return my purse so honestly and quickly. Were you not in want of money?'

'Oh, indeed, sir, yes!' she emphatically replied, as tears filled her eyes; 'but that money was not ours.'

'Perhaps you were afraid to keep it, lest it should be discovered?' continued her interrogator, looking earnestly at her, as a deep crimson flush rose even to her forehead.

She raised her eyes to his boldly, though modestly, as she answered, in all the frankness of truth, 'Sir, I never thought of that. But I would not be so miserable as theft would make me for as much again as is in your purse, sir!'

'That is well, that is well,' quietly replied the gentleman with a satisfied smile. 'Now you say you want money very much: I came here to offer you a reward for the return of my purse. How much would you wish me to give you?'

'Oh, sir!' exclaimed poor Bessie in a transport of delight, clasping her hands—'oh, thank you! thank you! Two pounds, sir, if you could be so kind, would make us all happy again!'

'It would not be buying happiness very dearly,' answered the stranger; 'but let me hear what you would do with the two pounds.'

Accordingly, Bessie related her simple little history

as the reader knows it. At its conclusion, her attentive listener smiled kindly. 'You are a good girl, Bessie,' he said. 'Well, the reward I shall give you is twenty pounds instead of two. I determined upon this if I was satisfied with your answers.'

Bessie was speechless in grateful astonishment.

'Yes, it is a little fortune for you,' said the gentleman, answering her look. 'You will of course relieve your mother from her trouble, and you had better put the rest into the savings' bank, and try to add a little to it, as a provision in case of need.' So saying, the gentleman produced the identical beaded purse, and counted twenty sovereigns into Bessie's hand, who could only look her thanks; and then he went, and Bessie hurried up to her little room to give vent to her grateful happiness, thinking how different would have been her feelings had she otherwise acted.

I need not make my story longer by describing the joy excited by her next visit to her home—how the debt was paid—and how one pound more was devoted to the purchase of sundry articles of comfort and decency (amongst which Bessie's bonnet was not forgotten)—and how the remaining pounds were safely deposited. But I must not omit to add, that the gentleman whose acquaintance Bessie had so happily made, did not forget her. Though his residence was many miles distant from hers, she was shortly afterwards taken into his family as nurse, which post she filled in comfort and respectability for many years, carefully impressing upon the minds of her young charges the same principles which governed her own.

LONDON MORNING NEWSPAPERS.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the mysterious regions of the theatrical *coulisse*, there are no establishments the secret working of which is less known to the general mass of the public than that of those great collectors and condensers of political intelligence—those extraordinary machines which are the contemporary historians of the world—the London Morning Newspapers. With almost every other grand branch of national industry we are more or less acquainted. Most people have a notion of the operations of the blast furnace or the power-loom: most people have picked up some smattering of the mode in which cottons are spun at Manchester, and razors ground at Sheffield. Little treatises devoted to descriptions of branches of national industry are frequently issued from the press: the coarse raw material is traced through its every successive stage until it arrives at the consummation of a costly and finished fabric. We may read or see how the lump of ore becomes a legion of shining and delicate needles—how certain constituent mineral masses are fused and wrought until the glittering chandelier or the wonder-working lens is placed before us. We know how rags may become paper, and the forest a ship. Still, there is a peculiar species of industry of which the public knows little—one requiring for its successful prosecution a more peculiar union of elements than is demanded by any other pursuit—a branch of industry demanding the combined and constant application of highly-skilled and intelligent manual labour—of vast capital—of a high degree of enterprise and worldly shrewdness—and, more than all, of great, and keen, and cultivated, and flexible intellectual power, constantly applicable to the discussion of almost every question—moral, social, political, and literary—which can spring up into importance amid the daily and hourly fluctuations not only of the public opinion of Britain, but of that of the civilised world. Such a union of qualities and possessions must be brought together by any one who thinks of triumphantly establishing, or successfully carrying on, a London morning journal.

As, then, we believe that the notions popularly entertained of the means whereby the news of the world is every morning served up to us with our hot coffee and rolls are somewhat vague, we propose to devote this

paper to a sketch of the intellectual and material engine to which society and civilisation owe so much; and after some pondering as to the simplest and most comprehensive course to be adopted, we have come to the *regulation*—first, of enumerating and describing the several parts of the machine in detail, and then after putting them into gear, and setting the whole in motion, of directing attention to the general working, and of explaining the motive forces and the plan of operation of the entire mechanism.

All the London daily-newspaper establishments are situated either upon or close to the great artery of communication between the City and the West End. Some of those grimy-looking news-manufactories are patent to the street, others skulk in dingy and obscure alleys, as though attempting to carry out, even in their local habitations, that grand principle of the anonymous which, rightly or wrongly, is held to constitute not only the power, but the very essence and soul of English journalism.

The vast body of the employés of a London journal may be divided into six grand categories or departments, it being, however, understood that in some cases these departments blend, to a little extent, with each other, and that those individuals who, as it were, stand upon the confines, occasionally undertake somewhat mixed duties. There is, first, the important and all-supporting typographic department, numbering perhaps somewhere about sixty individuals. Then there is the commercial department, occupied in the business-conduct of the paper, in attending to the due supply of the requisite material for all the other branches, in receiving and arranging the advertisements, in managing the publication, and keeping the general accounts of the whole establishment. This department, including those more or less connected with advertising agencies, &c may furnish employment for about a dozen of persons. We then come to the reporting establishment. Of this the principal branch is the parliamentary corps, a body averaging from twelve to sixteen members: next them may be classed the law reporters, who attend regularly in the several courts, and who may come to some half-dozen more: in the same category we may perhaps include the regular and authorised correspondents of the paper in the principal provincial towns and outposts: and our account would be manifestly incomplete did we leave out of sight the vast cloud of irregular and unengaged reporters, who supply a great portion of the every-day London news, including the proceedings at the minor courts—particularly the police-offices—the inquests, the ‘melancholy accidents,’ the ‘alarming conflagrations,’ the ‘extraordinary coincidences,’ and the like. This body of men, although few or none of its members have any real tangible footing upon the periodical press, yet play no inconsiderable part in supplying it with its miscellaneous home intelligence. They form, as our readers have no doubt divined, the often-talked-of class, called by themselves ‘general reporters’ or ‘occasional contributors,’ but known to the world as ‘penny a-liners.’ Next in the order in which we are proceeding we may reckon the important and expensive department of foreign correspondence—a department the extent and importance of which have very much increased since the commencement of the present continental disturbances. A glance at any London journal will show that, besides having a fixed correspondent in almost every European capital of importance, there is hardly a seat of war unattended by a representative of the metropolitan press. Wherever, indeed, gunpowder is fired in anger, a letter to a great English newspaper is pretty certain to pop out of the smoke. Proceeding with our list, we approach the editorial department, including not only the actual executive editors, but the corps of original writers—the mysterious authors of the ‘leaders,’ and the gentlemen whose pens, shunning politics, are devoted to the chronicling and analysis of the fine arts, the drama, and

literature. Here we tread upon somewhat slippery ground. As we have said, the principle of the anonymous is kept up with very remarkable strictness in the leading journals; and even those who are tolerably well behind the scenes in other respects, may still know little of the grand arcanum involved in the authorship of the leading articles. No doubt the paternity of some of these is tolerably well known in press circles. Sometimes the internal evidence of style or particular opinion betrays a writer: in other instances tolerable guesses and approximations are formed; but in, we should say, the great majority of cases the authorship of a leader is absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the employés of the newspaper in which it appears. In making this assertion, it is understood that we speak of the principal daily journals alone—of those the leading articles of which are not generally written by the actual acting editor, or in the establishment at all. As regards theatrical and musical critiques, there is no great secrecy observed: indeed it would be almost impossible to do so, when every second *habitué* of the theatre or the concert-room can point to the representatives of the different morning papers present. In the reviewing department the case is somewhat similar: no great attempt at secrecy is made here either. The task is frequently shared by those gentlemen of the parliamentary corps who have most literary taste and ability; and we may add, that these are also frequently deputed to attend such festivals or occurrences of public interest as demand a certain degree of descriptive and narrative talent.

We have now catalogued the five principal divisions into which the intellectual and manual labour of a morning newspaper is thrown, and we may add a sixth general department, including the class which may be described as more strictly the servants of the establishment—the day and night porters, the messengers, the couriers employed upon foreign service, and generally the host of supernumeraries who hang on the outskirts of a great newspaper establishment.

Having thus cursorily run over the different parts of the machine, we proceed more narrowly to describe their individual conformation. The typographical department comprehends, as we have said, about sixty compositors. Among their ranks are to be found the very best, the most intelligent, and the most expeditious printers in London or the world. They are paid by the piece; and a few of them earn not less than from L.3 to L.4 per week. From L.2, 10s. to L.3 is, however, we believe, the general amount of their wages. The task of a morning paper compositor commences about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and is continued until the paper is ‘put to bed,’ as the technical phrase goes, between four and five o'clock in the morning; but occasionally his labours are even still further protracted. When an important foreign express is expected—the Overland Mail, for example—he either remains hanging about the establishment, ready at an instant's warning to commence operations upon the looked-for news, or flings himself down, all dressed, either in his lodgings or a neighbouring tavern, prepared instantly to ‘urry back to the office should a breathless messenger warn him that the ‘Overland is in.’ A useful peculiarity of the morning paper compositor is the extraordinary skill with which he deciphers the vile congregations of pothooks and hangers with which he is frequently called upon to deal. Imagine, for example, half-a-dozen columns of report of an important country meeting, scribbled in red-hot haste, and in pencil, by two or three reporters during their transit from Liverpool or Exeter by an express train; fancy this crumpled-up mass of half-effaced, half-unintelligible scribbling deciphered, set up in type, and corrected, within a few minutes over an hour! Yet such an exploit is by no means without a parallel in the offices of the London morning newspapers. For the rapidity with which news is set before the readers of a journal they are much indebted to the compositors.

Passing over the commercial department of a newspaper, which presents few characteristic features, we arrive at the important class of the reporters. And of these the parliamentary corps first claim our attention.

It would be unnecessary here to dilate upon the brilliant literary and legal talent which has been furnished to the country from that narrow little gallery above the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons. It is generally known that, from the days of Dr Johnson downwards, the task of reporting the debates of the legislature has furnished a means of subsistence to a class of men, from the ranks of which have sprung not a few individuals whose names are known as widely as the fame of our literature and our jurisprudence is extended; and it may be added, that the steady remuneration furnished in this way by the morning newspapers has been, and does form in many instances, the groundwork of an income extended by connection with many of the less important but not less fascinating branches of periodical and dramatic literature. The 'gallery' of course embraces men of very different calibre, and very different views and habits. With some it is the all in all, with others merely the convenient stepping-stone. A few, and only a few, of its members have little pretensions beyond those of skilful short-hand writers; but a great majority of its occupants aim higher than this—possessing as they do the intelligence of educated gentlemen, sharpened and developed by a course of training which brings them into constant communication with public men and public events; while not a few are personages of more or less literary or political celebrity, who may well aspire one day to make the speeches they now report.

The routine duty of the gallery is easily explained. Each newspaper has a regular desk, at which its representative is always seated from the opening to the rising of the House. The reporters generally succeed each other in alphabetical succession; and the period during which each remains on duty is called his 'turn.' These turns are of different lengths at different periods of the evening. Up to about 11 o'clock they are either half-hours or three-quarters. After that time they are generally either quarter-hours or twenty minutes. Every newspaper has a distinct set of rules upon the subject in question, rules which, however, are always liable to be modified, according to certain fixed principles, by the duration of the debate in the House of Lords. As soon as a 'man'—reporters are always called 'men' in gallery parlance—is relieved by his next successor, he proceeds to the office to extend his notes—to write out his whack—gallery argot again. A full three-quarters' turn amounts, with the majority of speakers, to somewhat more than two columns of the close type used in printing parliamentary reports, the writing of which is seldom accomplished under four hours of severe labour. It not unfrequently happens, especially if both Houses be sitting—and the corps therefore distributed in equal proportions in the Lords and Commons—that time will not permit the full extension of the short-hand notes. A second turn looming a-head obliges the reporter to 'cut down' many a flower of eloquence; and on very hard-working nights there are such things as three turns, involving, as the reader will perceive, in many instances a spell of seven, eight, or nine hours of exceedingly hard and exhausting toil. These occasions, however, are comparatively rare; and taking the average amount of the session, we should say that it is somewhat less than a column per night per man. Of course the majority of speeches made in parliament bear very considerable curtailment. The ordinary rank and file of M.P.s are merely summarised—their endless prolixity, their ten-times repeated iteration, their masses of commonplace declamation, are condensed and translated into English grammar—often a most requisite process—so that the twenty lines of what appears to the reader to be a neat little compact speech, convey, in reality, the pith and substance, well and clearly put, of half an hour or an hour's rambling tedious oration.

When, however, a reporter, unhappily for himself, falls upon one of the crack men of the house, a minister or an Opposition leader, the case is very different. The report is then almost verbatim. We say almost, because there is hardly one man in the House who does not occasionally owe something to the reporters in the way of the excision of a twice or thrice-repeated phrase, or the rounding-off of a sentence left incomplete in the heat of speaking. As may be expected, there exists a code of oratorical criticism in the gallery of an entirely technical and professional nature, and which judges of public speakers entirely in reference to the facilities which their styles afford for being reported. Perhaps a hint or two on contemporary orators regarded in this light may not be without its interest and use. Sir Robert Peel, then, is a favourite in the gallery. He is distinct and deliberate; and when he has to deal with statistics (the mortal horror of the reporters), exceedingly clear and intelligible. Moreover, Sir Robert understands the gallery. We have heard him on very important occasions absolutely dictate rather than speak. His rival, Lord John, is generally deliberate enough, but he is not always distinct, and unless he warms and rises with his subject, is very apt to be slovenly in the construction of his sentences. Sir G. Grey is an exceedingly difficult speaker to report: he is too rapid. Sir Charles Wood, again, is often verbally confused, and apt to make *lapsus linguae*, which in financial speeches are terribly embarrassing. Viscount Palmerston is a capital man for a reporter—deliberate, epigrammatically distinct, and uttering his sentences with a weighty and a telling point. Sir J. Graham is also an easily-reported speaker. Not so Mr Gladstone, who pours himself out in an unbroken, fluent, and unemphatic stream of words; uttering subtle argument faster than other speakers rattle out mere verbiage. Mr Macaulay was another dreaded orator; and for this reason, that his utterance was so rapid, as to render it exceedingly difficult to follow him; while his diction was at once so gorgeous and so epigrammatic, that the omission of a word marred a sentence. Much of the same remark applies to Mr Sturt, who, moreover, has to contend with a thickened, indistinct, and screaming utterance. Mr D'Israeli keeps a good reporter upon the full stretch, but he is not generally complained of in the gallery. As for the Upper House, Lord Stanley is perhaps the most unpopular man, using the word of course in its technical sense. He is terribly rapid and terribly good. Lord Brougham is generally more deliberate. His parenthetical sentences, however, often puzzle his recorders. Lord Aberdeen, distinct, deliberate, and pure in his style, is easily reported. The same of Lord Lyndhurst. The Marquis of Lansdowne's speeches are vastly improved by the omission of a good half of the words which they contain; and to Lord Monteagle a similar remark applies with still greater force. Earl Grey is a capital reporter's speaker—distinct, clear-headed, and correct; and so, by the way, is the young Duke of Argyll, who has made a debut in public life which promises to give the reporters many an aching wrist.

On the whole, the reporters' gallery, although its occupants are occasionally very severely worked, is a pleasant and a merry place, and a great manufactory of jokes, good, bad, and indifferent. As a general rule, reporters are terribly lukewarm politicians. Probably they hear too much of all parties to like any of them; and so speeches delivered on all sides of the House are generally the objects of plenty of droll running commentary, frequently of a nature which would please the political opponents of the orator rather than himself. I may add that upwards of three-fourths of the reporters of the London daily press are either Scotch or Irish. The English are a decided minority in the gallery.

Of the law reporters little has to be said. They are frequently young barristers, who make up in this way for any deficiency of briefs with which they may be afflicted.

We now come to the irregular reporting troops, the penny-a-liners. There are perhaps fifty or sixty people in London who get their living solely by casual contributions of articles of news to the press. The body is an odd compound of all manner of waifs and strays from society, and more remarkable, we fear, for enterprise and impudence in the pursuit of its calling, than for either honesty or ability. The only notion which many worthy folks in London have of the *personnel* of the press is gleaned from the penny-a-liners, who suddenly start up, no one knows how or whence, upon every occasion which gathers a group of people together, boldly proclaiming themselves to be the representatives of the press, and seldom doing it much credit either by their appearance or their manners. Many a good man and able has indeed made his first advances to journalism through humble penny-a-lining, but no man of ability remains long in the ranks. The great body of penny-a-liners are either dissipated and discarded reporters, who have drunk themselves out of station and respectability, or a wonderful *omnium gatherum* of uneducated and illiterate men, who have been flung out of the ordinary range of mechanical or semi-mechanical employments, and have, somehow or other—one by one accident, one by another—fallen back upon the precarious and Bedouin-like existence of penny-a-liners. Of course the 'occasional reporter' is only paid for those portions of his contributions which actually appear in print; and, on an average, not one-tenth of the mass of 'flimsy' manuscripts received every night by the sub-editors of the morning papers is accepted and printed. The 'flimsy' in question is the technical name for penny-a-line copy, derived from the thin tissue paper which the 'manifold' writing apparatus always used necessitates the employment of. A penny-a-liner always sends duplicates of his intelligence to all the morning papers, so that he has occasionally the good-luck to be paid several times over for the same paragraphs, and that at the rate of a penny-halfpenny, not, as his name would imply, a penny per line. A penny-a-liner may therefore, it is evident, upon such occasions as a 'good fire' or a 'good murder'—both common phrases with the craft—make a much more profitable week's work than the regular-salaried reporter can hope for. We have known instances in which from L.30 to L.40 have been cleared by a penny-a-liner in a single week. But in general the brotherhood are terribly improvident. They spend their money as fast, or faster, than they make it, and seldom or never have anything laid by for the quiet, and, to them, unlucky intervals when no political agitation causes good crops of meetings, and when there happens to be a happy dearth of accidents and offences. Then come the times for fabricated intelligence. Inquests are reported which are never held, and neighbourhoods are flung 'into a state of the utmost alarm and excitement' by catastrophes which no one but the penny-a-liner himself ever dreamt of. We remember Mr Wakley publicly stating that upwards of a dozen inquests were reported in one day as having taken place under his presidency, not one of which he ever held! The occasion which elicited this statement was a remarkable one. The suicide of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned with her child, was reported, and adorned with so many touching and really romantic circumstances, that public curiosity and sympathy were strongly excited. We well remember, on the night when the intelligence was handed in—in 'flimsy' of course—to a daily paper, hearing the sub-editor—a gentleman, by the way, well known to the readers of this Journal—exclaim, in allusion to one of the letters given, 'See, there is perfectly touching and human pathos: not the greatest master of fiction who ever lived could have struck off anything half so exquisite in its simple truth to nature as the ill-written letter of this poor, uneducated girl.' In two or three days the whole story was discovered to be a fabrication! And yet in all probability our friend the then sub-editor was right.

These fabricated stories are seldom or never the invention of their concoctors: they are simply copied from some forgotten file of newspapers, or some obscure colonial journal, and adapted to London life and customs. Of course every effort is made by the conductors of journals to prevent their being duped in this manner, but they cannot always help themselves. They have no hold over the penny-a-liners but by systematically rejecting their communications; and if a fellow who has been detected in a fraud finds his copy 'tabooed,' he either makes an arrangement with a friend for the use of his name, or starts a new appellation altogether, under which he either makes a new character, or remains in an undistinguished position until the old offence has blown over or been forgotten.

The best characteristic quality of the penny-a-liners is their matchless perseverance and energy in the pursuit of materials for paragraphs. Does a conflagration break out?—they are in the midst of the firemen; does a remarkable crime take place?—they regularly install themselves in the locality; often they outnumber the group of individuals which forms the 'numerous and respectable meeting' they report. Railway accidents afford them rich harvests. They find out cases of suicide in a way little short of miraculous; and hardly a day passes which does not yield them a 'remarkable coincidence' or an 'extraordinary catastrophe.' Altogether, the penny-a-liners are about the most irregularly-paid, the most hard-working, and the most scampishly-living set of individuals in her Majesty's dominions.

We have loitered at some length over the reporting department, which is, in sooth, one of the most interesting connected with a daily paper, and we must despatch the foreign correspondents with a hastier notice. Our readers can well understand that theirs is a department which has of late been quite turned upside down. In the old peaceful days, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Augsburg, were the principal ports of continental correspondence. Now-a-days, of course, a newspaper must have its agents swarming over Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azof. The duties of a Parisian correspondent, the grand centre to which the others were always subsidiary, were of a kind requiring watchfulness rather than hard work. Paris, as the centre and radiating point of continental politics, was constantly becoming the sudden seat of unexpected news, which it was the duty of the correspondent instantly to forward, often by special courier or pigeon-express to London. The routine of duty was by no means oppressive. The concoction of a short summary of the news of the day; the extraction of copious translations of the morning papers, furnished in the friendly pages of 'Galignani'; and perhaps a visit to the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères*, or that of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, where official and private information could always be got by those who knew the right way of going to work. This generally formed the day's routine of duty. The real pressure of the work, however, lay in the extreme watchfulness required, and the constant liability of the correspondent to be called upon to decide whether such and such an item of intelligence, as it transpired, was or was not worth the expense of a special courier or a flight of pigeons to London. Now-a-days, of course, the couriers are being superseded by the railways, and the use of pigeons, over one part of the journey at all events, by the electric telegraph. Nor will the most casual student of the daily newspapers fail to perceive how much more copious is the letter of the Paris correspondent than it used to be. Of the many in France who censure the late revolution, none have more cause to do so than 'our own correspondent.' The 'war' reporters form quite a new class, which has of course risen with the exigencies of the times. More than one of the gentlemen, however, who are now enlightening the English public upon the chances and changes of the Italian and Hungarian wars, have seen hot work in the Carlist campaigns in Spain, and have had a few tolerably narrow escapes

from being shot or hung as spies. Indeed not later than last summer, a friend of ours, who was in the thick of the first Schleswig-Holstein dispute, found himself placed, by the arrest of a courier whom he had despatched, in an extremely awkward situation, from which he only escaped by a most liberal expenditure of horse flesh, and by ultimately seizing the open boat of a fisherman, in which he crossed the Little Belt, and at last contrived to conceal himself in Copenhagen. It is quite evident, then, that the situation of a correspondent at the seat of war is by no means suited to those gentlemen of England who love safety and ease. Adequately to perform the duties of the post, a man must be a thorough linguist, even to the extent of understanding the patois of the district in which he is placed. He must possess, moreover, a good and plausible address, be a man of enterprise and resource, one who can cook his own dinner, and make a comfortable bivouac on the lee side of a tree. Above all, he must have the pen of a ready writer, and have enough of nerve, without needlessly or recklessly exposing himself to danger, to make up his despatches coolly and collectedly, even should a stray shot occasionally make its appearance in his vicinity. Good folks who do not like sleeping out of their own beds, who wink at the crack of a pistol, and who catch colds in thorough drafts, had better not undertake to write a contemporary history of a war.

We have now come to the editorial department of the London daily journal. By the editorial, however, is by no means to be understood the leader-writing department: we speak of the actual working *visible* editors. In respect to the leader-writing corps, the strictest secrecy is, as we have said, preserved. If its members ever come to the office, they do not come officially; and though their business may be guessed at, it is never avowed. The actual acknowledged editorial body generally consists of a sub-editor and his assistant, a foreign editor; sometimes, but not always, a business-editor, as we may call him, whose functions are half literary, half commercial; and an editor-in-chief, who represents the proprietors, and keeps a watchful eye over all the departments, and whose executive power is despotic. The money-article writer has an establishment of his own in the City, and generally sends the result of his labours every evening.

Let us begin with the two sub-editors. They are at their posts by eight or nine o'clock P.M., and the labours of one of them at least do not cease until four o'clock next morning. To their care is confided the mass of penny-a-line matter, from which they select what is considered as of interest or importance—often abridging or grammatising it, as the case may require. They have frequently to attend to the literary and political correspondence of the paper, picking out from the mass of 'Constant Readers' and 'Regular Subscribers' those lucubrations which seem worthy of the notice of the editor-in-chief. To them is also confided the task of looking over the multitudes of provincial papers which every day arrive, and extracting from them all the paragraphs which may appear to deserve the honour. The principal sub-editor is also in continued and close correspondence with the printer's room, from which he receives regular bulletins of the amount of matter 'set up,' and of the space which remains to be filled. In many of the London papers the rule is, that every line which is printed must go through the hands of the sub-editor. He is thus enabled to preserve a general idea of the hourly progress of the newspaper towards completion. Another part of the sub's duty is a general supervision of the reporters' rooms. In case of any failure in this part of the duty, occasioned perhaps by sudden illness, he puts himself in correspondence with another paper, so as to obtain the means of supplying the gap. He grants interviews to the less important class of business visitors; makes the minor arrangements for having public meetings, dinners, and so forth, reported; has an eye, in fact, to every department save that of the 'leaders,' and passes a life of constant hurry and responsibility,

the major part of his duties consisting of a hundred little odd jobs, trifling in themselves, but upon his indefatigable and energetic attention to which the character of a newspaper greatly depends.

The duties of the foreign editor will be obvious from his title. He performs for foreign intelligence what the sub-editor does for home news. He receives and arranges foreign expressers, summarises the intelligence contained in them, and has frequently a good deal of hard translating work upon his shoulders. Of course the foreign editor must be an accomplished linguist.

We have reserved the editor-in-chief until the last. His is a situation of great power, and consequently of great responsibility. To him all matters of doubt arising in the inferior departments are referred. The sub-editor is his aide-de-camp, who brings him information of what everybody is doing, and how everybody is doing it. Printed slips of everything reckoned important in the paper are from time to time laid before him. He makes all the arrangements of magnitude, respecting the engagement of correspondents, reporters, &c. and gives audiences to those whose business is of great importance, or who, from their situation in public or private life, cannot well be handed over to a subordinate. The peculiar department of the editor-in-chief is, however, that of the leading articles. He may either write himself or not. In general an editor has plenty to do without the composition of brilliant or profound political essays. But he probably suggests subjects to his writers, hints at the tone to be adopted, carefully revises the leaders when written, and generally takes care to communicate to the whole executive the peculiar views as to business or politics entertained by the unseen proprietary body whom he represents. The editor-in-chief usually transacts business in the office in the course of the afternoon. He makes his appearance again about ten o'clock or eleven o'clock P.M., and frequently remains until the paper is actually published, about five o'clock in the morning.

We have now set before our readers a tolerably full account of the constituent parts of the machinery of a London newspaper. It only remains that we briefly dash off a sketch of the machine as it appears in its usual rapid motion. Nearly all day long the establishment is almost deserted; only the clerks in the counting-house ply their tasks, and receive and register the advertisements. At four o'clock or so a couple of the editors arrive; the letters which may have been received are opened and run over; arrangements for 'leaders' for next day are probably made and communicated to the writers thereof; and such communications from regular or casual correspondents as may be selected from the mass are sent up to the printer's room, in readiness for the compositors when they arrive. By seven o'clock P.M. the work is beginning in earnest. Three or four parliamentary reporters have already set to at their desks, and the porters are laying huge masses of 'flimsy' and packets from the country upon the sub-editors' tables. Meanwhile the compositors above have also commenced operations. By ten o'clock the work is in full swing. Perhaps a dozen columns of parliamentary debate have been written: the sub-editors are actively engaged in preparing for the printer the occasional and penny-a-line intelligence, and two or three writers in different parts of London are deep in 'leaders.' Hardly a train now arrives in town which does not convey packets of country news and country newspapers, wet from the press, to the great centre of intelligence. 'Express parcels' from abroad drop in, and are submitted to the foreign editor. All the office is one blaze of light and activity. By midnight the great mass of intelligence has arrived. The porters carry away from the sub-editorial rooms basketfuls of rejected contributions: the master-printer reports as to the length of 'matter' in his hands: the editor-in-chief communicates with the sub, and finds that everything is working smoothly. The reporters are still at it might and main. Perhaps the House of Commons does not

rise until two o'clock, so every quarter of an hour sets a fresh hand to work. As three o'clock approaches, the master-printer gets nervous, and begins to think of the early trains: the gentlemen of the gallery are directed to cut down at all hazards, and close up their reports: the last selection is made of the 'matter' which must be sung over either until next day, or entirely. Shortly after three the outside half of the sheet is at press, for the machine-men have been getting up the steam on the engine for the last couple of hours: the last touches are hurriedly given to the 'leaders' and the 'latest intelligence,' and by half after five o'clock, fast express-carts are flying with the reeking sheets to the terminus of every railway, to be scattered over Britain as fast as panting steam can carry them!

GRANDMAMA.

THERE are no real old grandmamas now; the race has gone out. All old ladies of the present time have smart caps with flowers, lace collars, and bracelets; but the grandmama whom I remember wore a mourning dress, a white handkerchief pinned in folds over her bosom, a black crape hood, clear white apron, and low-cut velvet shoes. Her out-door costume was a *mode* bonnet and cloak trimmed with bear-skin, with the addition, in winter, of a muff and tippet of the same frightful fur; and in walking, she leant on a gold-headed cane. What a delight it was to visit her as a child! the awful mysterious feeling of seeing the fingers of the clock pointing to ten at night, and we not in bed! the breakfast of coffee and muffins, the drinking tea in the parlour, and the absence of lessons, all united to make a visit to grandmama the happiest event of childhood. The clock above-mentioned was the wonder of my young life: at the moment the hour struck, a small door flew open, and out burst a little wooden bird, calling 'Cuckoo—cuckoo!' until the striking ceased, when the door shut as suddenly as it had opened, and the clock ticked on as quietly as if nothing had happened. When older, I took great delight in hearing stories of her youth; and as her reminiscences extended over seventy-five years, and she was blessed with a most retentive memory, her tales were like dipping into an old magazine, beginning at the year 1745.

She remembered the Rebellion perfectly; and how the rebels stole the tongue of the chapel bell near her father's house to melt for bullets. She had danced at George III.'s coronation ball; and because the hairdresser was in great demand, each lady's head requiring two hours to dress, hers was done over-night, and she was propped up in bed for fear of disarranging the fabric. The town near which she lived was remarkable for its attachment to the Stuarts, and many of its inhabitants joined the ill-fated expedition that terminated so disastrously at Culloden. In the barbarous spirit of the times, when law was terror, and punishment vengeance, the heads of several ringleaders were impaled on the Exchange of their native town, and amongst the rest the two sons of an eminent physician residing there. She said it was a touching sight to see the white-haired, venerable father, as long as he lived, take off his hat, regardless of the weather, and remain uncovered whenever he came in sight of the ghastly remains that had once been so dear to him. To this day, when any of the Stanleys pass through Church Gate in Bolton, they uncover their heads in respect to the memory of James, seventh Earl of Derby, who was beheaded there in 1651. Another of the so-called rebels, who, if on the winning side, would have been lauded as patriots, had a mournful and romantic story attached to his name, which was afterwards celebrated by Shenstone in one of his most admired ballads. The lady to whom he was engaged, anxious to testify her attachment, even to the last moment of his life, insisted upon accompanying him to

the scaffold; but the devoted heart could bear no more; she expired before the awful ceremony was concluded.

In grandmama's young days female education, with few exceptions, was limited to little more than reading, writing, cooking, and needlework. She attended a school, where a professional cook instructed young ladies in the mysteries of roasting and boiling, pastry and confectionary. She said one of her sisters was looked upon as a learned lady, because she understood a little of astronomy; accuracy in spelling was quite unnecessary, indeed was a little pedantic. I suspect her marriage had not been a very happy one, though she never said so. Her husband intended to offer his hand to her sister, and going to her house for the purpose, to his grief and astonishment found that she had just expired. It seems he was bent upon allying himself with the family, for after a time, he proposed to the other sister, some years older, who accepted him, and they were married. The death of the young sister was commemorated in a ring which she wore: the figure of a lady, about a quarter of an inch long, worked in hair leaning upon an urn, overshadowed by a weeping willow. She had a number of rings of this kind, and always wore them, except after the recent death of any of her relatives, when she took them off, that being her sign of deeper mourning than usual. She could trace the rise and progress of most families around her; for, he it remembered, she lived in a manufacturing district; knew the late Sir Robert Peel when he brought milk to market, with a great milk-can on each side his horse. Whoever was mentioned, her general remark was, 'I knew his or her mother before she was married.' She had a variety of old-fashioned terms for dress, such as we find in comedies of the last century; and spoke of how well her wedding-dress, a peach-coloured satin saque, became her, and how exquisitely she embroidered her aprons and ruffles. A child's dress she always called a 'gam,' and her babies wore frocks of Irish linen.

One favourite amusement was cleaning her plate. She allowed us to bring out what we liked, smear it with whiting, and rub it as long as we pleased. What effect our rubbing had I have forgotten; probably more pleasure to us than benefit to the silver. Our visits to her occurred at all festivals connected with good things to eat: Christmas had its minced-pies; Shrovetide its pancakes; Easter its heavy-spiced currant-dumplings, called Easter-balls, of which there were always as many as she had been years married; Whitsuntide brought the Sunday schools' treat; and August the rush-bearing, which was the annual gathering of rushes, to strew the aisles of the village church, and keep it warm during the winter. The rushes were most artistically piled on a cart in the form of a haystack. The front was covered with a white cloth, and adorned with silver tankards, cream jugs, spoons, arranged in patterns; and whatever could be borrowed in the way of plate, which was always cheerfully lent. These were interspersed with flowers, and always a large G. R. in marigolds, sunflowers, or hollyhocks: dahlias were unknown. The cart was drawn by four, and sometimes six fine horses, adorned with ribbons and bells, that jingled merrily as they walked. A dozen young men and women, streaming with ribbons and waving handkerchiefs, preceded the rush-cart, dancing the morris-dance. There was the shepherdess (with a lamb in a basket) carrying a crook, a bower borne over her head, and invariably two watches at her side: there was the fool, a hideous figure in a horrid mask, with onions for earrings, belabouring the crowd with an inflated bladder at the end of a pole. It was a point of honour to appear much amused with his antics, but many a little heart quaked under its assumed bravery. The procession was closed by two garlands, carried aloft, of coloured paper, cut into fanciful devices; and at the close of the day the rush-cart was taken to pieces, the rushes strewed in the church, and the garlands hung in the chancel, to remain until replaced by new ones the following year.

The second person in my affections was a servant of grandmamma's, a young person rather superior to her station, who, I remember, told me the whole tale of 'Cecilia,' and of an old novel called 'Santo Sebastiano,' besides setting my hair on end with the black velvet pall that moved in the marchioness' chamber in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' How I have dived down under the bedclothes, and stayed there curled up in a ball, after she took my candle away at night! Her stories were sometimes interrupted by a low whistle at the back-door, whereupon Betsy was immediately under the necessity of fetching coals for the parlour, and was so long about it, my patience was sorely tried. I am ashamed to say the family prayers were a positive nuisance to me. It was too hard to be taken off from Valancourt and Emily in an arbour, or just when Delville and Cecilia were being married, and the deep voice from behind a pillar forbidding the ceremony. To be carried off at any such crisis to prayers was a trial. I can see now the pattern of the horse-hair cover on the seat of the old-fashioned chair to which I knelt, and can almost feel its pricking on my bare arms, or it might be my cheek, when I could hold up no longer. Time went on: Betsy sought the fate of too many of her class—married, contended for years against poverty, children, and an idle husband, sunk under it, and died. Her mistress attained fourscore years, and ceased to live rather than died. Her lamp of life had burnt so feebly, it was scarcely perceptible when finally extinguished. Looking back, the happiness of my youth is associated with her; looking forward, I have comfort and satisfaction in the hope of rejoining dear grandmamma.

TEMPERAMENT OF GENIUS.

THE calamities of men of genius form an interesting portion of literary history, which has been well *exploité* by D'Israeli; but the greater part of their unhappiness is perhaps the result of a nervous temperament of more than usual excitability, occasioning a degree of mental suffering apparently quite disproportioned to its circumstantial cause. Thus the 'divine Michael Angelo' was never satisfied, but sometimes enraged with his works; and if there appeared to his fastidious eyes any imperfection in the piece he was engaged upon, he would cast it aside in disgust, to be commenced anew, or never resumed again. Would we at all times behold the poet most skilled to charm, we would often see him in his solitude bemoaning the want of language sufficiently vivid to convey the glowing imagery of his fancy. Racine speaks of the disappointment which he felt in reading over in the morning what he had written the night before. What he had then thought good, he fancied should have been much better, and he felt discouraged and dissatisfied. Petrarch describes 'the faint-heartedness' which so frequently came over him, in an account which he has given of an interview which he had with John of Florence, to whom he fled for comfort and advice while labouring under this depression. He thought of relinquishing the pursuit of literature altogether. After acknowledging in most pathetic terms all he owed of encouragement to the kind father, he bewails his want of power:—'I flattered myself that assiduous labour would lead to something great; but I know not how, when I thought myself highest, I feel myself fallen—the spring of my mind has dried up—what seemed easy once, now appears to me above my strength; I stumble at every step, and am ready to sink for ever into despair.' Rousseau became so doubtful of the value of the system of education laid down in his 'Emile,' that after its publication he could not bear to read a line of it.

The lamentations of the successful over the fruit of their labours would make a very interesting chapter. We find the great Newton making his own estimate of his success in his pursuit of science in words which were spoken to the friends about him: when he was dying:—'I do not know what I may appear to the

world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.' Even the patient and laborious Johnson poured his lamentations over the great work which he had just completed, and thus proved that melancholy feelings greatly predominated over those of pleasure and exultation. 'In the gloom of solitude,' he says, 'I have protracted my work till those whom I have wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds.' The most pitiable of the sufferings to which men of genius are liable, is that deep melancholy into which so many among them have been known to fall—a calamity the more deplorable, because its cause cannot be explained, nor its cure be effected by human means. Cowper, who spoke from sad experience, and touched upon the subject in the most affecting manner, says—

'No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels;
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.'

This melancholy, having its source in extreme sensibility, may probably be fostered by the pursuit of those arts where great tenderness of feeling is required. Even in his earliest childhood Mozart gave indications of that deep sensibility for which he was so remarkable during his short life. Naturally of a fragile constitution, his intense devotion to his pursuit was too much for his physical powers, and his declining health and saddened spirits caused his wife and friends the deepest anxiety. All their attempts to induce him to abstain from it were unavailing; and often, while wrapped in his exquisite compositions, a sudden faintness—the effect alike of bodily weakness and intense sensibility—has come over him, and he has swooned away. But still, gentle and complying, to gratify his wife, he would walk by her side, or he would accompany her in her visits, though all the while he would remain sad and abstracted.

The tender melancholy which we feel in contemplating a pathetic scene wrought out by the hand of genius, or in listening to a mournful strain which it has inspired, is so pleasing, that we would not wish to forego it. Some portion of the pleasure may arise from the sympathy which we are conscious of feeling with the genius who has given so much power to art; but there are many of the works of the gifted produced under feelings and circumstances totally at variance with the sentiments they inspire, and with our notions of the frame of mind in which they were undertaken and finished. Who could suppose that the tale of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' so remarkable for the elegance and calm and lofty dignity of its style, was written in one week (and never revised), in all the hurry and agitation of an affectionate son impatient to attend his dying mother, and to carry with him the means of defraying the expenses of her burial? The power which many among the unfortunate have had of diffusing mirth which they cannot feel, is perhaps one of the most wonderful achievements of genius. Many a tear has fallen on pages written to make us smile. It has been well observed by D'Israeli, who said everything well, that those who make the world laugh often themselves laugh least. In speaking of Smollett, whose works have contributed more to entertain than any we can think of, he says:—'His life was a succession of struggles and disappointments, yet of success in his writings.' This great genius, so admired, had not sufficient means from his scanty remunerations to enable him to try the effect of change of air, which had been recommended for his impaired state of health. The daughter who had been the object of his fondest affection died. It wrung his heart to think that his wife had to share the privations which he endured. 'It was in want, in sickness, and in sorrow,' that he wrote 'Humphrey Clinker,' that most amusing book. Who could suppose that Burton, the author of the 'Anatomy

of Melancholy—a work so replete with wit and learning—was liable to fits of deep depression; that he who was the life of every company into which he entered—who could make the duller merry—was himself, when out of society, 'mute and morose.' 'That man is mad, or reading Don Quixote,' observed a gentleman who passed in a public walk another who held a volume in his hand, and as he was intent upon its pages, was almost convulsed with laughter. The gentleman stole a glance: it was indeed that inimitable romance, which ranks as a classic in every country to which literature has found its way—the admirable satire which was written within the walls of a prison during the captivity of Cervantes.

In the portraits of Molière, the fine countenance is impressed with a tender melancholy indicative of his disposition. In a satirical comedy written to ridicule him, he is called *Molière Hypochondrie*; yet he was the first of comic writers. His constitutional pensiveness was much increased by the unhappy fate which he made for himself: he chose for his wife one ill fitted to be the companion of one of so much sensibility. The disparity of their years was not the sole cause of the unsuitability of the union. The difference was indeed sufficient to account for a dissimilarity of taste, for she was but sixteen when he was forty. He was domestic; and notwithstanding the pensiveness which was natural to him, he could be delightfully pleasant in the social circle of home; but in company he was reserved and silent. His young wife, volatile and gay, soon showed a love for company and for admiration. Molière, agonized by her coquetry, became a prey to the most poignant jealousy, which embittered his existence. Notwithstanding the indifference with which she regarded him, he was passionately attached to her. She was beautiful and engaging, and when in her company, she engrossed all his thoughts and looks. When driven from her presence by her levity and coquetry, he pined to be with her again. It was under such feelings that he wrote his matchless comedies; and it is said that the jealous sufferings which he has so successfully depicted were all drawn after his own.

The pleasure diffused by the compositions of men of genius is often an affecting contrast to their feelings and situations. Poor Henry Carey was considered one of the most successful of writers in that light and gay style that is so enlivening to society. He heard his songs wherever he went: they were sung at every convivial meeting—they were rapturously encored in crowded theatres—they were heard in every street, but their poor author was so utterly destitute and broken-hearted, that his mind gave way, and in a moment of frantic despair he put an end to his existence. One halfpenny was found in his pocket—all he had possessed! Thus perished the man to whose humanity the establishment of a fund for decayed musicians is owing. It has often happened that the success which is always certain to attend the efforts of genius came too late, when he who languished for it was in circumstances to make it more a subject for melancholy musing than exultation. We have an affecting example of this in the account of poor Tobin the dramatist. Worn out by cares and difficulties, he fell into a consumption, and was ordered to a warmer climate. He was on the eve of sailing from Bristol for the West Indies, when he received the unexpected intelligence of the complete success of his comedy of 'The Honeymoon.' It had been for such a length of time in the hands of the manager, that he had given it up as lost, and had long ceased to think of it. It had been accidentally found and brought out, to meet with the most unbounded applause! Tobin sailed, hoping to return with renovated health to reap the advantage of his good fortune. The weather became tempestuous, and the vessel was driven into Cork harbour; while in the meantime the comedy was acted every night to crowded houses. But the author?—he lay dead in the cabin of the ship!

The struggle of genius with adverse circumstances

is a melancholy theme. In giving it a passing thought, we cannot forget Collins—that gifted poet, so neglected in life, so prized in death: of whom Johnson thought it not too much to say, 'The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation; susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity; but, above all, carried away by the high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his descriptions.' All who are familiar with the poetry of Collins will subscribe to the justice of this tribute. Yet, eminently gifted as he was, his fate was such 'as must be mourned till Pity's self be dead.' His extreme sensibility brought on that melancholy state to which we have remarked the imaginative are so liable. Johnson ascribed this in Collins to a deficiency in the vital, and not in the intellectual powers. He asserts that nothing like alienation of mind was perceived by his friends, though he himself was haunted by the idea that such was his malady. In the midst of conversation, the current of his mental powers was often interrupted by extreme exhaustion, which would oblige him to break off suddenly, and throw himself on the couch till his energies revived. This may have been the commencement of the unsettling of his mind; for there can be no doubt that his own fears were but too well founded, for he was for some time the inmate of a lunatic asylum. His poetry is a sufficient evidence of his deep sensibility. It was indicated, too, by the powerful manner in which music affected him. In his last days, when in his native city of Chichester, he would pass days and nights in wandering through the aisles of the cathedral. When the choristers joined in the anthem, it was too much for the sensitive poet; he lost all control over his excited imagination, and shrieked and groaned aloud, producing an effect upon his kindred and friends which cannot be described. The cold reception with which his poetry had met was the corroding disappointment which preyed upon his mind, and completely upset it. Reduced to the greatest want, and frantic with despair, he had returned to his native city 'to hide himself in the arms of a sister.' Collins had his lucid intervals; it was during one such that Warton met him. He observed him deeply absorbed in the book which he was reading, and felt a curiosity to find out what volume so much interested the literary man. An opportunity offered, and he looked into it: it was an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins; 'but that is the best.' There can be no doubt that he found in that book the consolation of which he stood so much in need; it was his constant study during his last illness. The vicar of St Andrews, Chichester, in speaking of him to Dr Warton, said—'I was walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening during Collins' last illness: I heard a female—the servant I suppose—reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent, but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent.' Flaxman's beautiful monument to Collins commemorates in the most affecting manner the comfort which the stricken poet took in the Gospel. He is represented in a reclining posture; the Bible is open before him; the placid and tranquil expression of the whole aspect discloses at once the consolation which he found; his lyre, and the 'Ode on the Passions,' as a scroll, lie neglected on the ground. In relief on the pediment are two female figures, representing Love and Pity, entwined in each other's arms.

In this hurried sketch, which our limits alone permit, we have passed over the sorrows of many of those gifted ones on whose honoured names we should

have loved to dwell. We have left unnoticed many an early grave, decked by the laurels which should have graced the living brow of the poet. The subject on which we have imperfectly and hastily touched is indeed one of surpassing interest, and leads to salutary reflection. The works of genius are more justly estimated when we remember at what a cost they are ours. The lot of the obscure, though it afford but the crust earned by daily labour to appease hunger, and the running stream to slake the thirst, appears less grievous if it be felt to be free from the responsibilities, the cares and disappointments, which have marked the careers of many among the most gifted 'the world e'er saw.'

A FEW WEEKS AT CAUTERETS, AMONG THE PYRENEES.

WE were now to proceed to the stronger sulphuric waters of Cauterets, about forty good miles from Pau, up the Gave, nearly the whole way in a south-easterly direction. Our first rest was at D'Estelle, a curious old village attached to the church of Betteram, where we had been before with some friends on a sketching expedition; a picturesque remnant of a monastery, now used as a sort of college for the education of young priests, and a bridge near it, overgrown with ivy, filling a very pretty foreground in this mountain scene. The drive was a very enjoyable one, through a country abounding in villages, situated among rich fields, and sheltered by forest-trees. The road followed the course of the river, by the side of meadows of emerald green, with the ever-varying Pyrenees in the distance. We passed many country-houses, in any of which I should have been quite content to have been set down for life; and we almost envied an American gentleman the possession of quite an English-looking place, on a gentle slope, where he had already laid out his lawn and shrubberies.

The next *poste* was Lourdes, quite a large town, containing many excellent houses; a good place, with a very handsome fountain in it; and a castle—a fortress of some renown in the old feudal times, when it was the stronghold of barons of power, whose border raids kept the whole country round in terror. It is now occupied by a detachment of troops, this being one of the frontier garrisons. We had to pass the town to reach it, to travel up one side, and return again down the opposite side of a narrow rocky ravine, near the entrance of which Lourdes is situated, high upon a rock of the same sterile character as the valley. We were glad to leave this rugged neighbourhood, and to find ourselves once more among woodland scenery, the beauty of which increased as we journeyed, till we reached the very lovely plain and town of Argeles, where we rested for the night. As far as Lourdes, the country above Pau resembled very much the country below Pau towards Oleron. After leaving Lourdes, the character of the landscape changed entirely. We began to ascend a valley, through which the Gave, now considerably narrowed, ran rapidly. There were abrupt well-wooded banks, mountain-tops rising high around, often presenting on some projecting cliff the ruins of an ancient watch-tower. The woods were quite of a different description from what we of a more northern latitude are accustomed to look for in scenes of similar grandeur. Chestnuts, walnuts, acacias, are unlike what we are used to find among rocks. There were oaks, too, but not our sturdy oaks, with their short, thick trunk, and bushy head, and knotted extending branches. The oaks in these parts are very elm-like in their character, tall, aspiring trees, with branches rising gracefully, and bearing larger leaves of ever-darker green. Along the valley of Gabas, the birch and the black pine suited my taste better, harmonised more with their surroundings: but we had not yet ascended high enough to meet them here.

Argeles is beautiful. A noble circular plain, another basin enclosed by mountains, across which streams flow, and through which villages are scattered, with their fields, and orchards, and sheltering clumps of trees, telling of plenty in the wilderness. The little town is hardly worthy of its situation, yet it attracts many residents,

the winters here being mild, and the summer heat tempered by the breeze from the higher lands. Living, firing, and house rent are all cheap. The place is therefore well suited to the delicate of moderate means, who are careless about society; for a life in this remote settlement is one of complete retirement. The plain of Argeles ends at Pierre Lafitte, a small village at the foot of a precipice, from which point the road divides. One branch goes on up the course of the Gave through a very narrow gorge to Luz: the other ascends the rock abruptly to mount to Cauterets, and is conducted along by the bed of a torrent which seems to have broken its way through the rock to meet the Gave. The scenery differs in little from other passes of like nature all through these wonderful mountains. There are leaps, and cascades, and rapids in quick succession all along the course of this boisterous water—overhanging rocks above, steep precipices below, trees of all sorts and sizes, flowers of every hue; and amid this wildness a broad, finely-engineered public road invades the chasm, up which our little horses trotted easily. The skilfulness of its construction made us wonder: cut into the face of the rock here, built up with heavy masonry there, it led us, by many zig-zags, from the wide fertile plain below to a small rude plain above, backed by a pine-clad conical hill, round the base of which, scattered along the banks of the torrent, lies the village of Cauterets—or town indeed; for this favourite watering-place contains many good shops, a library, a market, and numerous houses, all neatly furnished for the bathers, who do not live here in large parties at hotels, as they do at the Eaux Bonnes, but privately in small lodgings or apartments. We drove to one of the hotels at first, that we might have time to look a little about us; and we entered it through the stables—not the stable-yard, but the stables!—which were merely a very large long shed, into which we drove, and found on each side of the passage left for visitors lines of ponies standing ready saddled before open manglers, their owners, who act as guides, grouped behind them, all waiting to convey different sections of the company upon their morning excursions. Our rooms were comfortable, but there was no view from any of the windows; and to be in the midst of such scenery, and see none of it, did not satisfy our vagrant fancies. We therefore soon fixed ourselves in a small house near the river, where we had the conical hill rising up in front of us, and the pine-tree forest within sight and reach—the wild fragrance of the leaves being often wafted to us by the breeze, atoning in some degree for the strong sulphuric odour brought down from the baths by the stream, at times so powerfully, that I fancied I could always detect the moment of a bath being emptied. We had no further trouble upon thus establishing ourselves than was included in opening the door of our new dwelling, followed by our luggage, and choosing each of us our chamber. Our meals were supplied from the hotel at so much per day, and we had brought our little *bonne* from Pau to wait on us.

The business of bathing was the chief occupation of the place, and very regularly proceeded with under a superintending physician, who fixed the hours, the temperature of the waters, and arranged all else concerning the invalid's use of them. There was one very large newly-erected bath-house near a bridge higher up the stream, and several smaller ones, of more ancient date, seated here and there upon the banks, and almost an equal number of rapids; for the little river frets and fumes away over a very rocky bed. The hours were very early, so that the day must have seemed long to many. Those ladies whose toilettes were suitable, walked in the two or three public promenades, and then they visited the shops, or one another. Some of the gentlemen attended them; others fished for trout in the numerous brooks with which the neighbourhood abounded; a few, more venturesome, followed the chase of the lizard, and other wild animals, far into the recesses of the mountains. There were some determined climbers to the mountain-tops, with whom my indefatigable brother quickly made acquaintance. I kept to the lower grounds, and never found it difficult to arrange a party for a long pony-back

excursion, to which sort of ramble I was much addicted; and when not in the mood for any exercise so fatiguing, I wandered about with my son all day in the forest. It was pleasant to walk along the sounding pathways that crossed the outskirts of this silent wood, among high rocks, whereon a few straggling trees contrived to live, getting a peep occasionally of the bare blue distant mountains, and soon losing the few old hardwood trees that ornamented the greener slopes near the town. The paths we followed, as we penetrated deeper into the forest, were steep and winding, like the torrents they skirted. The thick roots of the pines frequently crossed our road, in search of the nourishment scantily furnished to them by the stony ground they grew on. They would sometimes stretch for some feet on without touching the soil, but rising off the sterile spots, dip down again in richer pasturage, and curl away through the thick carpet of plants, till we lost sight of their extremities. The peculiar odour of the fir leaves, as we stepped over the dried remains of those so plentifully shed throughout the year by these stately evergreens, was a very grateful fragrance in such sunny days, as was the scent of the bog-myrtle, which grew in abundance near the streams, little noisy torrents rushing at short intervals across the path, dashing from the gray crags above down to the black rocks below. Rude bridges, made of logs, carried us pleasantly over the larger of these rivulets; stepping-stones did for the smaller; and there were plenty of blocks of granite on which, when weary, we could rest, surrounded by all that could increase the beauty of such scenery. Much of it reminded me of our British mountains; but the height, and the picturesque outline of this gigantic range, and the magnificence of the waterfalls, far exceed the beauty of any landscapes it has ever yet been my lot to wander in. One excursion through a considerable part of this forest, up to the Lac de Gaube, surpassed all we had yet seen even of the Pyrenees. We were a large party, and some of us had travelled in many lands: we had Grecian, Alpine, Indian recollections amongst us, and memories of the Western Scottish Highlands; yet all agreed the scenes around us lost nothing by such comparisons.

We were early in the saddle, and soon leaving the gay streets of Cauterêts, we began to ascend the stony banks of the torrent, the path becoming steeper as we proceeded. At the end of a long ride through the forest, we halted before a high mountain of rock, up the precipitous sides of which two roads diverged from the one we had travelled. The branch to the right hand led to the Spanish baths of Pantecousa; the branch to the left hand led up to the Lac de Gaube. The surplus waters of this still distant mountain tarn, augmented at this season by the constantly melting snow, fell down just in front of us from the rock high above, through a chasm of granite, to some unsounded depth, out of sight, below, in one wide, stormy, dashing, deafening cataract, worthy of ranking among the wonders of the district. The dreary darkness of the forest, the traces of desolating tempests all around, the solitude, all impose upon the senses, and heighten the effect of the wild grandeur of the scene. We stood upon the Pont d'Espagne—a bridge of logs thrown over a pause in the downward course of the torrent—and looked up at the foaming waters, and down on the foaming waters, till I felt frightened out of any sense the noise had left me. The path up the rock by the side of the cataract is difficult to climb. How the ponies managed it is a marvel, for it is extremely rugged, as well as steep, winding about in short zig-zags, with sharp enough corners, and encumbered with large stones. We had often to stop to rest before reaching the plain at the top. We had a good bit to go before arriving at the lake, and snow to cross besides—a narrow strip, too much in a hollow for the sun to act on till later in the summer—over which we passed on foot in the path the guides had trodden for us. They drove the horses over afterwards, when one pony stepping aside, sank to the girths, owing to its indiscretion. Snow in fields, rather than in patches, was above, below, and all round. The little dismal lake in front sunk deep in a basin formed by a wall of rugged rocks, which entirely encompassed it, and were seldom scaled,

except by smugglers. Close to where our cavalcade stopped, on a large block of stone jutting out into the water, is a square iron-railed enclosure round a tablet of white marble, erected to the memory of a young English husband and his wife, who visited this place on their bridal tour, and perished, but a few years before, in these chilling waters, from incautiously venturing by themselves into a little cobbie, used for fishing along the shore by a man who lives here in a small hut near the lake. In this very desolate abode a party of any size may, during the season, get a good luncheon, or even dinner, with wine, spirits, English porter, confectionary, the delicious trout fresh from the lake, and fine dried fruits smuggled over the frontier, served under an awning with considerable neatness, the cold waters of the lake serving as well as ice to set the liquors in. M. and Mad. de Gaude, as we christened our entertainers, do not live in so high a sphere during the winter: they descend in autumn to the less elevated position of the village of Cauterêts, only arriving here with the summer. The privilege has been hereditary in madame's family for some generations, and she seems to be not a little vain of it.

We had time to walk a good way round the lake before remounting our little steeds, which was quite a pretty sight, as each pony with its guide and rider filed off through the forest. There was a guide at every lady's bridle rein—not a little foot-page—but a good sturdy mountaineer, or his equally sturdy wife or sister, small-sized, handsome people, active and cheerful, and very intelligent. They were well dressed in solid clothing of home manufacture, the distaff being in every woman's hand. My attendant, the wife of one of the most celebrated of the Luz guides, wore blue knitted stockings, very neat leathern shoes, short blue stuff petticoat, black apron, black cloth jacket, with a pink cotton handkerchief inside of it, and another pink cotton handkerchief upon her head. The men, *birés* and all, might have walked out of any cottage on Tweedside. We did not venture to ride down the rugged descent to the Pont d'Espagne, none of us, gentlemen or ladies, liking to encounter the risk of a tumble among such angular stones: we scrambled down on our feet as we best could, and we took a long rest at the wooden bridge over the beautiful waterfall, before trotting our ponies merrily home. I frequently rode as far as this cataract, the way thither was so agreeable, and the object of my journey so well worth an often-repeated visit; and two or three times I went on along the road to Pantecousa, not so much for the scenery, which did not improve, as for the purpose of meeting the groups of Spaniards which were constantly passing to and from Cauterêts. The men were very fine-looking figures, tall and graceful, even commanding, and their costume was exceedingly picturesque: the open jacket, open sleeve, and open knee, the sash, the cross-gartered sabot, and the cap with the tassel always stuck jauntily on one side of the head, gave a sort of stage effect to their appearance, thoroughly in keeping with the wildness of the scenes they were passing through. The women wore the jacket and petticoat common to the peasantry on the French side of the mountains; but they had no neat apron with its useful pockets, and the jacket was cut low between the shoulders, and exhibited, instead of the neat cotton handkerchief, a very dirty shift, which was gathered up in plaits round the throat. Their hair, seldom combed, hung in one thick plait down their backs, and over it they wore a small skull-cap without a border, tied under the chin with a narrow string. They were far from handsome, very far from clean, very much sunburnt, and I never saw a distaff or a stocking in their hands. Both men and women seemed to be regular porters by trade; for going or coming, they carried large packages, country wares in baskets, to dispose of at Cauterêts, and from thence furniture of every description, intended, we supposed, for the baths at Pantecousa. They bore them like the coolies in India, or the Musselburgh fisherwomen, on the back, supported by a band round the forehead. I have often pitied the women, dirty as they were, and sturdy as they looked, trotting away under that hot sun, with a couple of chairs, a small table, or the skeleton

of a chest of drawers piled up high upon their broad shoulders.

On one of these private excursions of mine I overtook a small party walking along in an open part of the forest, who, turning to have a look at me, I discovered among them my botanical friend from the Eaux Bonnes. She and her friends were established at St Sauveur, and had ridden over to Caunterets early in the morning for the purpose of visiting the Pont d'Espagne. They were flower-collecting on their way, and exhibited to me, with much exultation, some fine specimens of dwarf rhododendrons, found wild among the rocks in the little plain we had met on. Their description of their residence bit us all with a desire to accompany them on their return the following day; and one course of the sulphur baths being over, we resolved upon giving ourselves a holiday; and we accordingly set out to pass the following week in what we were assured was the most enchanting spot in all the Pyrenees.

BENEFITS OF PRISON INSTRUCTION.

In 1815, three Sheffield boys were sent to York jail for robbing a silversmith's shop. They were convicted, and sentenced to transportation. One of the gentlemen on the grand jury felt so deeply interested, however, in the trial, that he took an opportunity of speaking to them privately; and on his return home at the end of the circuit, he wrote to the governor of the prison, requesting that instruction should be given them during their stay in England, at the same time offering to pay all the expenses. The governor consulted with a benevolent clergyman of the city on the subject, and it was decided that a school should be formed on the establishment, in which the lads could be regularly taught. A room was accordingly appropriated to the purpose; and a young man from the debtors' side of the jail, who had at one time kept a small school of his own, was appointed, and paid as master. Under his instructions the boys made rapid progress. They, moreover, appeared very happy; and their general good conduct endeared them to all with whom they had any connection. When the time arrived for their departure, their kind patron paid them a visit. He was much pleased with their improvement, and made them a present of several useful and religious books. On taking leave of them, he also presented each with a guinea, saying that they were to do with it as they pleased, but at the same time telling them that the tradesman they had robbed was in the debtors' wards of the prison; and observing that, if he were in their place, he should think it right to make some compensation for the injury done to him; though he did not urge the matter on them. As soon as the gentleman was gone, the boys consulted together, and, by general consent, agreed to send the man all that had been given them—which amounted to between five and six pounds—making only this modest request, that he would return them a shilling each for pocket-money. The silversmith, much affected by this act of justice, returned them more than they asked.

We are happy to say that care was taken to preserve these three poor lads from evil associates during the voyage. They also carried with them a letter of recommendation to the Rev. Mr Marsden, senior chaplain of the colony, a man deeply interested in the moral condition of those under his pastoral care. The worthy clergyman mentioned in the above—to whom we are indebted for the facts—makes the following observations on prison instruction:—“This successful experiment has excited in my mind a strong wish that schools could be formed in all our larger prisons, where juvenile offenders are so often to be found. This measure, together with occupation for all, and a proper classification, seems to me, after forty years' acquaintance with the inmates of a prison, to be the most promising means of producing reformation.”

THE 'LAWING.'

THE following dialogue occurred recently in a little country inn, not so far from Edinburgh as the internal evidence might give one to suppose. The interlocutors are an English traveller and a smart young woman who acted as waitress, chambermaid, boots, and everything else, being the man and maid of the inn at the same time.

Traveller. Come here, if you please.

Jenny. I was just coming ben to you, sir.

Traveller. Well, now, mistress—

Jenny. I'm no the mistress: I'm only the lass, and I'm no married.

Traveller. Very well, then, miss—

Jenny. I'm no a miss: I'm only a man's dochter.

Traveller. A man's daughter?

Jenny. Hoot ay, sir. Didna ye see a farm as ye came up yestreen, just three parks aff?

Traveller. It is very possible.

Jenny. Weel, that's my father.

Traveller. Indeed!

Jenny. It's a fac.

Traveller. Well, that fact being settled, let us proceed to business. I am now in a hurry to go—indeed I should have said so at first—and so, my good Molly—

Jenny. My name's no Molly—it's Jenny. What do you ca' me Molly for?

Traveller. I beg your pardon, Jinnie.

Jenny. Jenny, Jenny!

Traveller. Very well. Hang it! I am in a hurry, and must request to see your bill at once.

Jenny. Our Beel? Wully we call him; but I ken what ye mean. He's no in e'en now.

Traveller. Wully! What I want is my account—a paper stating what I have had, and how much I have to pay.

Jenny. And is that 'our Beel?' (*Half aside*). Did onybody ever hear the like o' that? (*Aloud*). Ye mean the lawing, man; but we hae nae accounts here. Na, na; we hae owre muckle to do.

Traveller. And how do you know what sum to charge?

Jenny. Ou, we just put the things down on the slate, and then I tell the customers the tottle by word o' mouth.

Traveller. Very well, then, for any sake give me the lawn at once, and let me go.

Jenny. He—he—he!—to hear the like o' that! It's you that maun give us the lawing, man: the lawing's the sillier.

Traveller. Pray do tell me, then, how much it is?

Jenny. That's precisely what I came ben for; and if ye had askit me at first, or waited till ye were spoken to, I wouldna hae keepit ye a minute. Na, na; we're never sweert to seek the lawing, although some folks are unco slow at payin' o't. It's just four-and-six.

Traveller. That is very moderate: there are two half-crowns.

Jenny. Thank you, sir: I hope we hae a saxpence in the house, for I wouldna like to give haubees to a gentleman.

Traveller. The sixpence is for yourself.

Jenny. Oh, sir, it's owre muckle!

Traveller. What! do you object to take it?

Jenny. Na, na, sir; I wouldna put that affront upon ye. But mind, the next time ye're in a hurry, dinna be fashing yoursel wi' mistresses, and misses, and Jinnies, but just say, 'What's the lawing, lass?'

VALUE OF WATER TO PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

No other liquid than water can afford that which is necessary for the seed to germinate, for the leaves to unfold, for the branches and roots to shoot forth, for the flowers to expand, and for the fruit to swell. It is water that is taken in by the roots, holding dissolved in it certain of the mineral substances of the soil; it is water which forms all the liquid portion of the sap that rises in the stem and branches.

to be perfected by the agency of the leaves. It is water which unites with the carbon derived from the atmosphere to form the various compounds that contribute to the extension of the fabric of the tree, or that are stored up in its cavities. And even when other liquids are produced within the vegetable, such as the fixed oils (rape, linseed, walnut, &c.), or the volatile oils or essences (otto of roses, essence of lemon, oil of cinnamon, &c.), these owe their existence to water, being formed by the combination of its elements with carbon through the agency of the green cells of the leaves. It may be further remarked that the activity of all the processes of vegetation corresponds with the amount of fluid exhaled from the leaves, by the functions resembling the perspiration of animals. If a plant, perspiring actively under the influence of a bright warm sun-lune, be carried into a dark room, the exhalation of liquid ceases; but the absorption by the roots ceases also (or at least is very much diminished), until the light and warmth are restored, and the loss of liquid by the leaves recommences. The larger the quantity of water which thus passes through a plant, the more solid matter does it gain; since, although the amount dissolved in it be exceedingly minute, it is enough to be of consequence to the plant, which thus extracts for itself in a short time that which is yielded by many times its own bulk of liquid. As long as the plant is freely supplied with water, it may continue to exhale to any extent without injury. It is only when the quantity exhaled exceeds the supply which the plant can gain by absorption, and the proper quantity of water in its tissues is thereby diminished, that the loss of fluid from the leaves is really weakening and injurious. Now, with regard to animals, precisely the same holds good. Whatever animal tissue we deprive of its liquid by drying, whether the soft mass of a jelly-fish or the hard shell of a crab, the soft nerves and muscles of a human body, or its hard bones and teeth, we drive off nothing but *water*. It is through this liquid alone that all the active functions of animal life are carried on. It is water alone that can act as the solvent for the various articles of food which are taken into the stomach; the gastric juice itself being nothing else than water, with a small quantity of animal matter and a little acid, which form, with the albumen, &c. of the food, new compounds, that are capable of being dissolved in that liquid. It is water which forms all the fluid portion of the blood, that vital current which permeates the minutest textures of the body, and conveys to each the appropriate materials for its growth and activity. It is water which, when mingled in various proportions with the solid matter of the various textures, gives to them the consistency which they severally require. And it is water which takes up the products of their decay, and conveys them, by a most complicated and wonderful system of sewerage, altogether out of the system. No other liquid naturally exists in the animal body, save the oily matter of fat, which is derived from the plant, and which is stored up chiefly to serve as respiration food. It might be inferred, then, that water, in addition to properly-selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require; and there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained, even under very trying circumstances, without any other beverage.—*Dr Carpenter in Scottish Temperance Review.*

SPANNING THE GLOBE.

An American merchant, bound for Hong-Kong, left New York on the 4th instant in the Canada mail steamer, and arrived in Liverpool on the morning of the 19th. After transacting some business in Liverpool and London, he arrived at Southampton by the day mail-train on the 20th, and immediately embarked on board the *Ripon* steamer, which was preparing to start for Alexandria with the Indian mail. This gentleman will reach his destination on the 15th June. Thus he will have travelled from the United States to China, a distance of nearly 15,000 miles, in 72 days. In a little more than two months he will have traversed the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and the Mediterranean, Red, and China Seas, called at England, Gibraltar, and Malta in Europe; Alexandria and Suez in Africa; and at Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong in Asia. With the exception of passing through England and Egypt, the whole of the journey will have been performed by water in British ships. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's servants never recollect a passenger for China who had been so recently in America, and it will probably be, for length and rapidity, the most extraordinary voyage ever performed.

THE HOLIDAY.

'All the merry hearted do sigh.'—Isaiah, c. 24, v. 7.

Is it a holiday, that thus in rule
By two and two march forth the village school?
A holiday! joy beaming in each look,
Care thrown aside along with slate and book;
Oh, happy little prisoners set free!
Your guileless hearts are bounding merrily!

What's this? how slow and mournful is their tread!
And wherefore droops so heavily each head,
As o'er the green, linked hand in hand they go,
To yonder cottage where the roses blow?
Now with half-pensive, eager looks they wait,
And range themselves before the rustic gate—
That peaceful-looking cottage! What is there
To fill young faces with such signs of care?

Alas! thy whitewashed walls, and low-thatched roof,
No more than palaces are sorrow-proof!
That open casement—where, as white as snow,
The curtain with the breeze flaps to and fro,
Now caught aside by yonder thorny rose—
Does all its little world of grief disclose.

Oh, wherefore, mourners, do you kneeling weep
Beside that little angel fallen asleep?
'Another kiss!' the mother—almost wild—
Cries as they'd take her from her darling child,
The husband then doth gentle force employ
To loose those arms that clasp their only boy.

Two little shrinking girls approaching, now
Press their young lips upon that brother's brow;
Another look upon the boy is cast—
Another kiss!—the mother's—and the last!
A sad, yet manly heart the father bore,
'Till, passing from the threshold of his door,
He thought upon the voice of his young son
Which used to greet him when his toil was done—
A mother's grief, when keenest, cannot know
That stifled groan's extremity of woe!

Up to the village church their way they take,
His schoolfellows the young procession make,
Whispering each other—'Does that coffin there
Contain our little playfellow so fair?
Our pretty favourite! We shall never more
Leave him in safety at his mother's door:
Naught ever made us cry so much before.'

Gently the tearless father lays the head
Of his loved child within the narrow bed—
His young companions these fresh roses strew,
And now the envious earth shuts all from view—
The flower cut down, almost as soon as given,
Transplanted in the bud to bloom in heaven!

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EARNESTNESS.

WORTHY George Herbert, in his admirable old portrait of 'The Country Parson,' says that in preaching 'he procures attention by earnestness of speech; it being natural to men to think that where there is much earnestness there is something worth hearing.' This, doubtless, is the true secret of all successful speaking. It is an ancient saying, and worthy of general acceptance, that he who would persuade others, must needs show that he is thoroughly convinced himself. Whatsoever a man believes, and lays earnestly to heart, he will be likely to utter again with an emphasis sufficient to induce others to believe it also: and, on the contrary, whoever speaks merely from hearsay, or without a sincere conviction in regard to the truth of what he says, will inevitably fail to effect any real persuasion. His lack of a perfect belief in his own statements will betray itself through the looseness or indifference of his address. He will, to a close observer, give evidence against himself of his inward insincerity. Persons accustomed to witness the proceedings of courts of justice, cannot fail to have been struck with the utter incapacity of even the cleverest pleaders to produce a favourable impression on behalf of their client whenever they are personally conscious of advocating an unjust cause. There is always some damaging inconsistency, some unconcealable misgiving, which publishes to an observant bystander that the man is sensible of doing violence to his own convictions. The cunningest show of argument, the utmost vehemence of manner, are of no avail in speaking, unless the speaker is zealously in earnest, and can thus give us an assurance that no latent unbelief, no residuum of indifference, is lurking in his mind.

It is this quality of earnestness which explains the success of every fanatic. Because men love and admire earnestness, and have an instinctive belief that it is always the sign of something true, they listen willingly and eagerly to whatever man may come to them with an earnest and soul-inspired message. For it is a mistake to suppose that fanaticism is mere imposture. The sorriest zealot that ever gained the slightest credit with the multitude, was successful solely through the power of some truth which he embodied in his doctrines, and which, notwithstanding the distortions and disfigurements of its external folds, he could bring earnestly before the minds of his adherents. No man ever staked his hope upon a lie. A lie is for ever unbelievable, and never gains even a temporary credence, save while it is mistaken for truth. It has to advance furtively in the name of its very enemy, assuming the habit and honest accent of reality, in order to obtain the most transitory reception with mankind. The soul never relies upon a falsehood. There was always some particle of truth bound

up with the wildest absurdities that were ever yet accredited among men, otherwise belief in them had been impossible. Wherever error is seen to prevail in any system of practice or opinion, it is because the original truth which formerly sustained the system, and made it credible, has been lost or progressively perverted; and not because men had ever willingly and knowingly accepted or fostered their faith on mere delusion. It is not in the nature of things that a man should be persuaded by anything which does not come home to him with the effect of truth. The successes of the fanatic are accordingly traceable to the sincerity of his convictions. By relying steadfastly upon these, he would be emboldened to appeal earnestly to men; and to minds of like character and cultivation, his doctrines might not unnaturally appear credible. The tendency to believe whatever is earnestly enforced on the attention—considered above to exist inherently in men—along with the equally natural and relevant expectation that wherever there is the outward sign of sincerity there is truth, will readily enough account for the origin and prevalence of the most extravagant forms of faith, and for the wildest eccentricities of conduct by which these have been at any time accompanied.

Whilst earnestness, however, is the vital and sustaining element of fanaticism, it fulfils a nobler and indispensable capacity in the way of furthering the teachings and ends of wisdom. Truth, in its own nature calm and perfectly serene, becomes more universally attractive, and attains to a more effectual pre-eminence, when harmoniously allied with passion. The clearest scientific statement of any doctrine will not produce that overpowering effect upon the mind which will arise when the same doctrine is enforced with an earnest declamation. The natural ornaments and graces of utterance, which spring spontaneously from the intellect in a state of high emotion and excitement, though adding nothing to the intrinsic weight of facts and principles, do nevertheless recommend them more impressively to the attention, and, by interesting the feelings and imagination, secure for them a more hearty and adequate acceptance. The fable of Orpheus charming stones into motion by the power of his music, symbolises the grand attractions of eloquence and poetry—of all the fascinating and impassioned forms of human speech. This fine enchantment, which the earnest soul of a man diffuses over other souls, so that they instantly believe the word he utters, and are kindled with high resolves and aspirations, is as literally miraculous as anything that is reported of magical or preternatural agency. Wonderful, truly, and at all times inexplicable, is the power of persuasion. You cannot, by the subtlest analysis, explain or scientifically account for it; yet it is an incontestable effect, as uniformly following from every genuine display of earnest-

'ness as the purification of the air succeeds to the manifestation of material lightning. One might indeed call earnestness a sort of spiritual electricity, inasmuch as it is always a vital element in human nature; and when actively aroused, exerts a wholesome influence through the mental atmosphere, being even sometimes not unaccompanied with danger. Its persuasive efficacy is meanwhile undeniable. It circulates conviction, and serves the ends of truth, as the electric currents promote health by an energetic and sanative agitation. A mind charged with this irresistible puissance has ready and intimate access to all states and conditions of sympathy and sensibility, and may overrule them to the promulgation of whatever truths it is inspired with; for truth is ever prevalent when its presence is once felt. The soul delights to be subdued under its glorious dominion, and feels a nobler liberty when constrained to surrender in obedience to its command. Like the glow and beauty of the sunrise, like the delicious melody of winds among the summer leaves, is the kindly encouraging voice which bids thy heart believe! Welcome as the footstep of an expected friend, memorable as the tones of undying love, as the speechless joy of some grand deliverance, is that holy and mysterious annunciation, wherein truth cometh like an angel, saluting the soul with its glad tidings; for then is the man an inlet to the rays of aboriginal intelligence, and 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.'

All that is understood by intellectual and moral elevation is inseparably associated with earnestness of character. There is neither true intelligence nor virtue possible so long as the mind is tainted with indifference. He who would be accounted wise, must love wisdom with an unlimited devotion. If any man seek knowledge for selfish and unworthy ends, he will be inevitably deprived of its most invaluable advantages. The practical profanity which he thus commits will affect the integrity of his understanding; and that which should have been an accession of true insight to his soul, will, through a vicious use, become the sure means of his degradation. 'The sacred element of knowledge—the quality whence the intellect derives new increase of vigour and enlargement, and which to a reverent and earnest mind is always the prime attraction—is utterly and scandalously thrown away whenever knowledge is prosecuted solely for secular or mercenary benefits. Everything that we can know, the meanest fact that can instruct us, has an intimate and significant reference to the culture of which we are capable, and in this properly consists its highest and pre-eminent value. Strictly and philosophically considered, the universe is a divine college for the education of humanity. All science, and history, and experience, exist, and are secured, as an available possession in the world, to the one end, that the man of to-day may be richly and adequately enlightened.

In this illustrious university every man, by natural constitution, is appointed to be a student. To learn anything effectually, he will need to incline his mind earnestly to apprehend it in its total and manifold significance. Nature reveals nothing to a mere impertinent curiosity; this, rather, she perpetually confounds, till a man's frivolity becomes at last the instrument of his destruction. She will tolerate no vain shallowness, no trivial pretentiousness. Over all the gates and entrances of her institutions she has written in letters of enduring light—'Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged: practise what you know, and you

shall attain to higher knowledge.' Her rigorous, yet beneficent commandments, may not be anywise gainsaid, neither will they suffer the least infringement without serious loss to the offender. It is only by compliance, by an earnest fidelity to the truth, that a man can be established in freedom, valour, and authentic worth.

All action shoots around it everlasting influences. That which thou doest to-day shall not cease out of existence, but, as a power more or less momentous, become incorporated with the universal forces which circulate for ever throughout time and beyond time. Profoundly was it said by Schiller, 'Life is earnest.' The immortality of man enters into everything he does—how needful, then, to do it well! Consider that the worthiness or worthlessness of an act lies always in the spirit in which it is performed, and that a man can justify himself through no transaction wherein he does not throw his utmost capability, as the warranty of a sincere intention. Can we not transfigure the meanest duties by a certain lordliness and magnificence of performance? True dignity is ever the product of the man, and is nowise indigenous to his circumstances. The kingly Alfred, tending the baking of cakes in the peasant's cottage, was not the less a royal nature while thus humbly employed; nay, he would have even shown himself a greater man could he, in the face of his manifold state perplexities, have kept the cakes from burning. Diogenes was greater than Alexander, and might reasonably prefer to be himself rather than the conqueror, inasmuch as, with smaller means, he could realise a more sublime contentment; centralising within the kingdom of his tub more wit, wisdom, and manful independence, than the other could attain to with his wide imperial dominions. He, doubtless, is the greatest who can so overpower and subordinate his circumstances as to make the grandeur and beauty of character shine through them, even as the sun makes glorious the clouds and vapours which hang about the orient horizon to the interception of his morning rays. A man may magnify his life, and make it splendid and sublime, by the power of earnestness. Living, not in the shows of things, courting not the favours and prosperities of fortune, but intently holding on his way, with an eye to such things mainly as tend to a rational and intelligent advancement, he will grow gradually and securely in well-being, and perhaps eventually attain to that perfection of self-possession wherein his habitual impulses shall be in unison with the law of his constitution.

But now, it may be said, are we, from this one-sided commendation of earnestness, to infer that therefore mirthfulness and sport are to be contemptuously disparaged, and avoided as things incompatible and inconsistent with manful dignity? 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' 'Yes, by St Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.' We would have no superstitious veneration even for the moderate and wholesome stoicism which we commend. Sport, too, we can honour in its degree, for it also is a true thing, and is worthy of a place and countenance among men. Earnestness is not the antithesis to sport, but to indifference. Mirthfulness, wit, and humour, are equally as appropriate to humanity as earnestness itself. Whatsoever thing is genuine, is good in its own province. Honest sport, being natural to man, is also assuredly desirable, and even necessary to the maintenance of a healthful condition of mind. That is but a sickly and feeble nature which cannot laugh. It has even been affirmed, and, as we think, not inconsiderately, that a man's moral and social worth is estimable and measurable by the extent of his capacity for laughter—that the man who can laugh well, will be likely to do nothing indifferently. Laughter, indeed, might be aptly enough considered as the extreme earnestness of mirth; for nobody can laugh heartily who does not laugh in earnest. Those manifestations of the sportful spirit which we designate pleasantry, wit, humour, and the like, are

characterised by nothing more distinctly than a certain tart sincerity, the lack of which would be the surest indication of their utter destitution of all merit. The keen ironical wit of such a writer as Fielding; the 'simpletonian' pleasantry of Goldsmith; the shrewd, yet generous humour of Walter Scott; higher still, that fine composite of the humorous and the pensive of which Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood have left us some choice examples; but above all, that profound, transcendental humour, such as Richter exhibits—these, and indeed genuine wit and humour wherever they are to be found, are certainly misapprehended if they are ever regarded as being unimbued with earnestness. Accordingly, amongst other earnestness, earnest sport shall have our tribute of admiration; that being, in our belief, the preservative saline principle whereby the general waters of existence are sustained against the tendency of all mortal things to putrefaction.

PAULINE.

A HISTORIC SKETCH.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

PAULINE was an orphan adopted by some worthy citizen of the Rue St Honoré, Paris, who, having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally the practical heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge away in a café, play billiards or cards half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a dignified and retired position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labours of the shop together; he keeping the books, while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm which hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are pretty, modest, and virtuous are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions: the one, a rich shop-keeper of the same street; the other, a poor *frotteur*. Both were young, tolerably good-looking, and very devoted in their attachment; and it would have been hard to say which was most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparaut was rich, and Jean Prevost was poor. It will readily be understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affection of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favourably received. The good Bouldards were highly flattered at his preference. Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The *frotteur*—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her *fête* day had brought a single rose, which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c. for his employers, who, appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happy Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful were his tones, and

how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good-natured word! Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor *frotteur*; but however this may be, she said nothing, and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparaut had spoken to old Boulard, Boulard had spoken to his wife, and his wife to the young girl; but she kissed her adopted mother so affectionately, and said so gently that she wished not to leave home, that the worthy woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.

Jean, meanwhile, became sombre and thoughtful; he dared not hope, he dared not even think of making an offer; he, a poor workman, with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her he loved! Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would have joyfully offered his heart, and the only fortune he had—his honest labour. While thus depressed, an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts.

One day he was sent for to wax the floors of a house near the Palais Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to the pleasure-parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then unoccupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of rural loves and happiness. Jean had seen them often before; but they had never affected him so much, and forgetting time, place, and his duties, he leant on the stick which held the wax, and fell into deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he hearkened to every word, and moved not, for fear of being discovered. He had discovered an awful and frightful secret; and he was a dead man if caught in that room, the ill-joined wainscot of which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard. 'What shall I do?' thought he to himself: 'to-morrow is the fête of St Louis; I have no time to lose.'

Jean left the room on tiptoe, and with the utmost caution; then descending the stairs, feigned to leave for dinner. No sooner was he clear of the house, than he made for the prefecture of police, and entering the hotel, asked to see the lieutenant. The servants replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock, and the fashionable Paris dinner-hour of that day—now six hours later. Not a valet dared disturb M. de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored; and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to pitch him out, cried, 'Do not drive me out. I must see Monsieur de Bellisle: the king's life is in danger!'

It was the eve of St Louis 1758, and the king was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, bade them pause.

'Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant,' said he; 'and show this person into his private cabinet.'

Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the *frotteur* sit down, and asked him his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.

'I come, sir,' said Jean firmly, 'to inform you of a plot against the king's life.'

'I am informed of such plots every day,' replied the prefect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and gaining money. 'But let me hear the details.'

Jean related all that the reader knows, and added that the attempt on the king's life was to be made that evening at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the fête of St Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with bouquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtle, that the king, on smelling

it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy.* Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated: he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited, as if by deep indignation: the palor of horror was on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.

'Are you sure,' said he to Jean, 'that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from a mere motive of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it: the Bastile for life'—

'Put me to the rack if you like,' cried Prevost; 'it will not alter my words. I repeat the king is in danger. I offer my life as security for my truth!'

'Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles.'

It was a very short time after, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Prevost entered the royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of the *Château de Bouff*, and arrived secretly at the king's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the minister of police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact they parted only when, at eight o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign ambassadors, princes, and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Prevost, guarded in a private chamber by two *exempt*s, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the *frotteur* to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis le Grand by the republic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps, to the king. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume, rich, bright, and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliance of the diamonds on the women. The king, who, despite his frivolity, had great courage, and a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favourite spaniel, which sat upon a stool between them, and at their feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king, as was the custom, took the bouquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the animal's nose, and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.

'If they feel hurt?' said she in a whisper.

'It is your spaniel, countess,' replied the king gallantly.

The foreign ministers had precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next, having courteously allowed the diplomatic corps to precede them. The king took the bouquet from the hands of the nearest of the blood-royal, who stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute sniffed it, reeled, and fell dead! Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and would have shrieked, but the king had warned her by a look.

'Not a word,' whispered he; 'it is nothing! Drop

the folds of your dress over the poor animal. It has died to make true the saying, "Son of a king—brother of a king—never king!"'

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealing his emotion, while Madame de Pompadour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the king retired to his chamber, and sent for the lieutenant of police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

'Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?'

'You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the dagger of Damians; this time a bunch of flowers; and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?'

'Close at hand, sire,' replied the lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it descended from too exalted a hand and too near a relative to be noticed.

'Bring him to me.'

'I am at your orders, sire,' and the lieutenant of police bowed. M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the merit to themselves.

'I have brought this good man with me, sire,' continued Bertin: 'he is in the guard-room, all confused and alarmed at being in a palace in his rude working-dress.'

'So much the better,' said the king; 'it is at least an honest costume and an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; I will receive him better than I would a courtier.' Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur* by the hand. Jean Prevost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it all to pieces.

'Embrace your king,' cried Louis XV. with a grateful tear in his eye; 'that is your first reward.'

'Sire,' said Jean, falling on his knees, 'I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your majesty.'

'Come hither;' and the king seized him, and kissed him on both cheeks.

'I am unworthy of such honour.'

'What can I do for you?' asked Louis XV., who was capable of very good emotions.

'I ask nothing, sire.'

'But I insist. Whatever you ask you shall have.'

'If your majesty could give me Pauline,' whispered Jean Prevost.

'Oh, oh!' laughed Louis XV., once more himself again: 'a love affair. Come, the *frotteur* shall sup to-night with the king whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter. But silence, my friend; not a word.'

The lieutenant of police retired, and Louis XV., who was always delighted at novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the *frotteur*, just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the beautiful court favourite, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naïveté, truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said, 'You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be honorary head gardener, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude.'

Next morning, at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while a porter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and Pauline into his little office. The good man's

* This is not borrowed from the poisonings of Catharine de Medici. The narrative is historical, and to be found in full detail in the archives of the police.

air was grave, and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

'Besides,' said he triumphantly, 'she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched frotteur to a substantial citizen—never!'

'Pauline,' began M. Boulard in the morning, 'I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the minister of police—I should think—never mind: I am not a fool. But of course I should be wrong. Well, Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis; and, you will never believe it, Jean Prevost the frotteur! Isn't it ridiculous?'

'Dear father, excuse poor Jean,' stammered Pauline.

'I knew you would forgive him, child. But now you must decide freely, of your own will, between them. We have our wishes; but that is nothing: we leave you wholly unbiassed. Speak out, like a good girl, and speak frankly.'

'But, my dear father, I have no wish to marry.'

'But, child, you must. You shall know the reasons another time. So now, child, you must speak out. Which is to be—Alexis or Jean?'

'Must I speak now?' said Pauline blushing.

'Yes, child,' put in Madame Boulard; 'it is absolutely necessary.'

'Then, dear papa, dear mamma, if it's all the same to you, I like Alexis'—

'I knew it!' cried the delighted Boulard.

'Very well; but—I—love—Jean.' And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and both cried, 'I never could have thought it!'

'But,' said Madame Boulard resignedly, 'perhaps it's for the best.'

'Perhaps,' replied Boulard with a melancholy shake of his head. 'Oh, women, women!'

A knock came to the door, and then Jean Prevost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that all started.

'I am come to know my fate,' cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half-open door.

'She is yours,' cried M. Boulard with a sigh; 'though what a poor frotteur can want with such a wife is more than I can imagine.'

'I am not a poor frotteur,' said Jean Prevost; 'I am honorary head gardener of the royal gardens of Versailles, with a hundred louis of monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us, and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you, my new parents—but never repeat it—that I have luckily saved the king from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV. has shown his gratitude to the poor frotteur.'

'Monsieur Jean'—

The young man smiled; he had never been called *Monsieur* before.

'Monsieur Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake we hesitated. There, take her, and may you both be as happy as we have been;' and the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely yet looked at one another.

They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the king gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV.'s death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the king lived, he never wanted a bouquet of some kind when at his palace of Versailles; and far

more wonderful, he never forgot the action of the frotteur, nor ceased to be in grateful and pleased remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears, and cast many a garland on his tomb—and these were Jean Prevost and Pauline his wife.

LICHENS.

WHEN the gilded leaves of autumn have fallen from the trees, when scarce a flower remains, and the ripened seeds have dropped into the earth, then a new life rises on the wreck of summer beauty: emerald mosses, pearl-like fungi, and fantastic lichens, sparkle on every side—

'Leaving that beautiful which still is so,
And making that which is not!'

turning the very barrenness of winter into a scene of vegetating glory. It is not, however, our intention to advert to the beauties of these plants, nor to their various functions in the economy of the universe, but merely to name a few of the individual uses of the last-named tribe; or, to speak more correctly, a few of those uses to which man has already learned to apply them.

First in the list we may place the Iceland lichen, or Iceland moss (*Cetraria islandica*), which, growing alike in the frigid and temperate zones, fixes itself indifferently in the icy north, on the British mountains, or beneath the Spanish and Italian skies, shunning not even the stony lava ejected by Mount Hecla. 'Providence,' say the Icelanders, 'a bountiful Providence sends us bread out of the very stones!'

This lichen is steeped in water, dried, reduced to powder, and made into bread; or it is prepared by chopping small, and boiling in three or four successive waters, for the purpose of extracting the natural bitterness, and destroying the purgative quality which it possesses. It is then boiled for one or two hours in milk, and when cold, forms a most excellent and nutritious jelly. It is also much used in this way in England, as an economical and efficacious substitute for isinglass in the making of blancmange. In the same manner it makes a good thickening for soups and broth. It is often used in England in brewing, and also in the composition, says Withering, 'of ship-biscuit, as it is not liable to the attack of worms, and suffers little by the action of sea water.'

One ounce boiled in a pint of water will yield a mucilage as thick as that from one part of gum-arabic and three parts of water. It must be remembered that two or three boilings are required entirely to exhaust the nutritive properties of the plant. This mucilage, in addition to its employment as an article of food, is a substance in our *Materia Medica*, and is thus, according to Lord Dundonald, made ready:—'It has an outer skin, covering a green resinous substance, and the remainder of the plant consists chiefly of gum and resinous matter, on which water does not act. In order to separate the skin from the resinous parts, the plant must be scalded two or three times with boiling water, which causes the skin to crack and peel off. It is then put into a boiler with three quarts of water to every pound of the plant, and about half an ounce of soda or potash, and the boiling should be continued until the liquor acquires a considerable degree of gummy consistence. The liquor is then to be strained, and fresh water to be added to the plant for the purpose of further exhausting the gum. The several liquors, after standing some hours to settle, and then removing the dregs, are to be boiled down in a regulated heat to the consistence required for use—but not further, lest it should become dry and discoloured.' The above is used as a remedy for coughs, and even in some cases of consumption, as it eminently strengthens the digestive powers, and consequently the whole constitution. It appears to be more used at Vienna than in any other place. When newly gathered, it is employed in Iceland as a gentle laxative.

The lungwort, or hazel rag (*Sticta pulmonacea*), is

supposed to possess similar or even superior qualities in consumption. It is also boiled in ale by the Siberians instead of hops, and is used by the Herefordshire and Glamorgan women to dye their woollen stockings of a durable brown. The beautiful scarlet-cup lichen (*Cegomyce coccifera*), as well as the common cup lichen (*C. tuberculata*), are considered specifics in whooping-cough. The Aphous lichen (*Peltidea aphosa*) is boiled in milk, and given to children who have the thrush. The lichens bearing the specific name of *esculentia* are natives of Tartary, and are used extensively as an article of food in that country. The *Alectoria aslo* is in high repute amongst the Arabians as a cordial and soporific.

The nobleman above quoted discovered a method of extracting from the tree lichen (*Usnea plicata*) a gum which adequately supplies the place of the expensive gum Senegal, so much required by calico-printers and others, and which, he says, may be supplied 'at one-fourteenth of the war price, and at one-sixth of the peace price.'

The ragged hoary lichen (*Evernia prunastri*) has the curious property of absorbing and retaining scents, and is therefore made the basis of many perfumed powders. Perhaps, too, it might be useful as an imbibitor of noxious vapours.

The cudbear (*Lecanora tartarea* of Acharius) derives its English name from Mr Cuthbert, who first brought it into general use. It is a most valuable article of commerce, on account of the fine purple dye which it yields, and which is so much used in the tartan plaids. It grows abundantly in the limestone districts; and the poor people collect from twenty to thirty pounds per day by scraping it off the rocks with an iron hoop, and sell it at prices varying from a penny to three-halfpence per pound, by which many, more especially amongst the Highlanders and the inhabitants of Derbyshire, realise a comfortable livelihood. Much is also imported from Norway. It is prepared—chiefly at Glasgow—with a volatile alkali and alum, and sold to dyers for the purpose of dyeing woollen yarn, for it will not impart any colour to vegetable substances. The same rock may be scraped every five years: the fructified specimens are the most esteemed. The crust of this plant is liable, during its growth, to assume 'a red or purplish tint from access of volatile alkali, as may be seen if certain animal substances fall upon it in its natural situations:' this fact probably first led to its observation and use. All the *Lecanoræ* possess the same qualities in a greater or less degree; hence the confusion which exists on the subject, and the indiscriminate names of orchal, archelle, arcel, argol, cocker, and coreaer.

The *Lecanora roccella*, which derives its name from a corruption of the Portuguese word *rocca* (rock), on account of its habitat, is the true and most valuable orchal of commerce: it yields the fine red dye so prized by both ancients and moderns, and in some seasons sells for as much as £1,000 per ton. It has been found in Portland Island and in Cornwall, but is chiefly imported from the Canary Islands. The crab's-eye lichen (*L. perella*) is used in France as a substitute for the above, under the name of *Pelle d'Auvergne*, whence its specific name. Litmus is prepared from this species, for which purpose it is gathered in the north of England, and sent to London in casks. This litmus is a most valuable test to chemists for detecting the presence of an acid or an alkali; it is likewise employed for staining marble, and also by silk-dyers for giving a bloom or gloss to more permanent colours.

The valuable pigment called 'lake' is the product of a lichen which grows but sparingly in our island—namely, the prickly lichen (*Cornicularia aculeata*). In fine, the dyes afforded by this single tribe of plants are so numerous and so varied—red, purple, blue, yellow in all its varieties, and black—that to enumerate them would be to give a long and tedious list of names; we will therefore present our readers with Mr Hellot's

receipt for ascertaining whether any given lichen will yield an available dye:—'Put about a quarter of an ounce of the plant in question into a glass, moisten it well with equal parts of strong limewater and spirit of sal ammoniac—or the spirit of sal ammoniac made with quicklime will answer the purpose without limewater—tie a wet bladder close over the top of the vessel, and let it stand three or four days. If any colour is likely to be obtained, the small quantity of liquor you will find in the glass will be of a deep crimson, and the plant will retain the same colour when the liquor is all dried up. If neither the liquor nor the plant have taken any colour, it is needless to make further trials. The *Lecanora candelaria* is so named from the circumstance of the Swedes using it to stain the candles used in their religious ceremonies of a purple colour.

We cannot, however, quit the subject of lichen dyes without adverting to the calcareous lichen, which is so peculiar to limestone, that when a stone of it occurs amongst many others, it may be distinguished at the first glance by the appearance of this plant upon it. When dried, powdered, and steeped in lye, it produces the brilliant and unrivalled scarlet used to colour the whittles of the Welsh women; which stood our country in such good stead when the emissaries of Robespierre, after effecting a landing at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, were led to mistake the body of women on a distant hill for an advancing column of 'red coats.' But even these numerous uses will sink into insignificance before the treasure of the north, the reindeer lichen (*Cegomyce rangiferina*), without which the Laplanders could have no existence, for this plant alone supports the life of the reindeer, and the reindeer alone enables his master to live. Beneath the pine-forests, and on the snow-covered plains, this hardy plant covers miles of sterile ground, springing up spontaneously where no other plant could raise its head; and the deer, endowed with an unrivalled keenness and delicacy of smell by Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can ascertain the presence of their food beneath snow of many feet in depth; and by scraping with their hoofs and noses, can reach the plant, which is so carefully protected for their use by its thick covering. The *Stereocaulon* is chiefly valuable from its being the first tribe to clothe the arid lava of volcanoes; whilst the *Leposia floridus* is the first to spring up upon the tempest-beaten stones.

An idea long prevailed amongst those superior to many wild fancies, that lichens possessed the power of transforming themselves into different species of their own tribe; and this strange notion is thus explained by Dr Rees: the seeds of *L. plumbeus* are known to fall on its congener *L. niger*, and there to germinate; and as this is probably the case with others of the tribe, the mysterious transformation is made clear on the simplest and most satisfactory principles.

There is a well-known superstition attached to one species of lichen, more especially in Wales—namely, that which grows in the well of St Winifred or Gwenfrewy. Winifred, says tradition, was flying from the infidel Caradoc, who, overtaking her as she reached the church where her parents were, drew his sword and cut off her head; the head rolled into the church, where St Beuno was preaching at the time; the saint, picking it up, fastened it on; so the maiden recovered; and living for fifteen years longer, became abbess of Gwytherin in Denbighshire; but Caradoc dropped down dead on the spot where he had committed the impious act. And a well sprung up from where the head of Winifred touched the ground, which is said to throw up twenty-one tons of water in a minute, and is supposed to possess such miraculous powers, that no animal can be drowned in it; but the most wonderful part of the story is, that to this day,

'In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
But streaked with pure red, as the morning with light,
Which they say is her blood;'

or rather, which they said 'was her blood,' until some

inquisitive and legend-subverting botanist demonstrated beyond all doubt that 'these time-honoured stains' were nothing more marvellous than plants of the violet-scented lichen (*Lepraria Folitius*), the same as that of which Linnæus remarks—'I saw stones covered with a blood-red pigment, which, on being rubbed, turned into a bright yellow, and diffused a smell of violets, whence they have obtained the name of violet stones, though indeed the stone itself has no smell at all, but only the plant with which it is dyed.'

The lichen *caninus*, *cinerus*, or *terrestris*, forms the powder known as *Pulvis antitypus*. It was recommended by Mr Dampier, brother of the circumnavigator, and was, by the authority of Sir Hans Sloane, noticed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. xx., as a remedy for or preventive of hydrophobia. It was at first composed of equal parts of black pepper and the powdered lichen; but this mixture being found too hot, two parts of lichen were added to one of pepper. The patient, after being bled, was directed to take one drachm and a-half, when fasting in the morning, in half a pint of milk for four consecutive mornings, accompanying the medicine with the use of the cold bath; after which he was unhesitatingly promised a perfect cure. This recipe was admitted into the London 'Pharmacopœia' in 1721; but on a revision of the book in 1788, was expunged; and now probably almost ranks with the 'stone of power,' which was said to have fallen down from heaven on a farm near Caermarthen, and which would, it was believed by the credulous, have the same effect. This stone, which is of a soft substance (perhaps chalk), was, or, we much fear, is, scraped with a knife, and a few grains given to the person who had been bitten; with what effect, any man of sense may imagine.

Such are some of the superstitions which were associated with even this humble tribe of plants, delusions which the dawn of science is quickly casting into the shadow of the night which went before it.

LYNCH'S EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

IN October 1847, Commander W. F. Lynch, of the United States navy, received orders to proceed at the head of a party to explore and circumnavigate the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea. That the government of the United States should have considered it necessary to promote an enterprise of this nature will be deemed somewhat surprising. By the Americans themselves the expedition was considered, we believe, pretty much in the light of a job, or at least as a thing useless, and not altogether justifiable even on the score of science. Be this as it may, the expedition to explore that mysterious sheet of water, the Dead Sea, went on its way, and now a capacious volume is given to the world by Commander Lynch detailing the results of his inquiry.

In the vessel which carried the party to the coast of Syria were placed all needful apparatus, including two boats to be taken in pieces and drawn on carriages, arms for defence, and air-tight life-preservers. It is unnecessary to detail the early incidents of the voyage, and the subsequent visit to Constantinople, respecting which the volume before us is tiresomely redundant. It is sufficient to state that, after a variety of preliminary difficulties, the party, with their cortège of boats on wheeled trucks, arrived at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, at the beginning of April 1848. They were here received into the house of an Israelite, and all were delighted to have once more a roof over their heads after the exposure and fatigues of a land journey from Acre. On the day after arrival, the two boats—'Fanny Mason' and 'Fanny Skinner,' as they were called—were launched on the Sea of Galilee, amidst the shouts and clapping of hands of a host of Arabs. The real interest of the narrative now commences, though it is to be regretted that everything interesting in a historical and hydrographical point of view is involved in long and

tasteless effusions unbefitting a work of professedly scientific purport.

The first movement of the boats was towards the head of the lake; to visit Mejdol on the plain of Genezareth. 'It must have been a singular sight from the shore—our beautiful boats, the crews in man-of-war rig, with snow-white awnings spread, and their ensigns flying, the men keeping time with their oars, as we rowed along the green shores of the silent Sea of Galilee.' A village is described. 'Pulling to the shore, we inquired the name of the place of a fellow [native peasant] who was watering his donkey. His reply was "Mejdol." This is the ancient Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen. Mejdol is now a poor village of about forty families. The houses are of rough stone, with flat mud roofs. . . . We had no time to survey the lake—the advancing season, and the lessening flood in the Jordan, warning us to lose no time' in making the descent to the Dead Sea. 'The bottom of the lake is a concave basin—the greatest depth thus far ascertained twenty-seven and a-half fathoms (165 feet); but this inland sea, alternately rising and falling from copious rains or rapid evaporations, apart from its only outlet, is constantly fluctuating in depth. The water of the lake is cool and sweet, and the inhabitants say that it possesses medicinal properties. It produces five kinds of fish, all good.' Before the final departure from Tiberias, Mr Lynch purchased and fitted up an auxiliary boat, which he called the 'Uncle Sam'; he also detached a number of his men and officers to act as a land party in the journey down the Jordan.

In approaching the southern extremity of the Sea of Galilee, the party in the boats had a good view of the rugged scenery around, and gradually they swept out of the lake into the Ghor (Valley of the Jordan). 'When the current was strong, we only used the oars to keep in the channel, and floated gently down the stream, frightening in our descent a number of wild fowl feeding in the marsh grass and reedy islands.' In the afternoon they came to the ruined bridge of Semakh, which picturesquely crosses the river, its fallen masses greatly interrupting the navigation. Here the Jordan is about thirty yards wide. The boats were guided through the noisy rapids with considerable difficulty. At night, the party encamped in tents near the border of the stream. The descent of the Jordan was in this way exceedingly troublesome; shallows, rapids, sunken rocks, and ruined weirs impeding the regular progress of the boats, one of which, the 'Uncle Sam,' was speedily destroyed. The country around was seen to be generally uncultivated, and the desolation only here and there relieved by miserable mud-built villages. Many spots were evidently of great fertility, and with proper culture, could have supported a large population. The course of the Jordan was exceedingly tortuous. In a space of sixty miles of latitude, and four or five miles of longitude, it traverses at least 200 miles. Before reaching the Dead Sea, the party had plunged down twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides many of lesser magnitude. No interruption was met with from Arabs, though occasionally these marauders of the Desert assumed a threatening attitude. An account of the entrance to the Dead Sea, which was reached in seven or eight days, may be given in the author's own words:—

At 3.16 p.m., April 18, the water of the Jordan began to be brackish, but still it had no unpleasant smell; banks, red clay, and mud gradually becoming lower and lower; river eighty yards wide, and fast increasing in breadth, seven feet deep, muddy bottom, current three knots. Saw the Dead Sea over the flat, bearing south—mountains beyond; the surface of the water became ruffled. 3.22, a snipe flew by: fresh wind from north-west: one large and two small islands at the mouth of the river; the islands of mud six or eight feet high, evidently subject to overflow; started a heron and a white gull. At 3.25, passed by the extreme western point, where the river is 180 yards wide and 3 feet deep, and entered upon the Dead Sea; the water a

nauseous compound of bitters and salts.' Almost immediately on entering the expanse of waters the wind rose to a gale, 'and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine: the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation whenever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes.' The danger of swamping increased every moment, and the boats bore towards the flat northern shore. Here they gained calm water, and the party safely landed and encamped at a point indicated by their companions, who had reached this distance by land journey.

The breadth of the sea at this place to the Arabian shore was nearly 8 statute miles. 'The soundings directly across gave 116 fathoms, or 696 feet as the greatest depth—90 fathoms, 540 feet, within a fourth of a mile from the Arabian shore. Mr Aulick reports a volcanic formation on the east shore, and brought specimens of lava. Another line of soundings running diagonally across to the south-east. Mr Dale reports a level plain at the bottom of the sea extending nearly to each shore, with an average depth of 170 fathoms, 1020 feet, all across. The bottom, blue mud and sand, and a number of rectangular crystals of salt, some of them perfect cubes. One cast brought up crystals only. Laid them by for careful preservation. The diagonal line of soundings was run from this place to a black chasm in the opposite mountains. The soundings deepened gradually to 28 fathoms a short distance from the shore; the next cast was 137, and the third 170 fathoms, and the lead brought up, as mentioned, clear cubical crystals of salt. The casts were taken about every half mile, and the deep soundings were carried close to the Arabian shore. It was a tedious operation; the sun shone with midsummer fierceness, and the water, greasy to the touch, made the men's hands smart and burn severely.'

On the morning of the 21st the party took to their boats to skirt along the lake, and make observations; landing at different points, and camping at night. The plants found were the lily, yellow henbane, the nightshade or wolf-grape, the lambs'-quarter, used in the manufacture of barilla, and a species of kale. Dhoni apples were also discovered. The pebbles on the beach were agglutinated with salt, and dark briny springs poured down the ravines, discolouring the vegetation, amongst which were usually prominent tamarisk-trees and canes. In various places lumps of bitumen were found. The following is one of the more remarkable of the discoveries that were made:—

'At 9, the water-shoaling hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft slimy mud incrustated with salt, and, a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallisation. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them. At 10. 10, returned to the boat with large specimens. The shore was soft and very yielding for a great distance; the boats could not

get within 200 yards of the beach; and our foot-prints made on landing were, when we returned, incrustated with salt.'

Later on the same day, and further southward, the scene was one of 'unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us at least of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the south was an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and to the north was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist; while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration. No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air through which the sun poured his scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which alone of all the works of its Maker contains no living thing within it.'

Day after day the heat was that of a furnace, the air dry, and the evaporation excessive. The sea, unstirred by the wind, lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. 'The great evaporation enveloped it in a thin, transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused, but motionless. About sunset, we tried whether a horse and a donkey could swim in the sea without turning over. The result was, that although the animals turned a little on one side, they did not lose their balance. As Mr Stephens tried his experiment earlier in the season, and nearer the north end of the sea, his horse could not have turned over, from the greater density of the water there than here. His animal may have been weaker, or, at the time, more exhausted than ours. A muscular man floated nearly breast-high without the least exertion.' Mr Lynch tried the effect in his own person; but, says he, 'with great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I lay upon my back, and drawing up my knees, placed my hands on them, I rolled immediately over.' The impression conveyed by geological inspection is, that nearly the whole region is volcanic; but as limestone and sandstone occur among the rocks, the changes and convulsions must have been of a diversified character. The strongest evidence is presented that the bed of the Dead Sea has sunk by a convulsion, previous to which the waters of the Jordan had probably escaped by the Valley of Moab to the Red Sea. 'All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will show, have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course. There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its dif-

ference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product. But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers.

Of the excursions by land to different points, and a multiplicity of details as to soundings, breadths, and other nautical matters, we do not require to speak. The investigation of the Dead Sea was at length completed, and charts formed of its various features—for all which particulars we refer to the book itself. No serious accident occurred during the expedition, which seems to have been on the whole satisfactory. We conclude with an anecdote relative to the well-known Syrian, Assad Kayat, who some years ago studied medicine in England, and is now settled as British consul at Jaffa. 'Dr Kayat has just claims to be considered a benefactor to this section of country. He has encouraged the culture of the vine; has introduced that of the mulberry and of the Irish potato; and by word and example is endeavouring to prevail on the people in the adjacent plain to cultivate the sweet potato, which in this warm climate and light friable soil will doubtless succeed admirably. This section, like all Syria, has few nutritious and succulent vegetables. The introduction of the potato would be a blessing, if only to supersede the watery and unwholesome cucumber, which is now the vegetable of the country. In the courtyard we observed an English plough of an improved construction, imported by the consul. . . . Last winter a boat was upset in the harbour, and the insensible body of one of the crew was thrown by the waves upon the beach. Dr Kayat had it immediately carried to his house, where he took instant measures for its resuscitation. In the meantime a report was spread abroad that a Ghouar was making incantations over the body of one of the "faithful." A crowd was very soon collected before the house, and became clamorous for the body, that they might inter it; for, as I have before stated, it is an article of Muslim belief that the soul of a person not slain in battle cannot enter the gardens of Paradise until the body is interred. Dr Kayat, from his official position, succeeded in keeping the doors closed until, after several hours' persevering efforts, he succeeded, and indignation gave way to astonishment among the people, who declared that he had restored the dead to life.'

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

We hear so much oftener of bad habits than of good ones, that one is half tempted to suppose the phrase a mere excuse—a shield for our failings, but no fitting cloak for our worthier deeds. The 'involuntary faults' are alluded to in a tone so indulgent—as something, even while lamented, still to be endured—under the name of habit; which, being second nature, is still more difficult to overcome than nature itself; but all the while we shut our eyes to the corrective properties it also possesses, and seldom take the trouble of driving home the little wedge of true metal, that would scatter right and left the long-accumulating, and perhaps even hardened mass.

Let us not despise the humble ally—no matter how trivial the good habit may be, when applied to the affairs of every-day life—which, after all, is mostly made up of trifles in themselves. We will many a time find ourselves suddenly pulled up in an inconsiderate, or even a headlong course, by some little habit, almost

mechanical, perhaps adopted unconsciously, and yet precious beyond all calculation in its results.

Are any of our readers habitual snuff-takers? If so, though most probably refusing to class this in the list of bad habits, they must at least admit that it is one of the most difficult to set aside. The questionable indulgence becomes in the long-run a chief necessary of life: indeed we have it from the lips of an old admiral now no more, that at one time, with shipwreck, starvation, and death staring him in the face, amongst all the contingencies of such a situation, the one he contemplated with deepest apprehension was the failing of supplies in the little hollow deer's hoof always snugly ensconced within his waistcoat pocket. But most inveterate of all snuff-takers was our friend Walter Miles: with him the habit was not merely personal—it was hereditary; and if he did not imbibe it with his mother's milk, he at least acquired it with the earliest lessons imparted by his father, who, preferring sedative to corrective measures, would many a time bribe the youngsters into the quietness he so dearly loved by impartially handing his snuff-box round the circle; and Walter, making the most of his opportunities, soon became an adept in the art of taking a pinch. The usual consequences of course followed—inflamed nose, a nasal twang of voice, and other phenomena.

Such a case might have been deemed hopeless; habit was indeed second nature here, and sorely threatened to cloud the animation and intelligence which were really natural; but, just in time to avert this consequence, a counteracting influence arose—he fell in love; and, nothing unusual, the lady of his fancy had an antipathy, insurmountable, she declared, to that odious snuff. There was a violent struggle in Walter's feelings between the nose and the heart—the box and the lady; or rather, to do him justice, the force of habit was so powerful, that some fresh transgression, almost unconsciously committed, would every now and then renew his term of probation, and leave the accomplishment of his hopes as distant as at first. But true affection has its power over antipathies as well as over predilections: the young lady began to view the offence in a mitigated light, and to make some allowance for Walter's repeated efforts, vain as they were. He, too, was ready to give up something; a compromise was effected; and she became Mrs Miles, on condition that the snuff-box was never to be opened within the four walls of the apartment called exclusively their own.

The terms, surely, were not rigorous; and yet none but our snuff-taking friends can realise the pang with which, on suddenly recollecting his promise, Walter withdrew the offending box from its wonted station beneath his pillow, and banished it to the mantelpiece, where, with the length of the room between him and the temptation, he still might contemplate it, yet feel himself safe. Time passed on; and honourably true to his engagement, never was the atmosphere of that apartment clouded with the forbidden dust, unless, indeed, some stray particle might have floated back from the threshold where he invariably paused for a momentary solace, the first thing in the morning, the last at night. His wife, duly appreciating the integrity with which he adhered at least to the letter of his promise, built perhaps somewhat too sanguinely on the hopes it afforded of thorough conquest in the end; but a good habit against a bad one, why shouldn't it gain the upper hand?—and time and circumstance aiding, she was right.

An accident confined Walter for several days to his room; at first to his bed; then, when able to leave it, he still lingered powerlessly in his arm-chair beside the fire, directly in view, and all but in reach, of his favourite box. All but—for even had he tried, in his occasionally lonely, and oftener wearisome hours, he could not have stirred hand or foot to appropriate its contents. Yet, again to do him justice, the thought never entered his head; the self-denial in that spot had become so completely a habit, that he regarded the once tempting

receptacle with as vacant a glance as he threw on the china parrot and shepherd that flanked it on either side.

But at last the day of convalescence arrived, and leaning on the loving arm of his wife, once more he was allowed to cross the threshold of the room, his prison so long. Eager enough he was to leave it; yet he had hardly taken two steps, when he quickly turned back again with a self-pitying smile, exclaiming, 'Ah, I declare I had nearly forgotten my box!'

A smothered little sigh was the only answer, and again the supporting arm conducted him to the door: once passed, again came the old habitual pause: open flew the snuff-box; but, grief of griefs, not one particle did it contain; empty, and cleaned out, there it rested in his powerless hand; and unable to go forward under the weight of such a disappointment, back once more he tottered to the room where at least he was likely best to bear it.

His wife deserves some credit: she did not laugh, or even smile; but viewing the misfortune with his eyes for the moment, exclaimed in tones of ready sympathy, 'Ah, indeed, I should have remembered: one of those days when you were so very ill, Jenny knocked it down, and my foolish heart quite sunk at what it fancied an unpropitious omen, when I saw your favourite mixture scattered amidst the ashes on the hearth; but fortunately the box itself escaped, though it nearly fell into the fire.'

A grateful little smile from Walter, and then there was a silent pause, as he sat with the box in his hand, his eyes fixed musingly on the flames from which it had so narrowly escaped. His wife at length took the other hand, and hesitatingly and very gently said, 'And then I had some hope, dear Walter, as day after day passed by, and you never, even after you sat up, asked one question about it, that perhaps by degrees—ah, if you could only see what a difference it makes in your look!—your eyes grown so bright—your colour so clear'—

Again a little pause, and Walter looked up, not to the looking glass, though it stood on the dressing-table just at hand, and the flattering picture at another time might have excited his curiosity; but now—ah, far better, to see it reflected in the eyes that, half smiling, half tearful, were now looking down on him. To them he turned; no word accompanied his look; something far more emphatic; and the next instant the snuff-box was courageously thrown into the fire, never to be replaced again!

And thus many an instance crowds on our recollection, true as the foregoing, stronger, graver; instances of habits trivial in the beginning, tyrants in the end; habits of weak concession, soon demanded as a right; habits of expression, gesture, position, all unnoticed by ourselves until we find ourselves ridiculous; and yet each in its turn reformed or counteracted by some other little habit which originally may have borne it no relation whatever. There are habits too—but on them it is hardly our province to dwell, being more desirous to prove our point by illustration than example—habits acquired in careless hours, deepening into vice, yet still yielding to some better habit retained throughout all. Down those depths we will not gaze, nor lightly speak of an influence that would seem to demand a higher, a holier name; but yet suggested by the better remedy comes one familiar instance, which, in conclusion, may serve as a companion to our first, though all unlikely to meet, belonging to what in Ireland would be called 'different ends of the night.'

Arthur Greaves could never go to sleep without reading in his bed for an hour or so, no matter how he had passed the day—at leisure to cram his brain as full as it could hold, or with bodily exertion enough to have closed his eyes in sleep the moment he laid his head on the pillow. 'Twas all the same to Arthur—it was a regular habit—he could not dispense with it; and the book and the small table with the lamp by his bedside were as necessary to his slumbers as the bed itself. We

need not relate the hairbreadth escapes he literally had; they are in the experience of all who have rashly practised the indulgence. But not only in vain did his singed locks many a morning bear testimony to the drowsy moments in which they were caught nodding over the lamp and the page; even a still more abiding witness, a dark unsightly chasm in the gay pattern of his bed-curtain—an aperture which the housemaid, who made pretensions to learning, declared ought never to be repaired, but 'kept over him as a *mentor mory*'—vainly stared him in the face night after night: the habit was incorrigible—'it would not give him up.'

Repeated accidents had at last made his custom so notorious, that wherever he went on a visit, the lady of the house insured its safety by issuing directions that his bedroom candle should never exceed one inch in length; while if a log burned on a hearth, or a coal fell out of a grate in any part of the house during the night, whoever smelled it first, immediately invaded Arthur's premises, making light of his slumbers in more ways than one. But, with better fortune than could be expected, years passed over his head without more serious injuries than those already alluded to. No awful catastrophe reformed him, terrifying him into good behaviour: neither property nor life paid the forfeit anticipated by so many; and at length it was by another little habit of still earlier date that the unsafe one of later acquisition was eventually laid aside.

He had been always accustomed from the time when, not higher than his book, he stood beside a widowed mother's knee to read a portion of Holy Writ before he laid himself down to sleep. Thus in growing years the business or the amusement of the day invariably closed; and even when many another memory had faded dim in the distance, that gentle voice still seemed to say, 'Neglect not this, my son;' and thus whatever had been his study at that unreasonable hour and place, it was uniformly terminated by the best of all before his eyelids closed for the night.

Without intruding on higher motives, this at least had become in time a habit, as many another, from 'all the nurse and all the priest hath taught,' unconsciously influences us in after-life. His nightly studies would have seemed incomplete, and sleep as far away as ever, if not solicited thus: and, as we have said, the boy became a man; the man saw a younger generation springing up beside him; and still, hand in hand, the good and the foolish habit kept their ground.

At last came news—direful and overpowering: the one best loved of all, his own young Arthur, a midshipman on board one of her Majesty's frigates stationed amongst the West India Islands, had been lost by a boat upsetting, just as the vessel had weighed anchor, and was leaving the harbour for home. The ship herself brought the sorrowful tidings; a letter from the captain, while it did all that words could do in consolation, by its praises of the lost one, still left no doubt of the calamity—no hope to which the mourners might cling. And now more than ever had the bereaved father reason to bless the habit which alone could steady his mind in the night-watches, so often filled with thoughts of his sailor boy. With the words of comfort on his lips, with its peace within his heart, he would often drop asleep, to dream of the time when they should be united again.

But his wildest or his happiest dream never surpassed the reality. The shadows were lengthening fast one autumn evening, about a month after the family had been attired in their mourning garb, when the unexpected sound of carriage-wheels rattling up to the door drew the inmates of the house to the windows just in time to catch—Arthur's gay hurra! and see him spring from the roof of the carriage, where, for the benefit of all beholders, he had considerably placed himself.

It was indeed himself, 'alive again;' as, much to his surprise, and somewhat to his amusement, he had been informed at the little neighbouring town where the

coach had let him down, and where the report of his early death, then first learned by himself, had awakened sympathy in many a kindly heart. The landlord of the inn had insisted on getting out a carriage and his best pair of posters, that not a moment should be unnecessarily lost in restoring happiness to the clouded home. What a meeting it was! How rapid the explanations! How they laughed, and how they wept, at Arthur's graphic account of his visit to the fishes, and his first doubts whether it was by sea or land that he had got round to the other side of the island where he found himself coming to life again, until resolved by the congratulations of the nigger crew that had picked him up! He had them all word for word; and never weary of listening, his auditors, unmindful of all else, were drinking in the thrice-told tale, as they drew him still closer to the glowing fire—to each other; when, just before the now forgotten carriage turned away, the postboy's honest face was seen peeping in for a moment through the still open window: and did one of the happy party assembled within blame the freedom, or think it an intrusion, as, lifting his cap from his head, he reverently said, 'Thanks be to God, sir, 'twas all a mistake!'

'Yes, let us thank Him all together before we separate this night,' said the rejoicing father in tones of still deeper reverence, as the sound of the wheels died away. The curtains were drawn, the fire burned more brightly, and the night grew old, the hours still unheeded; until, remembering his pledge, the chapter apportioned for another hour was read aloud before they separated, and shed its calm over all. The father went straight to his bed, and put out his lamp at once; his heart too full to admit any subject after that: then, finding he never had slept sounder in his life, he wound up his day's occupations in the same way the next night, and every night after in the midst of his family; and the lamp on the little table was never lighted again.

LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS.*

HISTORY, even family history, can never be well written by the spirit of class; and the reason that Lord Lindsay has produced one of the best books upon the subject that have ever appeared is, that he is *not*, in the vulgar sense of the word, an aristocrat. He scorns the meanness of those who value themselves on the deservings of others, and applauds the saying of Lord Clarendon, that birth conveys no merit, but much duty, to its inheritor. Those sluggish persons, says he, 'who are disposed to rest their claims to consideration on the merits of their ancestors, and not on their own individual activity, should remember Sir Thomas Overbury's pithy sarcasm on such characters, that they resemble potatoes, of which the only valuable portion is under ground.' He looks upon birth, in short, as an incentive to virtue, and thinks that a man conscious of a long line of illustrious ancestors will be less likely than another to commit a dishonourable action. This reasoning is strictly philosophical, but it applies to other things as well as high descent. A man, for instance, may be reasonably proud of an office filled before him by a line of eminent individuals wholly unconnected with each other, and he will be incited to do his best to keep up the reputation of the class. A soldier, in like manner, will display all the more bravery for belonging to a distinguished regiment; for in these cases it is not with the sprinkling there may chance to be of mean intellects or cowardly natures we would desire to identify ourselves, but with the wise and brave who have preceded us. There are of course many persons in our nobility of such narrow calibre, as to be incapable of taking this view of the subject, and whose pride of descent, therefore, is purely ridiculous; but we trust there are many more who, like Lord Lindsay, float on with the spirit of the age, and recognise in

the aristocratic feeling an element of our nature the genuineness of which is proved by the share it has in the scheme of progressive development.

'The pride of race,' says M. Charles, in a review of this work in the 'Journal des Débats,' 'now attacked in its last entrenchments, brings forward its titles for its support against the spirit of the new time; it feels the necessity of shielding itself historically against that equality which has become the mistress of its destinies; and the most exclusive aristocracy in Europe, forced to act on the defensive, arms itself with its great buckler, and shows there inscribed, like a blazon, its proofs of courage and service. . . . But the genius of the past, opposed to that of the present, is always the conquered genius; and Lord Lindsay's book, filled as it is with proud sentiments and glorious memories, is nevertheless a homage to the new world.' This, however eloquent, is only partly true. The genius of the past is never subdued: it merely receives, in the moral progress of society, another development, just as the chivalry of the middle ages still survives as a great principle under a new form; just as Christianity itself, according to a recent writer, changed from the religion of works into that of faith, will finally be sublimed into love. In the latter example, Peter and Paul will not be extinguished in the ascendancy of John, for they are manifestations of the same identical but progressive principle; and thus the mind of the present, even while marching onward, will always continue its homage to great ancestors—

'The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.'

If this be correct, the mistake of M. Charles consists in his supposing that it is only the popular genius 'qui marche en avant,' and only the aristocratical genius 'qui se rejette sur les écoulés.'

It is not doubted now, we believe, that moral as well as physical characteristics descend in families, whether illustrious or otherwise. The name of the 'lightsome Lindsays' indicates a very enviable hereditary quality peculiar to this race; but in some individuals, according to their biographer, it degenerated into very remarkable extravagance. This was more obvious towards the close of the main branch, Crawford; and Lord Lindsay even traces, with a superstitious feeling, a 'curse' devolving from the crimes of the Wicked Master (1542) upon the doomed race. The title of Master, we may say, belonged, from the middle of the fifteenth century, either to the eldest son or presumptive heir to a Scottish peerage. Thus the son and heir of Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, was the Master of Crawford.

Alexander, Master of Crawford, surnamed emphatically by Scottish tradition "The Wicked" or "Evil Master," exceeded all his compere in prodigality, recklessness, and crime. He was the Absalom of his century. Like the son of David, he had been put in fee of the earldom by his father, as future earl, which gave him independent power, and the barony of Glencask had been assigned to him in consequence. Attaching to himself a band of ruffians, he seized his father's fortress of Dunbog, and commenced the life of a bandit, oppressing the lieges, tyrannising over the clergy, and levying black-mail, or tribute, over the whole surrounding country. As early as 1526, his father had been obliged to appeal to the crown for protection from "bodily harm," threatened against himself, his wife, and friends, by his rebellious son; the Master expressed contrition, and by the intervention of the Archbishop of St Andrews and others, "as amicable compositors," the earl received him once more "into hearty favour and kindness," engaging to confirm him in the fee of the earldom, provided he relapsed not into crime, and banished his "present company" of evil abettors—the enfeoffment to be "null, cassit, and retréit (broken and retracted), but any process" (without any law proceedings), in case of contravention or failure in these conditions. But the evil nature soon broke out again, and

* Or, a Memoir of the House of Crawford and Balcarres. By Lord Lindsay. 3 vols. London: Murray, 1849.

four years afterwards, on the 16th of February 1530-1, he was solemnly arraigned at a justice-ayre held at Dundee, the king himself presiding in person, when a fearful catalogue of enormities were alleged against him and his accomplices—rapine, rape, murder, common brigandage, the occupation of lands belonging to the Earl of Buchan for five years, the besieging his father's castles with the intention of murdering him, the surprising him at Pinhaven, "laying violent hands on him," and imprisoning him in his own dungeon for twelve weeks, and on another occasion carrying him by force to Brechin, where he confined him for fifteen days—besides breaking open his coffers, pillaging his writs, and seizing his rents and revenues. No defence was offered—none could be made. The Master admitted everything, and threw himself on the king's mercy. By the Scottish law, founded on the Roman, his guilt was parricide, and its penalty death—personal to himself, civil to his posterity. His life was spared, probably through his father's intercession, and with a lingering hope that he might yet repent. But the forfeiture took effect to the legal exclusion of himself and his posterity from succession to the estates and honours of Crawford, blotting them out as if they had never existed. And he acquiesced in this, and implemented or fulfilled the law, by solemnly abjuring and renouncing, of his own free will, all right or claim "to all the lands of the earldom of Crawford," in favour of Earl David his father, to dispose of, in whole or in part, according to his good pleasure; confessing himself at the same time to have "sinned grievously and enormously" against his said father, and against the decret arbitral pronounced by the Archbishop of St Andrews—and stretching out his right hand and binding himself to this renunciation (as it was called) of "all kindness and right of succession," in presence of his unhappy parent, in the public street between the chapel of St John and the houses of the lepers at the east end of the burgh of Dundee, the third hour after noon on the penultimate of March 1537.

In less than a year after this ignominious forfeiture, the Wicked Master was slain in a broil with a cobbler of Dundee; and after his father's death, the earldom passing over his descendants, fell to David Lindsay of Edzell. Earl David became the protector of the son of his predecessor, and 'as soon as he was fairly settled in his new dominions, new feelings began to stir in his heart, or old ones rather developed themselves in a new manner—feelings closely connected with the days of clanship and feudalism.' These were the instinct of clanship, and of reverence for the principle of legitimacy; and another every feeling of selfish ambition, this man, in the very prime of life, adopted in legal form the excluded heir, the son of the Wicked Master; his 'humile and formal behaving' inducing him to believe that he would inherit the good without being tainted with the evil in his father's character. The assent of the crown being obtained, 'a solemn bond or contract was drawn up, by which the Master acknowledged his obligations, and accepted his duties, as adopted son to Earl David; and engaged, on failure of its conditions, or on re-enacting the enormities of his father, to resign the earldom for himself and his heirs for ever, on the payment of two thousand pounds by his adopted father, his heirs or assignees, in the kirk of Dundee, "and I, my heirs and assignees, fra thenceforth to be secludit therefra for our ingratitude for ever."'

The descendants of the Wicked Master, however, Lord Lindsay says, were 'hereditarily doomed, it would seem, to prodigality and crime.' The young David, in due time, succeeded to the earldom. 'But long before that period, his conduct had disappointed the hopes, and embittered the declining years of his benefactor; and in 1559 it is stated, in a legal document under the signet of the queen, that he had so conducted himself, "that be all law, natural and civil, he deserves disheerens and tinsale (loss) of the benefit of the said adoption;" intimating how lenient and forgiving his pre-

decessor had still been, even after his second marriage, the birth of a flourishing family, and the provocations received from the ungrateful serpent he had fostered in his bosom, might have tempted him to revoke that rash experiment.' Among the pranks of this youth during his Mastership, he attacked and spoiled Glenesk, ravaging the country, and carrying off eighty-four oxen and sixty-nine 'kye,' a robbery which his benefactor made good, reimbursing the sufferers, and pardoning the offender. After the Master succeeded to the earldom, he signalled himself by the bitterest hostility to the House of Edzell!

The next descendant of the Wicked Master figures in a fray highly characteristic of the time, and which was fatal to Lord Glamis. 'Crawford and Glamis chanced to meet each other, at the head of their respective followings, in a narrow street called the School-house Wynd, and in front of a large fortified house named "the Lady Mary's Lodging," in Stirling, as Crawford was passing to the castle, and the chancellor returning to his lodging, after making his report to the king.' The consequence was a collision with the sword, for the two nobles were at feud with each other; and Glamis was mortally wounded by a pistol bullet, fired by the hand of some unknown assassin. 'Altogether this skirmish, in its scene and circumstances—the narrow antique wynd, the torches, the pistol-flashes, the struggling groups of combatants, Crawford endeavouring to appease the fray, Glamis staggering backwards, while the "evil-willer's" pistol and face of triumph are still protruding from the "heich window," forms a subject worthy of the pencil of Gherardo della Notte or Salvator Rosa.' Crawford now appears in the character of a rebel; and after being imprisoned and forgiven, his younger brother begins to eclipse him by rising in the favour of good King James. The following letter, addressed to this Alexander Lindsay by the king, is characteristic:—

'SANDIE—Quhill (till) youre goode happe furcneis me sum bettir occasion to recompence youre honest and faithfull service, uttired be youre diligent and cairfull attendance upon me, speciallie at this tyme, lett this assure you, in the inviolabil worde of youre awin Prince and maister, that quhen Godd randeris me in Skotlande, I sall irreuocable, and with consent of Parlament, erect you the temporalitie of Murraie in a temporal lordshipp, with all honouris thairto appertaining. Lett this serue for cure to youre present disease.

'From the Castell of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryuing our (rattling away) in the auld maner. J. R.'

In fulfilment of this promise, 'Sandie' was made a baron, with the title of Lord Spynie; but even before this, King James set himself with his whole heart to negotiate a marriage for his favourite, addressing to the lady some amusing letters, which we have no room for, and this note to the intended bridegroom:—

'SANDIE—We are going on here in the auld way, and very merry. I'll not forget you when I come hame—you shall be a lord. But mind (remember) Jean Lyon, for her auld tout will make you a new horn. J. R.'

Notwithstanding such gleams of light, however, the doom of the descendants of the Wicked Master was fixed. 'It is a melancholy tale—a malignant star, or rather, apparently, a hereditary curse, pursued even the worthiest of them to degradation and ruin.' The last earl we have mentioned was neglected when a youth by his father, so that his 'pedagogue' declares in a letter that they had no alternative but either to 'steal of the town' or sell their furniture. 'And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and reveleged his childhood's misery

upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him, but his marriage proved unfortunate, and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the possessions of the earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation: they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent. Hence the epithet by which he is frequently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of "Comes Incarceratus," or the "Captive Earl." He at length died in his prison, leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common "jockey with the horn," or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy, "a sturdy beggar," though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and "bitterly ashamed." An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself was young. Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a year, "in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition," and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days.

Earl David was succeeded by his uncle—wild, prodigal, and tyrannical. His son, Earl George, sold Finhaven and the tombs of his ancestors to Lord Spynie, and serving abroad as a colonel of a foot company of Dutch, cudgelled one of his officers, and was slain by him in requital of the insult. Earl George was succeeded by his next brother, Colonel Alexander Lindsay, on whom the curse of the Wicked Master was even more fearfully visited, as he became "frantic," or insane, and was kept in confinement till his death in 1639, when the last surviving son of Earl Henry, Colonel Ludovic Lindsay—who had risen to that rank in the Spanish service—succeeded as sixteenth Earl of Crawford, and returned to Scotland, in order to support the king in the difficulties that were then gathering round him. He and Lord Spynie were in that year the last survivors of the seven Crawford cousins who had started in life so gaily and hopefully not twenty years before. Earl Ludovic was ruined in the wars of the Covenant; and homeless, penniless, and destitute, was glad to obtain the command of an Irish regiment in the Spanish service. He died abroad, no one knows where or how; and with the third Lord Spynie, the last descendant of the Wicked Master, the succession terminated. We feel that we have not been able, in our confined space, to do this remarkable story justice; but it is certainly one of the most striking things in the book.

We now come to another strange anecdote of a light-some Lindsay of a different stamp, Colin, Earl of Balcarres. The young Maritima de Naesau had fallen in love with Colin at his first presentation at court; on his recovery, Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments to her, and ere long, the day was fixed for their marriage. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald earrings as his wedding-gift. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his nightgown and slippers quietly eating his breakfast! Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case; a friend in the company gave him one—the ceremony went on, and without looking at it, he placed it on the

finger of his fair young bride. It was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and cross-bones. On perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away; and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind, that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year; and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

Another of these Earls of Balcarres, deaf, sixty, and extremely odd, fell in love with a girl of twenty. But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and, what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment showed him at once to be a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with the cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes; here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe, had they smiled, he would have smiled too, and probably said, "Oddsfish! I believe it is not like other people's; but as to that, look, d'ye see! what matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper?" Miss Dalrymple refused him, and he fell sick with the disappointment: he recovered, and she married him.

The countess proved to be a famous hand at whipping her children; but on one occasion, when the culprits absconded, the punishment was amusingly varied. 'Our flight,' says one of them—Lady Anne Lindsay, author of the famous ballad—'was discovered by old Robin Gray the shepherd—"All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!" A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate, but to bring us back *volens volens*, the six criminals were carried before the countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degree, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle.'

Another anecdote of whipping. In this case the culprit was Lady Margaret. 'Our governess, Henrietta C—, amidst many faults, was passionately fond of her, but did not spare her when she was wrong. On a certain occasion, I forget what, "If you do so again," said she, "Lady Margaret, devil take me if I do not whip you severely!" Adding—"You do not mind what I say, and therefore I swear to it." Margaret at no great distance of time committed the same sin. "I see now how you have attended to what I told you," said Henrietta; "if this happens once more, I positively must whip you." "I do remember what you told me," said Margaret, "and you are bound to whip me." "I certainly shall the very first time you do so." "No, Miss C—, you must whip me now; you swore to it, and said, "Devil take you if you would not whip me severely." Henrietta acknowledged it, but said this once she would excuse her. "And will God excuse you? No," said Margaret: "I insist upon it that you whip me directly!" Henrietta remonstrated; Margaret cried, expecting every moment to see the devil take away the governess. At last she carried the point, and was laid on her knee; but Henrietta, feeling no anger, and being full of admiration of the culprit, who was insisting on a flogging to save her soul, instead of inflicting the punishment quietly, bellowed so loud herself at every stroke, as to bring my mother into the room, who soon settled the business.'

This governess was an original, much better than any character in fiction we remember. 'My mother had

found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said "was good for her proud little ridiculous niece;" and Henrietta C——, indifferent about her good or bad treatment, wept because she was not placed, she said, in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who: pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria. She was carried to Balcarres to try what she was fit for. 'At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room: tears flowed; she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident; and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds per annum, which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life: she said it was "so haughty and unprovoked: as an act of friendship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument." Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it; and Henrietta gained, upon the whole, more than twenty pounds per annum of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from government, which my father procured for her.

'Behold her, then, settled at Balcarres, the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and naive in her manners beyond what was natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice. But in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.' A curious trait in this strange Henrietta's pride was her employing her brother to manufacture a fictitious genealogy! However, she was a good though strange creature; and her greatest trial was Lady Balcarres dividing her affection between her and a 'masculine bravo,' one Miss Sophy Johnstone, as strange and original as herself. 'The father of this lady was what is commonly called "an odd dog;" her mother that unencroaching sort of existence so universally termed "a good sort of woman." One day after dinner the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the "folly of education." The wife said she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books. Like Mrs Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction. This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. The dispute and covenant were known in the country; and the neighbours, in jest, calling her "Hilton's Natural Daughter," in a few years she passed *bona fide* for his illegitimate child.' The result was the formation of the "masculine bravo." Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make

her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading, which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow: her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was—deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited. Poor Miss Sophy Johnstone lived to be a miserable, penurious old woman. 'The junior members of the family, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the youngest existing generation of the Lindsays, were frequently sent to visit her, and never empty-handed. They usually found her crouched in the corner of her den, and her first salutation was always, "What hae ye brocht?—what hae ye brocht?"—stretching out her skinny arm to receive the offering.'

We must indulge ourselves in another original—the venerable Lady Dalrymple, mother of the whipping countess. 'At ten she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times, she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

"Look," said she, "Annie, upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves; but the key is not there. After you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper; but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it. Pass on from the newspaper to my black fan; beside it there lie three apples (don't eat my apples, Annie—mark that!). Take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find"—"But is not that the key in your left hand, over your little finger?" "No, Annie; it cannot be so; for I always carry it on my right." "That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma; but you know you always carry it in your left." "Well, well, child, I believe I do! But what then? Is the tea made? Put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?"

'Thus every morning grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manoeuvres), she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me. I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend.'

Before concluding, we are in duty bound to return to the Lindsays—and here is the end of the 'proud House of Edzell.' 'The laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasterful man, and had been long away.' He was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumours of their defeat were still occupying the minds of all the country-side. One afternoon the poor baron, with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of his company, both on horseback, came to the castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent: he gazed into his great big house a solitary man. There was no wife or child to give him welcome, for he had never been married. The castle was almost deserted—

a few old servants had been the only inhabitants for many months. Neither the laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay, the broken-hearted, ruined man, sat all that night in the large hall, sadly occupied—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the castle in the same manner in which he had come. He saw none of his people or tenants. His one attendant only accompanied him. They rode away, taking with them as much of what was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again.

'Year after year passed away, and the castle fell to ruin. The banner rotted on the keep—the roofs fell in—the pleasure became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady one day arrived at Edzell, as it is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. "When she came near the ancient burying place," says the same faint voice of the past, "she alighted, and went into the chapel—for it was then open—the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work were all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in, and sat down among it all, and wept sore at the ruin of the house and the fate of her family; for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was or where she came from. After a while she came out, and was driven in the coach up to the castle. She went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down and roofs had fallen in; and in one room in particular she stayed a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was very dear to her, though she had now no right to it, and she carried some of the earth away with her."

We have omitted, it will be observed, all mention of the better-known historical and literary characters of the family; but enough has been said, we presume, to convince the reader that in these volumes he will find, together with much truth, some philosophy, and not a little elegance of fancy, a great deal more even of romantic interest than in half the novels of the time collectively.

THE MAORI MESSENGER.

We have received a newspaper with the above title, the appearance of which is an event of too much interest to be passed over without notice. Two journals that came severally forth with the same objects, the instruction and entertainment of the native population of New Zealand, were discontinued; but the present adventurer, instead of being disheartened by their failure, has only been stimulated to make his arrangements more comprehensive and complete. The paper is in four folio pages, and printed in alternate columns of English and Maori, the latter being a free translation of the former. After a sensible introduction, the first number proceeds to discuss the question of the civilisation of the Sandwich Islanders, showing the analogies that exist between the position of that people and the New Zealanders. In fact, the progress made by the former tribe presents one of the most remarkable traits in modern history. From naked, drunken, ignorant, licentious savages in one generation, they have become in the next a decent, orderly, well-disposed people. Not to mention their advance in religion and morals, they practise many of the arts and usages of civilised life. There are carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, painters, masons, and bookbinders, and in most of the mechan-

ical departments they are respectable workmen. There are those who possess flocks and herds, and hold lands in fee simple. There are some who are gaining property. Equal protection is given to all, from the highest to the lowest. Neither king nor chiefs can seize upon what is not their own, without being amenable to the laws. The people have availed themselves of the inducements held out to them to labour, with the assurance that all the products of their industry will be secured to them. Many are collecting around them the comforts and conveniences of a civilised people. Their houses are better than formerly, and many of them are partitioned off into separate apartments, and some of them are furnished with tables and chairs, and many other conveniences of civilised housekeeping.

The New Zealanders were found by the white navigators in a position still more brutally savage than that from which the Sandwich Islanders have been redeemed. An article on the subject commences thus:—"Friends, Maories, perhaps you occasionally reflect on the many things the white people introduced amongst you, and upon their many works by which mankind is elevated. The white people discovered you sitting in darkness—you ate men—you were continually fighting, and did everything else that an evil disposition prompted. He sent some of his people amongst you, and you were taught the ways of eternal life; and the good intentions of God were explained to you; and you then discerned that your old customs were very bad ones. With regard also to the things that sustain this life, you were found living on the plants of the earth—for instance, fern root, tawa berries, the root of the convolvulus, hinau berries, the tree fern, grubs, the root of the rauupo, and the various other kinds of weeds that the earth produced: you were like animals; you had no clothes, but went about naked: such clothes as you had were the coarsest kinds of mats. When children were born, they were covered with a garment made of the leaves of the patate-tree; but on the arrival of the white man, you became acquainted with good food. He gave you potatoes, Indian corn, pumpkins, wheat, pigs, and all the other kinds of food that you now use. And with regard to clothes, he gave you blankets, calico, flannel, and the many other things with which you cover your bodies." The article proceeds to sketch the history of the discovery and fortunes of the islands, and in its sequel, we presume, will bring the narrative down to the present day. A paper on small-pox fills up the number, which thus, it will be seen, contains no news, although the deficiency will of course be supplied as the work goes on. We wish it every success, and trust that the enlightened portion of the colonists will consider it a duty to lend their aid to the editor; although we would hint to that gentleman that the Maori language can be of no utility but as the only means yet in existence of holding intellectual communication with the natives. Let him not fall into the common error of fighting against civilisation, by cultivating the indigenous dialect, and perpetuating the absurd nationality, of a people whose destiny it is to be incorporated with a mighty nation.

SUICIDE STATISTICS.

A very curious statement and calculation was published in Paris by M. Pairet, a medical professor, relative to the number of suicides committed in France for thirty years. From the records of the police, it appears that the total number of suicides attempted to be committed were 6782, and three fourths of the individuals were unmarried. We subjoin the figures furnished to him by the police, showing the relative numbers of male and female suicides:—Crossed in love, 97 males, 157 females; jealousy, 39 males, 53 females; mortified pride, 27 males, 27 females; calumny and loss of reputation, 97 males, 28 females; remorse, 37 males, 12 females; disappointed ambition, 110 males, 12 females; reverse of fortune, 283 males, 39 females; gaming, 141 males, 14 females; other species of misconduct, 208 males, 79 females; domestic chagrins, 524 males, 260 females; misery, 511 males, 594 females; fanaticism, 1 male,

13 females. It would therefore seem to follow that somewhere about five women died from love for three men; that the ladies have considerably the advantage, or rather the disadvantage, in jealousy; that in pride they are on a par with the lords of the creation; that in calumny and loss of reputation they bear with three times the fortitude that men evince; that they feel only about one third of the remorse which the other sex experience; and that to the sorrows which flow from disappointed ambition, reverse of fortune, and gaming, they are exposed in a very slight degree in comparison with their yokefellows. This calculation, it will be remembered, applies but to French ladies. In what light a similar calculation would exhibit our own fair countrywomen, we presume not to conjecture.—*Liverpool Albion.*

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment; persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.'

'He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.'

Attend to your business, and never trust it to another. 'A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled.'

Be frugal. 'That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid.'

'Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Be abstemious. 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove.'

Rise early. 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry.' 'Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep.'

Treat every one with respect and civility. 'Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy.' (Good manners insure success.)

Never anticipate wealth from any other course than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

'He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot.' 'He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.'

Above all things, never despair. 'God is where He was.' 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from prospering.—*From a newspaper.*

CHINESE IVORY-CARVING.

I took some trouble and pains to obtain a view of the instruments with which the artists worked, but regret to say I was unsuccessful. The ivory balls so elaborately carved, and the ingenuity with which they are constructed, have long excited admiration and surprise at the artistic skill and means by which so many concentric balls can be carved one within the other. I know not whether any one else has made the discovery; but the truth is, that each ball is constructed of two pieces, the edges of which are so finely scraped down, that the edge of one hemisphere is made to overlap its counterpart with the greatest nicety. Thus one ball is easily enclosed within another. The joinings are then united by a peculiarly strong cement, aided by the employment of steam and pressure. Any one who wishes to make the expensive trial, will soon ascertain the fact by applying a very powerful heat to one of these balls, which will open at the joints in due time.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF EACH THE HAPPINESS OF ALL.

It is an era in life when first the conviction strikes home to our hearts that our actions tell on the happiness, not of ourselves only, but of our fellow-creatures. Life has frequently been likened to a theatre, in which 'the men and women are only the players;' but when we come to consider this illustration carefully, when we perceive that in the drama of life, as in that of the stage, every one has some part to act, and that in both the good or bad performances of even the most insignificant actor tells in a degree on all the rest, it is startling indeed. Is it impossible to impress this even on the minds of children? Is it impossible to lead them in early youth to reflect upon the great, the awful truth, that all are placed in this world as actors, not as spectators; that the little and great, the rich and poor, the young and old, in that one point are in the

same position; and, further than this, that we are not only all actors, but also that every human creature is accountable to his Almighty Father for the due performance of the part assigned to him, and likewise for the proper use of the influence which he is permitted to exercise over others? If there be a doubt in a child's mind as to the effect producible by the conduct of one person on the happiness of many, let him be taught to observe how a cross look, an angry word, may destroy the peace of his own domestic circle for great part of an evening; and then let him reflect how any graver fault must affect the happiness of the transgressor's family, and throughout of those in close connection with it.—*School-room Days.*

LINES.

Oh bring me pearls and jewels rare,
With these I'll braid my sunny hair;
I would be beautiful to-night—
The gayest 'mid the gay and bright.
Look! I have chased my tears away,
And smile as in life's early day;
And see how well this wreath doth shade
The lines that grief and care have made.
Oh none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess this heart is breaking!

The first amid the joyous throng
My voice shall join the laugh, the song;
They say its tones were once so clear,
That when they fell upon the ear,
The dark heart would forget its guile,
And saddest eye look up—and smile.
Oh I will laugh and sing once more
As gaily as in days of yore;
And none shall know this brow is aching,
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

I never cared for beauty's power;
And never, till this darkness hour,
Did pearl, or flower, or diamond rare
Deck the long tresses of my hair.
But oh to-night their aid I'll seek:
They'll lend a radiance to my cheek,
And give the light of bygone years
To eyes that have grown dim with tears.
And none shall know this brow is aching;
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

Perchance in that triumphant hour
When mine is wealth, and pride, and power,
Our eyes may meet; and on his ear
May fall the voice he loved to hear,
Recalling days that long have fled—
Forgotten vows, and sweet hopes dead.
Oh bring me pearls and gems most bright—
I must be beautiful to-night.

He must not know my brow is aching;
He must not guess my heart is breaking!

Away—away! these gems, and hair
These gaudy flowers from my hair—
Oh I have borne their weight too long!
What care I though the brilliant throng
Should kneel and worship at my shrine?
The only smile I sought was thine,
And that, alas, was turned aside!
What cared I then for beauty's pride?
Oh how my burning brow is aching;
Alas—alas, my heart is breaking!

RONA LEE.

POSTAGE LABELS.

In our 'Gossip from London,' in No. 237, there is some mistake as to postage labels. The plates from which they are printed are made of hardened steel, and the average number of imprints does not exceed 60,000. Each sheet, however, contains 240 labels, so that the number of single stamps printed from an average plate is 14,400,000.

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THE AGE OF GIVING.

IF we take the character of this present world from the witnesses that are continually flying about, bearing either mischief or healing on their wings—from the serial and periodical publications, we would say, and not a few of the equally ephemeral volumes, which are supposed

‘To show
The very age and body of the time,
Its form and pressure’—

we must be bitterly ashamed of our hard-heartedness. The rich crush the poor to the earth, listening with a cold stony smile to their cries for food. They are drones, living on the very life-blood of industry, looking upon those who labour as their slaves, doling out to them a famine-pittance for their reward, and depriving them of every opportunity of freedom and enlightenment. The English, for no other reason than that they are the wealthier people of the two, turn away with disgust from the complaints of the Irish, looking tranquilly on at their misery and starvation, and refusing either to legislate for their necessities, or to allow them a parliament of their own to do so. We are all of us, in short (that is, all of us who have any money), an arrogant, inhuman crew, elbowing our surly way through the world with buttoned-up pockets, and acting on the principle of ‘Every one for himself.’

This is what the people are taught; but somehow or other the words fail to produce corresponding ideas. They are never slow to repeat them, but with as little apprehension of their sense as we ourselves had in days of yore while drawling forth our Latin rules. The reason is, that the words are neutralised by things, and so reduced to that state of no-meaning which is said to puzzle more than wit. The affairs of Ireland, every one knows, occupy vastly more of our parliamentary time in proportion than those of England; and as for Scotland, it can scarcely get a word edged in for itself during a whole session. Besides this everlasting talk about Ireland, the distresses of the same country are relieved with untiring, and perhaps unreflecting generosity to the amount of many millions sterling. In addition to a legislative provision for our own poor, which at one time swallowed up in some instances the whole annual value of the land assessed, we have charitable establishments in every town in the kingdom vying in number and magnitude with the churches. Instead of keeping the lower classes of the people in slavery by means of ignorance, we force emancipation upon them, catching up their children from the streets, and compelling them to learn. The highest intellects and warmest hearts in the country are busy night and day with projects of benevolence, which never want for funds to bring them into action. Philanthropy is the order of the day.

The only class of beggars whose doings have received any special notice is the great national gang of sham beggars, who live luxuriously on their distresses, and whose destitution is to them the purse of Fortunatus. We can tell the average incomes of shipwrecked mariners, burnt-out housekeepers, and desolate widows with a numerous progeny; we know the amount of the poor's-rate throughout the country to a guinea; we can form a fair guess at the weekly contributions in the churches; and we need not be very far wrong in aggregating the casual pence bestowed in the streets without information or inquiry. But all this affords but scanty materials for the statistics of charity. The government—sturdy beggar as it is, extorting the alms we would sometimes fain refuse—is not alone in the trade. Directorships, committees, secretaryships, are spread like a network over the country, entangling their victims by all sorts of considerations but that of charitable feeling. Vast establishments, ministered to by troops of liveried servants, look down disdainfully upon us in the streets, and impress with a feeling of insignificance that public by whose ‘voluntary contributions’ they are supported. Our dwellings are invaded by beggars, who come with double knocks, and sit down in our drawing-rooms to argue us out of our money. Wherever we turn, we hear one universal voice resounding throughout the land; and that is the voice which says ‘Give—give!’ A clergyman one day lately preached a sermon in our hearing, in which he took occasion to lament that the ‘world did not yet know how to give.’ Had this excellent divine been asleep for thirty years? Were there ever such examples of giving as in the present day? Why, the pounds sterling given in sheer charity every year are counted not by thousands, but by millions.

It would seem, indeed, that the imputation upon the feelings of the age to which we have alluded is not only not the truth, but the reverse of the truth. The very fact of mendicancy being a great and flourishing profession, shows that there must be charitable inclinations somewhere; and this is confirmed by the other fact, that one-half of the respectable classes of the community employ themselves publicly and habitually in begging for the other half. But in England there is always a tendency to convert into a regular business what would be a temporary occupation elsewhere; and thus we find amateur beggary conducted with the same zeal, and systemised with the same art, as if the bread of the practitioners depended upon it. In the case of the respectable persons who go personally about from house to house, they would be ashamed to beg for themselves; but they look you unblushingly in the face, and say ‘Give—give!’ in a voice both bold and earnest when begging for others.

Much, one would think, must lie in the manner of

the thing. At one time begging consisted in asking for a few halfpence. Those days of simplicity are gone past. Nobody now asks for pence. Charity is requested through the deliberate intervention of a subscription-paper. *Subscribe* is now the word for alms; and those who, for themselves or others, ask a subscription, are quite a different class from the tattered mendicants of bygone days. Armed with a subscription-book, a world is to be had for the winning. Society is on the move. One half the population are chasing the other with subscription-books in hand; and against these engines there is no more safety than against the gun of the road-beggar in *Gil Blas*. Whether it be to send out a missionary, build a church, repair a bridge, or get up a school—sovereign is the power of a neatly-ruled and well-headed subscription-book.

•We are not sure of the propriety of the distinction drawn between this begging for others and begging for ourselves. If the lady-beggar who comes to us in a five-guinea shawl would be satisfied with a shawl at a fifth part of the money, or if the gentleman-beggar who sports a gold watch would condescend to a silver one—these would be trifling sacrifices; and the difference in money, applied to their favourite charity, would save their neighbours from a visitation. But they will make no sacrifice of the kind: what they want is to be charitable with other people's money; and they even take credit to themselves for bestowing the time and trouble required in begging. These, they say, are their donation; and when added to any pecuniary mite they can afford without diminishing their little comforts, they flatter themselves that no one can deny them the praise of disinterested devotion to the cause of benevolence. This is obviously self-delusive. The same plea, if admitted, would serve the end of busy-bodies of every description. A cabinet-minister, for instance, if his fortune were large enough to make his salary of no moment, would deserve the praise of patriotism for taking the trouble to govern the country. The truth is, the respectable beggars are rarely influenced by charitable motives alone. They give up their time for the gratification of their own taste, or fancy, or ambition, and are naturally solicitous that other people should contribute their money towards the same object.

There is another class of respectable beggars whose object is confessedly selfish, and who have therefore not nerve enough to address their selected patrons face to face, but make known their wants and wishes in an epistolary form. We do not allude to what are commonly called 'begging letters'; for by this phrase are designated attempts at imposture. It would be more correct to call them 'borrowing letters,' although by this name we should attain to but little accuracy in definition. The *loan*, however, is their conventional stalking-horse, the writers being ashamed not merely to work, but to beg. Even if there is no condition specified of return, the understanding is, that a gift, not an alms, is sought; and that the donor will at least have the satisfaction of having relieved virtue, or honour, or talent, and certainly gentility, in distress. It is true the distress is not permanent: a sudden reverse of circumstances has occurred; the applicant is at that lowest point of misery where some change must take place; and if he is destined to rise again, his deliverer must feel honoured by being selected as the agent of Providence. All that man can do the writer has done—all but work. And work he is not averse to, if it involved no change of station. He was born, however, in a particular class, and to wear a particular dress; and if he should sink to be the meanest and most ragged of his tribe, this is a misfortune, but no dishonour. But to sink to a caste beneath his own is impossible: death rather must relieve him from his misery; and the individual he had selected to rescue him from the alternative, at an expense which, with an

ample fortune like his, would rather have been a relief than a sacrifice, must expose himself by his refusal to a lifelong remorse.

This may read like irony, but it is a faithful picture of a department of correspondence far more extensive than is commonly imagined. The individuals applied to suppose that there must be something peculiar in their own position or character which lays them open in a special manner to such importunities: some of them even feel flattered: and nearly all begin by yielding a little, either through weakness or humanity, till their feelings are worn threadbare, or their clients become hopelessly numerous. It is this slight compliance which has the effect of perpetuating the system. A traditional success is handed down as a stimulant to the unfortunate who would thus ennoble generous wealth; and a possibility, however remote and visionary, continues an insuperable barrier against the industrial intermixture of caste. The melancholy thing is, that on the part of the letter-writer there is perfect good faith, and at least a sort of illegitimate delicacy. His sufferings are real, and the circumstances that occasioned them truly described; he has actually a romantic, not to say high-minded notion of the privilege and duties of fortune; and although so terribly frank in his epistolary communication (which he marks in large underlined letters 'confidential'), he feels that he would be ready to sink with shame in making such a statement to his selected patron face to face. Above all, he has a perfect confidence that he is alone, or very nearly alone, in the ingenious idea which has originated his application; and at any rate his conviction is sincere, that there is something in his case which renders his desire reasonable, and deprives the recusant patron of every justification. Thus he looks upon refusal as an injury, and measures the culpability of the individual by the amount of his revenue. 'What would five, ten, twenty, a hundred pounds have been out of so vast an income? Yet this pittance would have saved me!'

It is a curious thing this disposition of persons living in society, to look upon themselves as solitary individuals surrounded by peculiar circumstances, and reasoning and acting in a peculiar manner. Yet how few there be among us who strike out a new path! We never thrust our heads anywhere without hob or nobbing, even in the dark, with scores of other heads. An advertisement never appears in any well-circulated newspaper without stirring up many hundred individuals miraculously qualified for the business referred to. A borrowing letter is never addressed to any human being who does not receive a whole budget by the same post. The Queen-Dowager was once four days absent from her residence, and on her return found an accumulation of 300 of these communications awaiting her. Poor Queen-Dowager! Poor borrowing letter-writers!

When Jenny Lind visited England first, her gentle heart was melted by compassion for the unmerited misfortunes which, in a few instances, came in some unaccountable way under her notice. Why should these unfortunates have selected her? If they had been countrymen of her own, or even members of the musical profession, she could have understood the application; but to be addressed in this harrowing manner by the English themselves, and English of respectability, delicacy—or at least shamedness—and no small power of correct, not to say elegant writing, appeared to give fearful indication of the social state of that country into which she had come to gather a golden harvest. But Jenny Lind, though unable to fathom the mystery, could at least feel for the distress; and she answered some of these early applications by donations of money, presented with a touching humility, which must have greatly heightened the obligation. Time passed on, however, and a change came over the dream of the fair vocalist. The letters, at first a few trickling drops, soon became a rivulet, then a stream, and then a torrent; and when we heard last of Jenny Lind, her tears and her generosity had both dried up,

and she was accustomed to refer with a smile to her former simplicity, saying that she now *knew the English better!*

Another instance came under our personal observation. A few years ago a Hindoo gentleman called Dwarkanath Tagore made his appearance in London, and partly owing to his reputed wealth, and partly to his dignified demeanour, made a very favourable impression upon the first circles of the metropolis. He partook repeatedly even of the royal hospitality at Windsor; and although nothing more than a Calcutta merchant of respectability, he was commonly received as an 'Indian prince,' and on some occasions was actually announced, on entering a drawing-room, by the title of 'his highness.' This was the greater triumph for Dwarkanath, that in India even wealthy natives are not considered to be exactly upon a footing of equality with the English; and when the letter-writers at length found him out, and he actually saw these proud, high-caste pale-faces humbling themselves before him as a tutelary genius, his surprise and mystification were still greater than those of Jenny Lind. We have ourselves on more than one occasion witnessed his puzzlement; but it did not last long. Dwarkanath was a shrewd, clear-headed man; and he returned to India (where he soon after died) to publish among his countrymen that whatever airs of superiority the English might give themselves abroad, there was among them at home a very remarkable proportion of beggars and sycophants.

We do not find fault with the epistolary form selected for such applications. It has frequently its origin in proper pride; it permits the whole circumstances of the case to be fairly stated; and when names and references are given, it admits of time for investigation. What is objectionable is the address of the letter to a stranger upon whom the writer has no personal claim; and in the face of the fact—which ought to occur to the most unreflecting—that hundreds or thousands of similar letters are in all probability addressed to the same individual. 'At the worst,' says the writer, 'it is but so much trouble lost!' But the result is worse than that: it involves an infinite loss of character to the country; it hardens the feelings of the rich; while not in one case out of myriads does it benefit the necessitous.

Among the expedients resorted to for obtaining money for charitable purposes are balls, concerts, entertainments at the theatre, and bazaars or fancy fairs. A circumstance connected with these last affords a proof that the system has been overdone, and benevolence made too much a matter of business. It is the custom at such places to ask a higher price than those of the shops—a kind of rapacity sanctioned by the sacredness of the purpose; but at the bazaar held recently at Kentish Town in aid of the Aged Governesses' Institution, the purchasers, we are informed by the 'Art Journal,' even those of wealth and station, declined parting with their money except for decided bargains! This tendency to benevolent bargain-getting is not overlooked by those artists who make their market of the weaknesses of their neighbours. Every day we have packets of pins, needles, stationery, &c. sent into our houses, with intreaties to purchase for the sake of humanity—and marvellous cheapness.

But to 'write all down' is impossible. The system of beggary pervades the whole of our social life, and is so complicated, that a bare description of its machinery would fill a volume. The worst of its nuisances, however, in our opinion, is amateur beggary; and we would have all directors, committees, and private strollers, male and female, strictly questioned as to the personal sacrifices they have themselves made in the cause they advocate. To talk of their time and trouble, we have shown, is a farce: what we would hear of is the indulgences they have denied to their taste or appetite in order to swell the funds of their favourite charity. If the answers are satisfactory on this point, we will then take their respective schemes into consideration; and

when our selection is made, if there should happen to be anything left in our pockets—an improbable accident, it must be admitted, in this age of beggary—the fortunate candidate shall be welcome to the coin. L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A FEW weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair,* I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken into, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbours found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her nightgown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was

* Journal, No. 291.

but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

‘What dress did he wear when he left?’

‘That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots.’

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James was the name indorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report *no* progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police-office but Mr Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Sacacen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to

Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: ‘Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?’

‘Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.’

‘Thank you: good-morning.’

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the ‘foraging-cap’ and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the ‘north country.’

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, ‘So I have found you at last!’ There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, ‘What the devil do you mean?’ was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

‘I beg your pardon,’ I replied; ‘the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him.’

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him

for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet— At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new-comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behaviour towards our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr Bristowe already seated; but the 'three friends,' I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining *who* were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the 'all right' of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of 'fcast of reason' each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of 'flow of soul' welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

'Do you know this house they intend to stop at?' I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

'Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House.'

'Indeed! Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go on to Kendal with Mr Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings.'

'With all my heart.'

'But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected.'

'Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye.'

'Well, we shall see. And now to dinner.'

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humour. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced,

his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowded out in a low exulting voice, 'Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?' The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c. and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

'Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?' demanded Mr Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

'I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr Bristowe,' I remarked, after a long pause; 'but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament.'

'You are right,' he replied, after some hesitation. 'It is a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself.'

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr Bristowe started, and changed colour, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, 'You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence.'

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumb-founded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid open manner and unshakable hardihood of nerve.

'I daresay the articles came to you in your sleep!' sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

'Oh,' I mechanically exclaimed, 'in his sleep! I had not thought of that!' The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair altogether, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighbourhood. The demeanour of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was, I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fishmonger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the

prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, 'The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything.' Mr Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, 'That is the man!' Mr Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the *ensemble* of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valeat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of 'hearsay,' was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr Bristowe begged to observe 'that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her.' The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly intreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

'We can receive no evidence against you, Mr Bristowe, in your absence,' replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; 'but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable.'

'At least, then, Mr Cowan,' said the agitated young man, 'prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle: I could not bear that.'

He was assured she would not be present; in fact she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. 'Uncle!' cried the prisoner, springing towards him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forwards with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, 'fell upon his neck, and wept,' exclaiming in choking accents, 'Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant.'

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. 'Certainly, certainly,' said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning towards the court. 'My sister's child, gentlemen,' he added appealingly, 'who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure.'

'There needs no excuse, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman kindly; 'but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?'

'It is.'

'Now,' said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing

me, 'please to produce the articles in your possession.'

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

'Please to look at those two articles, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman. 'Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?'

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

'It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr Bagshawe,' said the clerk.

'Answer, uncle,' said the prisoner soothingly: 'fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved.'

'Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off.'

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, 'I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you.'

Mr Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

'I have nothing to reserve,' he exclaimed with passionate energy; 'nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyer-craft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at

Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterwards booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say.

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

'Then, Mr Bristowe,' said the magistrate's clerk, 'assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*.'

'I have thought over that, Mr Clerk,' returned the prisoner mildly, 'and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so.'

'That is perhaps the less to be lamented,' replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, 'inasmuch as the possession of those articles,' pointing to the cross and coin on the table, 'would necessitate another equally probable though quite different story.'

'That is a circumstance,' replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, 'which I cannot in the slightest manner account for.'

No more was said, and the order for his committal to the county jail at Appleby on the charge of 'wilful murder' was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scribbled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it, than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morning, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was, as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day, and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr Bristowe to the vehicle in waiting to reconvey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, 'Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it.' He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

'Well, Barnes,' I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, 'what is it you have discovered?'

'That the murderers of Sarah King are yonder at the Talbot where you left me.'

'Yes; so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?'

'This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties, but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, somewhere concealed in the neighbourhood. This they mean to do to-night.'

'Anything more?'

'Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a bit of a mimic: well, I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr Bristowe, and got out on the top of the coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close'—

'Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on.'

'Well, he and I were alone together in the parlour about three hours ago—I dead tipsy as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, "Who is that in the plate closet?" If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his failing limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter.'

'This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I dare say we shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about nightfall I will rejoin you in my former disguise.'

It was early in the evening when I entered the Tal-

bot, and seated myself in the parlour. Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

'Is not that fellow sober yet?' I demanded of one of them.

'No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed, I hear, this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it.'

I had an opportunity soon afterwards of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chaise-cart and horses from Kendal, and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlour, and watching my opportunity, whispered into the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes' ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was my old acquaintance—'Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room.' I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification, the wig from my forehead. He was thunderstruck; and his teeth chattered with terror. His two companions were absorbed over a low game at cards, and did not observe us. 'Come,' I continued in the same whisper, 'there is not a moment to lose; if you would save yourself, follow me!' He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—'You perceive, Staples, that the game is up: you personated Mr Bristowe at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant'—

'No—no—no, not I,' gasped the wretch; 'not I: I did not strike her'—

'At all events you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the stolen Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliants in his portmanteau.'

'What shall I do—what shall I do?' screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; 'what shall I do to save my life—my life?'

'First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer'—

'I am not—upon my soul I am not!'

'If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though, mind, I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operations for carrying off the booty?'

'They are going in the chaise-cart almost immediately to take it up: it is hidden in the copee yonder. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence.'

'All right. Now return to the parlour: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog.'

About a quarter of an hour afterwards his two confederates set off in the chaise-cart: I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler of the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark fortunately, and the noise of the cart-wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out, and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

'Get into the cart,' said one of them to the other, 'and I will hand the things up to you.' His companion obeyed.

'Hallo!' cried the fellow, 'I thought I told you'—

'That you are nabbed at last!' I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. 'Barnes, hold the horse's head.'

Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains.' The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart; and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honour of lodging them at about nine o'clock in the evening. The news, late as it was, spread like wild-fire, and innumerable were the congratulations which awaited me when I reached the inn where I lodged. But that which recompensed me a thousandfold for what I had done, was the fervent embrace in which the white-haired uncle, risen from his bed to assure himself of the truth of the news, locked me, as he called down blessings from Heaven upon my head! There are blessed moments even in the life of a police-officer.

Mr Bristowe was of course liberated on the following morning; Staples was admitted king's evidence; and one of his accomplices—the actual murderer—was hanged, the other transported. A considerable portion of the property was also recovered. The gentleman who—to give time and opportunity for the perpetration of the burglary, suggested by the perusal of Mr Bagshawe's letter—induced Mr Bristowe to accompany him to Bristol, was soon afterwards transported for another offence.

A WORD ON INK.

THE ancients knew better how to make ink of a durable colour than we do. Modern inks are metallic preparations, and on this account they are liable to deterioration by atmospheric action. The cause of the superiority of inks of old date has been earnestly and satisfactorily investigated by Professor Traill. It appears that up to the fourteenth century, the inks employed for the purposes of writing on manuscripts were almost, without an exception, fluids in which the deep-colouring material was not metallic, but carbonaceous matter. From that time to the present, however, a preparation much resembling our present fluid was employed, to the inexpressible regret of antiquarian manuscript-lovers, and possibly to the serious loss of many historical facts of value. From this period, therefore, as a general rule, commences that race of yellowish, reddish, or greenish-coloured manuscripts, which no patience can decipher, nor any means satisfactorily restore to life. Although it appears probable that occasionally metallic ingredients were added to the ancient ink, yet there can now exist no doubt that the persistence of colour by which they are distinguished was entirely due to the carbonaceous matter employed in their composition.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader that the most common writing fluid employed without discrimination by most classes of our community is a tanno-gallate of iron, with the addition occasionally of mucilage, gum, indigo, or sugar, for the purposes of giving it a 'japan' lustre or intensity of hue. When first placed on paper, it is in a state of low combination with oxygen; hence its pale colour; but after a few hours' exposure to the oxygen of the air, it passes into the higher condition of oxidation, and assumes that depth of hue which makes it valuable as a recording agent. If the change stopped here all would be well, and a better preparation need not be inquired after. But in process of time, that ever-active agent, the atmospheric oxygen, decomposes the compound: its vegetable acids, the tannic and gallic, undergo destructive changes, and become converted into simpler forms of matter; and their base, the oxide of iron, becomes common rust, assuming that brownish red colour so well known under the title of that substance. Here, then, we have the true chemical cause of

the altered aspect of our time-defaced writings. These changes are undoubtedly more or less rapid according to the good or bad qualities of the ink, or of the material upon which it rests. But in no case, while such remains its composition, can they be ultimately prevented from occurring; and if any author will look over a heap of his rough drafts seven or eight years old—or if any tradesman will turn to the pages of his day-book or ledger for that period—he will obtain full confirmation of our assertion, and find that the self-deleting process has already advanced several stages in such writings. The chemical agency employed in the manufacture of our writing papers, especially of the inferior qualities, rapidly assists such changes, and diminishes, by a long interval, the lapse of time necessary to blot the record off the page to which it was, in over-careless confidence, committed for safe keeping. Nor is this all. The discovery of the powerful gaseous body chlorine made the subject still more important. This reagent dissolved in water, or in union with other bodies, such as antimony, almost instantly removes every trace of ink from the paper on which it was written; and by means of a pen dipped in these liquids it was the easiest thing in the world—and unfortunately the facility still remains in too large a number of cases—for a fraudulent person to pencil over any important writing to insure its complete erasure from the material on which it was recorded. Behold, therefore, the door opened to every evil-doer over whom the terrors of the law, divine or human, exercise no control! How easy to alter a valuable document, to erase one name from a deed or will, and insert another! Surely, then, the consideration that in a fluid of this abominably unstable character were recorded the titles and fortunes of an immense number of persons, was sufficiently alarming to have long since caused its abolition from our desks! No: neither the positive certainty of ultimate deletion, nor the excessive risk of fraudulent erasure, has been sufficient to upset the old ink dynasty, and establish a new one on a less sandy basis. The fickle tanno-gallate of iron is still the vehicle of our records to posterity, and the insecure medium for the transaction of our most important commercial affairs. The enormous extent to which fraud has thus extended, without calling into action a simple and sufficient check, can scarcely be believed. On the continent it is even more appalling than in our own country. But amongst ourselves, it has frequently been productive of very serious consequences. The Scottish banks have suffered most seriously on several occasions, and that at no very distant period, from forgeries of the most artful kind perpetrated upon them, solely in consequence of the unsafe medium employed in drawing out orders upon them. The stratagems by which these were accomplished have generally been of the following character:—Bank-orders for small sums were obtained on some of their country branches; the blank space in the engraved bill was filled up as usual in writing with common ink; thus, 'Five — pounds.' The dash following the word *five* was erased by some of the common chemical means, and the word *hundred* inserted in its place! The orders were paid without suspicion, and the fraud was only discovered when it was too late to apprehend the offenders. Even lemon juice has been successfully employed for such or similar purposes. To all these defects let us add that, apart from its decaying and fading character, our common ink has several most disagreeable attributes, which alone might have led us to be on the look-out for another. In a few weeks it becomes covered with a dense layer of minute *mucous* or mould; after standing a little time, it gets viscid, ropy, and unfit for use; and lastly, in time its colouring-matter precipitates to the bottom, and the ink becomes less and less valuable for the purposes of correspondence.

It must not be supposed, from what has been written, that men of science have not attempted to improve the nature and add durability to our ordinary writing-fluids. Of so much consequence did it appear to the French Royal Academy of Science, that they offered a prize for the best composition of universal application which would obviate all the defects of ordinary ink. It is a

remarkable circumstance, and we believe we are correct in relating it, that this prize for so apparently simple an object *was never gained*. The Academy at length appointed a Commission to inquire into the subject; and it is somewhat humiliating to find M. Dulong some time after—during a discussion upon the merits of some paper prepared so as to prevent, as was pretended, the removal of characters written upon it—reminding the Academy that the Commission had demonstrated that the surest means of rendering written characters indelible was to use *Indian ink*! dissolved in water with a slight mixture of some acid, more particularly the hydrochloric. The requisites to constitute a really good ink are, that it should flow freely from the pen, dry quickly, be of deep colour, take a firm hold of the paper, and be indelible either by time or chemistry. Attempts have been therefore made to improve upon the composition of ordinary metallic ink; and in a paper communicated to the Society of Arts, Dr Bostock states that he conceives the principal causes of its bad qualities are the mucilage, tan, and extractive matter which it contains. He devised several ways of precipitating these last, and conceived he separated the whole of the first ingredient by skimming off the mould until no more appeared on the surface of the ink. He recommends as the best diluent of thick ink a strong decoction of *coffee*. Common ink may be prevented from becoming mouldy by the addition of a grain or two of corrosive sublimate, or by a drop or two of some essential oil; but its badness being the result of its chemical composition, renders all attempts at its improvement nugatory; so that the only real remedy is a substitute for it. The basis, in the greater number of the proposed substitutes, is finely-levigated carbon; and this has been ingeniously mixed in various ways with essential oils, solutions of caoutchouc, and of glue; but in all cases without any tolerable success—the oily inks smearing the paper, and the others refusing to flow in smooth and even lines over its surface. Were it not that it can be removed from paper by washing with water, very probably the beautiful ink known as Chinese ink, when genuine, would come nearest the mark. The colouring-matter here is a beautiful description of lamp-black, obtained in the following curious manner:—A long chamber a hundred feet in length, constructed of bamboo covered with paper, is divided into a number of compartments; and at one extremity a vessel containing some essential oil, and giving forth, when lit, a dense black smoke, is placed: the soot collects in delicate flakes in the different compartments, the finest of course in the last; and it is this which is employed in the manufacture of the best Chinese ink. M. Merimee says it contains not glue, but vegetable juices, which give it its brilliancy of hue. A little musk or camphor is added as a perfume. At one of the meetings of the Linnean Society, Dr Cox recommended an inky fluid which oozed out of some curious fungi; which was of a deep dark colour, indelible by the sun's rays or by chlorine gas, but destroyed by muriatic acid; which, however, would destroy the texture of the paper itself. Could these fungi be collected in sufficient quantities, it would perhaps be worth a trial. More recently, an ink has been invented under the title *Manganese Ink*, prepared, as we should suppose, with the black oxide of that body; but of its properties we are ignorant. We should imagine, however, from the density of the substance such ink professes to contain, that it would be unsuitable for the purpose of an ordinary writing-fluid, being necessarily thick and viscid to hold the manganese in suspension. Dr Ure says, that by decomposing the vanadate of ammonia with infusion of gall-nuts, an excellent ink is obtained, at once black and perfectly indelible; but the scarce metal vanadium must become a little more abundant before it can be so applied on the large scale. The Messrs Dobbs and Co., whose stationery has rendered them famous, a year or two ago brought out what they were pleased to call the *Queen's Ink and Paper*. The paper was a prepared material, and the ink some fluid which, when written thereon, produced an ink-like colour. These prepared papers have been many times tried, but without success; and even if successful

there is a complication about the process which does not suit mercantile views at all. The effects of such papers are often very curious, and where not otherwise useful, may be made use of as an amusement. What, for example, can be more singular than to write with a limpid fluid clear as water, using a solution of the bichloride of mercury upon a paper impregnated with the iodide of potassium, and, behold, every letter turns to a lovely crimson! A curious passage in Pliny seems to have led Professor Traill to a discovery which, in spite of its apparent insignificance, we justly consider to be among the most important in applied chemistry—a good, fluent, black, indelible, unchangeable ink! Pliny recommends, among other receipts for the preparation of ink, an ink made of carbonaceous matter diffused in a solution of animal glue in vinegar. The only difference between Dr Traill's ink and this is, that instead of animal glue, he uses *vegetable gluten*. But this simple discovery was not arrived at without labour and expense; and to form an adequate conception of the thorough investigation Professor Traill instituted on the whole subject, it is only necessary to refer to his paper, printed in the 14th volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.' In the true and generous spirit of the best philosophy, he has there detailed, without reserve, the process by which he prepares this valuable fluid; and desirous as we are to effect a revolution in the kingdom of metallic ink, and to put a worthier ruler of its important affairs at its head, we cannot do better than transfer the process from those to these pages. The first step is the preparation of the gluten. If a small mass of dough is kneaded underneath a little stream of water for some time, it will be found that it has parted with all the starch it contained, and that only a tough, sticky mass is left in the hand. The more carefully this is done, the purer will the remaining gluten be. Now, to ten parts of the liquid sold by chemists under the name of pyroligneous acid, which is an impure acetic acid, one and a-half parts of gluten are to be added, and the whole left in a covered vessel, and submitted to a gentle heat. In about twenty-four hours a solution of the gluten is effected, and a saponaceous fluid remains. To form this into an ink, the very finest lamp-black must be procured, and used in the proportion of from eight to twelve grains to each ounce of the liquid, rubbing it quite smooth with a pestle and mortar. When this operation is completed, the fluid is quite ready for use, and will be found completely to fulfil all those postulates which the constitution of a good and permanent writing fluid demands. The addition of a little bruised allspice, cloves, or cinnamon, gives the liquid an agreeable aroma. This ink has been subjected to the most severe tests. In a solution of chlorine gas strong enough to bleach in a few minutes the blackest writing-ink, a slip of paper written with the new ink remained *twenty-four hours* without the least change, and was subsequently exposed for *seventy-two hours* to its influence with the same result. Exposed to the sun and air, it only became of a more intense black hue, and was more firmly fixed in the paper.

It was not in the least affected by water, strong alkalis, or acids, not even the pyroligneous acid. Like every other ink, it may be washed off parchment, the surface of that substance refusing its admission to the texture of the material; but for every other purpose it is incomparably superior to every ink now in use. Professor Traill modestly writes:—'It is only offered as a writing-ink well suited for the drawing out of bills, deeds, or wills, or wherever it is important to prevent alteration of sums of money, or of signatures, as well as for handing down to posterity public records in a less perishable material than common ink.' It is perhaps one of the best testimonials to its value, that it is exclusively employed now in several large commercial houses and banks, and in the National Bank of Scotland.

Setting aside the value of this discovery, as affording a faithful and imperishable recording fluid, we would urge its extensive adoption as a preventive of fraud. No one who knows human nature will doubt the expediency of hedging up, so far as is practicable, the narrow road of rectitude; and by this means, we believe, not only

would an additional security be given to the honest, but an additional, and apparently insurmountable difficulty would be put before the path of those who are unhappily otherwise inclined.

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, DRAWN BY A FRENCHWOMAN.

AN unpretending-looking brochure has accidentally fallen into our hands, which undertakes to give, within the limits of some seventy pages, an account of the 'Manners and Customs of the English.*' Its pretensions are necessarily more lofty than its outward appearance indicates; for very comprehensive powers of observation, and great concentration of language, are to be inferred from so small a book, which professes to treat so extensive and varied a subject. It should, therefore, excite no disappointment when it is found that the pretensions of the title are not wholly borne out in the succeeding pages. Indeed the profession of the authoress has not afforded her the best possible course of study, or the widest field of observation for her subject. Foreign statesmen, lawyers, university professors, historians, political economists, and even French cooks and German princes, have, during their travels and their leisure hours, 'modestly discovered that of ourselves which yet we knew not of.' But this is the first time, so far as we know, that British manners and customs have ever been criticised between the figures of a quadrille or the steps of a Polka; for be it known that the serious business of this authoress's life, her mission upon earth, is—to dance. She only, it seems, condescends to literature during her leisure; and like Sarah Battle between hard-fought rubbers at whist, 'unbends over a book.' Mrs Whittaker is, in fact, one of the numerous teachers whom the 'manners and customs' of the revolutionary continent have driven thence to find employment in peaceful England. She 'imparts' (that is now the professional periphrasis for the verb to teach) dancing.

Such books as the one before us, however full of mistakes, may be always consulted with advantage. Pictures of ourselves, painted by foreign artists, possess the power prayed for by Burns when he sung—

'Oh wad some power the giffle gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.'

The literary mirror held up to English nature by our dancing-mistress is not without its moral, but it would have given a clearer, stronger, and more salutary reflection of our faults, had she not unhappily spiced her few truths with a great many errors. Let us, however, be thankful for the truths she tells us, and take warning from her blunders.

The strictures of the dancing-mistress on the saltatory manners and customs of English people are entitled to all respect, as in this department she adheres to the good old Latin rule, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—('for the cobbler sticks to his last'): in other words, the dancer does not go beyond her pumps. She is presumed to be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and her opinions on it are to be received with the reverence due to the dicta of a professor. The following anecdotes are characteristic, and cleverly told:—

'In my profession I have been tolerably successful; but as this is a very aristocratic country, professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society to what they do in Paris. Of this, however, I will tell you more hereafter. I had a visit this morning from a very stout gentleman (a wealthy apothecary), who said he wished to learn dancing; but never having learnt before in his life, he requested that the first few lessons might be private. This I of course acceded to, and desired him

to come on the following day. The gentleman was punctual to a minute; but previous to commencing, he came up to me and said with great seriousness, "Madam, I think I told you that I had never learnt dancing in my life, but I forgot at the same time to mention that I have not the slightest idea of music. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me, must I jump to every note you strike on the piano?" Being little prepared for this speech, it required my utmost efforts to avoid breaking out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I even longed to say "Yes," merely for the purpose of seeing what he would do; but this would not have been consistent with my professional character; composing, therefore, my countenance as well as I could, I merely said, "No; not quite to every note." "Perhaps, then," added he, with equal simplicity, "you will be good enough to tell me each time I am to jump?" "Oh yes, yes," said I; this time turning round, lest he should see my countenance. I then placed myself at the piano, whilst the gentleman stood in the middle of the room, giving me many inquiring looks, to know when he was to begin. At last I nodded assent, kept on playing, and found he had an excellent ear for music, of which he was not at all aware.

'My next applicant was, I think, a mathematician, he was a tall young man, rather pale, and of gentlemanly appearance. He said that he wished very much to learn to waltz, and begged I would tell him who had written the best work on the subject. My assurances that he could never learn to waltz by means of a book were useless; he repeatedly said that he should prefer that method to any other. Not being able, therefore, to give him the name of any author who had written on the subject of waltzing, the young gentleman took his leave; and how far he has been successful in his search I leave you to guess.'

The rude neglect shown to persons of the class to which our authoress belongs is set forth in a contrast drawn between a French and an English quadrille party:—'In a former letter I mentioned that professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society in London to what they do in Paris. In order to acquaint you with the manner in which they are looked upon in the two capitals, I will give you a description of two quadrille parties, one in London, and the other in Paris, at both of which I was engaged to act the part of musician. They were both houses of the same standing—that is, as I believe, eminent lawyers—and to one and the other I was a complete stranger. To begin, then, with the one in Paris. No sooner was I announced, than the gentleman of the house came out to meet me, and took possession of my music book, whilst the lady herself assisted in taking off my shawl. I was then introduced as one of the guests; the latter endeavouring to make themselves as agreeable to me as did the host and hostess themselves. When the dancing had commenced, and I had played one or two quadrilles and Polkas, a lady, whom I had never seen before, came up to me and said in the most gracious manner, "I am not going to allow you to fatigue yourself; it's my turn now." I readily gave up the piano to her intreaties, and during the remainder of the evening we each played and danced by turns. On my departure, I was as much thanked by the lady and gentleman of the house as though they had been the obliged party instead of myself.

'Now let me tell you how these things are managed in London. One evening as I was sitting alone ruminating on the state of affairs in Paris, a message was brought me that a lady, living at a considerable distance, wished to speak to me. Being naturally anxious to know for what purpose, I was not long in answering to the demand. No sooner had I arrived at the house, and given my name, than I perceived the servants were evidently perplexed to know where to place me; for the first allowed me to remain in the passage, then a second scolded the first for having done so; at last I got seated in a parlour, where, after remaining for a considerable

* Letters on the Manners and Customs of the English. By Mrs Whittaker. London: Ebers.

time, a servant came to request I would walk up stairs. I was then shown into a back drawing-room, where a lady, handsomely dressed, was sitting alone; and, as I entered, neither rose from her seat, nor invited me to take one. There appeared to me something so extremely awkward in this manner of speaking, that I should myself have taken a seat uninvited; but not seeing the necessity of prolonging my stay, considered it as well to take my leave. I had walked a considerable distance to be told that I should be required on the following evening to play at a small quadrille party. I went accordingly. Few words were addressed to me during the evening, with the exception of those that were absolutely necessary; one lady, however, quitting her partner in the quadrille, ran up to me and said, "Vous êtes Français, madame?"—"Are you a Frenchman, madam?" Without smiling at the pardonable mistake, I replied in the affirmative, and the lady ran back to her partner. Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of the evening, unless it be worth while to mention that display was the order of the day, and that the supper-table was loaded with numerous luxuries that the climate and the season did not produce. When I departed, the lady of the house forgot to return me her thanks; and I took my leave not a little satisfied at being able to add a trifle more to the manners and customs of the English.

Mrs Whittaker should remember that in no country, not even in her own, do persons hired to play dance-music at *per evening* hold a very high rank in society. In Sweden, such an employment is considered beneath the dignity of a professional musician, and is performed by men-servants and waiters, most of whom number the ability to play quadrilles and waltzes on the pianoforte amongst their domestic accomplishments. Still, the above personage administers a proper censure. In some classes of society—we may especially instance the 'vulgar rich'—a vast amount of supercilious ill-breeding is expended upon persons whom they pay.

Mrs Whittaker is justly severe on the mode in which our young women are educated and introduced into the world. It is too true that they are seldom or never bred to fill with credit and usefulness the station which their parents occupy. They are taught to look higher; hence a host of flimsy accomplishments are thrust upon them, for the sole end of captivating some man moving in a higher sphere than their own. It is forgotten that solid accomplishments adorn any rank, and while they do not restrain spinsters from looking upward, fit them for the duties of all stations. What is termed a 'good match' appears to be the be-all and end-all of every English young lady's training, desires, and conduct, from the days of her pupilage to the day of her marriage. Mrs Whittaker recounts a wholesome little story which tells upon this failing by force of contrast:—"I recollect a young French girl named Amelie, whose sole occupation consisted in making up small parcels of chocolate behind the counter of a magnificent shop in the Rue Vivienne. Amelie was exceedingly pretty, and had numerous offers of marriage, all of which, however, she declined. This conduct appeared rather singular, and Amelie was questioned by her parents as to the cause of her refusing so many offers. 'I have no objection to marry,' replied the noble-minded girl, 'provided I can meet with a husband on whom I can look as my equal; but all the proposals I have had as yet have been from men considerably wealthier than myself. I am willing to become the companion of a poor man, but will never consent to be the slave of a rich one.'"

The folly of going, for the sake of display, to great expense in giving entertainments, which are all the more gratifying the simpler they are prepared, is thus exposed:—"When the English give a ball or a quadrille party, they go to a great deal more expense than is necessary. In many families it is looked upon as quite an event, and is talked of for a month, ay, six months previously; then there are such preparations and discussions, so many purchases, and as much fuss and

anxiety, as though the whole family were going on a voyage to Australia. Then, to see the supper table, one would suppose that none of the guests were expected to have dined for a week. There is, besides, a total absence of *Sirope de Groseille*, *Orgeat*, *Bavaroise*, &c. &c. which always obliges me on such occasions to ask for sugar and water: this invariably creates some merriment, and induces the English to imagine that in Paris we drink nothing else. Then there is an abundance of foreign wines, such as it takes some time for foreigners to habituate themselves to, having never tasted anything like them in foreign countries. These wines of course add greatly to the expense of the entertainment; and although tastes may differ, I certainly think a cooling beverage would be more wholesome, and better suited to the occasion. The consequence of all this is, that few persons can afford to give balls, or at least can only give them very seldom, which is principally to be regretted on the grounds that young women cannot often be indulged in an amusement that is so necessary for their health, and in which so many of them seem to place their sole happiness."

Thus far our Terpsichorean censor may be followed without dissent, and with some degree of instruction; but when she travels beyond her dancing-school, and talks of matters of which she is either quite ignorant or but insufficiently informed, her misconceptions are amusing. Her knowledge of the Clubs of London is thus set forth:—"The English have pulled down all their convents, and have erected monasteries in the place of them; for such, indeed, is the fittest name for those immense buildings in London called Clubs." Let her be assured that the modern monks of the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers, are not such severe recluses as the monks of old, and that the rules of the Reform are not nearly so stringent as the rules of St Martin or La Trappe. At page 25 the lady says that these monasteries are erected in every street and square in the capital. She has been imposed upon. The Clubs of London do not number more than thirty; and nearly all of them lie in one street and one square—namely, Pall-Mall and St James's Square.

But these are trifling errors, compared with others, which the nimble-footed authoress has been betrayed into in consequence of going entirely out of her depth. One chapter of the best cookery book extant—the *Physiologie du Goût*—is on 'The End of the World;' and in the bagatelle before us an account is given of English burials. In this we are told that it is a common practice in this country to bury persons alive! 'That these cases are very numerous,' she says, 'there can be no doubt, from the many instances that have occurred of persons recovering just at the time when preparations were making for their interment; whilst others, less fortunate, have only been aroused when it has been too late to render them any assistance. To enumerate all the cases of this kind that have come under my own particular knowledge, would probably be taking up more of your time to read than is necessary. Not satisfied with the various accounts that have appeared from time to time in the public papers, I have also made numerous inquiries, and have seldom met with a middle-aged or elderly person who could not add to my stock of information on the subject.' She adds, that several medical men have written on the subject, recommending caution to the public; and that one of the tests applied in such cases is the application of brandy to the soles of the feet, and afterwards setting fire to it. The lady displays her physiological learning by assuring her friend that, although it is true the dead are kept eight days before burial, that period is 'of course' not long enough to show whether the vital spark has really fled, 'lethargies lasting,' she adds at p. 49, 'six weeks, or even longer.'

We must not, however, as is too common in such cases, exult over this poor lady's ignorance. Travellers and book-makers are too abundant in this country to warrant laughter at her expense. When we have

lady book-wrights who place Constantinople on the Danube, and fill up sketches of Parisian and Rhénish manners with bad French and impossible German, we must not be too hard on a lively dancing-mistress when she ceases to point her toe for the purpose of sharpening her pen against us. Let us rather take a dispassionate view of the real absurdities with which we abound, and try to correct them; and be all the more careful what we ourselves say of our neighbours, when we contemplate recording *their* failings in small pamphlets or portly octavos.

LYCANTHROPY.

WHOEVER has read the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' will be acquainted with the words goul and vampyre. A goul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces, and devoured the bodies buried there. A vampyre was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and whoever was so sucked became a vampyre in his turn when he died. Both these persuasions have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampyres created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madveign, being crushed to death by a wagon, and buried, had since become a vampyre, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the terror his visits were occasioning, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and although he had been in it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry; after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly healthy condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plaguing the living by their nocturnal visits were found in the vampyre state—full of blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are indubitable, though what interpretation to put upon them remains extremely difficult. One that has been suggested is, that all these supposed vampyres were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing; and the more so, that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has an especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called 'goulism' has in the West been denominated 'lycanthropy,' or 'wolfomania;' and this phenomenon, as well as vampyrism, has been treated of by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, in which disguise—his tastes corresponding to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations of these unhappy individuals there was

no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a goul.

In the year 1603, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jean Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward as his accusers, declaring that he had attacked and wounded them in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier, however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Vaudois, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while, lycanthropy and goulism were set down amongst the superstitions of the East, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon this curious subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of the present month (July 1849), Colonel Manselon president. It is remarked that the court was extremely crowded, and that many ladies were present.

The facts of this mysterious affair, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follow.—For some months past the cemeteries in and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful profanation, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that was exerted to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of these places of burial were themselves suspected; at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of these horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians had observed a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, he disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, and urged to seize him, stopped short, and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. When morning broke, the ravages of this strange visitant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the surgeons be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot, declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the gravediggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them. . . . The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were renewed in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, aged seven years, and much loved by her parents, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin, attired in the frock she delighted to wear on fête days, and with her favourite playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighbourhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the criminal; but the

only result of the increased surveillance was, that the scene of profanation was removed to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where the exhumations were carried to such an extent, that the authorities were at their wits' end. Considering, by the way, that all these cemeteries are surrounded by walls, and have iron gates, which are kept closed, it certainly seems very strange that any goul or vampyre of solid flesh and blood should have been able to pursue his vocation so long undiscovered. However, so it was; and it was not till they bethought themselves of laying a snare for this mysterious visitor that he was detected. Having remarked a spot where the wall, though nine feet high, appeared to have been frequently scaled, an old officer contrived a sort of *infernal machine*, with a wire attached to it, which he so arranged that it should explode if any one attempted to enter the cemetery at that point. This done, and a watch being set, they thought themselves now secure of their purpose. Accordingly, at midnight an explosion roused the guardians, who perceived a man already in the cemetery; but before they could seize him, he had leapt the wall with an agility that confounded them; and although they fired their pieces after him, he succeeded in making his escape. But his footsteps were marked by the blood that had flowed from his wounds, and several scraps of military attire were picked up on the spot. Nevertheless, they seem to have been still uncertain where to seek the offender, till one of the gravediggers of Mont Parnasse, whilst preparing the last resting-place of two criminals about to be executed, chanced to overhear some sappers of the 7th regiment remarking that one of their sergeants had returned on the preceding night cruelly wounded, nobody knew how, and had been conveyed to the Val de Grace, which is a military hospital. A little inquiry now soon cleared up the mystery; and it was ascertained that Sergeant Bertrand was the author of all these profanations, and of many others of the same description previous to his arrival in Paris.

Supported on crutches, wrapped in a gray cloak, pale and feeble, Bertrand was now brought forward for examination, nor was there anything in the countenance or appearance of this young man indicative of the fearful monomania of which he is the victim; for the whole tenor of his confession proves that in no other light is his horrible propensity to be considered.

In the first place, he freely acknowledged himself the author of these violations of the dead both in Paris and elsewhere.

'What object did you propose to yourself in committing these acts?' inquired the president.

'I cannot tell,' replied Bertrand: 'it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my own will: nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending these bodies.'

President. And what did you do after one of these visits to a cemetery?

Bertrand. I withdrew, trembling convulsively, feeling a great desire for repose. I fell asleep, no matter where, and slept for several hours: but during this sleep I heard everything that passed around me! I have sometimes exhumed from ten to fifteen bodies in a night. I dug them up with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labour I underwent; but I minded nothing, so that I could get at them. The guardians fired at me one night and wounded me, but that did not prevent my returning the next. This desire seized me generally about once a fortnight.

He added, that he had had no access of this propensity since he was in the hospital, but that he would not be sure it might not return when his wounds were healed. Still he hoped not. 'I think I am cured,' said he. 'I had never seen any one die; in the hospital I have seen several of my comrades expire by my side. I believe I am cured, for now I fear the dead.'

The surgeons who attended him were then examined, and one of them read a sort of memoir he had received

from Bertrand, which contained the history of his malady as far as his memory served him.

From these notes, it appears that there had been something singular and abnormal about him from the time he was seven or eight years old. It was not so much in acts, as in his love of solitude and his profound melancholy that the aberration was exhibited; and it was not till two years ago that his frightful peculiarity fully developed itself. Passing a cemetery one day, where the gravediggers were covering a body that had just been interred, he entered to observe them. A violent shower of rain interrupted their labours, which they left unfinished. 'At this sight,' says Bertrand, 'horrible desires seized me: my head throbbed, my heart palpitated violently; I excused myself to my companions, and returned hastily into town. No sooner did I find myself alone, than I procured a spade, and returned to the cemetery. I had just succeeded in exhuming the body, when I saw a peasant watching me at the gate. Whilst he went to inform the authorities of what he had seen, I withdrew, and retiring into a neighbouring wood, I laid myself down, and in spite of the torrents of rain that were falling, I remained there in a state of profound insensibility for several hours.'

From this period he appears to have given free course to his inclinations; but as he generally covered the mutilated remains with earth again, it was some time before his proceedings excited observation. He had many narrow escapes of being taken or killed by the pistols of the guardians; but his agility seems to have been almost superhuman.

To the living he was gentle and kind, and was especially beloved in his regiment for his frankness and gaiety!

The medical men interrogated unanimously gave it as their opinion, that although in all other respects perfectly sane, Bertrand was not responsible for these acts. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, during which time measures will doubtless be taken to complete his cure.

In relating this curious case of the *Vampyre*, as he is called in Paris, where the affair has excited considerable attention, especially in the medical world, we have omitted several painful and disgusting particulars; but we have said enough to prove that, beyond a doubt, there has been some good foundation for the ancient belief in goulism and lycanthropy; and that the books of Dr Weir and others, in which the existence of this malady is contemptuously denied, have been put forth without due investigation of the subject.

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

ONE of the pleasantest rides in the neighbourhood of Cairo is to Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun—at least in my opinion; for some greatly prefer the Shubra avenue, and its four miles of sycamores and acacias. Though I have my preferences, my taste is Catholic enough; and I admit that so vast a canopy, broken into only here and there by little patches of sunshine, through which immense loads of green clover and bur-sim, piled on the backs of staggering donkeys or stately camels, are constantly gleaming—with views of broad fields, bright reaches of the Nile, groves interspersed with villages and minarets and tombs, the Desert and the Pyramids—I admit, I say, that all this is very beautiful. I always felt, however, an inclination to turn off into the by-paths, and exchange the level road for some lane rugged with ruts, or some track across a meadow.

The way by which I first went to Heliopolis is entirely of this character. After passing the Iron Gate—as one of the numerous exits from Cairo is named, though why, there exists no visible reason—we soon got among the fields, and began to wind about through a most delightfully rural tract. The interminable avenue of Shubra retired towards the horizon on our left; on our right were gardens interspersed with palaces; and beyond

stretched the Desert and the mountain ridges. Behind, the minarets of Cairo and its fortified citadel occasionally appeared through the trees; whilst at the extremity of the plain ahead extended a long grove, above which we could soon see the tall obelisk that remains almost alone to indicate the site of the once celebrated city.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the beauty of the tract of country we were traversing, because it is a kind of beauty entirely local and unique. I set aside the great features I have above alluded to, which rose upon the near horizon on every side, and served as a kind of framework to the picture. The plain itself, though undiversified by a single mound or single swell, presented sufficient objects to attract our attention. A whole sketch-book might have been filled during this ride with charming studies of nature. At one place there was a water-wheel turned by two huge black buffaloes, with a half-naked Arab brat squatting close by to keep up the excitement with a long jereed. A vast sycamore with gnarled trunk and wide-spreading branches threw its shadows over this group. The melancholy creaking of the wheel was not unpleasant when mellowed by distance. A swift rannel shot round the trunk of the tree, and glanced like a streak of silver across the fields. Further on, a few Arab huts clustered in a grove of palms; whilst near at hand the white dome of a sheik's tomb, or the minaret of a mosque glittered in the glorious sunshine. Sometimes we proceeded through lanes lined with acacias, which tremulously shook their thin leaves in a sort of local breeze that seemed to hang murmuring amongst their branches, but could be felt nowhere else. Then we traversed broad expanses of bursim of true emerald green, into the midst of which great flights of paddy-birds—called by travellers the white ibis—sank like giant flakes of snow into the sea. At intervals these fields were bounded by single or double rows of trees of graceful outline, such as were reproduced of old by Hellenic pencils on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were cypresses, and all varieties of the mimosa; and there were palms and sycamores, and olive and mulberry, and orange, and lemon, and citron-trees. All these were disposed in an infinite variety of groups—sometimes developed in long files, sometimes disposed as in a European orchard, sometimes crowded together in masses. I must add, that luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, and beans and lentils, and lupins and chick-peas, and *bamieh* and *melochiyeh* (the glutinous vegetables that form a great part of the food of the people), covered the country; which was further interspersed with immense fields of sugar-cane. Nothing can exceed the fertility of the land in this province. Nature is as prodigal of her bounties as the heart of man can wish; and if we meet wretchedly-clad and miserable-looking human beings moving through these rich scenes, like grim and dirty insects over a robe of silk, it is because bad government can neutralise upon this earth all the blessings of Providence.

A couple of hours brought us to the mounds which mark the line of the ancient fortifications of Heliopolis. These fortifications were formed of large unburnt bricks about eighteen inches long, as we could discover at places where some Arab workmen were digging to take away the earth to make such bricks as men make in these degenerate days. A village, and several gardens and fields, and pools of water, diversified the enclosed space; in the centre of which, in a garden defended by a good fence, rose the obelisk we had come to see. A number of children crowded round us as soon as we made our appearance; and after some search, the key of the gate was procured. Fortunately, the regular guide—I have a particular dislike to professional guides—was absent; and so we were permitted to loiter about as we pleased under the trees of the orchard. We found the obelisk to be surrounded with a moat, cleared out to show its true proportions; for the constantly-rising soil had buried its base. The sides are covered with deeply-cut hieroglyphics in most excellent preservation. Towards

the west, however, we found them to be entirely covered up with a crust of earth; and it was some time before we discovered that this had been deposited by the innumerable wild bees which were buzzing about, and had chosen these classical nooks as their residence.

After we had spent some time in admiring this beautiful monument, we began to think of obtaining some refreshment, and made inquiries whether there was any coffee to be got in the village. At first the answer was in the negative; but presently an Armenian gul came forward, and said that if we would wait a while she would provide us with what we wanted in the garden. So we sat down on the ground under the shade of the olive and orange-trees, and smoked our chibouks in patience. It appeared, from the fragments of conversation we overheard, that there was some difficulty in supplying our wants. The mother of the Armenian girl had coffee, but she had not sufficient cups: these it was necessary to borrow of the sheik of the village. A messenger went to his house, but he was from home, and his wife could scarcely be prevailed upon to lend his property. At length all these little matters were arranged, and the fragrant beverage, burning hot, was at length served up to us. A few piastres—part in payment, part in the shape of presents—rewarded these poor people for the trouble they had taken; and we returned by way of Matarieh, which almost deserves the name of a town. It had formerly been fortified against the attacks of the Arabs of the Desert. At the entrance of every street were traces of a gateway, at one time regularly closed up every night. These precautions, however, were not needed during the latter part of Mohammed Ali's government—which monopolised the privilege of extortion, instead of allowing it to be exercised by every petty Bedouin chief. I doubt whether the Egyptians have gained by the change. The irregular oppression of a weak government and a marauding race of borderers was bad enough, but certainly did not produce all the fatal effects of the present admirably-organized system of robbery. The blessings of order are great, but the experience of the Egyptian peasant seems to prove that even anarchy is more favourable to individual happiness than an iron despotism. Wherever the system of forced labour prevails, there must be almost general misery. I have known instances of respectable shopkeepers being seized and dragged to work in a government manufactory at one piastre a day. No man is sure of being able to attend to his field when his presence is most required; for every now and then a general sweep is made throughout a whole district, and the population is driven off *en masse* to labour at some useless public works.

From Matarieh we proceeded to another interesting spot—the garden which Abbas Pasha has caused to be laid out round the tree of the Madona. We approached the gate down a lane through a thick grove of orange and other trees. On obtaining admission, we advanced at once to the interesting object we had come to visit. The first feeling was one of disappointment. We beheld a mere fragment of the trunk of a tree, with some young branches sprouting out here and there. The whole mass of its foliage was not greater than that of a good-sized apple-tree. The trunk itself, however, bore evidence of immense antiquity; and we soon learned that a great portion had been cleared away, that one of the cross-paths might not be obstructed! This was a genuine piece of Egyptian workmanship—a garden created for the preservation of an object, and the object itself destroyed for the purposes of symetry. The remnant of the trunk was covered with names of pilgrims, some of considerable antiquity, but none of course sufficiently ancient to countenance the popular traditions. Our imaginations were therefore left to themselves. We were at perfect liberty to believe or disbelieve that on this spot, either under this tree or its parent stock, eighteen hundred years ago, the Virgin Mary paused to rest after her perilous journey over the Desert; and that in a fountain hard by she washed the

infant Jesus. There was no room for controversy on the subject: it was reduced to a matter of sentiment: and some of us therefore discarded the story altogether, while others received it. All were pleased with the visit, and went away with something additional to talk about in times to come.

I have omitted all allusion to the celebrated feat of arms performed by the French on the ground we traversed, because our thoughts during the whole ride were either carried back to a much more remote period, or were occupied with the objects that actually presented themselves to our view. The roar of battle had passed over that spot, and a harvest of glory had been reaped there; but fifty other harvests have since waved above the unmarked graves of Frank and Moslem: the plough has effaced the cannon rut: the humble peasant has trodden out the footsteps of heroes. The peaceful monuments of the district, however—the tree and the obelisk—still remain, and will no doubt, for ages to come, continue to attract thither the antiquary and the Christian pilgrim. We returned by a different road, skirting the gardens of several palaces, and soon reached, to our regret, the dusty environs of Cairo.

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.

On this subject is given the following statement in the 'Times,' condensed from the annual Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, just published:—

It appears that while the average emigration from the United Kingdom during the ten years ending in 1846 was about 81,000 persons (74,000 to America, and 10,000 to the Australian colonies), the number who left in 1847 was 238,270, and in 1848, 248,089. In the latter year the total to North America was 219,298; but of these 188,233 proceeded to the United States, and only 31,065 to the British colonies. About 85 per cent. were Irish; and it has been stated that they were this year generally of a better class than those of former years, and that the whole body carried with them considerable capital. This, however, cannot be ascertained. The emigration agents at New York and Quebec describe the great mass as being in a state of poverty; but emigrants with money are generally very anxious to conceal it. With regard to the sums remitted from America to enable relatives to emigrate, no accurate information can be given. It is certain, however, that the amount paid in the United States for passages, or remitted to this country, was, during the year 1848, upwards of £460,000; and it is inferred that three fourths of the whole expense of the emigration from Ireland last year was thus defrayed by those who had emigrated in previous years. The commissioners have no means of ascertaining the result of the emigration to the United States generally; but they assume, from the absence of complaint on the subject, that it was, on the whole, unaccompanied by sickness, and that the emigrants have been able to find employment.

The Report of the Emigration Commissioners of New York states that the personal condition in which the emigrants arrived was very much better than in 1847—that no instance had been discovered of actual insufficiency of provisions on the voyage—and that the cases of death and sickness had been comparatively small. Much of the increased comfort of the passage is attributed to the New York liners having, since the establishment of steam-packets, come to depend very much on stowage passengers, for whom there is, consequently, a greatly-increased competition.

With regard to the Australian colonies and the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that since November 1847, when the renewed emigration was commenced to New South Wales, the total emigration has been 28,158, of whom the number despatched in 1848 was 18,611. Of the entire amount, 9656 went to Sydney, 9076 to Port Philip, 8631 to Adelaide, and 795 to the Cape of Good Hope. As respects the contributions raised in this country in aid of emigration, the commissioners remark that they are more limited than is usually supposed. Out of the three parties who are interested in the movement—namely, the colonists, who need labour; the labourers, who seek employment; and the parishes, which are relieved of a superabundant

population, the former, at least in the case of the Australian colonies, contribute in each instance about £14 (the cost of passage, which is supplied from the land fund); while the two latter contribute only about £5, which may be taken as the average expenses of bed money, outfit, and cost of conveyance to the port of embarkation. At the same time the commissioners point out that the contribution on the part of parishes or labourers is not likely to increase, since the labourer rarely has any means, and it is possible to send an emigrant to Canada or the United States for £4, 10s. The commissioners describe the instances in which they have relaxed their rules in promoting the emigration of parties who are ineligible under the ordinary regulations for an absolutely free passage, but to whom it seemed desirable to give a passage upon their contributing a portion of its cost. Among these were several of the English workmen who were forced to leave France after the Revolution in 1848, also seventy-one young women from Ireland, and 150 scholars from the Ragged Schools of London. A table of rules has been framed, under which these assisted passages may be granted; and the total number who have availed themselves of the opportunity is 2992, consisting chiefly of artisans. According to the latest accounts from Sydney and Port Philip, the commissioners learn that it would not be prudent to despatch more than three ships a month to the former, and two to the latter. The rate at which ships have been despatched to each of these districts since the commencement of 1848 has been rather more than two a month. From South Australia, whither the Irish orphan emigrant girls were sent, a report has been received that, within a fortnight of their arrival, owing to their good conduct, not one of these girls, fit for service, remained unemployed, and that 200 more could readily have met with situations. From New Zealand it is mentioned that the force of emigrant pensioners now amounts to 643 men, and that in the neighbourhood of their villages the price of land has rapidly advanced. The number of emigrants despatched to New Zealand since 1847 has been 1005, of whom 757 were for Otago. With regard to Canada, the accounts as to the means of employing emigrants are not encouraging, although the prospect is good for small capitalists. The emigration last year was 27,939, of whom 7355 proceeded to the United States. To New Brunswick the emigration in 1848 was 4020 persons, being a great decrease as compared with the two preceding years. It appears also that almost all this number, as well as 5000 other inhabitants of the province, have lately made their way to the United States. To Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the emigration in 1847 was 2000, and in 1848 only 140 persons. As respects the present prospects of emigration, it appears that it is now going on at even a more rapid rate than during the past two years, when the amount was unprecedented. While the emigration of 1847 and 1848 exceeded that of 1846 by 99 and 91 per cent. respectively, the emigration of the first four months of the present year from the ports at which we have agents has exceeded that of the same period of 1847 by 15 per cent., and of 1848 by 40 per cent. The actual numbers have been—

First four months of 1847,	90,714
... .. 1848, . . .	74,929
... .. 1849, . . .	104,701.

JUVENILE REFUGE AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY IN WESTMINSTER.

That building might long have been designated by its present name. But a few years ago, and it was a *refuge* for juvenile thieves, and a *school* in which they were industriously trained in the arts of deception and plunder. A part of the process is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Let us look in at the upper room—(now the girls' school). Here were fifty youths met around their master—as able a one in his calling as England could produce—listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the "map" (a pair of trousers suspended from the ceiling) on the subject of "fobology," or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial—an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *faux simulé* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To encourage the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with a glass of gin below in the tap—(now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting.

his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle-ground—(now the boys' school-room.) For many years this system of education was carried on without molestation; for so desperate were the parties engaged in it, that even the police were afraid to interfere. At last they removed to another public-house, a few yards off, now known as 'The Working-Men's Institute.' For a considerable time were the same practices carried on in the new dwelling, until circumstances compelled the landlord to give it up. But although this focus of crime was abandoned, the conduct of these outlaws of society remained unchanged. The streams had run too long and too deep to be so easily dried up. Hundreds of youths are now prowling the streets of the metropolis who were educated in these nurseries of crime, acquainted with no other means of living than robbery and theft. Groups of them may be seen, in the company of men grown gray in sin, standing about the corners of Duck Lane and Old Pye Street, gambling with the very gold and silver they have stolen from the unsuspecting shopkeeper, or extracted from the pockets of the street-passenger. Would you believe it, reader, that some of those ragged fellows may be found sitting beside you in your pew at church, dressed as respectably, and even more fashionably than yourself, and who will watch the opportunity of your departure, to relieve either you or some of your fellow-worshippers of the money you may have in your possession? A friend of ours lately asked a young man if he ever went to church. 'I often do,' said he: 'I prefer going to St M——'s, because I do most business there.'—*Largely School Union Magazine.*

WATER.

Large quantities of rain-water have frequently been collected and examined by Dr Smith, and he says, 'I am now satisfied that dust really comes down with the purest rain, and that it is simply coal ashes.' No doubt this accounts for the quantity of sulphites and chlorides in the rain, and for the soot, which are the chief ingredients. The rain is also often alkaline—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralising the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain-water of Manchester is about 2½ degrees of hardness, harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere. But the most curious point is the fact, that organic matter is never absent, although the rain be continued for whole days. The state of the air is closely connected with that of the water: what the air contains, the water may absorb; what the water has dissolved or absorbed, it may give out to the air. The enormous quantity of impure matter filtering from all parts of a large town into its many natural and artificial outlets, does at the first view present us with a terrible picture of our underground sources of water. But when we examine the soil of a town, we do not find the state of matters to present that exaggerated character which we might suppose. The sand at the Chelsea Water-works contains only 1·43 per cent. of organic matter after being used for weeks. In 1827 Liebig found nitrates in 12 wells in Giessen, but none in wells two or three hundred yards from the town. Dr Smith has examined thirty wells in Manchester, and he finds nitrates in them all. Many contained a surprising quantity, and were very nauseous. The examination of various wells in the metropolis showed the constant formation of nitric acid, and in many wells an enormous quantity was detected. The presence of the nitrates in the London water prevents the formation of any vegetable matter; no vegetation can be detected even by a microscope, after a long period. The Thames water has been examined from water near its source to the metropolis, and an increasing amount of impurity detected. All the water of great towns contains organic matter; water purifies itself from organic matter in various ways, but particularly by converting it into nitrates: water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.—*Kentish Independent.*

IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

As a natural corollary from the proposition that falsehood, the principle of the repulsion of particles, is the world's bane, so truth, the principle of the attraction of cohesion, is its greatest blessing. Again, I must declare that every idea we utter during our little life lives hereafter in some shape or other, and bears fruit after its kind, which may be gathered long in the lapse of time, or in the very antipodes. Every true man—that is, every man who utters

unequivocally what he believes—is a benefactor to his country, nay, more, a benefactor to the world; for he has sown a seed that will fructify for ever. It is trite to inculcate the doctrine that truth is essential for happiness, but people moralise with cut-and-dried admonitions, without thinking of the immediate causes that make truth so necessary to cultivate. I desire to see the utilitarian principles of truth a part and parcel of education. In our National Schools especially, I should desire to see the strict observance a matter of as much study as the very alphabet; and I should like to inculcate the belief, that truth of thought and truth of utterance are as necessary to 'get a man on in the world' as the knowledge of knowing a good shilling from a bad one. I know of no sentence ever uttered by human lips more likely to produce a luxuriance of evil than the part playful, part serious assertion, that 'language was given us to hide our thoughts.' The converse is the one thing needful, and were it not for the large amount of truthfulness which is yet to be found in mankind, society, like a gas decomposed, would be resolved into its original elements, the warning of which we receive by the explosions the wonder-struck world has lately been witnessing. Enough, however, of this; and let us console ourselves that the time is coming—a time, perhaps, purchased by bloodshed and the horror of war—when the rulers of the world will discover that they must govern more by the heart, more by its affections, more by the ties of human sympathy, and less by the diplomatic cunning of mis-called Machiavel policy, or, what is much the same, by a system of cold-blooded reason and red tape. . . . Let every man strive to utter what he believes, and whenever he accomplishes a conquest over falsehood, he has cast a sterling coin into the treasury of the world that will one day purchase its redemption.—*Affection, its Flowers and Fruits.*

MY BLANKET SHAWL

AU d'fend, ance mair come frae the kist,
For ye're a frion' that ne'er grew caul'.
Ye dightet aye the hidden tear—
My wae, my weal-worn Blanket Shawl!
Oh wae is me! that dreadfu' night
My kummie's feetie grew sae caul'!
Within thy folds she breathed her last—
Thou sad, thou sacred Blanket Shawl!
And when I gae to sell my tapes,
To screen the roost frae want and cauld,
I feared the sight o' faces kent,
An' owro me drow my Blanket Shawl.
Whan queans wad answer to my rap
Wi' uppih gait and voices baul',
I turned awa' maist like to drap,
An' tighter drew my Blanket Shawl.
Ungratefu' body that I was!
I sudna been sae stung withal.
I sud hae fixed my thoughts on Him
Wha aye saw through my Blanket Shawl.
But better fortune smiles on me,
My laddies noo are stoot and tall—
But aye I hear a manly sigh
Whan oot I tak my Blanket Shawl!

J. M.

SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

ON this desolate heath, all unnoted, unknown,
I e sprung up but a mean little flower,
Yet on me are the rays of the day-lire thrown,
And mine is the wealth of the shower.
I feel the pure breeze as it sweeps o'er the ground,
Bringing health to leaf, blossom, and stem;
And the soft dews of evening encircle me round
With full many a crystal-like gem.
Let me whisper it, then, both to simple and sage,
That I am (though so lowly my lot)
A legible letter in that beautiful page
Which can hold neither error nor blot.

MARY HUDSON.

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HERO-WORSHIP.

In each cycle of human progress there has usually been some one great spirit brooding over the latent energies of the race, and warming them into life and action. Each department of knowledge has had, in like manner, its pioneer and guide, wandering far onward before the multitude, and serving as the lantern to their path. On the observation of these facts has been founded a belief in the monarchy of mind—a conviction that Providence has from time to time, for wise purposes, called forth out of the crowd particular individuals, showing upon them its inspiration, and consecrating them as kings and priests of the generation. This idea has been strengthened by analogies drawn from the general history of society. The rudest tribes of the Desert have their chiefs and great men, whose will is law: the most barbarous nations their irresponsible rulers, on whose personal character hang the fortunes of the people. Even refined societies have some highest caste, and these some highest individual, before whom the rest humble themselves, and implicitly follow: and thus the monarchical principle of hero-worship—as ripe at this moment in America as in Europe, in France as in England—has become an article of universal faith.

A proof of this may be found in a favourite speculation of the thinkers of the day. The great lights of the world, say they, are extinguished—our mighty men have passed away. Everywhere we see small aggregations in headlong collision with each other; but the united tread of nations is no longer heard echoing over the earth. In science and literature there are at best only aristocracies, dividing into insignificant fractions a great power; in poetry there are multitudes of small, sweet sounds, discoursing sufficiently eloquent music, but no master-song to thrill and subdue. All present things show that there is a general interregnum—a pause—and all past experiences teach us to look for a new advent. Who, what, and all where are the Coming Men?

We do not dissent from the data here laid down, but we question the inference. The epochs of the moral world are under laws as distinct as those of the physical world. The same rule of progression exists in both; and we may trace the onward progress of the human race as clearly as that of the external earth, prepared by means of successive geological changes, for their reception. The institutions of earlier ages have not passed away. Their character has been merely modified in new developments; serving as an illustration of the Brahminical idea of a succession of existences throughout the same individuality. Absolute governments, vested in a single person, are overturned in the natural progress of society, but are not destroyed:

the elements of their power still exist in an aristocracy; and this, in turn, gives place to a wider diffusion. These successive developments can only end when the whole species arrives at a state of comparative perfection, and when, consequently, there will be no individuals towering, either morally or physically, above the mass; but in the meantime the new phases they present are mistaken in each age, by large masses of mankind, for new and monstrous existences marring the natural order of society. The idea of absolute monarchy is thus, in one shape or other, constantly reproduced; and the world, always governed by traditions, is struck with fear and wonder when the giants of its race disappear.

At the present moment, the evidences of this supposed interregnum are sufficiently remarkable. Our great men have indeed perished. In government, war, science, literature, we see only a crowd of individuals more or less capable, but none supreme; and we cry out with the discontented masses of old, 'There is no king in Israel!' But are we not deceived? May we not mistake a new development for an interruption of order? Let us remember that this is not the age of originality, but appliance; not of theory, but experiment; not of discovery, but invention. We trade upon a capital amassed by our fathers, and carry out into action the ideas they sometimes only faintly conceived. This is a work which may employ, and even demands, many brains. One man may pioneer; but the route being once pointed out, numbers may enter in, and pass far beyond the discoverer. Some are a little in advance, some lag a little behind, some diverge from the path: but a single great leader is unnecessary, for we have entered upon a new tide of progress, and live under a new dispensation.

The hero-worship which shuts our eyes to this fact should be confined to the great men of the past; to whose example each individual of the new age should look for instruction and encouragement, instead of gaping for the advent of a new dynasty, or groping for the heir of the dormant line. But even this hero-worship should not be a blind superstition, but a rational and discriminating reverence. We must estimate each age according to its own lights; and when we see some one throwing forward his spirit in advance of the time, and identifying himself with a future generation, then only should we recognise and reverence the new development. This large way of viewing the past may be of great advantage to the present; for history is not a jumble of fortuitous events, but a record of what will one day be resolved into a true science. The prevailing fault is, to read epoch by epoch, without attending to its connection with the past and the future; and thus old ideas are carried down in a stereotyped form, which, although true in themselves, are, by reason of this un-

yielding substantiality, opposed to truth and to the experience of mankind.

But the hero-worship of the past should not interfere, as it unfortunately does, with our respect for the present; retarding the growth and manifestation of individual greatness. The world is said not to know its great men—till it has lost them. Perhaps each generation is guilty of this error; but the present is peculiarly so. Genius has now to contend against not only the vulgar detractors of ordinary life, but the hypercritical observations of a press which is daily extending its influence. Unless animated with extraordinary courage and enthusiasm, and to a certain extent independent of the world's support, few men will voluntarily run the gantlet of criticism, and, it may be, partisan abuse. Thus society is defrauded of its due. How often is it demonstrated that a charitable and kindly consideration of human conduct, besides being recommendable on moral grounds, is decidedly the best in point of actual return in worldly benefits.

And yet criticism is desirable: the only thing we plead for is, that it should be cautious and temperate. It is not to be doubted that our social system is vexed with 'false prophets'—men who mean well, but whose overheated fancies carry them beyond all reasonable bounds, leading them to propound and put themselves at the head of schemes which experience proves to be impracticable and fallacious. These 'geniuses' unquestionably have done much in late years to make the word 'progress' a subject of ridicule. In spite of their errors, however, in the face of all retarding influences, society is getting on. There is, indeed, a steady and regular tide in the fortunes of the social world. To understand this, we must not confine our view to one epoch or one nation; and we must neither suppose that the great onward movement is without interruption, nor cast doubts upon its existence because of the buckfailing even of whole tongues and peoples. The subject is of immense scope; and we must open our minds accordingly if we would grasp it. In our own country, the track is so obvious, that it is impossible to wander if we only use our eyes; although we are constantly falling into error because we confine our view to the little circle of space and time around us, without looking backward and onward to ascertain our bearings. This narrowness of calibre, into which the large lessons of history cannot enter, is the grand misfortune of most of our public men. Instead of assisting progress, they strive to retard it; and in struggling against the tide, they take credit to themselves for public virtue. The 'principles' of such men (for that is their favourite word) are just in themselves; but, belonging to the class of stereotyped ideas—that is to say, to ideas that have had no share in progressive development—they are inapplicable to the age.

The history of the great political questions that have been agitated from time to time in this country is full of instruction, although few are the wiser for it. The successive ameliorations that have taken place have all been the results of hard-contested battles; and no sooner is one victory gained, than the defeated party, rallying afresh under some time-worn banner, take their hopeless stand by some new obstruction. Not looking at the context of history, not believing in progressive development, the leaders fancy that they are at least securing for themselves a share in the hero-worship of the nation. But no fame is secure but that which is identical with the onward march of mankind. Wit, eloquence, courage—nothing avails but to illustrate their defeat; and the only consolation they find is in the

applause of the congenial rabble of their own day, who see no clearer and no farther than themselves.

If we are correct in supposing that the present is only an imaginary interregnum—that, in fact, the governing power of mind having reached a new stage of development, is merely distributed among a greater number—it follows that there is a wider scope for individual ambition. Distinction should be looked upon as a fund for which all mankind have the privilege of scrambling; although it is obvious that only a few can succeed in the attempt, for if many rose to the same level, there would be no such thing as distinction. Every age has had its few great authors—artists—philosophers—statesmen—captains—placed like beacons along the descending line of history, to mark the epoch for posterity. But we should not forget that the character of the time is never formed by these distinguished individuals. They are the wonder of their own, as well as of succeeding ages. They are exceptions which prove the general rule of mediocrity. But this mediocrity—the mean between the high and the low—is like the middle class in society, the pith and substance of the whole mass. It is a mediocrity, too, which is only comparative. It knows more than the greatest of its predecessors, for it begins at the point where they ended. The learning of the present age includes in its own the whole learning of the past. A gentleman of our day is more elegantly and conveniently lodged than the most powerful noble of the Middle Ages, and there is not one of our peasant women who does not wear habitually a certain under garment which, three or four centuries ago, was reckoned an extravagant luxury in a queen of France.

In this simple and obvious fact, that each generation, besides accumulating for itself, inherits the accumulations of the last, resides the grand arcanum. It explains the rationale of progressive development, unseals the book of history, and throws a light, like that of a torch, into the shadowy vista of the future. It is in itself progress; and thus a word which is usually considered as involving either a mystery or a mischief, becomes both clear and innocent. Taking this fact for our vantage-ground, we stand up for the dignity of the present generation. We, men of this passing day, are the heirs of all time. All is ours that our fathers won, with the sword or the pen, by prayer—study—endurance—watching—strife. For us the sage has thought, the warrior bled, and the poet dreamed. Our infancy is soothed with the melodies of a thousand years, our youth thrilled with the love-songs that have gushed from unnumbered hearts, and our parting spirit borne away upon the hymns of saints and martyrs. But remember that our high destiny, in the words we quoted recently when treating of noble birth, conveys no merit, but much duty to its inheritor. To us have been given the five Talents, and we to us and ours if we do not turn them to profitable account!

It is good to reflect upon our inheritance and its obligations; and in doing so, we need not fear that we indulge in any idle dream or unpractical speculation. It inspires us with a noble craving and lofty emulation, and yet is accompanied by all kindly thoughts and brotherly regards, lifting us above the mean conventionalisms of outward life, and making the whole world kin. It calls into the field of mental culture thousands of high intellects and manly hearts which would otherwise have been overborne by the weight of everyday work and transmitted prejudice; and it enables us to listen with a proud smile to the vulgar question touching the

supposed dormant race of the world's giants, and to exclaim—however individually weak we ourselves may feel—there is no interregnum!

• L. R.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

It was during the early days of the great Revolution of 1789, in the year 1792, when a young officer in delicate health took up his quarters in the city of Marseilles for the six months of his leave of absence. It seemed strange retirement for a young man, for in the town he knew no one, and in the depth of winter Marseilles was no tempting residence. The officer lived in a garret looking out upon the street, which had for its sole furniture a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a chair. Little but paper ever entered that apartment, where food and fuel both were scarce; and yet the young man generally remained in-doors all day assiduously writing, or rather dotting something upon paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The young man grew thinner and paler, and his leave of absence appeared likely to bring no convalescence. But he was handsome and interesting, despite his sallowness. Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke of intelligence, and even genius, frankness of manner, all prepossessed in his favour, and many a smile and look of kindness came to him from beautiful eyes that he noticed not nor cared to notice. In fact he rarely went out but at night, and then to walk down by the booming sea, which made a kind of music he seemed to love. Sometimes, it is true, he would hang about the theatre door when operas were about to be played, and look with longing eye within; but he never entered: either his purse or his inclination failed him. But he always examined with care the name of the piece and its author, and then walked away to the sea-shore, to muse and meditate.

Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, he visited, one after another, all the music-sellers and publishers in the town with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but his reception was apparently not very favourable, for he left them all with a frowning air, and still with his bundle of manuscripts. Some had detained him a long time, as if estimating the value of the goods he offered for sale; but these were no more tempted than the others to try the saleable character of the commodity. The house he lodged in had attached to it a large garden. By permission of the landlord, the young man often selected it for his evening walks, and, despite the cold, would sometimes sit and muse in a rude and faded bower under a wall at one of the gables. Here he would occasionally even sing, in a low tone, some of his own compositions. It happened once or twice that when he did so, a female head protruded from a window above him, seeming to listen. The young man at length noticed this.

'Pardon, lady,' said he one evening; 'perhaps I disturb you?'

'Not at all,' she replied: 'I am fond of music, very fond, and the airs you hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude question, whose are they?'

'Citoyenne,' he answered diffidently, 'they are my own.'

'Indeed!' cried the lady with animation; 'and you have never published them?'

'I shall never try—again,' he murmured, uttering the last word in a low and despairing tone, which, however, reached the ears of the young woman.

'Good-night, citizen,' said she, and she closed her window. The composer sighed, rose and went out to take his usual walk by the sea-beach; there, before the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean, and amid the murmur of its bellowing waves, to forget the cares of the world, his poverty, and his crushed visions of glory and renown—the day-dream of all superior minds—a dream far oftener a punishment than a reward; for of those who sigh for fame, few indeed are successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, than a lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered it; and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his *concierge*, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned. He entered with difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and ascended to his wretched room. He had left it littered and dirty, without light, fire, or food. To his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays beneath the door. He opened it, not without alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp, and on the table a supper. The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

'Who dares thus insult my poverty? Is it not enough that I am starving with cold and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable of wielding either sword or pen, but I must be insulted by charity? Fire, light, and food, all sent to me by one who knows my necessity! And yet who knows? Perhaps my mother may have discovered my retreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I bless thee both for your action and for respecting my concealment!' And the invalid officer sat down to the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks. He had left home because his friends wholly disapproved of his making music a profession, and wished him to employ his leave of absence in learning another occupation. His mother so pressed him, that he saw no resource but a soldier's last chance—a retreat. For two months no trace of the fugitive had been seen—two months spent in vain efforts to make his chosen career support him; and now, doubtless, his mother had found him out, and had taken this delicate way of respecting his secrecy and punishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke with an appetite unknown to him of late. The generous food of the previous night had restored his system, and brought him to a natural state. Luckily, sufficient wine and bread remained to satisfy his craving, and then he sat down to think. All his efforts to get his music sung, or played, or published, had been vain. Singers knew him not, publishers declared him unknown, and the public seemed doomed never to hear him, because they never had heard him; a logical consequence very injurious to young beginners in literature, poetry, music, and all the liberal arts. But he was determined to have one more trial. Having eaten, he dressed and went out in the direction of the shop of the Citoyen Dupont, a worthy and excellent man, who in his day had published more music, bad and good, than a musician could have played in a lifetime.

'You have something new, then, citizen?' said Dupont after the usual preliminaries, and after apologising to a lady within his office for leaving her a while. 'As my time is precious, pray play it at once, and sing it if you will.' The young man sat himself at the harpsichord which adorned the shop, and began at once the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine.' The music-publisher listened with the knowing air of one who is not to be deceived, and shook his head as the composer ended.

'Rough—crude—but clever. Young man, you will, I doubt not, do something good one of these days; but at present, I am sorry to say, your efforts want finish, polish'—The singer rose, and bowing, left the shop, despair at his heart. He had not a son in the world: his rent was in arrear: he knew not how to dine that evening, unless, indeed, his mother came again to his aid—an aid he was very unwilling to receive. His soul repugned from it, for he had parted from her in anger. His mother was a Royalist, he was a Republican, and she had said bitter things to him at parting. But most of all the composer felt one thing: the world would never be able to judge him, never be able to decide if he had or had not merit; and this was the bitterest grief of all.

That day was spent in moody thought. The evening came, and no sign again of his secret friend, whether mother or unknown sympathiser. Towards night the

pangs of hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eye was wild, his cheek pale, his whole mien unearthly. As he passed the door of his lodge the concierge gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

'Go thyself,' said the composer in a low husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room, the unhappy and misguiding young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger, despair, and his dreamy visions had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He closed carefully the window, stuffed his mattress up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture where air could enter. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the evening's amusement had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the prima donna was the young, lovely, and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded, and the first act succeeding beyond all expectation, the audience were in ecstasy.

'She is a jewel!' said M. Dupont, who, from a private box, admired the great supporter of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth 'She is a jewel!' But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath: the audience look at each other: not a word of communication takes place; men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song has electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him: it was the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine' he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds: again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling, and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—'Citoyens and citoyennes!' she exclaimed, 'this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has in vain sought to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; and as such I practised it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him know that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song as we go.' And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light-dressed as she was,

rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room: soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain: wild shapes danced around him: his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment: and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks which had first revealed melody unto his soul; and the young man thought that death must be come, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamour, burst on his ear: a thousand voices roar beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream: what is this he hears?

'Aux armes! citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons,' &c.

'What is this?' he cries. 'My Song of the Rhine!' He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing: it is still his song, and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained: he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, falls rather than darts across the room, his sword in hand. One blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lets in the cool sea-breeze and the splendid song. Both give life to the young man; and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Rouget de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the prima donna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—'The Marseillaise!'

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

SOME of our readers may have heard of a work on the 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages,' published fifteen or sixteen years ago by Dr Hecker, a celebrated German physician, and recently translated into English under the auspices of the Sydenham Society.* This work has been much spoken of, as containing not only an ample historical account of some of the most remarkable epidemics of modern times, but also certain important speculations relative to the physical nature of these terrible visitations, and the social results that flow from them. The book hardly answers the expectations we had been led to form of it. As a history, indeed, of the three great epidemics it professes specially to treat of—namely, the Black Death of 1348–1351, the Dancing Mania of 1574 and subsequent years, and the English Sweating Sickness of 1478–1581—it is probably unrivalled. The general considerations, however, that are

* The Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M.D., Professor at Frederick-William's University at Berlin, &c. &c. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: 1844.

interspersed with the narrative of facts, are by no means either profound or numerous. More valuable in this respect is a 'Treatise on Epidemic Cholera,' just published by Dr Russell, an Edinburgh physician,* the particular object of which is to illustrate the homœopathic treatment of cholera, by a detailed account of the author's experience during the recent prevalence of the epidemic in Edinburgh; but which contains, in addition, a large accumulation of important facts, noted by medical observers of the disease in different parts of the world, as well as some very interesting hints and reflections, offered towards a scientific theory of this and other epidemics. Refraining entirely from the homœopathic portion of this work, with which of course it is not for us to deal, we shall avail ourselves of its historical and reflective portions, in conjunction with the treatise of Hecker, in order to place before our readers a summary view of what may be called the present state of speculative tendency in the medico-scientific world on the subject of epidemic diseases.

In the first place, as regards the physical nature of epidemics—their nature, that is, as phenomena caused by or accompanying certain other manifest changes in the condition of our globe, or of its atmosphere. On this head the most important of the observations hitherto recorded may be summed up in two propositions, which we shall state separately:—

1. *The progress of pestilences appears, on the whole, to be from east to west, or in the reverse direction of the earth's rotation.*—According to all history and all tradition, plagues have made their first appearance in Oriental countries, and have thence spread over the west. This law, if it may be so called, is well exemplified in the case of the Black Death, that terrible disease of blood-spitting and tumours which in the fourteenth century ravaged all Asia, Africa, and Europe, and which, though we cannot trace it into the then unknown hemisphere of America, probably traversed that hemisphere too, making the round, as it were, of the whole globe, and carrying off, according to the best calculations, one-fourth part of its entire population; whilst in some localities it left but two persons alive out of every twenty. This dreadful epidemic first arose in China, on the very borders, it would seem, of the Pacific Ocean; thence it advanced westward through Asia, mowing down myriads in its way: gathering itself on the coasts of the Levant and of Asia Minor, it then rolled over Europe and Northern Africa; and ultimately mingling with the winds of the Atlantic, it disappeared like a gloom in the distance. If, indeed, we consider its course in detail, we shall find certain deviations from the general westward direction. Sometimes it leaped from one locality to another, lying north or south of it rather than west; sometimes it even appeared to return eastward to a spot it had missed or postponed; and on the whole, in its course through Europe, there appeared to be a general bearing in a direction north or north-west from the Black Sea and Mediterranean towards the North Sea and the Baltic. In short, it appeared that the morbid influence, though impelled steadily in a general westward direction, was liable to be deflected to some extent out of its proposed course by a variety of subordinate causes—as, for example, by the opposition (not always effective, however) of vast physical obstacles, such as a mountain-chain or an arm of the sea; by a tendency (denominated contagion) to follow the great lines of human intercourse—a tendency illustrated by its progress over Asia, when it chose the caravan-routes, and by the fact, that in Europe it broke out first in seaports having a direct maritime communication with previously-infected places; by a preference for spots already prepared for its visit by certain favourable conditions of filth, bad drainage, unwholesomeness of site, &c.; in which spots it would accordingly concentrate itself with

special virulence; and finally, by a disposition, probably native to itself, to zig-zag from place to place in an electric manner, according to the varying nature either of the atmospheric masses it encountered, or of the terrestrial strata over which it moved.

And so with other epidemics; as, for example, the cholera. The course of this disease, during its first progress over Asia and Europe, is well illustrated in a map prefixed to Dr Russell's work, showing, by means of red marks and dates placed under the names of all the cholera-visited towns from India to Britain, the order in which these towns were attacked, their geographical range, and their bearings with relation to each other. One general principle of progress has always been apparent: the progress has been from east to west, the rate of advance, however, being various, and one would almost say capricious. Like the Plague, then, the cholera appears, speaking in a vague physical way, to be a vast morbid influence, moving at a certain rate from east to west over the surface of our globe; liable, too, like the Plague, to be determined to some extent in its course by the circumstances presented to it; finding difficulty, for example, in crossing a mountain range, advancing with alacrity along the course of rivers from their mouths to their sources, and pursuing, by preference, the great lines of human intercourse (in many cases, however, also sweeping over thinly-peopled tracts), concentrating itself in large and unwholesome cities, as if by an affinity with the conditions already existing there.

Plague, cholera, and other epidemics of course act with more or less deadly effect according to the susceptibility of the person; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that those who habitually obey the laws of health—are temperate, attend to proper warmth, diet, and cleanliness—these have uniformly the best chance of escape; for they enjoy conditions which may be said to fortify them so far against external influences. A physician from India has stated, with great plausibility, in one of the public papers, that cholera has originated in a great degree from the want of salt among the poorer classes in Hindoostan—the absence of this useful condiment having apparently the effect of inducing a susceptibility to atmospheric poison.

The Sanitary Commissioners have directed attention chiefly to those circumstances determining the course of the cholera that are within human control—as, for example, on its undoubted preference for ill-drained and foul localities. Perhaps, however, their publications on the subject have tended to draw away attention from what may be called the more purely scientific considerations respecting the course of the cholera—as, for example, that the cholera is not generated by foul sanitary conditions, but is a great pre-existing morbid influence resistlessly moving round the globe at any rate, and only seizing on those conditions in its progress; and again, that there is strong reason to think that there are other conditions, not within human control, on which it will seize with equal avidity; the meteorological and geological conditions, namely, of particular districts or localities. Perhaps, also, the commissioners have too decidedly committed themselves to the opinion that cholera is not contagious. That the disease will advance without any assistance from human means of conveyance—nay, that all quarantine precautions will be ineffectual to keep it out of a district that lies in its track—are indeed ascertained facts; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that it has shown, upon the whole, a preference for peopled and commercial routes, and that it has in many cases availed itself of the vehicle of an individual traveller, in order to transport itself a day or two earlier into a place that it was in any case about to visit. That, had all intercourse between Europe and America been suddenly cut off at the moment the cholera was known to be in Europe, the disease would not have reached America is by no means likely; it would slowly have rolled itself perhaps through the atmosphere and over the waves;

* A Treatise on Epidemic Cholera, by J. Rutherford Russell, M.D., with an Appendix of Cases treated in the Edinburgh Homœopathic Dispensary, 1848-1849, and a Map, showing the course of the Cholera from India to Britain. London: 1849.

yet we know it did go to America lodged in European ships. And as regards the means by which cholera spreads itself within the limits of particular districts, Dr Russell has, we think, demonstrated that in Scotland, at least, contagion was one of those means. In this he agrees with Professor Simpson and Dr Alison, both of whom believe in the occasional propagation of cholera by contagion.

2. *Pestilences appear always to have been preceded or accompanied by other physical phenomena of an equally extensive nature—as earthquakes, blights in the vegetable world, violent and continued tempests, sultry heats, creeping palpable mists, deluges, unusual swarms of insects, &c. &c.; as if all these were but so many external indications of some one deep process affecting at the time the entire ball of the earth.*—This proposition, according, as it does, with vague popular tradition, rests also on historical evidence. Thus in the case of the Black Death, this epidemic was preceded by earthquakes and serious atmospheric disturbances, as if nature had been somehow out of joint. The same thing has been observed with regard to other pestilences. The plague at Aleppo in 1760 was 'preceded by famine, by uncommon diseases, and by earthquakes;' and in an account we remember to have read of the great Plague of London, the enormous increase of insects, especially house-flies, about the time is particularly mentioned. In the East, it is said, portentous physical events are always regarded by the natives as forerunners of pestilence; a fallacy of the popular imagination it may be, but possibly also, to some extent at least, the result of an ancient popular induction still verified by experience. Even as regards the cholera, observations to the same effect have not been wanting. The potato blight and the influenza must be in every one's recollection; the connection of the latter at least with cholera is considered as established. More recondite and precise is the observation of Dr Prout, quoted by Dr Russell, relative to the increased weight of atmospheric air in London during the cholera visitation of 1832. Dr Prout 'had for some years been occupied in investigations regarding the atmosphere; and for more than six weeks previously to the appearance of cholera in London, had almost every day been engaged in endeavouring to determine, with the utmost possible accuracy, the weight of a given quantity of air, under precisely the same circumstances of temperature and pressure. On a particular day, the 9th of February 1832, the weight of the air suddenly appeared to rise above the usual standard. As the rise was at the time supposed to be the result of some accidental error, or of some derangement in the apparatus employed in order to discover its cause, the succeeding observations were made with the most rigid scrutiny; but no error or derangement whatever could be detected. On the days immediately following, the weight of the air still continued above the standard, though not quite so high as on the 9th of February, when the change was first noticed. The air retained its augmented weight during the whole time these experiments were carried on; namely, about six weeks longer. . . . About the 9th of February, the wind in London, which had previously been west, veered round to the east, and remained pretty steadily in that quarter till the end of the month. Now, precisely on the change of the wind, the first cases of epidemic cholera were reported in London; and from that time the disease continued to spread.' The appearance of the cholera in Sunderland in 1831 was attended, according to Dr Clanny, with peculiar atmospheric changes—particularly thunder-storms and lightnings during the night. Speaking also of St Petersburg during the present visitation of cholera, Dr Müller, a German physician, observes, 'The air during the whole time of the presence of cholera here was oppressive, heavy, and very changed in its temperature. There were frequent thunder-storms: rain fell almost daily: the sky was gloomy—very misty in the evening; the sun seldom broke through. The depressing influence acted more

or less upon every one; almost without exception all experienced a certain feeling of discomfort, weariness, pressure at the pit of the stomach, and tearing pains on the lower limbs.' In almost all the districts where cholera has been prevalent similar phenomena have been observed. In our climate, however, where the weather is in any case variable, the connection between such phenomena, even when extraordinary, and the contemporary or subsequent epidemic, is not so palpable and evident as in India, where the succession of certain states of weather throughout the year being more fixed and uniform, deviations naturally attract more notice, and have a plainer significance. Now, in India it is a belief universal among medical men and others that the prevalence of epidemic cholera in a locality is preceded or accompanied by unusual meteorological appearances. One witness states that 'he had particularly observed that the epidemic was invariably preceded and accompanied by a large black cloud hanging over the place;' and adds, that 'this had been universally remarked, and that the appearance had even received the name of the *cholera cloud*.' Hurricanes and thunder-storms of unusual violence have also usually attended the cholera in its march through India.

Giving to this fact of the contemporaneousness of epidemic diseases with extraordinary atmospheric or telluric phenomena its most general expression, one would state it thus:—That as the earth was not prepared to support human life until a certain aggregate of conditions had been realised in it, and as the human race only entered on the possession of the planet when this aggregate of conditions had been realised, the antecedent geological epochs having been occupied by animated creations not requiring so mature or perfect a system of conditions, so even yet there may occur temporary failures of the required sum-total of conditions—temporary withdrawals of certain items in that total; temporary relapses, so to speak, of the whole earth towards its preadamite condition. In some cases, as in that of the Black Death of the fourteenth century, the relapse was enormous: there was in that case such a reduction or alteration of the fixed aggregate of conditions necessary to human life, that one-fourth part of all the human inhabitants of the earth were extinguished; and had the reduction or alteration been but a little greater—had the reimmersion, so to speak, into the preadamite system of conditions been but a little more complete—the whole human race might have been destroyed, or the number of persons saved might have been a mere per-centage. It is consistent with this view, that in that case not only the atmosphere was affected, but, as appears from the passages already quoted from Hecker, the very fabric of the earth was torn and shaken, as if there were a relapse even of the solid body of the earth towards its primitive state of volcanic instability; whereas, in milder and less destructive epidemics—such as the cholera—the alteration of the conditions of life appears to be less thorough and profound, confined chiefly to the atmosphere, and not affecting, to any great extent at least, the solid body of the earth, or the relations of its crust to its molten core.

Being now the two propositions that we have been illustrating with regard to epidemics, our notion of these terrible occurrences would assume the following theoretic form:—That occasionally, at particular spots of the earth's surface, there takes place a sudden derangement of the aggregate of atmospheric or telluric conditions necessary to human life; that sometimes this derangement is local and temporary; but that at other times it extends itself in some mysterious way, creeping slowly in the shape of an impalpable morbid influence, and generally in a westerly direction round the earth and through its atmosphere, until the whole world is affected, those spots suffering most severely, however, that present to the advancing morbid influence certain combinations of circumstances that specially attract and hold it. Still, however, all this is comparatively vague; and the questions naturally arise—What is the parti-

cular derangement, alteration, or reduction of the terrestrial conditions of human life that commonly originates epidemic disease; and is the derangement, alteration, or reduction the same in kind in all epidemics, and only different in degree? How, too, does the derangement or morbid influence spread and extend itself; and what determines the rate of its dissemination?

Such questions as these our science is, and will long remain, too meagre to answer. In the talk, however, that now prevails on the subject of epidemics, two different modes of conceiving the physical character of such influences are confusedly discernible. In speaking of cholera, typhus, &c. some theorists habitually make use of such phrases as 'poison in the atmosphere,' 'disseminated virus,' 'cholera-miasm,' &c. At the bottom of this mode of speaking there evidently lies the idea that epidemics are caused by the positive addition of some unusual and noxious ingredient—necessarily of a gaseous kind—to the normal atmosphere. The quantity of this ingredient may be so small as to escape the most delicate tests; or, as Dr Prout's experiments on the weight of a given bulk of air during cholera (thermometrical and barometrical conditions being the same) would seem to indicate, it may in some cases be quite appreciable. Under this 'poison-theory' may be also included that variety of the same mode of thinking which, without supposing the addition of any positively new ingredient, yet supposes such a change in the relative proportions of the established constituents of the atmosphere (oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, water, &c.) as would convert the wholesome fluid into a veritable though slow poison. A sudden addition or diminution of the quantity of moisture, for example, might have something of this effect. In either case the theory is, that a contaminated local atmosphere may extend itself, and that, being breathed by the lungs of men, it acts on the system by some process of vital chemistry, so as to produce death. Thus, of Asiatic cholera, the Sanitary Commissioners say that 'it appears to be caused by a poison diffused through the atmosphere, which acts with peculiar intensity on the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal.' Somewhat different from this theory is that which seeks for the cause of epidemics not in a change of the ponderable constituents of our atmosphere, so much as in a change in the activity of the imperceptible influences or forces that hold the whole earth together, and particularly in a change of its electrical conditions. The two theories are not necessarily inconsistent; for any change, for example, in the composition of the atmosphere hanging over a marsh or lake, would necessarily involve some change in its electrical condition; and, *vice versa*, a sudden electrical change in such a case would thrill like a rearranging influence through the whole mass of atmospheric atoms. Cholera or plague may consist, therefore, in an envenomed or altered atmosphere; and yet the characteristic and deadly fact respecting this envenomed or altered atmosphere may be in the abnormal electrical character that is thus given to it. In fact—though to speak of cholera or plague as 'something electric,' or a 'derangement of the telluric electricities,' is equally vague as to speak of it as 'a poison in the atmosphere'—such a leaning towards the electric view of the case seems a better intellectual direction.

We recollect to have seen some months ago in a medical journal a very curious table or scale of diseases, arranged according to a theory of their different electrical characters. Highest in the list were mania, hydrophobia, and such-like diseases of what may be called an enormously-excited organism; corresponding, as the writer believed, to highly-positive electrical states of the bodies of the patients. Lowest in the list were cholera, plague, and such-like diseases of excessive prostration; corresponding, as he believed, with low negatively-electrical states of the bodies of patients; and intermediate were the more ordinary diseases, ranking either on the positive or on the negative side of the electrical scale, according to their character. If one were to accept

such a theory as proved, the resulting conception would be something to this effect:—That what is called health in different persons is, or is indicated by, a certain electrical state of body (differing in different persons; lying in some on the positive, in others on the negative side of zero); that whatever tends inordinately to raise this electrical state—that is, to make the individual too positively electric, as compared with the general mass of things—tends to produce disease of one kind; and that whatever tends to depress his electrical state—that is, to make him too negatively electric, as compared with the mass of things—tends to produce disease of an opposite kind; consequently, that any permanent elevation of the electrical condition of the atmosphere, or the earth's crust, at any locality, would tend to produce epidemic furor, rabies, or fever there; while any permanent depression of the same would tend to produce such epidemics as cholera. Cholera, according to such a view, would be the result of a greatly-lowered electrical condition of the earth's surface or its atmosphere, produced originally by a chemical process or processes in or on the earth at some one spot, and gradually extending itself westward. Various circumstances might be quoted vaguely corroborative of such an idea—as, for example, that mentioned by Dr Russell—that the true or typical attack of the disease consists not in the usually observed dysenteric symptoms, but in the immediate nervous collapse, as if, by an electric stroke, that gives these their significance: the fact, also mentioned by Dr Russell, that attacks of cholera are most frequent in the night, when, as is well known, the natural electrical condition of the body is more depressed than during the day; besides, all the observations that have been made clearly connecting the appearance and disappearance of cholera with thunder-storms, magnetic derangements, &c. But most conclusive on the point are the observations of the French electrician, M. Andriaud, during the recent prevalence of cholera in Paris. According to a letter from this gentleman, which appeared in the French, and also in some of the English journals, an electrical machine, which he had been in the habit of constantly working, suddenly ceased to give sparks of anything like the ordinary magnitude, and this without the operation of any observable cause. On one day the machine would yield no sparks at all, and only after a violent thunder-storm did it begin to act again. This variation of the electric capacity of the machine M. Andriaud found, to his surprise, to correspond so exactly with the progress of cholera in Paris, that at length he was able to announce the state of the daily bills of mortality by taking the state of the machine as his index and informant. The irregularities of the machine commenced with the appearance of cholera: the day when the cases were most numerous, was the day on which the machine stopped; and the same thunder-storm that restored the machine to working condition, restored Paris to a better sanitary state. M. Andriaud's conclusion, as stated by himself, is, that in the atmosphere of the earth there is a permanent 'mass of electric fluid,' and that the increase or diminution of this mass may be a cause of disease. Such phraseology, as well as that used above, may be premature, and not accurately descriptive of the real facts of the case; but, at all events, the theory that cholera is 'something electric,' appears to have gained in precision when provisionally so expressed. Whether a well-weighed electrical theory of cholera, while helping to explain its manner of progress—as, for example, its capricious selection of certain localities, apparently for their mere peculiarities of soil and geological character—would also suggest practical curative measures, must be left a moot question.

To the foregoing general considerations regarding the physical nature of epidemics, one might add many others relating to their social effects, and their function, in the historic development of the human race. Hecker occasionally glances at this great theme, but with little insight or clearness; and indeed, to do it anything like

justice, would require a special treatise. Two methods by which epidemics might act so as to draw after them social results of great magnitude, must strike every one—1st, That which consists in the unusual stimulus they must necessarily give to all human activity, by leaving behind them everywhere a civic blank or void to be filled up; and 2d, That which consists in the permanent alteration they are calculated to produce in the moral and emotional character of a people or an age—an alteration which should usually take the form, one would think, of increased piety and seriousness. Another way, however, in which epidemics may produce lasting social results, is by the direct influence which, as physical phenomena, they must necessarily exert on all the human organisms submitted to them. If, for example, exposure for a while to a stifling atmosphere blunts and deadens the intellect—so that a book written in such an atmosphere (to make an extreme supposition) must necessarily be an inferior performance to what the same person could have produced had he worked all the while in a healthy room—what must be the result of the subjection of a whole population for several months to an equivalent state of things? Must not the whole intellectual procedure of the population be for the time lowered and toned down, as if by universal ill-health and headache? And must not the literary products, artistic creations, and mechanical inventions of that age be necessarily in a corresponding degree poorer? Nay, recurring to the hypothesis argued above, might not one conceive that as a certain aggregate of telluric and atmospheric conditions is necessary to life, and as a reduction of this aggregate (as, for example, a depressed electric condition of the earth's surface and atmosphere) tends to kill human beings, and to blunt activity, so a certain different change in the aggregate (as, for example, a raised electric condition of the earth's surface and atmosphere) may tend to produce a directly opposite effect, and to call the human powers into more strenuous and lofty exertion? Might not the series of different intellectual manifestations that the different ages of the world have presented thus rest on a basis of vast physical vicissitudes? The imagination may run too fast in this speculative route, but the understanding tends to go in the same direction.

LONDON GOSSIP.

IN common with all other Londoners possessed of ways and means and opportunity, I have had a holiday, and took a slight northwards to view your Highland hills and lochs, which will account for the long interval that has elapsed since my last 'Gossip.' It is a delightful privilege to get away for a few weeks from this huge, smoky, and noisy city, and the means are wonderfully facilitated by excursion trains. A few weeks since, a multitude was thus enabled to visit that beautiful and classic city, Oxford, for a very trifling cost; and 3000 of the busy artisans of Birmingham were conveyed from their furnace-fumed town to Lincoln and back—180 miles—for ninepence! We may well exclaim—Success to the rail!

On one of my rides I observed that the grassy slopes of the cuttings on the Great Western Railway were being fed off by sheep, thus turning to profitable account what has hitherto been waste ground. The same practice will doubtless be adopted in other quarters. You are perhaps aware that in some parts of France vines are planted on such slopes: we could do the same, did our climate permit; but, at all events, the sides of excavations and embankments in this country might be advantageously converted into strawberry-beds. I may further mention that a great convenience and comfort would result to the travelling public were a ready supply of water, with a drinking-cup or glass,

kept at every station, so that passengers could help themselves from a tap. As a case in point: we were leaving Newcastle-on-Tyne; a lady became faint and ill, and eagerly desirous of a draught of water; but although we inquired for the pure element at every station, not a drop could we obtain until we had travelled the whole length of Northumberland, and arrived at Berwick. Perhaps some general means could be devised of remedying this defect. I am told that on the Leeds and Manchester line there is a supply at every station.

Apropos of railway travelling, *speed* seems to be the chief essential point with passengers; and people who, ten years ago, had no locomotive resource but the slow broad-wheeled wagon, now grumble because, for one penny per mile, they are not conveyed at a greater rate than twenty miles per hour. Surely, all things considered, this is a sufficiently beneficial result? The grand desideratum, however, is now to discover some means of resolving ourselves into a message, when we may be flashed along the wires, and pick ourselves up again at the end of the transit; but in what sort of corporeal identity, is not yet determined.

Town wears a very different appearance (that is, to the accustomed eye) to what it did when I wrote last. Now the press and rattle of carriages at the West End are a phenomenon on which tradesmen, who do not find their share of the fifteen thousand strangers who visit London daily sufficient for their wishes, dwell with regret and hope, as their cogitations take the retrospective or prospective hue; and it would amuse you to hear of some of the schemes by which stock-in-trade is kept moving. No more dinner-parties now—no brilliant soirées—no réunions—no parliamentary debates—for six mortal months. It is puzzling to know how those dependent thereon for profit or pastime are to exist in the interval. River trips, Hampton Court, and the 'Gardens,' are now all the vogue: as I remarked before, everybody goes out of town. The two archaeological associations are ruralising—one at Chester, the other at Salisbury. Even the astronomer-royal has said farewell to his telescopes, and set sail for the Orkneys, leaving us to swelter through the canicular period with such dogged resolution as we may.

You will perhaps say that I am running too much on 'things in general,' and travelling beyond the limits of legitimate gossip; but I stand on my vested right as a gossip to discuss matters in my own way. Languid as metropolitan life is in many respects, we are not without tongue-work; and at present, attention is pretty much divided between Financial Reform, the Hungarians, and Cholera. I heard a German making merry on the last-mentioned subject, chanting some rhymes as he walked. Perhaps he was an involuntary exile.

With regard to cholera, although there is nothing like general panic, there is yet a very general disposition prevalent to discuss sanitary measures. The new Sewer Commission are rather sharply criticised, because they don't go a-head fast enough, by people who forget the good service they have already rendered, were it no other than relieving us of the late heptarchy of Sewage Commissioners; and who seem to ignore the fact, that the effects of mismanagement, dating from the era of the Plantagenets, are not to be removed with absolute celerity. By and by, when the maps of the Ordnance Survey shall be published, so that the levels may be ascertained, we shall get to work, and the result will doubtless be either a series of receptacles, or one grand, deeply-laid sewer—a *cloaca maxima*—which shall convey

the refuse of the metropolis far away into the dreary marshes of Essex; and thus free the town and the Thames from their present pollution; a consummation devoutly to be wished. I wish the moral refuse could be as easily removed. Meantime new streets are being opened and built: one in particular from Queen Street (Southwark Bridge) to Blackfriars' Bridge, will be a material improvement, as ventilating a densely-packed district, and relieving Cheapside of much of its present excess of traffic. By the way, it is to be desired that there were other east and west avenues to the city besides the single line of Cheapside and the Poultry: it is wonderful how the roaring stream of life and business contrives to effect a passage through such a narrow strait. We may hope that the citizens will some day wake up to the necessity of an amendment in this respect.

Talking of streets, reminds me that a month or two since several houses at the corner of Drury Lane and Great Queen Street were pulled down to be rebuilt. The removal of these edifices has long been desiderated, so as to straighten and widen the approach from Long Acre to Great Queen Street; and while the work of demolition was going on, the 'Woods and Forests' were apprised of the fact. They sent their surveyor to look at the place, and that appears to be all they did in the matter; for the new houses are now built and tenanted, and we are as far as ever from a straightened line of street. The comprehensive system of anticipating and effecting street improvements which prevails in Paris, might be adopted or imitated here with advantage to all parties.

You will be pleased to learn, in connection with sanitary matters, that model houses are likely to flourish. The Society for 'Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes' has just commenced the erection of a building to accommodate forty-eight families in Streat-ham Street, Bloomsbury. Some improvements will be introduced which past experience has shown to be necessary: each set of rooms will have a small lobby to be entered from the outer-door, instead of opening directly into the living room, as is the case in similar buildings already erected. The floors, too, will be of hollow bricks laid in arches; thereby rendering the structure fire-proof. Lodging-houses of this character are at present attracting much attention in Prussia and France.

Apropos of subjects allied to general ameliorations, did you read the statement made in the 'House' on one of the closing nights of the session? If we may believe the report, the peat-bogs of Ireland are to become 'a second California.' After manipulating, and otherwise operating on a hundred tons of bog, at a cost of less than £20, certain products will be realised worth £91: a very satisfactory and encouraging result, if true. But several years ago, a company expended many thousand pounds in works on Dartmoor; and although they succeeded in obtaining naphtha, ammonia, grease, &c. from the peat, yet, as a commercial speculation, the business did not answer. It is possible, however, that with newer scientific experience, and the lately-recognised value of peat-charcoal as a deodoriser, better success may attend present efforts; and could such be realised, we should at last have something like a well-grounded hope for the regeneration of Ireland. Scotland, too, might participate in the good fortune; for, as I have seen with my own eyes, peat-bogs are by no means scarce in the 'ganny north.' The subject has come under discussion at the Botanical Society.

Do you remember giving, about a year ago, an account of Sir Thomas Mitchell's discoveries in Australia? He was accompanied by an able officer, Mr Kennedy,

who afterwards headed parties to continue the exploration. The second of these started from Sydney last year, and intelligence has now been received of Mr Kennedy's death. He was murdered by the natives, and nine of his men subsequently perished of starvation. This augments the list of the gallant few who have met their fate while engaged in widening the boundaries of knowledge and science. Hopes are entertained that the unfortunate leader's papers, which were hid in a hollow log of wood, will be recovered. Jackey Jackey, a native, one of the survivors of his party, has been sent to search for them. From Australia to the north frigid zone is a long leap; but you will understand why I make it (on paper), when I tell you that a letter has just come to hand from Sir John Richardson, dated Fort Confidence, on Great Bear Lake, 16th of September last. You will not have forgotten that Sir John is one of those sent out by government to seek for Sir John Franklin's expedition. He has examined a considerable portion of the coast in the vicinity of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers, and questioned several parties of Esquimaux, but without obtaining the slightest intelligence of the missing party. The much-talked-of expedition of the American government—for which the thanks of certain public bodies in this country were voted—turns out to be all moonshine; so that we have nothing for it but to wait for despatches from Sir James Ross in Lancaster Sound, or Lieutenant Moore in Behring's Straits, or from a party just sent out in a whaler by Lady Franklin.

I have but little to say this time of literary affairs, but may just observe that a favourable indication of 'progress' has just made its appearance from the Admiralty, in their 'Manual of Scientific Inquiry,' edited by Sir John Herschel, and intended for the practical guidance of officers and others on active service. The eminent editor's name is a sufficient guarantee for the value and accuracy of the work, and it will in all probability pass into general use. In another quarter we have Sir David Brewster, after thinking of the subject at intervals for thirty years, attempting to prove that Junius—the political and literary sphinx—was no other than Lauchlin Maclean, a descendant of the Macleans of Coll. The philosopher of St Andrews is perhaps as far from the truth as all those who have preceded him in endeavouring to elucidate the mystery.

Neither have I any extraordinary scientific discovery to announce. New planets do not turn up quite so frequently as continental revolutions of late; although the fact that Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, has had a pension of £200 a year conferred on him by government, may stimulate astronomers to look out for stranger orbs. A fifty-pound pension, too, is settled on Mr Sturgeon of Manchester, to whom we are indebted for the soft iron magnet: Mrs Austin, the well-known translator, is down for £100 a year; and Lieutenant Waghorn, the father of the overland route to India, for £200. Such grants as these are well deserved, and are satisfactory to the public at large, which is more than can be said of grants to military heroes. And here I may observe that the note of preparation for the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in September is beginning to be heard. A large temporary edifice has been erected in that town to serve as the 'Exhibition' on the occasion: a good meeting is expected. And yet one more fact bearing on science: Spain, which has long been a dead letter in that respect, shows signs of awakening; measures are now on foot for establishing a Royal Academy of Sciences at Madrid. Should they be carried out, Spanish philosophers will then be able to show us a specimen of their abilities.

The whole collection of Nineveh marbles is now 'on view' at the British Museum—a fact which country cousins and sight-seers in general will duly appreciate. Talking of sights, the new and magnificent hall of the North-Western Railway terminus at Euston Square promises to become a 'lion': some persons go so far as to say that it is superior to the entrance-hall of the Museum; but this is a point which visitors had better

decide for themselves. There is no lack of eye-work for those who come to town: in addition to a panorama of the Mississippi, we have now one of the Nile, and another of the Eden-like valley of Cashmere.

SUMMER-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.*

A JOURNAL of summer-time in the country! How musically the words fall upon the ear! What bright and pleasant fancies they bring! thoughts of the woods, the birds, and the bees; of the rustling leaves and the dancing brooks; of the woodbine-broidered lanes and the pure breath of the mountains; of the sorrel-bells under the shadowing fern; and of the bramble wavings on the broken quarry. As there is no spot under heaven which has not its own peculiar moments in which it is most beautiful, its own atmosphere of sun or cloud under which it should be visited, so has each hour in the day its own place, to which we instinctively turn our steps. In the early morning we wander in the dewy lanes, moving beneath the glorious cloister of summer boughs, to see the pearls lie on the web of the caterpillar, and the vetch climb up the glistening hedge-bank; or to watch the pinpernal unfold its scarlet petals, as the sunbeams peep through the leaves above, and chase each other in golden waves over the flower-besprinkled grass. When the noontide sky is bright and hot, we go to the woods—the dark, cool woods—to see the pale fritillaria nod quietly on her slender stalk, and to dream of long-past scenes and dim futurities, which, alas! may never come: to blend thoughts and scenes of childhood's hours until, with the harmless superstition of early youth, we spy out fairy forms sleeping beneath the large leaves of the arum, or lightly sailing down the brooks on the beech leaves which ourselves have set afloat: to sit breathlessly and watch the water-rat at play on the flowery banks or in the stream, or the squirrel in the trees: or to behold in thought smiling faces in the clear depth of the waters, which we can never more see on earth. But when the sun is low in the heavens, we go to the commons to see the edges of the heather and the fern gilded by his slanting rays; to mark how long ago the bright-eyed centuary retired to rest, and how calmly she sleeps, with the western breeze coming direct from the sinking sun, and playing around her; to hear the lark singing high in the air—mounting, like the good man, so far above the world as to seem unfettered by it; and yet, like the good man, blessing not only his own household in its lowly nest, but shedding his flood of music on all below—and to listen to the sad, yet not unpleasant cry of the lapwing, that circles round our heads, discovering her home by the very clamorousness and anxiety of her care to conceal it from us.

To all these places Mr Wilmott leads us, bringing with him thoughts which are pleasant to read, and pleasanter far to look back upon, and to remember in the twilight and the lonely hours: thoughts of spirit-haunting pictures; parallels of prose and verse, to prove that human hearts have beat with the same pulse in all ages; and fancies and feelings of great and good men—men who 'still rule our spirits from their urns.' And when the night comes on, he calls upon us to follow him back to the lanes we left in the morning, to see the hedge-banks, now thickly studded with the tremulous stars of the glow-worms, to read the 'Even-Song' by their 'cool, green light;' but we will let him speak for himself:—

'All the bank is on fire with these diamonds of the night, as Darwin calls them. If Titania had overturned a basket of jewels in a quarrel with Oberon, the

grass could not have looked gayer. Thomson describes the appearance with his usual liveliness:—

"Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles."

Perhaps he is slightly astray in his zoology; for although the male has two spots of faint lustre, the female is the real star of the woodpath.

'Coleridge, in a note to one of his own poems—

"Nor now, with curious sight,
I mark the glow-worm as I pass,
Move with green radiance through the grass,
An emerald of light!"

drew attention to Wordsworth's epithet of *green*, applied to the light of this insect.' Miss Seward expresses her surprise, in childhood, that poetic eyes should not have observed this verdant hue. But we own that we feel more astonished that any discussion should have been raised on so self-evident a point; on a question which, we imagine, no eyes, poetic or prosaic, could for a moment hesitate about. But to return to our extracts.

'Glow-worms are the food of night-birds, which of course track them by their shining. To put out the candle, therefore, is the surest way of escaping the robber; and perhaps their apprehension of enemies may account for the short time of their illumination. Mr Nowell quotes a curious experiment of White, who carried two glow-worms from a field to his garden, and saw them extinguish their lamps between eleven and twelve o'clock. Later entomologists confirm this singular relation.

'But I have been turning glow-worms to a use this evening which no naturalist probably ever thought of—reading the Psalms by their cool, green light! I placed six of the most luminous insects I could find in the grass at the top of the page, moving them from verse to verse as I descended. The experiment was perfectly successful; each letter became clear and legible. I never felt so deeply and gratefully the inner life of the Psalmist's adoration:—"Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy goodness!"

'I know that poetry has turned the fire-fly into a lantern. Southey enables Madoc to behold the features of his beautiful guide by the flame of two fire-flies, which she kept prisoner in a cage or net of twigs underneath her garments. But surely I am the discoverer of the glow-worm-taper; and it answers the purpose admirably. By the help of this emerald of the hedgerow and mossy bank I can read not only the hymns of saints to God, but God's message to me. As the glittering grass of the Indian hills taught me wisdom, so these glow-worms are a light to my feet and a lantern to my path. I ought to employ my every-day blessings and comforts as I have been using these insects. I could not have read "Even-Song" among the trees at night, unless I had moved the lamp up and down: one verse shone while the rest of the page was dark. Patience alone was needed: line by line the whole psalm grew bright. What a lesson and consolation to me in my journey through the world! Perhaps to-day is a cloudy passage in my little calendar: I am in pain or sorrow of mind or body, my head throbs, or my heart is disquieted within me. But the cool, sequestered paths of the Gospel-garden are studded with glow-worms: I have only to stoop and pick them up. Yesterday was healthful and more joyous; my spirits were gayer; my mind was peaceable; kind friends visited me; or God seemed to lift up the light of his countenance upon me. These recollections are my lanterns in the dark. The past lights up the present. I move my glow-worms lower on the page, and read to-day by yesterday.

'Not for myself only should these thoughts be cherished. Every beam of grace that falls upon my path ought to throw its little reflection along my neighbour's. Whatever happens to one is for the instruction of an-

* A Journal of Summer-time in the Country. By the Rev. Robert Ains Wilmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. Author of 'Jeremy Taylor, a Biography.' London: Parker, West Strand, 1862.

other. Even the glow-worm, humblest of lights, has its shadow.'

In this kindly spirit Mr Wilmott moves over hill and vale, gossiping gaily of nature, men, and books: now gravely discussing the merits of a Rubens or a Raphael; now stringing together stories of renowned gardens and gardeners; now correcting the zoological mistakes of bard or dramatist; now following his own shadow, walking up to the 'park-palings to endeavour to look it in the face:' and now giving us such graphic descriptions as the following:—

'I see they are reprinting the speeches of Mr Fox. It is known that Burke called him a most able debater. The praise was characteristic of the utterer and the subject. Milton found little to commend in Dryden; and Rubens would probably have turned away in disgust from the painted histories of Hogarth. Burke did not exclude the idea of eloquence from his definition. To Fox belonged the visible rhetoric. He swelled with the tide of invective, and rose upon the flood of his indignation. A dear friend has given me a vivid portrait of his manner and appearance. Holding his hat grasped in both hands, and waved up and down with an ever-increasing velocity, while his face was turned to the gallery, he poured out tempestuous torrents of anger, exultation, and scorn. But Fox the declaimer was paralysed by Fox the man. It was affirmed by a Greek writer, in a passage made famous by Ben Jonson, that a poet cannot be great without first being good; and Aristotle intimates that the personal purity of the orator was a question moved in his own day. Fox showed the truth of this critical axiom. His intellectual capacity was impaired by the moral. The statue is imposing, but the pedestal leans. I will add that the late Mr Green of Ipswich, an acute and well-informed observer, referred with admiration to Fox's speeches on the Reform of Parliament in 1797, on the Russian Armament, and to his reply on the India Bill in 1783, which he pronounced to be absolutely stupendous. His character had, however, one side of grace and beauty—he delighted in the simpleness of rural pleasures, and his eye was open to all the charms of literature and taste. It is very refreshing to accompany the stormy Cleon of Westminster into the shades of St Anne's Hill, and see him in the description of his surviving friend—

— "So soon of care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and witty as a child;"

enjoying the sunshine and flowers with an almost bucolic tenderness and freedom from restraint; either

— "Watching a bird's nest in the spray,
Through the green leaves exploring day by day;"

or, with a volume of Dryden in his hand, wandering from grove to grove and seat to seat—

"To read there, with a fervour all his own,
And in his grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to him unknown."

One other extract we cannot refrain from making, on account of the truth and beauty which it contains:—"I was interested to-day by the remark of one of our most accomplished portrait painters. He says that he has observed in every celebrated person whose features he has copied, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, a *looking of the eye into remote space*. The idea occurs often in literature. Milton, perhaps, led the way by his description of Melancholy—

— "With even step, and musing gait,
And looks communing with the skies,
The rapt soul sitting in her eyes!"

Sterne assigns the same peculiarity to the face of his monk in the "Sentimental Journey." His head "mild, pale, penetrating; free from all commonplace ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon earth; it looked forward at something beyond the world." Nothing can be more exquisite than the iteration. The late Mr Foster probably had this portrait in his remembrance when he described the Christian in society—in

the world, but not of it:—"He is like a person whose eye, while he is conversing with you about an object, or succession of objects, immediately near, should glance every moment towards some great spectacle appearing in the distant horizon."

'Mr Moore's elegant tale of the "Epicurean" supplies another example, &c; and a fourth illustration is furnished by Mr Keble, in his picture of Balaam foretelling the happiness of Israel and the rising of the Star:—

"Oh for a sculptor's hand,
That thou mightst take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze;
Thy tranced, yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees."

'The artist to whom I alluded does not add literature to his genius. I believe he never heard of Foster: it is just possible that he may be unacquainted with Sterne. His remark would then be the fruit of independent and individual experience; and on that account lending a most interesting commentary upon the illustrations of fancy.'

In conclusion, we recommend this little work to all who feel the beauty of nature, to all who seek for health on holidays in the pure breath of the country, and chiefly to all who, prizing and valuing these charms, are yet prevented, by the stern dictates of business and duty, from visiting the scenes which they so much delight in.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MISS.

'So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less.'

THE miseries of a bashful man have often been the subject of pity to the kind-hearted, but I do not remember ever to have seen the miseries of a bashful girl touched upon; and, believe me, they are as keenly felt, although not so severely remarked upon by the world, as the other. I received what is called a very careful education—that is, I was taught all that other girls are taught—but was kept so strictly confined to my school-room, and so entirely secluded from company, even the society of companions of my own age, that to me it was positively a painful sight that of the 'human face divine;' and when, at sweet seventeen, I was told that it was now time to form my manners by seeing a little good company, I think I would rather have heard that my friends designed me for a convent. I was not very easy even when conversing only with my own sex, if they were entire strangers to me; but when a gentleman asked me the simplest question—requested me to drink wine with him (as was the custom in the bygone days I speak of), or, in short, showed the slightest wish to be commonly civil—I was in an agony, wished myself at home, blushed crimson, stammered, and answered confusedly I knew not what, and actually, for the moment, hated the innocent cause of my unpleasant sensations, and indeed myself at the same time for my folly in being abashed by a person I may have despised, and whose conversation, when I heard it addressed to others, perhaps appeared to me absolutely silly. In order to improve my mind, I had been encouraged to read a great deal; but as novels and tales were strictly forbidden, and the only books put into my hands were history, moral philosophy, and other grave useful books, my studies gave me little assistance towards bearing a part in conversation in the gay populous country neighbourhood where we resided. Observing on one or two occasions, when I timidly introduced the names of those books, and of the heroes and sages I had been taught to revere, looks of contempt and suppressed laughter, and overhearing the words, 'has bleu,' 'précieuse ridicule,' &c. I resolved never to name literature again until I was able to dilate upon the last novel. My parents, however, had little patience with my shamefacedness, and most injudiciously lectured me in private, and

looked at me in public. One day, after a long sermon, I was desired to prepare for a dinner at Oakfield Park, and 'I beg,' added my mother, 'you will not sit like a stick, and look stupid, but try to talk, and make yourself as agreeable at least as you can. People will really begin to imagine you are a fool.'

'It is better,' answered I, 'to be mistaken for a fool, than to open my mouth and prove myself one, which I should infallibly do; for whenever strangers enter into conversation with me, I lose every rational faculty.'

'Oh, nonsense. You might talk just as well as other people if you chose it. I am sure, if you listen, you will see how very little there is in the general conversation that goes on.'

'Very little indeed,' I replied. 'I have seldom heard anything worth remembering.'

'Oh,' cried my father, 'tis just as I feared; vanity is at the bottom of all this modest humility. You won't speak unless you bring out something wondrous wise.' So saying, he left the room, and mamma, in following him, said more kindly, 'Do now, my dear, let me see you behave to-day more like other people;' but unfortunately added, 'I shall keep my eye upon you!'

I was neither sulky nor obstinate, and had every wish to oblige my parents, and overcome my bashfulness, which I felt was foolish; so, upon finding myself at table, seated next to a middle-aged, quiet-looking man in a brown wig and spectacles, I resolved to address him, as soon at least as I could think of anything to say. While coursing in vain through the realms of imagination for a subject, the words 'government,' 'corn laws,' 'radical publication,' struck on my ear; and taking it for granted that a man with a brown wig and spectacles must be a politician, and, for the same wise reason—added to a certain pomposity in his look and manner—a Tory, I resolved to converse upon a squib that had recently appeared in the 'John Bull.' Just as I was turning towards him, I unluckily caught my mother's eye making a sign for me to begin some conversation, which so completely *bewildered* the little resolution with which I had 'screwed my courage to the sticking-place,' that I instantly lost all my self-possession; but not now daring to sit any longer silent, I began with a fluttering manner and unsteady voice—'Pray, do you ever read "Tom Thumb"?'—

The respectable man, not sure what could possibly be my meaning, and wondering whether I was a wit, a quizz, or an imbecile, after a pause, answered, 'Not for a long while.'

'I thought,' answered I, unconscious of the blunder I had made, and gaining courage from what I considered to be the stupid old gentleman's evident ignorance of what was passing in the world, 'that it had not been published many months.'

'Not many months!' replied my astonished auditor; 'oh—oh—ah! A new edition, I suppose! It used to be my delight, as was "Goody Twoshoes."'

Goody Twoshoes! thought I; the poor man is insane; and I began to feel more uncomfortable than ever when, from my amazed and distressed countenance, suspecting some mistake, he, with a benevolent smile, requested to know what question I had asked him. 'I begged to inquire,' I answered in a displeased voice, looking as steady and stern as I could, in order to awe him, 'if you read the "John Bull"?'—

'You doubtless, my dear young lady, meant to have done so; but you did, in fact, question me concerning "Tom Thumb."'

I tried to laugh, though tears of shame stood in my eyes, begged pardon, said I was absent, &c.; and, tingling to my fingers' ends, prayed for the ground to open and swallow me up, then sat mute, looking like a condemned criminal, until the joyful signal was made for the ladies to retire. I did not recover my self-possession the whole evening, and had to endure a severe lecture in the carriage going home, with pretty strong hints accompanying it, that certainly there must be something defective in my understanding.

'If you were punished as you deserve to be for your stupidity,' said mamma, 'you ought to be made to send an excuse to an invitation for a ball to be given by the officers of the 40th Light Dragoons, and to which General and Mrs Calderhall have kindly offered to take you.'

Go to a ball! go to a prison rather, I felt: it is ten times worse than a dinner-party. But as it was settled that I was to go, I endeavoured to discipline my mind to the dread trial, and console myself with the sight of my white crape-dress, trimmed most appropriately with blush roses. The awful night arrived! My terrors rose thicker and thicker at every whirl of the carriage wheels, which brought me nearer to the place of punishment; and when we entered the barrack yard, I became literally sick with apprehension, and was nearly fainting when we stopped. The steps were let down quickly, and I was carried off—scarcely knowing whether I stood upon my head or my heels—by one of the officers appointed to receive the company, through files of soldiers holding flambeaux, into a room as full as it could hold of ladies, in every colour of the rainbow, and gentlemen in uniform, where I was presented to the colonel's wife, and placed upon a chair almost gasping. When in some degree I recovered my recollection, I began to look about me; but was soon alarmed afresh by finding a pair of black bead eyes looking fixedly upon me; and whichever way I turned, those horrid eyes seemed to glare upon me. Their possessor was a tall slender young man, who looked as stiff as if he had swallowed a ramrod, who seemed to amuse himself at my agitation, and succeeded so completely in annoying me, that I considered all the rest as nothing; and that, could I only get rid of the eternal glare of those horrid eyes, I should be quite at my ease. At last we adjourned to the dancing-room; and I, rejoicing in having got rid of my tormentor, sat down beside my *chaperone*, and fervently thanking goodness no one had asked, or was, I hoped, likely to ask me to dance, as I knew nobody in the room, felt a lively interest in observing what was passing around. But alas! scarcely had I begun to feel something like calmness, and to hope for amusement from a scene so new to me, when I descried Mrs Fitzbattle advancing with a smile, my bead-eyed tormentor by her side. She introduced him as Mr Stonefield; and when he asked me to dance, and presented his arm, I did not dare do otherwise than accept it. We took our place in the quadrille; and after my unfortunate partner had exhausted every subject, and received for a reply a sheepish undertone 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' or perhaps, 'Oh, sir,' or the 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Oh,' without the *she*, when I remembered having heard it was vulgar to *sir* any gentleman, he turned in despair to converse with a fine-looking brother-officer, whose open good-humoured countenance made me wish he had been my partner rather than Mr Stonefield. But my observations on Captain Riversdale's personal attractions were cut short by the horrible certainty that the top string of my frock had either broken, or come unloosed, and that any attempt to dance would cause it to fall off my shoulders. Anything seemed preferable to such a climax; and with the courage despair gives, I turned hastily round, and observing Mrs Fitzbattle not far off, told her my tale of woe, and begged her to retire with me, which she good-naturedly did. Upon my return, the first object I beheld was Mr Stonefield, and the first words I heard were, 'Egad! my partner's eloped! Can't find her.'

'Stolen or strayed, a meek little maid,' cried another, laughing aloud at his own silly wit.

'Poor little thing,' I overheard Captain Riversdale say, 'she is very young, and must be quite new to this wicked world, for she seems sadly afraid of us all.' At that moment Mr Stonefield spied his victim; and coming up, claimed me as his property, and proposed we should finish the dance. My next partner was Lord Bothwell, who did not make much inroad on my peace of mind, inasmuch as he seldom spoke; and when he did, said nothing that required an answer. Soon after,

released from him, I so far recovered my self-possession as to begin a discussion with a young lady who sat next to me, and whose lively yet gentle manner emboldened me to chatter even familiarly.

'Can you tell me who that handsome, pleasant-looking man is whom I danced with last? I did not catch his name, and I like him so much.'

'Yes,' replied she, looking as if amused, 'I can—it is Major Dale.'

At this moment the object in question advanced, and requested me to go with him to supper; and there, with the help of champagne and his good-natured attentions together, I found I could talk even to an 'officer and a gentleman.'

'Do you know who that pretty girl is to whom I was talking when you asked me to come to supper?'

'Yes: she is Mrs Dale, my wife.'

'Your wife! I didn't know you were married. You don't look like a married man.'

'Don't I? But I am that unfortunate individual nevertheless.'

'Oh, oh! Don't you know it is very wrong to speak so?'

My silliness or innocence had by this time attracted the attention of those seated near me, among whom was Captain Riversdale; who, at the next public assembly I went to, convinced me that balls were not so very dreadful, and could even prove agreeable, when among those who composed the party there was one we preferred. What could make that strange man fall in love with a bashful miss, I am sure I cannot tell, and far less could I describe the wild agitation into which I was thrown by the discovery that he had done so. Such matters, however, they say, are managed in a very different place from a ball-room; and somehow or other it did happen that my extraordinary defect was the cause of my lasting happiness. The gallant captain, in short, was so much to my taste as a partner in the dance, that he had little difficulty in persuading me he would make quite as agreeable a partner for life. So, in four months from my first appearance, I bade adieu to my name and my bashfulness, and have never repented losing either.

THE THAMES-BANK BUILDING-WORKS.

In London, houses are not built singly, but by wholesale. The rapidity with which the town is spreading into the surrounding country appears to receive no check, and to admit of no cessation. Year by year the map of the metropolis takes new forms, and juts out in every direction fresh angles. To supply this insatiable demand for house-room it is not the practice—except in rare instances—for capitalists and builders to construct solitary streets; such limited speculations would, it seems, give no adequate supply: they therefore plan and execute, with wonderful celerity, whole neighbourhoods, which suddenly rise upon acres, and even square miles, of quondam green fields, like the city of Cadmus. Marylebone fields now bear upon them the weight of the circular neighbourhood which surrounds the Regent's Park; Paddington fields were wholly ticked over in some five years with a suburb, which now makes the village itself difficult to find; although, within the memory of even young Londoners, it stood naked and alone, bounded towards the west and north with flourishing farms; the Westbourne estate hard by was covered with streets, squares, and terraces of palatial-looking habitations, in less time than was spent in raising the Scott monument in Edinburgh; and the celerity with which the city of palaces, consisting of Belgrave Square, with its surrounding crescents, squares, terraces, and streets, was elevated upon the 'five-fields' of Chelsea, has become a byword.

In contemplating these and a hundred other accessions to an already overgrown town, and while wondering at the quickness with which they are effected, the means and systems employed are seldom thought of or inquired into. It is a common supposition, that

because London houses are 'run up' rapidly, that they are unstable; and although the charge cannot be gainsayed as regards a few suburban streets and villas put together by a not high class of speculators, yet all the houses we have alluded to above are stronger and better built than any of an older date; because accumulating experience is not only directing architects and their subordinates to new materials, but science enables them so to shape and dispose of those already in use, as to give them the greatest possible strength combined with the minimum specific weight and economy of materials. The strongest house to be conceived (in proportion of course to the quantity of the material which goes to form it) is the cell of the bee, and it is also the lightest.* The ponderous wooden beams employed by our forefathers required nearly as much support as they gave, and half the time to lift that a modern builder takes to finish a small house. It is improved knowledge, therefore, and not bad workmanship, to which, in a great measure, the rapid operations of builders are due. Indeed the mansions of 'Belgravia,' as well as those on the other side of Hyde Park, were built for the highest class of occupants; consequently they are as well put together as it is possible for brick, wood, and iron to be combined.

To convey a notion of the capital sunk in even one of the houses in Eaton Square—which is within the precincts of Belgravia—we may mention that No. 71, being the temporary residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, costs the country nearly £1000 per annum for rent and taxes,† and that single square contains exactly 100 houses.

This may give the reader some idea of the magnitude with which building operations are prosecuted in London. It is now proposed to afford him an insight into how they are carried on. We have recently visited the works of the gentleman who planned and built the greater part of the aristocratic neighbourhood we have more particularly alluded to, and who has also covered a few square miles of the ground which lies between Belgrave Square and the river Thames with another suburb. In these works every art, science, trade, and handicraft which contributes to house-building is carried on, whether it be for clusters of cottages, *ornées*, or for a queen's palace. Mr Thomas Cubitt, the owner and director of this wholesale factory of habitations, being an architect as well as a builder, does everything within it, from the first plans and working-drawings, to the making a single plaster cornice, and even to the manufacture of the plaster itself; from the moulding of a brick, to the casting of a keyhole scutcheon. We perceive from the 'Annual Report of the Committee of the Workmen's Benefit Club at Mr Thomas Cubitt's, 'Thames Bank, Pin-luco,' that at work in, or connected with, this establishment, are the following trades:—Joiners, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, painters, plasterers, smiths, engineers, moulders, brickmakers, carters, clerks, and yard-labourers, besides many not mentioned in the list, whose position does not necessitate them to belong to the club—such as sculptors and architectural

* This fact is curiously illustrated in 'Crombie's Natural History:—'Steamur, presuming that the angles of a honeycomb were adopted for the purpose of saving material, proposed to Koenig, a mathematician of eminence, that he should determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell, with a pyramidal base, to require the least material. By the infinitesimal calculus he ascertained that the greatest angle should be 109 degrees 26 minutes, and the smaller 70 degrees 34 minutes; the very angles which the insect adopts. What an astonishing coincidence is this! A profound mathematician is required to solve a very difficult problem, and it is found that his conclusion, gained by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and deep thought, was practically exhibited in the operations of the bee!

The principles here evolved have recently received an important practical application. Those stupendous iron tubular spans recently thrown across the Conway and the Menai Straits are constructed on the cellular system; not in exact, but in general accordance with the honeycomb.

† The exact sum was, in 1841-1842, as noted in the Miscellaneous Estimates, £964.

and decorative draughtsmen; or others not recognised as artisans—such as a librarian and schoolmaster, stable-keepers, and, *mirabile dictu*, cooks! As to their numbers, and the capital required to pay them, there are 1538 men, who are paid upwards of L.1600 every Saturday—our informant remarking that this is a peculiarly 'slack' time. The greatest number of men ever employed in the works was 2400, who were paid L.2700 per week. The usual calculation as to building expenses is, that labour is about one-third the cost of material; consequently there is 'turned over'—to use a commercial phrase—in this establishment every year from L.300,000 to half a million of money! As, therefore, such sums are annually disbursed from one establishment—and there are three or four others nearly as large, besides those of, according to the Post-Office Directory, about 770 smaller builders—the cost of the yearly additions to the British Babylon can be dimly estimated. Mr Thomas Cubitt's works stand upon 19½ acres of ground. The premises occupy lengthwise 1000 feet, on 600 feet of which stand the workshops. The machinery—of which there is perhaps a greater variety than in any other establishment in this country—is driven by four steam-engines of forty horse-power each.

Such are the rough statistics of this immense and unique factory; but we must descend to details.

The innumerable passengers on the steamboats which ply between Chelsea and London do not fail to notice near the Pimlico Pier, about midway between Chelsea Hospital and Vauxhall Bridge, a campanile tower of great height and elegant proportions, not unlike the Lansdowne Tower near Bath. It is so handsome an elevation, that few persons know its uses to be solely utilitarian—that it is, in fact, a disguised flue; not readily to be detected as such, for smoke seldom issues from it, inasmuch as it belongs to smoke-consuming apparatus. At its foot are two parallel ranges of shops; and the curious who are struck with these objects, learn on inquiry that they compose the building-works of Mr Thomas Cubitt. They stand near the edge of the river, on what is appropriately termed Thames Bank.

On entering these buildings, we were, during our visit, shown the joiners' room, after passing the pay-office, whence, by an admirable system, about a thousand pounds are distributed amongst as many men every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock in the short space of twenty minutes. When we say that this place contains at one side a long range of carpenters' benches, with room between each for putting together doors and windows of the largest dimensions, and that the other side is partly partitioned off for other benches, drying-rooms, and a sort of kitchen, it will be understood that this shop bears comparison as to extent with a small street. The precautions against fire are simple and ingenious. The building is not wholly fireproof, but is made so at each end, and in the middle, so that an accidental fire would terminate where it began; for its career would be stopped when it reached the unflamable portions. Such is the mode of prevention: the cure conveys a useful lesson to the proprietors of large buildings. It is a fact too well known to all those who possess fire-engines, that, being not in constant use, these machines are generally out of order when most wanted; but in this building they are discarded. In the joiners' room there are some half-dozen small self-supplying cisterns always full, and over each a few buckets are slung, not removable by any person for any other purpose than to put out a fire, on pain of fine and heavy displeasure. Thus water, and the means of distributing it, are constantly on the spot. Should, however, a flame promote itself into a conflagration, it can be played upon without by hoses applied to a pump in the yard, always available by steam-power or a capstan.

It is in the joiners' shop that you begin to understand the system by which houses are made by wholesale. It may have been remarked that the habitations of a London street, if not precisely like each other archi-

tecturally, are similar in many respects. The doors and windows are almost all exactly alike. Suppose, therefore, a street of fifty first-class houses is to be built, there would have to be made for it fifty fore-doors, all as much alike as are the sheets of this Journal; for each house, say 6 doors (all of one size and description) for the basement, 5 for the ground-floor, 5 for the drawing-room floor, 7 for the second, 6 for the third floor, &c. or 6 sets each, making in all 1500 doors—about the same number of 'copies' as is usually printed of a flourishing country newspaper. The jest-books contain an example of the inveterate habit some have of talking in technicalities:—A printer's boy once complained that he could not get from one part of his master's office to another without opening 'a quire of doors.' A glance into Mr Cubitt's 'drying-room' showed us gigantic 'reams' of them stacked one upon another like planks in a timber-yard. This apartment is heated artificially to a temperature varying from 70 to 90 degrees, and dries the woodwork after it has been put together. Window-frames, shutters, and other stock articles are multiplied and dealt with in the same manner.

Let us now watch the operations in the joiners' room, and see the system by which this wholesale work is carried on. At the end of the shop we observe a draughtsman. With rule, pencil, and compasses, he is making—on a long strip of board prepared for the purpose—the working-drawings of a window-frame, from a design previously furnished him. Upon the margin the dimensions of each component piece is marked, where it does not actually appear of the intended size on the drawing; also any special instructions. Here is a specimen copied from the 'rod' (as such a working-plan is called) of a door-frame—'Grosvenor Crescent: height of doors for basement. To be kept in drying-room at least a week.'

In the 'cutting-out' rooms—apartments containing lathes, sawing, planing, and morticing machines, driven by steam—the 'stuff' (the carpenter's expression for his raw material) is fashioned into the shapes and dimensions indicated on the rod or pattern. The machine-saws cut so evenly, that the plane has only to go over the work after it very lightly; indeed floor-boards are laid down just as they come from the saw, a few shavings being smoothed away here and there at the seams after the floor has been laid. Such is the mathematical accuracy attained by the use of machinery, that in making up a hundred door-frames or windows from the same 'rod,' any one of the hundred tenants of the hundred crosspieces will exactly fit the mortices in any one of the same number of uprights.* The proper pieces are therefore taken at random from each heap, tied up, and sent to the joiners to be fitted and glued together.

This is done in the quietest manner possible, and it is some time before the visitor discovers how it is that this joiners' shop differs so much from those of the old school: there is no knocking, no noise. The artisan, instead of hammering the door after it is fitted and glued, places it upon a screw-bench. By a few turns of the worm, the sides of a frame contract and force themselves against the outer edges of the door, with the even, stealthy, inevitable pressure of the Iron Shroud. The compact and ponderous wooden leaf is then taken from the press and handed off to the hot-air department, just as a

* We may here instance the infinite mechanical accuracy attained by Mr Whitworth of Manchester. That gentleman has constructed a gauge by which, in a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, he can measure to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. All the screws, both active and passive, which he makes for holding together the machinery he manufactures are numbered; each set of screws, distinguished by its number, is so rigidly of the same size, that, supposing two or more steam-engines or other machines to be taken to pieces, and huddled together in one heap, and the screws in another, the engine can be put together again by selecting the active screws merely by the figure stamped upon them, and inserting them in the passive screws that have the same number stamped beside them on the component parts of the machine.

printer sends away his sheets from the press—in numbers hardly greater—to the drying-room.

It enlarges one's ideas of the extent of this hive of house-makers, and of the strictly departmental plan on which it is necessarily conducted, when we know that one man is employed to do nothing else but to grind the joiners' tools, another to sharpen saws, and a third to cook the glue. The bright, clean, copper glue-pots, marshalled on the stove that heats them, form an exhibition that would charm the eye of a French *chef de cuisine*: but of the culinary department of these works anon.

The superior lightness of iron in proportion to its strength has caused a great quantity of that material to be used for building purposes; the smithies and casting-shops of these works are consequently very extensive. Joists and girders are chiefly of wrought or cast-iron, and iron hooping is employed to bind together the bricks and mortar of party-walls, the use of bond-timber being forbidden by the new building act. Connected with this department is the 'proving yard,' where, by the agency of hydraulic power, the soundness of iron girders and other cast-iron work is tested. The machines now in use for such purposes attest the omnipotent dominion of science. With great prowess we are apt to associate great size—immensity; but in these works a small iron vessel is pointed out, in shape like a gas-retort, and in size not much bigger than a gallon spirit jar. 'That,' said our informant, 'is a hydraulic press, which, when fitted to a pump, is capable of applying to any object a pressure equal to one hundred tons.' To the test of this little instrument everything destined to bear great weights is brought—to be broken in shivers should any flaw exist, but to be pronounced capable of bearing its allotted weight if sound. The rule for arriving at a verdict in favour of iron girders is, that if they are found capable of supporting three cwt. upon every superficial square foot of flooring, they are pronounced 'good.' Some notion of the capabilities of these small, harmless-looking machines—and also of those of the common brick for bearing pressure—may be formed when we mention that we saw the fragments of a common brick which had not been smashed till a pressure equal to the weight of eighty-five tons had been applied to it!

The metal-workers in this establishment are not confined to the rough and massive materials used in modern building, but they also fashion every ornament and accessory which convenience, art, or luxury demand—from the *batterie de cuisine* which furnishes the royal table at Osborne House,* to the tiniest and most elaborately-ornamented grate for the boudoirs of Belgrave Square. Specimens of this sort of work are ranged in ware-rooms, which are as extensive as those of a first-rate stove-factor's, and form quite an interesting exhibition. Indeed nothing is omitted. The Vulcans of Thames Bank are sometimes called upon to produce ponderous park gates (from patterns designed and carved on the premises), and at others to tame their energies down to mere railings for scullery areas; from casting a Corinthian column to forging a kitchen poker; from making an elaborate planing machine (for nearly all machines and tools are made on the spot), to hammering out a simple roasting spit—nothing comes amiss. Not the minutest detail of household requirement is forgotten. When we visited the brass-workers, some were casting water-taps, and others 'filing up' ornamental slits for those letter-boxes which the Postmaster-General has so earnestly recommended to be inserted on street-doors, to facilitate the rapid delivery of letters.

We should mention that the smithies (in one of which is a steam-hammer) and casting-houses are on opposite sides of the yard. The former, from its cleanly appearance, is unlike any forge we had ever previously seen: a housewife would pronounce it 'tidy.'

* Mr Cubitt was not only the builder, but the architect of the Queen's marine villa at the Isle of Wight.

In crossing the yard, the visitor perceives huge blocks of marble of all descriptions, from the veined white of the Carrara quarries, to variegated red from Sienna. Some of them he sees, under the resistless teeth of steam-saws, being sliced into slabs; and on entering another set of shops, he is shown the operation of smoothing and polishing the slabs by the same agency. The collection of chimney-pieces thus produced, after passing under the hands of skilled sculptors, is almost a study in decorative art. As to the number manufactured, we must help our guesses by again remembering that enough are required at once, not for single houses, but for streets and neighbourhoods.

The ornamental-plastering department has its walls covered with every variety of design; some from art-models, others from nature. It is, we were told, Mr Cubitt's habit, when he finds opportunity, to collect leaves and other foliage, and to have such as are adapted for architectural ornament cast in plaster. Several of these casts are hung on the walls, and serve as patterns for cornices, friezes, &c.

The glaziers' shops are stored with window-glass, and display some very pretty specimens of transparent painting. In the painters' shops little is done, as this branch is necessarily performed on the buildings themselves when nearly completed. The colour-makers are, however, busy enough, for the mills in which the pigments are ground are seldom at rest; neither are the plaster and cement-mills often idle. In short, this establishment is like the kingdom of China—it is self-producing and self-supporting: it discards all foreign aid. 'Some of the branches,' said the gentleman who kindly showed us over the works, 'are not profitable; but we find it indispensable to maintain them, that we may get things when we want them. We have had formerly to wait weeks for a casting, which often caused us great inconvenience.' It is therefore from no desire for monopoly that every operation of the building and furnishing trades is carried on.

The powers which set all the machinery of these works in motion present nothing different from other factory steam-engines, except the elegant flue. There never, perhaps, existed what an American would designate a 'taller' specimen of the useful combined with the ornamental: æsthetically—if a factory chimney may be allowed so long a word—this erection is a pleasing mark for the eye to rest upon amidst the not very picturesque landscape which surrounds it; and will not be objected to by the aristocratic neighbours which Mr Cubitt's houses are fast attracting within sight of it. But its beauty is also its utility, it being nothing less than a square case or shield for the enormous brick tube, or real flue, which rises within it, and which it shelters from the exterior atmosphere. By thus keeping the chimney warm, or, in other words, preventing the hot air draughted from the furnaces from cooling too rapidly, an increased draught is caused, equal to that which could only have been obtained by running up the flue fifty feet higher than the 105 feet to which it rises at present. That its campanile character might be truly preserved, it is in this tower that the bell is hung which summons the artisans from their meals to their duties.

Let us hope that this elegant structure will be a model chimney for manufacturing towns. Besides superseding the dangerous height to which some are elevated (as witness the fate of the St Rollox chimney), if all the 'stalks' in Manchester and Glasgow resembled Mr Cubitt's smokeless tower, those towns would appear as cities of palaces, instead of looming in the distance like the mouths of Erebus.

No one can take the most cursory glance over this establishment without seeing that it had been formed, and is supervised by a comprehensive mind, gifted with a ready faculty for contrivance, and possessing an extraordinary mastery over details. Although so many trades are carried on, yet each set of workmen seem to play into one another's hands without the loss of a minute, or the interposition of the most trifling diffi-

culty. Strict routine, and the harmony with which it is followed, were, so far as we could judge, perfect. This may in some degree arise from the fact of Mr Thomas Cubitt being, except on rare occasions, his own employer. He chiefly builds upon ground he has already bought, and that he covers with houses upon a well-considered plan, which embraces every detail.

But a far more admirable quality of mind pervades these works than intellectual skill or invention; and that is benevolence. That feeling presents itself in every part of the establishment—is interwoven with its very mechanism. The comfort and safety of the men are presided over with a care almost parental:—a comfortable temperature is maintained by an ordinary heating apparatus, and is regulated by thermometers; the ventilation is complete, and no foul air can pollute the atmosphere; for, by a simple contrivance, the only exit for the air of every closet, or place where it is likely to be bad, is into the nearest furnace; so that for it to escape into the other apartments is impossible. Personal comfort has been carefully studied. Attached to each department is a cooking-stove and a—cook, to whom such men as choose to eat their meals on the premises consign their dinners. The stoves and ovens are precisely such as are supplied to noblemen's mansions; for it is a principle here to let nothing leave the factory which has not been tested by actual experiment. Hence there is not a kitchen in the works in which Soyer could not dish up a banquet fit for royalty. There is, besides, a small house built expressly for making soup *secundum artem*; and this is supplied to the men at cost price—namely, at a penny per pint. A boiler of cocoa never ceases to simmer on each stove; and that nutritive beverage is in some cases supplied gratis, as an antidote to stronger and more harmful drinks. To each kitchen there is attached a lavatory—not, indeed, so handsomely fitted up as those at a club-house, but quite as efficient, with hot and cold water, soap, towels, &c. at will. Each 'trade' has also a separate dining-room; except the joiners, who prefer to follow the customs of their fathers, and dine on the ends of their benches.

In the smiths' lofty and spacious dining-room intellectual food is also administered. At a quarter to six o'clock every evening this becomes a school-room, which every well-conducted boy in Mr Cubitt's employment attends gratis. The studies are directed by a schoolmaster, under a committee of the foremen, and are preluded each evening by the free distribution to each boy of a huge mug of cocoa and a biscuit of considerable circumference. At present there are thirty-five pupils, and their progress is said to be satisfactory.

For the intellectual improvement of the men there is a library of about fifteen hundred works, including architecture, anecdotes, the arts and sciences, biography, chemistry, geography, geology, history political and natural, physiology, novels, periodicals, and poetry. We have glanced over the catalogue, and find these works are among the soundest that exist in the various departments. They are the property of Mr Cubitt, and are in the keeping of the schoolmaster. The subscription for current expenses is one penny per week. We regret to find that only 10 per cent., or 140 of the men in this employment, avail themselves of the great privilege that this library affords.

It is with pleasure we record a growing desire is being widely spread among manufacturers to ease the toils of their men by administering to their personal welfare and intellectual improvement. Visits which we have made to manufactories lately, not only in and near London, but in the manufacturing districts of the more northern counties, entitle us to report this pleasing fact with some confidence. Nothing is more certainly calculated to consolidate the union which it is to the interest of both parties should exist between employers and their workmen. Mr Cubitt's is happily one instance in point.

In conclusion, we may repeat that the rapid spread of London is a mystery not only to strangers, but to

its own inhabitants; but an inspection of the Thames-Bank Building-Works has tended in a great measure to solve the problem, by showing with what ease and celerity even one well-ordered establishment is capable of completing the most extensive works.

THE PRESENT TIME.

Full many a bard of Memory sings,
And Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;
But who the charm of music brings
To celebrate the present time?
Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime;
But oh! be still thy greatest care
That awful point—the present time!
Fulfil the duties of the day—
The next may hear thy funeral chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way
Where all shall be the present time.

M. A.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS.

'You're a remarkably lucky fellow,' said Morris; 'for you are the first gentleman farmer in the settlement that I've heard of who has ever sold anything. For my part I am so accustomed to pay two or three great hulking fellows ten dollars a month to do me the favour of eating up everything the farm produces, and sundry barrels of pork and flour produced by some other farm, that the idea of selling anything appears absurd.' 'But how in the world is it,' asked Drayton, 'that the common people about us seem to be getting on so well? Some of their clearings are almost as large as ours; and they seem to have plenty to sell whenever we want anything. There are plenty of families about us here, who, when they came, hadn't a shilling, who now seem to want for nothing.' 'I don't think it very difficult to account for,' said Harry. 'In the first place, they have been accustomed to labour from their childhood, and what seems privation to us is comfort to them. For instance, we have pigs, and they have pigs; we fatten our pigs, and eat them; they fatten their pigs, and sell them to us, and live upon potatoes themselves. So with eggs, butter, poultry, flour, and everything we need, and they can do without; and yet they don't do without them entirely either; for after we have bought these things from them, we, as Morris says, pay them handsome wages to come and help us to eat them. They do all their own work, and then, for "a consideration," they come and help us to do ours, during which operation they must be well fed. Now, the result of this state of things is, that in consequence of our consuming their produce and labour, our money is being transferred into their pockets, and we are becoming poorer, and they are becoming richer.'—*Sketches of Canadian Life by a Presbyterian of Toronto.*

CANVASS OF AN ASSURANCE AGENT.

The Manchester agent of an assurance company gives the following curious results of a personal canvass at 1,349 houses, in seventy streets, in the districts of Hulme and Charlton, chiefly rentals from £12 to £24 per annum. The inquiry showed that there were 29 insured; 8 persons too old; 11 who never heard of life-assurance, and who were anxious to have it explained to them; 471 who had heard of it, but did not understand it; 419 who were disinclined to assure; 19 favourable, if their surplus incomes were not otherwise invested; 89 persons who had it under consideration, with a view to insure as soon as their arrangements were completed, and who appointed times for the agent to call again; 21 refused the circulars, or to allow an explanation; 175 doors not answered; 102 houses empty; 3 had sufficient property not to require it; 1 favourable, but afraid of litigation; 1 preferred the savings' bank; 1 used abusive language; 2 would trust their family to provide for themselves; and 1 had been rejected by an office, although he never was unwell, and was consequently afraid to try again, although very anxious.—*Builder.*

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ART OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the most important department of literature, and, considered as an art, its position is altogether peculiar. Other literary arts, such as biography, poetry, and romantic fiction, have submitted to various vicissitudes in their career; sometimes advancing with rapid strides, sometimes diverging into a fantastic and unreal refinement, and sometimes sinking back into original rudeness. At this day, the world, notwithstanding all its hoary experience, is often counselled, as regards them, to retrace its steps, and seek not only for truth and nature, but artistic beauty in the earlier models. In history, on the other hand, all, or almost all, is progress; but a progress so slow, that as yet we are only in the infancy of the art. It was not, indeed, till almost within the memory of living men that we began to form even a faint conception of the true meaning of the term, or do more than vaguely suspect that history had higher functions than as the mere handmaid of memory.

The art of poetry was as well understood in the rude age of Homer as at any after time; and Aristotle and Horace, Despreaux, Boileau, and Pope, left it just where they found it. The progress of history has been very different; so different, that the one would appear to belong to human nature, and the other to be an emanation of the particular age. Writers on this subject tell us that the first historian was the first man; that he who related to his children the events of his life related history; and that the commemorative altars, temples, trophies, and names of places of ancient nations, are all examples of the same art. But here, we humbly conceive, two very different things are confounded—the materials of history, and history itself. In the tombs of Egypt were buried with the dead not merely chronological dates, but either specimens or paintings of the local and household objects the living eyes must have rested on; and in such abundance and completeness, that an antiquary of our day has boasted that he could write the court journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty five thousand years ago. But although this journal, if executed, might be history, the specimens and paintings from which it would derive its facts are no more so than the separate stones of a pyramid are the pyramid itself. In the same way, the traditions of a district delivered by a clown are not history, but materials which must be examined, sifted, compared, and reduced to coherency by him who would assume the functions of a historian. After all these things, though perhaps not less ancient, are the popular rhymes, first used in the service of the gods, and then in the commemoration of great actions. Of such were the materials supposed to have been wrought up by Homer. Even the 'Iliad' itself belongs to the same class; for although the exploits of the

heroes, natural and supernatural, may throw but little light upon the actual siege of Troy, the manners described throughout the poem are historical monuments of the highest interest.

The Hebrews appear to have been the first historians as well as the first poets; but the genius of that peculiar people was consecrated to religion. Their songs were divine hymns, and their chronicles, after the Pentateuch, the performances of priests acting under the command of Joshua and his successors. When religion no longer demanded their pen, its virtue passed away; and the harp of Judah is hung upon the willows to this day. The Greeks had a greater influence upon literature; but we must not suppose, from his having received the name of the Father of History, that the art was born with Herodotus: various prose authors, as we read in Strabo, preceded him; some of whom merely discarded the measure without changing the poetical style; while others left local and personal histories, written without any attempt at adornment. After them came Herodotus, a man of infinite curiosity, who delighted to inquire, travelling over the narrow space of the then known world for the purpose of doing so, and giving forth in a picturesque narrative, but without comparison or criticism, the answers he received. Sometimes his facts are true, sometimes fabulous; but even in his fable there is usually a meaning, since the popular belief has always some nucleus of truth. But his 'collation of connected evidence' is only a dream of his translators; and as for the results of his personal intercommunion with the priests of Egypt, they were unable to tell him one-half of what in our own day has been dug out of the Pyramids by the school of Champollion.

History received a new development in Thucydides, who set the first model of perspicacity and selection. Among the Romans this style came to perfection in Livy and Tacitus; and then began the convulsions which overthrew and reorganised Europe, and raised up new languages and new literatures to rival those of Greece and Rome. Civilisation was thrown backward only to make the greater spring; progress was interrupted, but only like a torrent, which sweeps on with increased volume and mightier force after some temporary obstacle. At the revival of learning, however, the ancients were consulted merely as a school for the cultivation of individual tastes. Thus, although the grammarian, the politician, and the soldier, in writing history, learned something from Livy and Tacitus, they did so each in his own peculiar line; and it was this which made Clarence, in his attempt at an historical introduction to the belles lettres and sciences, declare, though writing in the early part of the eighteenth century, that the ancients were still our superiors in history. But at length these petty demarcations were effaced in the progress of intellectual development; and

so far from stopping at the point of comparative excellence, where the line of history had been broken off by the disturbances of the European system, the same century saw us far in advance, and still on the onward march. Hume is far before any older writer; Gibbon and Robertson gave an authority to history it had never before obtained; and Niebuhr and Savigny, Guizot, Michelet, and Thierry, have brought about what must be considered as the beginning of a new development.

The ancients wrote their own history without a guide or a study, while the moderns have the career of the whole antique world mapped out before their eyes. At the present day, we not only enjoy this advantage, but are able to trace the progress of the new nations of Europe from their commencement to their maturity. The consequence is, that the art has entirely changed its character. Men, while admiring the pictures of Gibbon, curious in their details, but magnificent when viewed as a whole, feel that there is still something more in history; and each successive work is now rather a groping and grasping after that something than an actual achievement. Vico, even before the days of Hume, projected a philosophy of history, which he fitly called the New Science, with the object of determining the principles by which the progress of nations is governed. He imagined that human nature was under one unalterable law of progression, and that this law might be deduced with scientific accuracy from the facts of human history. This great conception was afterwards seized by Herder, who, however, while recognising the existence of an unchangeable law, perceived that it was constantly modified in its manifestations by time, place, and a thousand other circumstances. The obstacle of the difference of races, now assumed as a fact, was thus removed out of the way of the new science; but it is obvious that the establishment of a general rule of history, subject to such endless modifications in particular histories, would be of little real utility. The grand practical truth, however, is recognised by all the recent historians—that there is an eternal relation between institutions and ideas; or, in other words, between the popular character and the mode of government. The science of character, therefore, or ethology (first so-named by John Mill), must precede that of history, for the one is based upon the other.

But in these slight columns we must confine ourselves to history considered as a literary art, and explain why, after all the names of power we have mentioned (to which the intelligent reader will be able to add many more), we have ventured to consider it as being yet in its infancy. We have said that the restricted views which, after the revival of learning, bound up history in individuality, were opened out in the progress of intellectual development; and this is true, or the world would have wanted even the works of those who are called our classic historians, not to talk of any more recent ones. But the tyranny of literary and professional tastes was succeeded by other tyrannies; and the ignorance which wrote history in the fashion of a mere grammarian, or mere politician, or a mere soldier, was absorbed in an ignorance as revolting and as unconscious. Even Gibbon sneers throughout his great work at Christianity—the philosophy of the vulgar, as well as of the learned, and the greatest of all the agents of human progress. Then came Protestant histories, and Catholic histories, and Whig histories, and Tory histories! The annals of human nature were jumbled up with doctrinal polemics; and the task of tracing the

social and political institutions to their origin in the minds of men was identified with the service of a particular party in the state! Only a few months ago, the first portion of a voluminous history appeared, but the author was a Whig—his very publishers were Whigs; and its reception by those who assume the name of critics, depended therefore, as a matter of course, upon the colour of their politics. It was reviewed like a political pamphlet, and either praised or condemned upon small party grounds; and the author was even censured for making his book 'as entertaining as a romance,' by describing with some minuteness the manners of his epoch—the external manifestations of that character on which the institutions of the people were founded, and by which their historical fate was decided.

This, it must be admitted, is disheartening, after the long career of history we have so rapidly traced; and in our opinion it is owing, as we explained on a former occasion when treating of another department of literature, neither to want of genius nor of reflection, but solely to the comparative destitution we labour under with respect to critical science. We use the qualifying word 'comparative,' because, in reality, two or three excellent, but somewhat misty papers on history, have within the last six or seven years adorned the periodical press; although, even if the number were vastly greater, there would still be much difficulty in opening the mind of the country to the legitimate objects and true dignity of history. In the time of that ill-assorted, though constantly joined trio—Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—the duty of history was to trace the proximate causes of events. We now go deeper, and follow these causes themselves to their origin in ideas. The continuers of Hume swelled out their political narratives by reporting the wearisome debates in parliament. We of the present day would consider parliament as giving voice to the thought of the time, and we should consider that thought as existing in the character of the people, modified by circumstances, and reacted upon by institutions originally emanating from itself. We should describe, as formerly, the career of war; but war rises from elements engendered, or set in motion, in the bosom of peace, and there we should seek out its origin. In everything we have a wider and nobler scope than our elders; and it puts us out of patience to think that we should suffer ourselves to be hindered in our onward path by narrow polemics and paltry idiosyncrasies.

A French author is subjected to more temptation than his English brother. He may be called upon to make history as well as write it: riches, honour, political distinction—all are within his reach. In England, a man writes for money; but a little money will suffice for the support of a true literary man. He has still time for the past and the future; and the present has no enticements to lead him away from the aspirations of a prouder ambition than that of a peerage or a seat in the cabinet. But notwithstanding this, there is more true literary enthusiasm in France than in England; and in the former country there is now a more profound erudition than among the countrymen of Gibbon. The divergence so obvious in the paths of the great French historical writers is caused, not by the mere separations of clique and party, but by the restless aspirations of their minds, at a time when a revolution has commenced in the art of history as mighty as any of the political convulsions of their country. Michelet, turning away from the allurements of the time, glories in being merely an author; and the wild and ardent

Thierry is the author, *par excellence*, of the present world. 'His life,' says a Review now defunct as a separate work,* 'is a lesson to all men of letters, at once grand, thoughtful, and affecting. In it may be read the triumph of a great intellect, when fortified by a noble purpose, over the painful "ills that flesh is heir to." He has prostituted his pen to no court or ministry; he has sacrificed his soul to no luxurious and ignoble idleness. History has been his passion and delight. Blindness, paralysis, and helplessness, have been the fatal consequences of his too great application: the eyes that read so eagerly, gradually dimmed until they lost all power; the very hand that traced the narrative of his country's struggles refuses now to hold a pen. Nothing remains but the great heart and intellect "*de faire amitié avec les ténèbres*," as he pathetically says. It is a sad spectacle. The visitor goes expecting to see the animated, enthusiastic author of the "*Norman Conquest*," and he sees the servant bringing in his arms a helpless creature, who, when gently placed in his chair, begins to talk with all the faith and enthusiasm of youth. The spirit-sighted countenance of the "*old man eloquent*" warms into a glow as he speaks of his favourite study. You forget, as you hear him talk, that he is so afflicted: he does not forget it, but he does not repine.' In an autobiographical work, he says that he has given to his country all a mutilated soldier gives on the field of battle; and yet, blind and suffering as he is, without hope, and almost without relaxation, his experience enables him to declare that there is something better in the world than material enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself—and that is the devotion to science!

Although it is beyond our province to enter into the extensive question of a science of history, we may yet deduce from the preceding sketch one suggestion, which would seem to involve an indispensable preliminary in every attempt at the advancement of the historical art. The early historians were mere story-tellers, conducting their narrative with more or less truthfulness and tact. After them there was infused into history the element of *doubt*, which formed, in fact, a new development; and to this were added, by the genius of Gibbon, a keenness of view and a breadth of design which were the triumph of the art as it then existed. But his object was still limited. In his hands the body of history became perfect, but it wanted the soul. He wrote the biography of a nation: but history is something more than this. The life of a man is closed in death—and there's an end; but that of a nation is a succession of existences—a succession of developments—which by no means terminate with any given epoch. The Roman Empire did not perish with its fall: its elements were merely distributed, like those of a dead body; and they still live, and breathe, and triumph in new forms. A historian who restricts his view to the goal he proposes for his work is a mere mechanic, however exquisite his skill. He will not comprehend events unless he is able to carry his eye far beyond, along that great chain of which they are merely individual links. He must be a poet and a philosopher as well as a historian: he must be able to penetrate into the finer mysteries of human nature, and predict from individual character and social tendencies the future of the human race. We insist the more upon the necessity for an open and capacious mind, and a bold and soaring spirit, in him who would instruct mankind in their history, that it is owing, in our opinion, to material and restricted views that so many of the writers and critics of this country still linger among the mean polemics of sects and parties. Freedom of the press is an attainment of little consideration, unless accom-

panied by that nobler freedom of soul which implies in itself large views, generous aspirations, and a proud faith in the surpassing grandeur and nobility of literature.

L. R.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls,' observed my wife, as Mary and Kate, after a more than usually boisterous romp with their papa, left the room for bed. I may here remark, *inter alia*, that I once surprised a dignified and highly-distinguished judge at a game of blindman's buff with his children, and very heartily he appeared to enjoy it too. 'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls. Susan May did very well as a nursery teacher, but they are now far beyond her control. I cannot attend to their education, and as for you'—The sentence was concluded by a shrug of the shoulders and a toss of the head, eloquently expressive of the degree of estimation in which my governing powers were held.

'Time enough, surely, for that,' I exclaimed, as soon as I had composed myself; for I was a little out of breath. 'They may, I think, rub along with Susan for another year or two. Mary is but seven years of age'—

'Eight years, if you please. She was eight years old last Thursday three weeks.'

'Eight years! Then we must have been married nine! Bless me, how the time has flown: it seems scarcely so many weeks!'

'Nonsense,' rejoined my wife with a sharpness of tone and a rigidity of facial muscle which, considering the handsome compliment I had just paid her, argued, I was afraid, a foregone conclusion. 'You always have recourse to some folly of that sort whenever I am desirous of entering into a serious consultation on family affairs.'

There was some truth in this, I confess. The 'consultations' which I found profitable were not serious ones with my wife upon domestic matters; leading, as they invariably did, to a diminution instead of an increase of the little balance at the banker's. If such a proposition could therefore be evaded or adjourned by even an extravagant compliment, I considered it well laid out. But the expedient, I found, was one which did not improve by use. For some time after marriage it answered remarkably well; but each succeeding year of wedded bliss marked its rapidly-declining efficacy.

'Well, well; go on.'

'I say it is absolutely necessary that a first-rate governess should be at once engaged. Lady Maldon has been here to-day, and she'—

'Oh, I thought it might be her new ladyship's suggestion. I wish the "fountain of honour" was somewhat charrier of its knights and ladies, and then perhaps'—

'What, for mercy's sake, are you running on about?' interrupted the lady with peremptory emphasis. 'Fountains of honour, forsooth! One would suppose, to hear you talk in that wild, nonsensical way, that you were addressing a bench of judges sitting in *banco*, instead of a sensible person solicitous for her and your children's welfare.'

'Bless the woman,' thought I; 'what an exalted idea she appears to have of forensic eloquence! Proceed, my love,' I continued; 'there is a difference certainly; and I am all attention.'

'Lady Maldon knows a young lady—a distant relative, indeed, of hers—whom she is anxious to serve'—

'At our expense.'

'How can you be so ungenerous? Edith Willoughby is the orphan daughter of the late Reverend Mr Willoughby, curate of Heavy Tree in Warwickshire, I believe; and was specially educated for a first-class governess and teacher. She speaks French with the

* British and Foreign Review.

true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan'—

'Ile-e-mi!'

'She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough *artiste* in drawing and painting; and is, moreover, very handsome—though beauty, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with.'

'True; unless, indeed, it were catching.'

I need not prolong this connubial dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely overcoloured. She was a well-educated, elegant, and beautiful girl, of refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest, gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favourite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I felt for once positively grateful to busy Lady Maldon for her officious interference in my domestic arrangements.

Edith Willoughby had been domiciled with us about two years, when Mr Harlowe, a gentleman of good descent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley Street, the title to which exhibited by the vendors was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than I could have easily accounted for even to myself. Mr Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, not ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl rich only in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I disliked the man—instinctively disliked and distrusted him; for I could assign no very positive motive for my antipathy.

'The reason why, I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr Fell.'

These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have, I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of ungeniality or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which, separately, may appear of little moment, but altogether, produce a strong, if undefinable, feeling of aversion. Mr Harlowe's manners were bland, polished, and insinuating; his conversation was sparkling and instructive; but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hard and atony depths, which I shuddered to think a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was, I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the facts I threw out, had set him down as a kind of

polished human tiger—with tears intreated her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favour of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forebore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to impute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of one possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr Harlowe on the subject; and he, under the influence of headstrong, eager passion, gave me, as I expected, *carte blanche*. I availed myself of the license so readily afforded: a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding; and Edith Willoughby, as far as wealth and position in society were concerned, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby, and Mr Harlowe were leaving my chambers after the execution of the deed, Mr Ferret the attorney appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he stopped abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looked with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognise the new-comer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the inattentive Mr Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

'What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?' demanded Mr Ferret as the affianced pair disappeared together.

'Marriage, Mr Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?'

'The fellow's wife is dead then?'

'Yes; she died about a twelvemonth ago. Did you know her?'

'Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Braintree, for whom I transact London business sent me the draught of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady, rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow, between ourselves—the former Mrs Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated virulence and legal—at least not illegal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books—despotism. He espoused her for her wealth: that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the incumbrance to it. A common case!—and now, if you please, to business.'

I excused myself, as did my wife, from being present at the wedding; but everything, I afterwards heard, passed off with great *éclat*. The bridegroom was all fervour and obsequiousness; the bride all bashfulness and beauty. The 'happy pair,' I saw by the afternoon newspapers, were to pass the honeymoon at Mr Harlowe's seat, Fairdown Park. The evening of the marriage-day was anything, I remember, but a pleasant one to me. I reached home by no means hilariously disposed, where I was greeted, by way of revival, with the intelligence that my wife, after listening with great energy to Lady Maldon's description of the wedding festivities for two tremendous hours, had at last been

relieved by copious hysteria, and that Mary and Kate were in a fair way—if the exploit could be accomplished by perseverance—of crying themselves to sleep. These were our bridal compliments; much more flattering, I imagine, if not quite so honey-accented, as the courtly phrases with which the votaries and the victims of Hymen are alike usually greeted.

Time, business, worldly hopes and cares, the triumphs and defeats of an exciting profession, gradually weakened the impression made upon me by the gentle virtues of Edith Willoughby; and when, about fifteen months after the wedding, my wife informed me that she had been accosted by Mrs Harlowe at a shop in Bond Street, my first feeling was one of surprise, not untinged with resentment, for what I deemed her ungrateful neglect.

'She recognised you then?' I remarked.

'Recognised me! What do you mean?'

'I thought perhaps she might have forgotten your features, as she evidently has our address.'

'If you had seen,' replied my wife, 'how pale, how cold, how utterly desolate she looked, you would think less hardly of her. As soon as she observed me, a slight scream escaped her; and then she glanced eagerly and tremblingly around like a startled fawn. Her husband had passed out of the shop to give, I think, some direction to the coachman. She tottered towards me, and clasping me in her arms, burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, why—why," I asked as soon as I could speak, "why have you not written to us?" "I dared not!" she gasped. "But oh tell me, do you—does your husband remember me with kindness? Can I still reckon on his protection—his support?" I assured her you would receive her as your own child: the whispered words had barely passed my lips, when Mr Harlowe, who had swiftly approached us unperceived, said, "Madam, the carriage waits." His stern, pitiless eye glanced from his wife to me, and stuffily bowing, he said, "Excuse me for interrupting your conversation; but time presses. Good-day." A minute afterwards, the carriage drove off.'

I was greatly shocked at this confirmation of my worst fears; and I meditated with intense bitterness on the fate of a being of such meek tenderness exposed to the heartless brutalities of a sated sensualist like Harlowe. But what could be done? She had chosen, deliberately and after warning, chosen her lot, and must accept the consequences of her choice. In all the strong statutes, and sharp biting laws of England, there can be found no clause wherewith to shield a woman from the 'regulated' meanness and despotism of an unprincipled husband. Resignation is the sole remedy, and therein the patient must minister to herself.

On the morning of the Sunday following Edith's brief interview with my wife, and just as we were about to leave the house to attend divine service, a cab drove furiously up to the door, and a violent summons by both knocker and bell announced the arrival of some strangely-impatient visitor. I stepped out upon the drawing-room landing, and looked over the banister rail, curious to ascertain who had honoured me with so peremptory a call. The door was quickly opened, and in ran, or rather staggered, Mrs Harlowe, with a child in long clothes in her arms.

'Shut—shut the door!' she faintly exclaimed, as she sank on one of the hall seats. 'Pray shut the door—I am pursued!'

I hastened down, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. She had fainted. I had her carried up stairs, and by the aid of proper restoratives, she gradually recovered consciousness. The child, a girl about four months old, was seized upon by Mary and Kate, and carried off in triumph to the nursery. Sadly changed, indeed, as by the sickness of the soul, was poor Edith. The radiant flush of youth and hope, rendering her sweet face eloquent of joy and pride, was replaced by the cold, sad hues of wounded affections and proud despair. I could read in her countenance,

as in a book, the sad record of long months of wearing sorrow, vain regrets, and bitter self-reproach. Her person, too, had lost its rounded, airy, graceful outline, and had become thin and angular. Her voice, albeit, was musical and gentle as ever, as she murmured, on recovering her senses, 'You will protect me from my—~~from that man?~~' As I warmly pressed her hand, in emphatic assurance that I would shield her against all comers, another loud summons was heard at the door. A minute afterwards, a servant entered, and announced that Mr Harlowe waited for me below. I directed he should be shown into the library; and after iterating my assurance to Edith that she was quite safe from violence beneath my roof, and that I would presently return to hear her explanation of the affair, I went down stairs.

Mr Harlowe, as I entered, was pacing rapidly up and down the apartment. He turned to face me; and I thought he looked even more perturbed and anxious than vengeful and angry. He, however, as I coldly bowed, and demanded his business with me, instantly assumed a bullying air and tone.

'Mrs Harlowe is here: she has surreptitiously left South Audley Street in a hired cab, and I have traced her to this house.'

'Well?'

'Well! I trust it is well; and I insist that she instantly return to her home.'

'Her home!'

I used the word with an expression significative only of my sense of the sort of 'home' he had provided for the gentle girl: he had sworn to love and cherish; but the random shaft found a joint in his armour at which it was not aimed. He visibly trembled, and turned pale.

'She has had time to tell you all then! But be assured, sir, that nothing she has heard or been told, however true it may be—may be, remember, I say—can be legally substantiated except by myself.'

What could the man mean? I was fairly puzzled: but, professionally accustomed to conceal emotions of surprise and bewilderment, I coldly replied—'I have left the lady who has sought the protection of her true "home," merely to ascertain the reason of this visit.'

'The reason of my visit!' he exclaimed with renewed fury: 'to reconvey her to South Audley Street. What else? If you refuse to give her up, I shall apply to the police.'

I smiled, and approached the bell.

'You will not surrender her then?'

'To judicial process only. of that be assured. I have little doubt that, when I am placed in full possession of all the facts of the case, I shall be quite able to justify my conduct.' He did not reply, and I continued: 'If you choose to wait here till I have heard Edith's statement, I will at once frankly acquaint you with my final determination.'

'Be it so: and please to recollect, sir, that you have to deal with a man not easily baffled or entrapped by legal subtlety or cunning.'

I reascended to the drawing-room; and finding Edith—thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that nobody could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She falteringly complied; and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of the marriage; and finally consummated by a disclosure that, if provable, might consign Harlowe to the hulk. The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance, which I had believed foreign to my nature. Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand, said, 'Never, sir, never will I appear against him: the father of my little Helen shall never be publicly accused by me.'

'You err, Edith,' I rejoined; 'it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed.'

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr Harlowe.

'You will oblige me, sir,' I exclaimed as I entered the room, 'by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person.'

'How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner?'

'Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living.'

'Upon my honour, sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower.'

'Your honour! But except to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you. After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—Ah, you start at that!'

'At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises.'

'Time and the law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks'—

'Sir, have a care.'

'Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?'

'Sir,' returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, 'spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged: let her return with me.'

'You know she would die first: but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house.'

'If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance'—The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resurrection of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself

of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. 'I will take an opportunity,' said Mr Ferret, 'of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for: a slippery gentleman certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be.'

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks, when one of Mr Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr Harlowe was dead!

'Dead!' I exclaimed, much shocked. 'Are you serious?'

'As a judge. He expired, about an hour after I reached the house, of *tetanus*, commonly called locked-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!'

'Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?'

'Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs Harlowe's—the true Mrs Harlowe's—arrival.'

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr Richards, and on the other by Mr Quillet the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out *à l'outrance*, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

'Good-morning, madam,' cried he the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: 'good-morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honour of transacting business for you?'

'You had transactions of my business!' said the lady. 'When, I pray you?'

'God bless me!' cried Ferret, addressing Richards, 'what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!'

'Dorsetshire, sir?' exclaimed the lady.

'Ay, Dorsetshire to be sure. Why, Mr Richards,

our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!

Mr Richards now interfered, to say that Mr Ferret was apparently labouring under a strange misapprehension. 'This lady,' continued he, 'is Madame Giulietta Corelli.'

'Who—e—w!' rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so placable a termination of the dispute—'Giulietta Corelli! What is the meaning of this array then?'

'I am glad, madam,' said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, 'for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the la' Mr Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?'

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed with triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lip as she replied—'These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house.'

'Your house?'

'Precisely, sir,' replied Mr Quillet. 'This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—to this lady, Giulietta Corelli.'

'A will!' exclaimed Mr Ferret with an explosive shout; and turning to me, whilst his sharp gray eyes danced with irrepressible mirth—'Did I not tell you so?'

'Your usual sagacity, Mr Ferret, has not in this instance failed you. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so,' continued Mr Quillet, as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from their morocco sheath—'you will allow me, if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the position of the widow, will allow her any reasonable annuity—say five hundred pounds per annum for life.'

'Will she really though?' cried Mr Ferret, boiling over with ecstasy. 'Madam, let me beg of you to confirm this gracious promise.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Capital!—glorious!' rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a saltatory movement, that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the chandelier under which he was standing. 'Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver!'

Mr Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He knew Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere. 'Perhaps, Mr Quillet,' said he, 'you had better read the will at once.'

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form all the property, real and personal, to Giulietta Corelli—a natural-born subject of his majesty it appeared, though of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

'Allow me to say,' broke in Mr Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—'allow me to say, Mr Richards, that that will does you credit: it is, I should say, a first-rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?'

'Certainly I did,' said Richards tartly.

'No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will, Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctors' Commons.'

'Come, come, Mr Ferret,' said I; 'this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time the farce should end.'

'Farce!' exclaimed Mr Richards.

'Farce!' growled doubtful Mr Quillet.

'Farce!' murmured the beautiful Giulietta.

'Farce!' cried Mr Ferret. 'My dear sir, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of prima donnas. Allow me, sir—don't interrupt me! it is too delicious to be shared; it is indeed. Mr Richards, and you, Mr Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has one slight defect?'

'A defect!—where—how?'

'It is really heartbreaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is, gentlemen, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath!'

'How?'

'Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. This piece of parchment, gentlemen, is, I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement.'

'A marriage settlement!' exclaimed both the men of law in a breath.

'A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust for the children, if any; and if not, absolutely to herself.' Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then giving way to convulsive mirth, threw himself upon the sofa, and fairly shouted with glee.

Mr Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said, 'The will, madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived.' He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be conceived. Madam Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference. In a very short time afterwards Mr Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolences and congratulations to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her former gaiety and health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labour of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl, who fortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished Irish gentleman, with whom, and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

MODEL LODGINGS.

In the lowest neighbourhoods of almost every town may be seen a notification of where 'Lodgings for Travellers' are to be had. In London, there are altogether three or four thousand of them. Such houses are not only used by the humble class of travellers called 'tramps,' but by individuals whom poverty has rendered houseless, or whom vice has cast out from the pale of society. There are various grades of these houses, and a night's lodging is to be had at a price per night of from one penny to sixpence. The 'sleeping accommodation,' as the owners are pleased to call it, consists of the bare boards, of straw, or of a bedstead and bedding, according to the price paid. There is a kitchen, and a fire for cooking. Some of the lodging housekeepers are also chandlers, and supply their guests with articles of food: nearly all are 'dealers in marine stores,' which is, in most instances a paraphrase for 'receivers of stolen goods,' a great proportion of their customers being professed thieves.

We have seen a room in Orchard Street, Westminster,

in which two persons could scarcely sleep habitually without losing their health—so small was it, and so badly ventilated—where it was no uncommon thing for twenty individuals, of different ages and sexes, to pass the night. On the floor was a large rug, and no bed-clothing; and to make the most of the space, the parties lay in a circle, with their feet in the centre. Another dormitory in Anne Street, Westminster, had sixteen beds in two small rooms; each bed held on most occasions three individuals; so that, in a space not larger than about eight paces by six, an average of forty persons were huddled together every night throughout the year. One Sunday afternoon we descended into the kitchen of another lodging-house: it had no window, but the door opened upon a yard: the stench was scarcely endurable, for it was dinner-time; when about thirty beings were assembled, consisting of thieves, beggars, artisans out of work, itinerant musicians, runaway country lads, girls, women, babies, dogs, a cat, and in the yard several pigs in a sty. All sorts of viands—none of them the most agreeable to the olfactory nerves—were being cooked and eaten; and to render the air the less endurable, and more deleterious, a woman in one corner was making matches with sulphur. The confusion of tongues was also indescribable: quarrelling, laughing, moaning, and the crying of children were joined in a most complicated hubbub, the stentorian voice of the landlord occasionally rising above the rest to demand 'less noise,' or to threaten some troublesome person with expulsion. This man was, we understood from our companion (a missionary), a thorough specimen of his class. He followed a multiplicity of trades, and was, it was thought, growing rich. Besides being a lodging-house-keeper, and general purveyor of meat and drink, he bought, sold, and lent clothing of all descriptions. From his wardrobe any sort of beggar could be manufactured. He could 'turn out' a simulated sailor—with jacket, straw-hat, and even the two curling locks of hair which tars like to cultivate—so well, that to all outward appearance the fellow had only just stepped ashore. He had also aprons for bankrupt tradesmen, and the proper costume for a distressed weaver. He sold matches, ballads, stationery, and other stock-in-trade for itinerant vendors; he also lent out stalls and baskets to perambulating fruit-sellers. He bought spurious coin, and gave such of his lodgers as he could trust large commissions for passing it. This branch of dishonesty is generally performed by costermongers, who give the bad money in the form of change to their unsuspecting customers.

The pictures of crime, vice, misery, and disgust which these lodging-houses present, are scarcely credible even to a cursory observer of them: it is only upon getting a deep insight into life in these places that conviction gains strength. As to the almost ingenious devices of immorality which are practised, no perfect notion can be gained. Of the social degradation and comfortless barbarism these places exhibit, it may be safely stated that the wigwag of the Red Indian, the tent of the Bedouin, or the cone of the Bechuana, is more convenient and decent than many of these lodgings.

The most distressing circumstance connected with these dens of iniquity is, that they act as traps to draw the innocent into the circle of demoralisation and crime. Poverty drives the well-intentioned into these places; for, till lately, they had no choice. An artisan or a country boy, who had no more than threepence to lay out in house accommodation for one day, was driven to these lodgings; for at that price there existed no others. The facilities offered for begging and thieving in these receptacles rendered those employments the more tempting; especially when presented as easy relief from acute want, and escape from despair. By these lodging-houses alone the number of the criminal and dangerous classes increased every year by thousands.

But suppose the wretched wayfarer has no money whatever. Where does he rest? The answer is in the fact, that there is scarcely a large town in the kingdom

in which many have no other bed than the stones, and no other covering than their own rags. In London and other large towns every night, winter and summer, there are thousands who sleep under the dry arches of bridges, in empty casks, carts, and trucks, in old boilers, on ash-heaps, in empty or half-built houses, or anywhere they can creep in unnoticed. And here, too, the good lord with the bad, and vice and corruption meet the unfortunate wherever they turn.

These disastrous evils have been long deplored. The efforts to correct them—although never so successfully and comprehensively carried out as now—are not of recent origin. Endowments for the support of reception-houses for wayfarers have been bequeathed by charitable testators in many parts of England, and some of them are centuries old. Not a few have been so grossly abused and misapplied, that the very intentions of the founders have been perverted or forgotten. Some, however, still exist: one of the best specimens is a neat, clean house in the principal street of Rochester, on the high road between London and the continent, in which bed, and breakfast, and a groat, are afforded to poor travellers for one or two nights each, provided they be not 'beggars or proctors.'

The first successful attempt to cover vagrant wretchedness with a roof on an enlarged system was made in the winter of 1819. A few private individuals proposed a plan for setting up a 'Nightly Shelter for the Houseless Poor' in London. A meeting was called at Guildhall; and such was the energy of those who conducted the work, that, within six hours after it had dispersed, an asylum was opened in London Wall, the premises having been gratuitously appropriated by their owner. No tickets nor recommendation were required. All who were so wretched that they were forced to sleep upon straw—for such only was the provision at first for the men—were received. For the females a little bedding was provided. In the morning, an allowance of soup and bread saved many a starving wretch from one day's destitution. An average of 205 nightly was thus admitted, consisting of several of the most debased classes of society. Women who had lost all trace or knowledge of religious education—men careworn, broken-spirited, hopeless—rushed into this temporary asylum.

In process of time improvements were effected, and several branch asylums were erected. Those who desire to see the system carried out in one of the most wretched neighbourhoods of London, should visit Glasshouse-Yard, East Smithfield, within the immediate vicinity of Rosemary Lane. You will enter a square space by a narrow lane, and observe therein two buildings, or rather large sheds, separated only by a yard. One of these is the 'Refuge for the Houseless Poor;' another, the 'Model Lodging-House,' an institution to which we shall come presently. The House of Refuge contains two large lofty apartments, roofed in very roughly with beams and rafters, like an old-fashioned granary. One of these is a common room, another a dormitory. In the common room the wanderers are received in the evening, and supplied with fire and conveniences for cooking and eating such provisions as they may bring. When they retire to rest, they enter a dormitory, in which each bed is separated by a partition which rises to a certain height. In the infancy of the institution the beds consisted of straw; they are now formed of India-rubber, and provided with coverlets of leather. Every morning, as the slumberer arises from his bed, a man comes in, washes it down, and leaves it to dry. A similar process guards the leather coverlet from infection or from dirt. For this refuge twopence a night is now paid; and such are the benefits afforded, and so gratefully are they appreciated, that the same persons return to it again and again. Workmen of respectable character even resort to it, and make it their permanent abode.*

* See an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June on 'The Unseen Charities of London.'

These refuges for destitution multiplied rapidly; not only in the poorer parts of the metropolis, but in every large town in Great Britain. Some are wholly gratuitous. The House of Refuge in Edinburgh, for example, gives bed and porridge gratis to all comers for one night; and if the case be deserving, for a week.

It is not only the casual lodger in distressed circumstances who finds it impossible to obtain decent accommodation; the humble artisan or ill-paid clerk is nearly as ill off. The 'furnished' or 'unfurnished' lodgings which they can afford to provide for themselves and their families (if they be married) are for the most part dear, dirty, and inconvenient. Within the last three years a determined effort has been made by certain benevolent persons in high places to increase the household comforts of their poorer brethren. Several societies, supported by liberal subscriptions, for improving the status of the humbler classes, have been framed. Of these, two have done good service by building Model Lodging-Houses, to meet the demands of each class needing them, and to grapple with the worst of the evils the lodgings we have described engender. Other societies also exist for the purpose of publishing tracts, and other printed persuasions to moral and social regeneration. These, however, though useful to some extent, can do little good compared with the substantial benefits conferred by the first-named associations. 'No description or reasoning, however accurate,' it is said in one of the Reports of the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes,' 'is likely to make such an impression on the public as an actual experiment. Hence the committee resolved on building a certain number of houses as MODELS of the different kind of dwellings which they would recommend for the labouring-classes in populous towns.'

'The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes' has already provided buildings for lodgers, from the mechanic in temporary or permanent employment down to the 'tramp.' For the former class, the houses are intended to supersede the dear and dirty-furnished lodgings which abound in the less affluent parts of the town, and are let for not less than a week at a time; for the second and more migratory order of lodgers, the Model Houses are let off at so much per night, and have withdrawn many of the poorest among travellers from the low lodging-houses which abound in Westminster, St Giles's, Drury Lane, and Whitechapel. Nor do the efforts of this association stop here: they endeavour to extend the cottage and field-garden allotment system, also the introduction and extension of friendly-benefit and loan societies. At present, however, their efforts have been chiefly directed to building.

The structures, either finished or in progress, which belong to this society are—1st, A series of buildings near Bagnigge Wells, London, consisting of nine small houses for one family each; seven for two families each; and one large house for thirty aged females. As soon as this range of dwellings was built, it was fully occupied by persons who have continued to pay a low but remunerating rent regularly, and express thankfulness for the accommodation they get. 2d, A nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, with a supplementary one—arising out of the overflow of demand for accommodation in the former—in the next street, King Street. 3d, A large weekly lodging-house in George Street, St Giles's, accommodating 104 male inmates. 4th, A similar house in Hatton Garden, capable of containing 57 single women, which has recently been opened. The most important undertaking of this society has, however, not yet been commenced—a house to accommodate a large number (48) of families, in such a manner as that each tenement shall be so distinct from the other, as not only to confer privacy, but escape by such isolation from the odious window-tax.

The directors remark in their Report, that 'amongst the most important considerations has been that of preserving the domestic privacy and independence of

each distinct family, and so disconnecting their apartments, as effectually to prevent the communication of contagious diseases. This, it will be seen, on a reference to the plan, is accomplished by dispensing altogether with separate staircases and other internal communications between the different storeys, and by adopting one common open staircase, leading into galleries or corridors, open on one side to a spacious quadrangle, and on the other side having the outer-doors of the several tenements, the rooms of which are protected from draught by a small entrance lobby. The galleries are supported next the quadrangle by a series of arcades, each embracing two storeys in height, and the slate floors of the intermediate galleries rest on iron beams, which also carry the enclosure railing.' This will in fact be an attempt to introduce into London the system of 'flats,' so successfully followed in Scotland from time immemorial. The building will be situated in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, near New Oxford Street, and will cost, according to estimate, £7370.

The capital subscribed by this society is purely donative; for although, as a commercial speculation, the buildings would pay 5 per cent. and upwards, yet the profits are laid by for further investment in such new buildings as may be required.

Another society—'The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes'—is partly a benevolent, and partly a commercial institution. The subscribers receive the profits of their capital in half-yearly dividends; and to show how trustworthily their humble tenants have proved, and how valuable is the investment, we find by the last Report that out of £1390 due from the St Pancras Metropolitan Buildings* last year for rent, upwards of £1382 were paid, leaving only a balance of £7 odd shillings to appear on the defaulters' list. Another set of buildings is about to be erected by this society in Spicer Street, Spitalfields, the largest in size and pretension of any yet attempted. One portion will consist of accommodation for 234 single men, each having a sleeping apartment 8 feet by 4 feet 6 inches; the use of a spacious kitchen, cook's shop, coffee-room, lecture-room, reading-room, baths, washhouses, lavatories, &c. This will come very nearly to the conveniences, without the luxuries, of the West-End club-houses. Another portion of the plan includes dwellings for families. Great advantages are expected from the contiguity of these two buildings. The lecture-room, used in an evening by the tenants of the dormitory, will serve as a schoolroom, during the day, for the children residing in the dwellings; and the families, by distinct approaches, and at stated hours, having the use of the baths, washhouse, and the cook's shop, in the dormitory, the heat from the flues of which furnishes an inexpensive mode of ventilation. The absence of this accommodation at the dwellings in the Old Pancras Road has often been remarked upon and felt.

Such are the achievements and projects of these two extensive societies; but there are others doing, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, incalculable benefit. The humble establishment in Great Peter Street, Westminster—which was described in this Journal in 1847—is still successfully conducted by its able and intelligent superintendent, under the active and benevolent supervision of Lord Kinnaird and its other founders and supporters. This house presents an advantage hardly heeded by those not intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of the poor: it has not the 'workhouse' look which the more systematically-planned and larger model establishments present. However unprejudiced such a prejudice may be, it exists, and has to be struggled with; for it has been the means of deterring a few poor persons, who have a shuddering, but by no means unwholesome, dread of 'the Union.' The whole of the arrangements of the Great Peter Street House are of a

* For a description of this building, see this Journal, No. 522.
† Vol. viii. p. 113, New Series.

more domestic character: more community among the lodgers seems attainable than in the newer houses. It is, as was explained in the former article, a casual lodging-house, open to all entrants who are not filthy or drunk, at 3d. per night, or 1s. 6d. per week, the Sunday's lodging being gratis. Yet, although doubtless professional thieves, and certainly persons in the last stage of destitution, occasionally sojourn there, nothing has been stolen belonging to the house except a couple of blankets about eighteen months ago. The establishment consists of three old houses communicating with each other, admirably ventilated, and can accommodate 117 inmates. When we visited it the other day, there were only 100 lodgers—the usual average for summer, when the labouring and itinerant classes go into the country to harvesting, or follow the fashionable world to the sea-side.

Somewhat on the same principle, although intended for more respectable lodgers, is the St Anne's House in Compton Street, Soho. It was founded, like the above, by a small number of private gentlemen, with the rector of the parish at their head, with the view of testing the practicability of providing such a resort on an inexpensive and self-supporting plan; but with this rule, that all surplus shall be devoted to charitable uses connected with the establishment—a rule similar to that of the 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes.' They took a dwelling-house formerly connected with shops, and with very little expense converted it into accommodation for 130 inmates. Those for whom it is intended are persons to whom great privations are not unfamiliar, and whose generally superior intelligence and original education render such privations peculiarly trying and injurious. The charge, including coals, gas, provision for cooking, hot and cold baths, &c. is 3s. 6d. per week. It is under the direction of a steward, who is responsible for the management of the house. It has only been open a few months, and has already upwards of 60 inmates.

When we have drawn attention to the Model Lodging-House in Glass-House Yard, before-mentioned, we believe we have named all such asylums that exist in London. This establishment—near to one of the largest and most beneficial baths and washhouses in the metropolis—is a large building of three floors, divided into different wards. The whole tenement forms an oblong square, having a large, airy, unoccupied space behind. It was formerly a glass manufactory, which gave the name to the yard it is in, and was converted to its present purpose at a moderate expense, contributed by a few benevolent and generous neighbours and their friends.

We have thought it useful to mark and to record the success of the earnest efforts of the metropolitan community for improving the comforts and morals of their poorer brethren, in order to contribute, by all the publicity we can give, to the spread of such institutions throughout the country. A subsequent article on this subject will embrace an account of a night passed in one of the Metropolitan Lodging-Houses.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S WORK ON ROME.*

AMONG the numerous associations connected with Rome, the classical will of course always predominate, or at least so long as our modern systems of education shall continue to be based on the study of antiquity. Yet, philosophically speaking, it is far more profitable to comprehend the people who now inhabit the Seven Hills, than to grope through a labyrinth of architectural obstructions after the vestiges of a nation long past away, however great and illustrious formerly. The new work of Sir George Head leaves nothing to be desired respecting the more ancient and historical points of interest, as well as matters of social concern, in Rome. The work, which is written with good taste, is based on an

immense amount of material, laboriously and carefully collected and arranged with considerable skill. The city and its environs are mapped out upon a judicious plan; and while the reader is conducted through its various divisions, he is amused by the way with legends, anecdotes, brief records of habits and customs, pictures of manners, and illustrations of national character, which indicate no mean talent for observation. There is, indeed, nothing of that novelty, freshness, and sparkling vivacity of language which enable descriptions to produce the effect of pictures. Sir George Head is noway akin to the poet or the painter. He is, nevertheless, a man of acute perception, who knows what will tell; and has the power, by enumeration and repeated touches, to produce a result approaching that of picturesque writing.

It will doubtless be possible, from the description of a hundred and fifty churches, palaces, villas, museums, and picture-galleries, to select materials for many pleasant articles; but we prefer just now confining ourselves to passages illustrating the character of that population whose heroic defence of their hearths and altars has so strongly impressed all Europe in their favour. Brave the Romans may be; but if there be any truth in the following trait of character, much is desirable in point of honesty. The author is describing the great wood-yard of Rome. It lies near the Tiber, and you pass close to it as you approach the Porta del Popolo by the ancient Flaminian way. 'A spacious and commodious spot of ground has been enclosed, whence firewood is delivered to foreigners and other customers, in cart-loads or half cart-loads, at a price regulated by a tariff, the interests of the public being protected by a government functionary, whose duty is to have justice done between the person employed to superintend the delivery and the purchaser, and especially to see that none but straightened fair billets are laden, and that all the crooked and distorted branches are rejected. Notwithstanding these precautions, the negotiation altogether, including the purchasing and conveying homeward of a load of wood, if undertaken by an inexperienced person, inasmuch as the government protection ceases the moment the wood is out of the yard, is liable to many casualties—so various, in fact, that one single pair of eyes is totally insufficient, seeing that no manner of reliance can be laid on the truth and good faith of the lower classes; for the carter who carts the wood, and the sawyer who saws it, have invariably a host of friends ready at hand to back their operations, who think it no manner of harm to rob the *forestiero*, and will most certainly succeed in doing so, if not well watched, to the extent of half the cargo.'

Even the inhabitants themselves are not less liable to depredation on like occasions; and one may observe invariably, on the arrival of a load of wood at a private dwelling, that from the time the wood is shot out of the cart in front of the door upon the pavement, as is the custom, and the sawyer erects his tressel at the spot, till the last billet is safely deposited within, either the master or the mistress, or some trusty person of the family, is never for a moment absent from the sawyer's elbow.

From the woodyard our curious traveller proceeds to the place where pigs are slaughtered, but we decline accompanying him. It will probably be more agreeable to our readers to take a glance or two at the Carnival, with the amusements, buffooneries, and excesses of which the Romans pave the way to the observation of Lent. This modern saturnalia is said to have taken its rise in the fifteenth century under Paul II. The Romans of course aimed at pre-eminence over all other persons in the Catholic world in the pomps and irregularities of the Carnival; but owing to a variety of circumstances, the Venetians would appear, during many generations, to have borne away the palm from the papal metropolis. In those flourishing days of the republic, thirty thousand strangers used annually to pass the Alps for the purpose of witnessing the wild frolics of the Bride of the Adriatic. Those times have now long passed away: the lagoons are silent and solitary, and

* *Rome; a Tour of Many Days.* By Sir George Head. In three volumes. London: Longman.

those superb floating cabinets of luxury—the gondolas—float through deserted canals beneath deserted palaces. In Rome, however, the Carnival is still a season of gaiety and rejoicing, as the reader may convince himself from Sir George Head's elaborate description. In Venice, these festivities were too often stained by assassinations and crimes of all sorts; but though the poniard has not yet gone out of use at Rome, the Carnival seems generally to pass over without any sanguinary display of revenge.

For the ordinary amusements, the masquerades, plays, operas, races, and mutual pelting with sweetmeats, we can afford no space. But the peculiar sport in which the Romans indulge on the last night of the festival deserves perhaps to be described at length. It is, as Sir George Head shrewdly observes, a game at romps, played by a hundred thousand persons in the open air, and is called 'moccòlo,' from a small taper six inches long, and about the thickness of the little finger, with which every person is provided. All the previous day these tapers are vigorously hawked about the streets, until all those who mean to figure in the sport have made their purchases. 'About two hours after night-fall, when the Corso is dimly lighted by a few solitary lanterns, suspended by cords, in the middle of the street, at long intervals, the darkness is suddenly enlivened by thousands upon thousands of tiny lights that start rapidly into existence, and rival the stars in the firmament; and as the fun begins immediately, the effect of the spectacle—which altogether exceeds any account that can be written of it—is considerably increased by the perpetual alternations, caused by puffing out and relighting the moccòli: producing to the sight an infinitely rapid twinkling, extending a mile in length, as if a continuous swarm of fire-flies filled the air, or the atmosphere was charged with meteoric scintillations. The Corso is now again as light as day; the streets thronged with masks on foot, the double line of carriages, and the people in the balconies, while the noise of chattering, squeaking, and screaming is as loud as ever. A continuous howl, moreover, peculiar to the occasion, is heard continually without a moment's respite—a sound indescribable—an unearthly moaning, which can be compared to nothing better than the howling of the wind mid a ship's shrouds in a hurricane. It is produced by the words *sanga moccòlo*, uttered by many thousands of voices simultaneously, as a term of reproach between neighbours, as one puffs out another's moccòlo. Meanwhile, as the carriages move on at a snail's pace, with frequent obstructions—the inmates provided each with a lighted moccòlo, and more unlighted, ready for use—pedestrians, masked and unmasked, assail the vehicles in gangs and singly, and use occasionally a degree of violence in the act which is hardly warrantable; for, not content to cling to the steps of the carriages like cockchafers, they extend their arms over the door within the vehicle, and in endeavouring to extinguish the moccòli, scuffle with the inmates. They not unfrequently, with a handkerchief tied at the end of a stick for the purpose above-mentioned, inflict heavy stripes on the head and shoulders of many a fair lady, and crush her pretty Roman bonnet into the bargain. Nay, sometimes a party will actually storm a carriage, and, for the sake of plunder, clamber over the door like a troop of banditti, wresting the lighted moccòli from the hands of the owners, or rifling the pockets and the seats under the cushions to find them. All this time the people in the lower balconies are no less formidable antagonists than the pedestrians, for they arm themselves with napkins at the end of long reeds or poles, of sufficient length to reach below, and so flap out the moccòli.

A regular scene of riot and romps is also going on among the occupants of each separate balcony—one lady perhaps holding the moccòlo extended at arm's-length, while the gentleman is doing his utmost to puff it out over her shoulder; and the various groups, like mountebanks on a platform at a country fair—as masks are

seldom worn on these occasions—with the light shining full in their faces, struggling together, and chasing one another, as if they were enacting a dramatic show for the benefit of the public. And such is the extraordinary assortment of persons and personages who, by chance and the casualties of the Carnival, may be found grouped together, that I have seen literally a royal lady of the House of Brunswick, an Italian monsignor, and an English clergyman, all engaged together, like children at blind-man's-buff, in the most piping-hot state of contention imaginable in the same balcony.

'One grand conflict I remember to have seen between the inhabitants of a first and second storey. Those in the second, who at anyrate had the advantage of position, harassed their antagonists not only by a bundle of wet napkins, tied at the end of a long cord, with which they soused out the others' moccòli, but also by a formidable engine, contrived of a hoop garnished all round by triple lights, which served at once as an offensive instrument and as a beacon of defiance; for as the hoop was suspended by a pole across the balcony, the holder was enabled, by a skilful turn of the wrist, to discharge the molten wax which was passed from the macchicolations. The Ajax of the lower balcony—of which the whole party, notwithstanding the overpowering force of the enemy, kept their ground valiantly—a very corpulent man, remarkable for a bald head that shone prodigiously, and a rosy countenance, seized the bundle of wet napkins, and held on courageously, while his comrades essayed unsuccessfully, with several blunt case-knives, one after another, to cut the rope. At last the object was accomplished, and the fat man gained a victory—though, as in human affairs it generally turns out, not without paying dearly for the whistle; for, reduced by his exertions to the most red-hot state of perspiration imaginable, the blue coat he wore, covered with melted wax in front, and over the broad shoulders, was literally striped like a zebra.'

From splendour and gaiety, the transition, all the world over, is exceedingly easy to the depths of squalor and wretchedness. A palace with a beggar at the gate may be regarded as the emblem of most capital cities, but especially of Rome and Naples. You would almost imagine in Italy that mendicants were persons of the most refined taste, because you invariably find them encamped in all the hideous picturesqueness of rags wherever nature has put on an aspect of more than ordinary beauty, or collected her most magnificent creations. To strangers this is painful; but the eye becomes by degrees so completely reconciled to groups of beggars scattered over the face of the landscape, that a lady of our acquaintance used to declare that a walk on the Pincian would be nothing without them. At all events, you can only hope to escape their presence by getting up in the early summer mornings at dawn, and then you could never succeed a second time, because, as soon as the noise of your expedition got wind, all the ragged fraternity would be there before the light, to invite you to pave your way to the stars by charity. The merriest beggars perhaps in all the world are to be found at Naples. With a yard or two of macaroni, which they buy by measure, like tape, they can subvert no one knows how long; and while this treasure lasts, they are too lazy even to beg. At such seasons of sublime independence they lie, like mastiffs, in the sun, with eyes half-closed, in a state of dreamy ecstasy, the very paradise of laziness. If inclined to give, you must go to them, and cast your charity into a tattered hat, which lies there like a small crater, ready to receive anything; but as to the beggar's disturbing himself for the purpose of putting out his hand, it is a thing ~~not to be thought of~~. He resembles a boa-constrictor after a meal; and so smooth, round, sleek, and glossy does he look, that you almost fancy you could roll him from Popilippo to Varento without inducing him to uncoil himself, or get up courage enough to be angry.

The Roman beggars, though belonging of course to the same caste, have their character considerably modi-

fied by circumstances. Rome forms the point of confluence of all the various streams of population in Europe, who go thither from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to taste the excitement of superstition, pleasure, and classical traditions. These multiplied masses of humanity rolling over the Romans, render them in some sort round and polished beggars; and all our countrymen, who delight in taking in the evening the air on the Pincian, assist considerably in supporting the vagrants of Rome, whose chief, a fellow that lives in a howl, always takes his station on the most commanding point of the hill. 'The Roman beggars, even under the dominion of an arbitrary government, are the most independent people that can be imagined; for such is the comprehensive scheme of public charity practised by the monastic establishments—such as the convent of Aracoeli and others—that they are perfectly secured from absolute starvation, while their wants are diminished and their spirits exhilarated by the lovely climate. Neither is the profession of soliciting alms looked upon, as in some other countries, as a state of moral degradation; but, on the contrary, suffered to proceed as it does at present, is of considerable advantage to the whole community; the amount of the harvest which these people reap from the yearly influx to Rome of foreigners, being in fact just so much saved to the public. And as a proof of the reliance on the aid of visitors in this particular, it may be stated, that by those who arrive in Rome early in the month of October, hardly a single beggar is encountered in the streets from one end of the city to the other; though afterwards, at the end of the month, when the carriages begin to roll along the Corso, attracted, as it were, by the sound of the carriage-wheels, they emerge from their holes simultaneously, like worms in a pattering shower of rain upon a grass-plot. On such occasions, at the commencement of a fresh campaign, a visitor who has resided in Rome before is invariably recognised and accosted as an old acquaintance, in terms that betray not the slightest consciousness of inferiority, by the lane beggar whom I remember to have observed one day, on his perceiving for the first time a newly-arrived Englishman walk up the steps from the Piazza, lift up his arms and exclaim with a joyous countenance, just as if he had met a near relative, "Caro Signor!" "E ritomato?" "E stato in Inghilterra." "Va bene sua excellenza." "Bene, benissimo," replied the other, "e voi! ha fatto anche voi sua villeggiatura?" The last allusion to his private affairs was responded to by a hearty fit of laughter, that, as I proceeded onward towards the promenade, appeared to illuminate the sightless orbs of two blind members of the profession, who, as they stood rattling their money-boxes on the gravel-walk a hundred yards distant, had heard the conversation.

'The effect too often of extreme poverty is to eradicate from the mind the appreciation of the beautiful. Our ideas shrink and dwindle under the influence of want and obscurity; at least this appears to be the case in cold climates, where there is naturally but too little disposition in men to derive delight from the phenomena of the elements. But where the sun encircles lovingly the whole face of nature, rendering the landscape almost transparent, and imparting a glory to everything within the range of vision, even the least excitable persons feel the poetry emanating from the whole material world. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the very beggars who dream away their lives on the Pincian Hill enjoy nightly the glorious prospect of the sun sinking behind the Hesperian main. Then and there is the time and place to view a Roman sunset; for as the sun sinks behind Monte Mario, and his course proceeds from north to south and from south to north in the ecliptic, St Peter's stands in such a position in the foreground, that during a country residence the same is seen under all phases imaginable: sometimes, when the blazing orb descends close on one side; sometimes, when he descends on the other; and sometimes, when sinking directly behind it, the whole circum-

ference is surrounded, as it were, by a belt of red-hot iron. At this moment a spectator on the other side of the enclosure sees the rays reflected from the boughs of the young trees, as the red beams mingle with the foliage, till the whole plantation resembles a golden network, and the passing carriages and human figures appear enveloped in an ethereal mist, such as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the gardens of the Hesperides.'

There is a compound of strange qualities in the character of the people of Italy, which is one of those countries where law secures not life. Innocent persons are cut off daily by assassins; but when the crime has been committed, society feels its sympathies awakened, and steps in between the malefactor and death. We there, consequently, behold on all sides the shedders of human blood; not shut up in dungeons, or consigned to the guillotine or the halter, but walking about, manacled and in chains, administering to the meanest necessities of the social system. At the corner of any street you may, once a day at least, be elbowed by a murderer, the nature of whose crime you are compelled to know by the livery he wears. Gangs of malefactors labour at the public works, sweep the streets, cleanse the sewers, and perform other offices, from which the humblest of paid labourers would probably shrink. But a convict has no choice: he is a living, breathing, and thinking machine, whose energies are at the absolute disposal of society: the passions out of which this spring may be in fierce rebellion against it all the while. 'The management of the Pincian Gardens,' says Sir George Head, 'is under the direction of the papal government; and the labour performed—as is the case all over Rome under similar circumstances—for the most part by criminals convicted for homicide or robbery; so that, as it not unfrequently happens, or, at anyrate, occurred in the winter of 1841, during the repair of the city-wall near the Muro Torto, forty or fifty of these unfortunate men were seen marching, two and two, dressed in their prison dresses, striped black and brown, with chains rattling on their legs, driven like sheep by the soldiers in charge of the party from one part of the gardens to the other, in the midst of the above lively scene of dissipation. The sight, in fact, was so common at the time I speak of, that it created no sort of sensation on the part of the visitors, neither did the criminals appear to be in the least conscious of their degraded condition. . . . On the contrary, no other class of the pope's subjects appear more thoughtless and lively than these galley-slaves, of whom three or four work together, not unfrequently under the surveillance of a single soldier, both parties evidently on the most easy terms possible with one another, laughing and conversing, and sometimes the convict relaxes from work for several minutes together. Such is the familiar manner in which they are treated by the soldiers, that while a squad were marching from place to place, I have seen a convict step out of the ranks, accost a sentry on duty—with whom, I presume, he was previously acquainted—remain behind some time talking while the rest proceeded, take snuff at parting, and then, attended by a single soldier of the guard—who, by the way, stood close by while the conversation lasted—overtake the gang in double-quick time when the conference ended. The proportion of the guard usually appointed on these occasions is about five or six infantry, and one or two mounted dragoons before and behind the party, and the infantry on both sides—the latter behaving in the most *degagée* manner possible, lounging along lazily, rather than marching, with unbuttoned jackets, and muskets with fixed bayonets across their shoulders pointing in all manner of directions.'

It should be remarked that passages like the above are but thinly scattered through the three volumes, which are filled with elaborate descriptions and minute details connected with antiquities or the arts. Here and there, in the midst of such disquisitions, you meet with an anecdote or a trait of manners sufficiently

amusing. But, upon the whole, it is information that should be looked for in the 'Tour of Many Days,' and information, moreover, of a somewhat unpopular kind. Churches, pictures, statues, ruins, are invested with a certain interest; but not, we think, sufficiently powerful to keep alive curiosity through three thick volumes. We wish, consequently, that the portions of the work connected with the actual condition of the people had been much larger in proportion. The diligent reader may no doubt turn the perusal of the whole to good account, because facts may generally be applied to more purposes than one. But there is seldom any display of critical power, or even of any taste for art as art. This circumstance, however, which may seem at first to be an objection, will ultimately tend to enlarge the circulation of the work; because, while few can comprehend philosophical criticism, thousands can relish the gossip in which Sir George Head indulges about architecture, sculpture, and painting.

WILSON THE VOCALIST.

SOME weeks ago, the newspapers announced the death of Mr John Wilson, the eminent Scottish vocalist. This melancholy and unexpected event took place at Quebec on the 8th of July, having been caused by a sudden attack of cholera. It would be ungracious to permit Mr Wilson to pass from the stage of existence without for a moment recalling what he has done to promote a knowledge and love of Scottish music and song; nor is Mr Wilson's career undeserving of notice, as an instance of what may be accomplished by earnest perseverance, along with good taste and genial aspirations.

John Wilson was born in Edinburgh in the year 1800, and began life as an apprentice to a printer. At an early age he gave indications of high talent in his profession as a compositor, and he was ultimately engaged as a reader or corrector of the press, by the well-known James Ballantyne, the printer of Scott's novels, a great portion of the manuscript of which passed through the hands of Mr Wilson, who thus became acquainted with the Author of Waverley. At this period Mr Wilson began to feel the defects of his early education, for he had been sent to work when only ten years of age, and he applied himself diligently to the acquirement of the French and Latin languages, with a view to qualify him for rising in his profession. By close application in the evenings he soon became versed in the two languages we have named; and shortly afterwards, in company with other two intimate friends, he turned his attention to the study of Italian. We invite the attention of the young to these circumstances: a lad, in the intervals of daily labour, actually acquiring a respectable knowledge of Latin and other languages!

Mr Wilson was always passionately fond of singing; but in boyhood his voice was thin and husky in quality. His taste was first formed under the auspices of John Mather, who at that time was leader and teacher of a musical association called the Edinburgh Institution, which met in the High Church aisle, and to the classes of which great numbers of children were admitted gratuitously. The tuition received at the Institution, with some occasional practice in one of the church choirs, improved his voice, and enabled him to read music, more particularly psalm tunes. By and by he obtained the office of precentor (leader of the psalmody) in a dissenting chapel; and as his services were required only on Sunday, he was able to improve his circumstances without detriment to his week-day labours. In 1821, he finally left the printing business. He was now well employed as a teacher of singing, and enabled to put himself under the tuition of one who still maintains a high and honourable standing in his profession, Mr Finlay Dun; and we have often heard the grateful pupil express his warm acknowledgment of the kindness he received at the hands of his amiable and accomplished teacher.

Mr Wilson continued teaching singing, and appearing

occasionally at private concerts in Edinburgh, until June 1827, when, ever anxious for improvement, he went to London, where he remained for three months, receiving lessons from Signor Lanza, an Italian master of the vocal art. Lanza's encouraging attentions greatly promoted Mr Wilson's progress. He next began to take lessons in elocution, with a view of improving his ordinary English speech; and thus improved in delivery, he thought of going on the stage. In March 1830, Mr Wilson made his first appearance on the stage of the Edinburgh theatre as Henry Bertram, in the opera of 'Guy Mannering.' Many of his friends and acquaintances were present, and several of them recollect well the tremulous anxiety that pervaded the house when his voice was first heard behind the scenes, in the opening of the beautiful duet, 'Now hope, now fear,' and with what unmingled delight they hailed his success. On the following night he sang in the opera of 'Rosina,' and during the same week his fame was stamped as an actor as well as a singer, by his masterly impersonation of Massaniello. On that evening, among other magnates who at that time frequented the Edinburgh theatre, was James Ballantyne, Mr Wilson's former employer, in whose critical acumen with regard to the drama and Opera all parties had unbounded confidence. As the opera advanced, and the young vocalist warmed in his part, the veteran connoisseur was seen to get restless and fidgety, until Wilson, with matchless purity and intensity of feeling chanted, in tones that thrilled through every heart, the delightful song of 'My sister dear,' when, unable to contain himself, Mr Ballantyne exclaimed aloud, 'Bravo—bravo! That will do! That will do! I've been wrong in my estimation of his powers after all.'

Mr Wilson was now an established favourite. The public press was teeming with his praise, and he remained performing for three weeks at the Edinburgh theatre, at the conclusion of which he had a bumper benefit. Immediately thereafter he went to Perth, where he performed during the summer, and was engaged for Covent Garden, where he appeared for the first time on the 30th October, as Don Carlos in 'The Duenna,' and was completely successful.

Mr Wilson soon attained a high rank in English Opera, and continued to sing as principal tenor, alternately in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, until the summer of 1837. Among other successful pieces brought out under his auspices may be mentioned the opera of 'Amilic,' by the late lamented Rooke, a composer of great originality, whose genius and worth the vocalist highly appreciated. This opera was brought forward and put on the stage of Covent Garden, then under the management of Mr Macready, at Wilson's suggestion; and the manager had substantial reasons to congratulate himself on having followed the suggestion. Mr Wilson was engaged in the English Opera House in the winter of 1837-38, where, among other successful performances, he played Donald, the leading character in 'The Mountain Sylph'—an opera which was performed upwards of one hundred nights in succession. His knowledge of Italian rendered him peculiarly useful at this theatre, and he translated and adapted for the English stage the opera of 'Somnambula,' which was so eminently successful, that the manager, Mr Arnold, made the translator a very handsome present.

We now approach the period when he left the stage, and devoted himself to those original entertainments which depended solely on his own exertions. The idea of such a thing appears to have been accidental. In the spring of 1838, he was solicited by the Mechanics' Institution of London, of which Dr Birkbeck was president, to give three lectures on Scottish music. This task he accomplished successfully, and the peculiar novelty of such a delightful mode of illustration, the familiarity of the lecturer with his subject, and the exquisite manner in which he warbled the melodies, and illustrated the humour and the pathos of the songs of

his native country, attracted large audiences, and he was asked by six or seven similar institutions to repeat his lectures: this, however, he declined to do at that time. He had resolved to visit America, but previous to setting out for that country he wished to bid farewell to his native city. His reception in Edinburgh on that occasion was cordial and enthusiastic in the highest degree. Among other characters, he enacted the parts of Dandy Dinmont, and of James V. in 'Cramond Brig,' in the most felicitous manner; and in a house crowded to the ceiling, he with much emotion bade farewell for a time to his old friends. In September of the same year he went to America, where he remained for nearly two years, making, along with Miss Shreff, a highly successful tour throughout the United States. Before returning to Britain, he gave several of his Scottish Entertainments at New York; and during his American tour he translated and adapted Adam's opera of the 'Postillon of Lonjumeau,' which has ever since been a favourite both in America and in this country.

On his return in the winter of 1840-41, he found the large London theatres shut, and along with Philips, Balfe, and Miss Romer, he leased the English Opera-House—a speculation which proved unsuccessful.

In these circumstances, Mr Wilson bethought himself of resuming his lectures on Scottish music. In May 1841, he accordingly proceeded to deliver them at the Westminster and other institutions, at that time accompanying himself on the pianoforte. His success exceeded all expectation: the lecture-rooms were crowded; the newspapers were full of laudation. He was advised to open a public concert-room, and give his entertainments on his own account. Accordingly, he opened the Store Street Rooms in the winter of 1841-42, and since that time his career has been eminently successful. In the summer of 1842 he was invited by the Marquis of Breadalbane to sing before her Majesty, who on this, and on many subsequent occasions, expressed her unqualified admiration of his vocal and dramatic acquirements. In addition to his public performances, Mr Wilson was very frequently invited to morning parties at the houses of the leading nobility in London, where his songs and anecdotes were always received with enthusiasm, and where he was invariably welcomed as an intelligent friend, rather than as a party invited to contribute to the amusement or pleasure of the guests.

During the eight years that have elapsed since the commencement of these entertainments, what has not Wilson done for Scotland? When Scottish song had slept and slumbered—when a simple Scottish melody was only to be heard occasionally warbled by some country maiden in a remote cottage or shieling—when other professional sons of Scotland had set aside her exquisite melody and poetry, John Wilson suddenly, by his graphic illustrations, made the peculiar beauties of Scottish song known and appreciated over Europe and America, and invented a rational and elevating species of entertainment, relished by all sects and classes. In the sister kingdom, while almost everybody had heard of and believed in the genius of Burns, how few could understand or appreciate its extent till Wilson's illustration, with the ease of a master, and the familiarity of a friend, pointed out and explained those peculiarities and beauties which constitute the chief glories of the high-priest of Scottish song! Often has an English audience listened to his prelections, laughing and shedding tears alternately at the will of the poetic singer. With a poet's eye he selected and discriminated—with a poet's heart he felt—with a poet's ardour he poured forth the wood-notes wild of his country—and with a poet's power he rendered art subservient to nature. Of pathos and humour no man ever had a more lively appreciation, and none ever possessed to a greater extent the power of impressing his audience with the emotions by which he was affected. He felt keenly, deeply, and truly: this was the secret of his success.

Mr Wilson's kindness and charity were proverbial.

His heart and hand were ever open to the needy; his house-door was often beset by his poor brethren of the stage and concert-room; and there was scarcely a charitable or beneficent institution in London with which he was not associated. He retained all his early friendships till death; and on his visits to Edinburgh, was delighted to meet with his youthful associates, however humble their position in life. His industry and energy were untiring and unflagging. He delighted in surmounting difficulties, and continued to improve in his style of singing on every repetition. He was, in every sense of the word, a man of progression. In addition to his other acquirements, Mr Wilson wrote not only prose, but verse, with great facility; and we have seen some exquisite snatches of song from his pen, which we hope may yet be laid before the world. Mr Wilson also composed and adapted a number of beautiful melodies. In his entertainment of 'Mary Queen of Scots,' the finest of the melodies were his own composition; and his 'Bonny Bessy Lee,' Hogg's 'Skylark,' and 'The Year Aughty-Nine,' are favourable specimens of his talent as a melodist, in the humorous as well as in the pathetic styles of composition.*

Mr Wilson, at his death, left a widow and family to lament his untimely loss.

THE MYSTERY OF IRISH MISERY.

Few things appear more remarkable to Scotsmen than the apparent incompetency of the legislature to grapple with and settle on a sound basis the law of land-tenure in Ireland. The present legal institutes and usages on that subject are avowedly the source of Irish misery. Yet how apparently incurable! It is vainly shown that to the plain common-sense principles of land-tenure, as regards both landlord and tenant, are to be ascribed the vast agricultural improvement, the prosperity, and contented state of Scotland. Obviously, the legislature is unable or unwilling to enforce the brilliant example in Ireland; and bankrupt landlords, with all sorts of deficiencies in titles to property, are suffered to impede the tranquillisation of that long-abused country. We are much struck with the account given of such impediments to Irish improvement in a paper by Dr W. Neilson Hancock, professor of political economy in the university of Dublin. From this paper, which appears in the 'Agricultural and Industrial Journal of Ireland' (McGlashan, Dublin), we take leave to extract the following passages. After alluding to the disgraceful fact, that landlords in Ireland are entitled to all the buildings erected and improvements effected on their property by tenants, Dr Hancock proceeds:—

'The next impediment to the application of capital to land by tenants, is the state of the law, which allows property to be settled in such a manner that the owners have short or defective leasing powers. I cannot give you a better illustration of the effects of strict estate settlements in this respect than by stating a remarkable case, the outline of which has been furnished to me. About fifteen years ago, an enterprising capitalist was anxious to build a flax mill in the north of Ireland, as a change had become necessary in the northern linen trade from hand-spinning to mill-spinning, in order to enable the trade to be carried on in competition with the mill-spinning in England and on the continent. He selected as the site for his mill a place in a poor but populous district, which had the advantage of being situated on a navigable river, and being in the immediate vicinity of extensive turf bogs. The inhabitants of the district were well suited for the new manufacture, as they had been long accustomed to the hand-spinning and weaving of the linen trade. The capitalist applied to the landlord for a lease of fifty acres for a mill site, labourers' village, and his own residence, and of fifty acres of bog, as it was proposed to use turf as the fuel for the steam-engines of the mill. The landlord was most anxious to encourage an enterprise so well calculated to

* The above sketch of Mr Wilson's career and professional character is abridged chiefly from an article in the 'Edinburgh Courant' newspaper.

improve his estate. He therefore offered to give all the land required, one hundred acres, at a nominal rent; to grant the longest lease which his settlement would allow him to do; to renew the lease every year as long as he lived; and to give a recommendation to his successor to deal liberally with the capitalist. An agreement was concluded on these terms; but when the flax-spinner consulted his legal adviser, he discovered that the law prevented the landlord from carrying out the very liberal terms he had agreed to. He was bound, by settlement, to let at the best rent only; he could not, therefore, reduce the rent to a nominal amount; and for the same reason he could not renew the lease each year at the old rent, as, once the mill was erected, he was bound by the terms of the settlement to set at the best rent—that is, to add the rent of the mill to the old rent. The longest lease the landlord could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years. Such a lease, however, at the full rent of the land, was quite too short a term to secure the flax-spinner in laying out his capital in buildings; the statute enabling tenants to lease for mill sites only allowed lease of three acres, and could not be extended to fifty. The landlord suggested that, by the custom of the estate, the interest of the tenant was never confiscated, and therefore the flax-spinner would be safe. But the flax-spinner found that this good understanding between landlord and tenant was not a marketable commodity on which he could raise money, and it would not answer him to have capital invested in any way that he could not readily pledge it with his bankers, for the purpose of raising the floating capital always necessary to carry on his business. For these reasons, or, in other words, in consequence of the legal impediments arising from the limited nature of the landlord's leasing power, the mill was not built; and mark the consequences. Some twenty miles from the site I have alluded to, the flax-spinner found land in which he could get a perpetual interest; there he laid out his thousands in buildings and machinery; there he has for the last fifteen years given employment to hundreds of labourers, and has earned money by his own exertions. The poor and populous district continues as populous, but, if anything, poorer than it was; for whilst the people have lost employment at hand-spinning, no mill-spinning has taken its place. Their weavers have to get their yarn from other places, such as the town twenty miles off, where the state of the law allowed mills to be erected. During the past seasons of distress, the people of that district suffered much from want of employment, and the landlord's rents were worse paid out of it than from any other part of his estate. Could there be a stronger case to prove how much the present state of Ireland arises from the state of the law? Here was no ignorance or perverse disposition. The flax-spinner knew his business, as his success for fifteen years has proved; the landlord opposed no short-sighted selfishness to the arrangement; there was no combination nor outrage amongst the people; but the law alone was the impediment. By this cause all parties were injured: the poor people were deprived of employment at building, at spinning, and at cutting turf; the landlord suffered in the poverty of his tenantry preventing the increase of his rent; the millowner had to use English and Scotch coal instead of Irish turf. It is in vain to teach the people that turf is cheaper than coal, if the law will not let mills be built in turf bogs. It is in vain to tell the people that it is their fault if they have not employment in mill-spinning like their neighbours, when the law prevents the erection of mill!

The remedy for short or defective leasing powers is to create general statutable leasing powers for short terms, for farming purposes, and for long terms for buildings; and then to prohibit any settlement of property which does not provide for there always being some person to exercise these powers. This remedy was supplied about eighty years ago to the same evil, when arising under the perpetual entails in Scotland; and the owners were enabled to grant leases for fourteen years and one life, or for two lives, or for thirty years; and also to grant building leases for ninety-nine years. Similar statutable powers have been conferred in special cases in Ireland. Thus tenants in tail and tenants for life were, in 1800, empowered to make leases for lives renewable for ever, to persons covenanting to carry on the cotton manufacture. But this power was accompanied with unwise restrictions: thus, the number of acres to be leased could not exceed fifteen. Then the party erecting the mill had no power to change the trade, for the covenant of renewal was void if the trade

were not carried on for two years. Now the flax trade has almost entirely supplanted the cotton trade in the north of Ireland, and the largest fortunes have been made by those who were the first to change the cotton machinery for the flax machinery; but in mills built under this leasing power, the millowners could not change their trade without forfeiting their right to the renewal of the lease that secured their mills. By another act, passed in 1785, a general leasing power was given for terms of years or for lives renewable for ever, for the erection of mills; but this power was restrained by allowing only three acres to be included in the lease, which rendered it wholly inapplicable in the case I have mentioned, where the millowner required upwards of fifty acres. In the same manner, the leasing powers for the mines in Ireland were so restrained, as to paralyse in a great measure this important branch of our industrial resources; and it was only in the last session of parliament that the efforts of those interested in mines to obtain a removal of those restrictions were partially successful when an act was passed on the subject. All these restrictions are founded on the economic fallacy, that parties who expend capital on land, will not make the most profitable use of their own improvements if left to themselves, and require to be restrained by legal provisions from injuring themselves. As long as this fallacy was generally believed, legislation was accordant with the scientific principles of the day; but at the present time, when this fallacy has been completely refuted, and when it is no longer believed by any economist or statesman of character, it is not a little surprising to find the legislation framed upon it still allowed to retain its place on the statute-book.

After this, who need wonder that Ireland should be what it is? The people cannot improve in circumstances, because the law won't let them!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the 'Times' there has lately appeared some articles worthy of serious consideration on the subject of the slave trade—the substance of the whole being, that the maintenance of a British preventive squadron on the coast of Africa is little better than a farce; and that, both on the score of humanity and expense, it ought to be withdrawn. All who peruse the authorised statements on this much misunderstood question must, we think, arrive at the same conviction. The following statistics, taken from Foreign Office Reports, are singularly instructive:—

	Number of Slaves Reported.	Number Captured by Cruisers.
1840	64,114	3,616
1841	45,097	5,906
1842	28,400	3,950
1843	55,062	2,797
1844	64,102	4,677
1845	36,750	8,619
1846	76,117	2,788
1847	84,356	3,967

Thus the proportion of captures has seldom reached 10 per cent.; and this at a cost to Great Britain of about £700,000 a year, and the loss of a large number of mariners. If any conclusive confirmation were wanted of the truth which has been so repeatedly laid down, that the fluctuations of the slave trade were wholly irrespective of our intervention, and depended solely on the demand for slave produce in the markets of Europe, it would be found in a second table quoted by the 'Times,' which exhibits a comparative view of the extent of the trade at different periods, and of the prices, at such periods, of ordinary Havana sugar:—

	Average Price of Sugar per Cwt. <i>t. d.</i>	Rise or Fall.	Increase or Decrease in Slave Trade.
1820 to 1825	31 0	—	—
1825 to 1830	34 6	9 per cent. rise	21 per cent. increase
1830 to 1835	24 8	29 fall	37 decrease
1835 to 1840	29 3	19 rise	73 increase
1840	25 4	13 fall	63 decrease
1841 to 1844	21 1	17 fall	29 decrease
1845 to 1847	23 7	16 rise	44 increase

The suppression of the African slave trade by armed cruisers is demonstrated to be an impossibility. John Bull must change his tactics: his costly philanthropy has done nothing but mischief!

SERVILITY.

The servility which pursues individuals of the 'distinguished,' 'exalted,' or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement, and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal count cannot visit a factory, and make an intelligent observation, but that corymbus of footmen, the Court newsman, repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the 'exalted station;' but there must, after all, be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men: if you tickle him, he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity, he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good-feeling, he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feeling as a curiosity-hunter, who admires an elephant or a monkey for behaving 'so like a man;' and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol deities of inferior animals—the monkey-worshippers of Japan, and the ox-adorers of Egypt.—*Spectator*. [The above is well put; but we would remind the 'Spectator' that by confining its record of births, deaths, and marriages, to persons of 'exalted station' only, or for the greater part, it may be said to be chargeable with a species of that servility which it very properly condemns.]

DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national character in economising time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamt of a few years ago. A scientific member of the Society of Friends has rendered the novel material of gutta-percha tubing subservient to an important saving of time and footsteps in the domestic circle. In consequence of the peculiar power possessed by this tubing for the transmission of sound, he has applied it for the conveyance of messages from the parlour to the kitchen. Even a whisper at the parlour mouthpiece is distinctly heard when the ear is applied at the other end. Instead, therefore, of the servant having to answer the bell as formerly, and then descend to the kitchen to bring up what is wanted, the mistress calls attention by gently blowing into the tube, which sounds a whistle in the kitchen, and then makes known her wants to the servant, who is able at once to attend to them. By this means the mistress not only secures the execution of her orders in half the usual time, but the servant is saved a double journey.—*Daily News*.

HOW TO MAKE WINE.

When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tuns, and brandy, several degrees above proof, is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of must, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, the mixture is coloured thus: a quantity of dried elder berries is put into coarse bags; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be coloured being thrown over them, they are trodden by men till the whole of the colouring matter is expressed; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of dried elder berries being used to the pipe of wine! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months. At the end of this time, it is sold (which it is tolerably sure to be after such judicious treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is sacked two or three times, and receives probably two gallons more brandy per pipe; and it is then considered

fit to be shipped to England, its being about nine months old; and at the time of shipment one gallon more of brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong—an opinion which the writer at least is not prepared to dispute.—*Forrester's Word or Two on Port Wine*.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

She was not fair nor young: at eventide
There was no friend to sorrow by her side;
The time of sickness had been long and drear,
For strangers tended, wishing she were dead.
She pined for heaven, and yet feared to die—
To die—to penetrate that mystery!

How often in the long and quiet night,
When the dim taper shed a flickering light,
And the old watch within its well-worn case
Loudly proclaimed time speeding on apace,
She fixed her eyes upon a casket near,
While down her pallid cheek there stole a tear!

She knew that careless hands aside would cast
The dear memorials of a cherished past;
The rifled casket's inmost boards survey,
And with cold words and idle laugh display
Some withered flowers and a braid of hair—
Those priceless treasures she had garnered there.

The glittering baubles, and the chain of gold,
These would be cared for, and their value told;
But for the tokens oft bedewed with tears
Throughout the silent memory of years—
Oh for the strength of hand and nerve of heart
To rear their funeral pyre ere life depart!

It might not be—for with the morning hours
Again she gazed upon those faded flowers.
The shadows of the past around her fell
With agonised and yet entrancing spell;
To sever that last link no power was given—
Doth human weakness pity find in heaven?

She was not fair nor young: at eventide
None placed those worshipped relics by her side
Within the coffin bed where she reposed
In white habiliments—her eyelids closed:
Looking so weary, 'o'en the stranger said,
'Poor thing! she resteth—peace be with the dead!'

C. A. M. W.

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FAME.

MANY of the poets and other writers of the last century were accustomed to dwell largely upon the privileges of fame. The desire to attain eminence, to be in any way distinguished from the multitude, and to be accounted one of the illustrious of the land, was esteemed an exalted and worthy aspiration, and more or less the sign of a lofty and noble character. To be solicitous about the applause of contemporaries and posterity, was thought to be indicative of superior capacity, and to recommend a man as being thereby raised above the triviality of ordinary pursuits. Whatever could be done which might thereafter be talked about, and thus preserve the memory of the doer, was considered, above all things, as desirable to be attempted. All ambitious persons, accordingly, who were not otherwise employed, betook themselves to the composition of verses, treatises on philosophy, or the easier pastime of fictitious narrative—hoping, apparently, to live thereby among the deathless and memorable names which the world delights to honour. To question the title of any of these people to everlasting remembrance, was the highest offence you could perpetrate against them, and was even sometimes held to justify a challenge of mortal combat. The business of reviewer was then a perilous enterprise, and therefore it was seldom entered on, except by obscure adventurers who had somehow lost character, and were for the most part looked upon as literary vagabonds, whose acquaintance Fame was understood to have utterly rejected. Laudatory celebrations of each other's prowess in authorcraft were as prevalent as blackberries or buttercups in their respective seasons, whenever two or three of the poetical fraternity happened to be living in unity and friendly intercourse; each giving and receiving the strongest assurances that their respective literary reputations would outlast the most durable material monuments, or at least might be expected to survive, in undiminished lustre, while the language should remain. Fancy what a comfort it must have been to the aspiring versifier or essayist to hear his name trumpeted abroad in all directions, and what felicity beyond comparison he must have enjoyed in the flattering expectancy that subsequent generations would continue to speak of him with equal, or even louder admiration!

Alas for all this vanity! The result has been, that nearly all these writers are now forgotten. A fitful sputter of popularity was the utmost which the very best of them enjoyed; and could tidings of the living world by any chance reach them in their oblivion, they would be hardly flattered by the manner in which their former reputations are accustomed to be mentioned. Fame has eluded them entirely. That dreaded forgetfulness, which they aimed to intrench themselves against, has verily overtaken them; time has tranquilly obliterated

all recollections of their feverish efforts. And it may be remarked, that those who were most concerned about their fame, have fallen the deepest into neglect; the blazing reputation which many of them enjoyed has now become extinguished, like the flickering of theatrical lamps when the play is over. Who were more popular and dominant in their day than the 'Della Crusicans?'—and who now knows or cares anything about them! Only here and there a man studying or examining the follies and 'curiosities of literature' for his own amusement or the public behoof: in the general thought and remembrance of the people they are non-existent. Those who sacrificed their very common sense to a flimsy celebrity, have lost the only thing they aimed at, and their history is but occasionally alluded to for purposes of ridicule. Were not this paltry passion for fame otherwise reprehensible, it were surely a sufficient proof of its exceeding folly to mark how the pursuit of it is attended with the most pitiful disappointment.

One might indeed ask what, after all, is the good of fame, even in its best and least exceptionable aspect? Wherein is the peculiar advantage of being remembered? Above all, where is the use of it, if you leave nothing done worthily to be remembered for? Oblivion, the quiet repose of forgetfulness, is far better. The man who does anything from no loftier motive than that of being honourably remembered by it, will scarcely deserve remembering. The literary man especially, who is not inspired by a nobler passion than the desire of fame, will be utterly unworthy of his vocation; and the profane altar whereon he idolatrously flings his gifts, shall yield him no token of an accepted sacrifice. The writers of greatest genius have really been comparatively uninterested about their fame; or, if they have chanced to manifest any solicitude concerning it, it has been mainly with reference to the further perfection of their works, so that they might not leave anything they attempted in a state unworthy of themselves. Beyond this, no great man ever perplexed himself much by considerations of popularity, either with regard to the day in which he lived, or to any time thereafter. Look at the noble unconsciousness of Shakespeare; the hearty indifference to celebrity with which one can suppose old Homer wrote; the utter oversight and unsuspicion of all fame evident in the rhapsodies of the Hebrew prophets. To any truly great man, to even any genuinely-cultivated and healthy man who does not suspect himself of being great, the paltry notion of doing anything for the sake of the popular applause which he may derive thereby, will never once be entertained as a worthy or sufficient motive for undertaking it. There is no excellency in this; and the wise or sensible man of letters will always have better things to think about. How he may successfully unfold his endowments into freedom and effective power; how he may attain increase of wisdom and authentic insight

into things; how most admirably and adequately utter the thought within him, and impress his influence for benefit upon his age: this will be ever his earnest and most sedulous concern. What does he live for, if not to learn and publish something more of *Truth* than has hitherto been known, or to extend it into regions where as yet it has not penetrated? Knowing and respecting his high ministry, he will deliver himself as he best can with a proud defiance of all clamour; not inensible, indeed, to the approbation of intelligent and discerning men, but assuredly not solicitous of empty praise, nor sorrowful or disconcerted by the fear of being forgotten. What if he is forgotten? If his name should fade utterly out of memory, and the generations to come never know that he had lived? The thing which he did *well*, that cannot die; but, howsoever its appearance may be changed, continues to work effectually under novel and unsuspected transformations. The truly great man can very well dispense with fame; it is of comparative indifference to him: sorrowing or rejoicing, he holds on his way, heedless and unconcerned about it. Like some great unconscious oak of the wilderness, he will scatter the ripe fruits from which new forests may spring, and take no thought of being remembered as the planter.

It is ever true that the greatest benefactors of the world, with one or two exceptions, are not the men of whom fame reports. Where, for instance, are the original Tubalcains, iron-workers and inventors, forest clearers, the bold adventurers of navigation, the primeval delvers, and builders, and spinners of the earth, who first began to make the world arable and habitable; who built houses, and ships, and temples, drained marshes, planted fruit-trees and orchards, devised laws and social constitutions, methods, and conveniences for intercourse and communion among men? They are all forgotten and unknown to us. What manner of man was he (that daring original) who first struck a light in the world, and made a fire, and thus led the way to the introduction of the arts of cookery and bread-baking, and social tea and dinner parties, and the final invention of the steam-engine? The name of him, his way of life and thought, the conditions and aspects of his existence, are all gone out of remembrance: he survives only as a dim shadowy figure in the old mythology, and is known to us under the character of Prometheus, the Fire-Stealer, the invincible and enduring Friend of Men, who braved the wrath of Omnipotence in their behalf. The endeavouring and thousandfold achievements of mankind through innumerable ages, as hieroglyphically and compendiously exhibited in the institutions and acquisitions now established and possessed, have come down to us in grand accumulation and variety, bearing scarcely any vestige of a recollection of the men whose active brains and stalwart arms wrought out such large results. Yet it were the most rampant insanity to doubt that capacious heads, and exalted spirits not a few, have in all times existed. In the old immemorial centuries, among the patriarchal villages and camps of the *Fore-world*, in the days when the foundation-stones of cities were first laid, dost thou think there were no brave and distinguished men?—no soaring intellects, scanning the hard problems of existence?—no rapt melodious poets, discerning with prophetic ken, and celebrating by anticipation the wonders and revolutions of the advancing years?—no patient, thoughtful investigators, devising things of convenience and use?—no energetic companionless adventurers, going forth with girded loins to explore untrodden places, and bring back tidings of new discovery? The illustrious forgotten men!—let these be celebrated; the ancient hard and heroic workers, whose names and memory are everlastingly abolished.

It is not imperceptible, however, that while Fame gives us little or no account of our grandest benefactors, the world retains, nevertheless, the benefit of their work. And so it is always. There is no work or useful influence which is not *permanent*. Once effectually accomplished, everything survives, and, under new and unimaginable forms of renovation, is perpetuated. Let a man cast his thoughts and good deeds broad-cast around him, heedless

and inconsiderate of what Fame says of him, and they will grow up, as the corn springs, in a way that he knoweth not, into noble and beneficent fruitions. The great Soul of the Universe is *just*; and no grain of truth or goodness falling by the waysides, or in reclusive places where no eye sees it, but may become, through its hundredfold productiveness, the parent of future harvests on the broad fields of Time. What matters it about fame? Not all the trumpeters and heralds in creation can make our thought greater or better than it is, or diminish in anywise its intrinsic value. What concerns us is the *truth* of the thought, the justness of the action—not how it may be spoken of in saloons or market-places, or commemorated in reviews and newspapers.

The main consideration connected with fame which can render it of even temporary moment, lies in the extent of opportunity which it offers to the influence of a man's genius or character. In so far as he is better and more widely known, he will impart more largely whatever benefit he may be able to communicate. It is desirable always that a man should have free space for his activity; that his thought, such as it is, should circulate without obstruction, conveying whatsoever wisdom or delight it may contain to the minds and hearts of all who are prepared for its reception. The accident of fame might thus more rapidly promote the successful dissemination of the truths and principles which he was qualified to teach, and the measure of his significance as an instructor of his age would accordingly be the better and more promptly ascertained. But should he be so unhappy as to esteem an extensive popularity as the sign of his superiority of genius, or regard his reputation as a thing to be especially delighted in for itself, he will thereby give evidence of a signal inferiority of mind, and merit the contempt which will assuredly one day be his portion. The noisy, admiring world, in whose eyes to-day there is none so conspicuous as he, to-morrow will shoulder him aside in its eager scramble after newer wonders; for the multitude, it has been frequently observed, resembles nothing more decidedly than a flock of sheep, which rush onwards, with little discrimination, wheresoever it may be the fashion for the most illustrious sheep to run!

All things great have their spurious imitations. Popularity is often imagined to be equivalent to fame. No doubt, the man who does a great deed, worthy of lasting commemoration and gratitude, may at the same time be popular—receive praise during his life. But, on the whole, fame is a thing of the future; popularity is only of temporary moment. There are reasons, also, why popularity should seldom be followed by fame. Popularity is frequently a result of a vulgar struggling for supremacy—an effort to exalt self by all sorts of mean arts—and, by a just retribution, it terminates in oblivion. Any man may gain local and short-lived applause; and the more basely he panders to prejudice, the more likely is he to be successful. But a succeeding generation, with more enlarged views, knows how to estimate these deceptive endeavours: it shuts him out of remembrance, or only speaks of him as an example to be despised. Seeking dishonestly for fame, he is very properly rewarded with infamy. With regard to the more common and less reprehensible aspirations after celebrity, experience would seem to justify us in the belief that a writer or an artist who is really great and original, and whose effect upon society is in the end to be most permanent, will not gain so speedy and determinate a popularity as another who is manifestly inferior, and who on that account can command a larger range of sympathy. A light and graceful skiff may be easily and completely launched in shallow water, but the mighty ship will meet a deeper current, and a longer and more complex preparation, before it can be successfully sent forth on the world of waters. The popularity of a man, as it has been significantly said, can only show the degree of illumination there is in him; and serves but as an atmosphere to diffuse the light which he contains. While it aids in extending his proper influence, and affords him the chance of wholesome teaching, it may be considered as convenient and serviceable; but should his attention become so intently fixed

upon it as to be dazzled by its glitter, he will be incapable of apprehending his true position. Thus fame may be a perversion and a snare to him, even as the delusive brilliancy of a candle allures moths to their destruction. Let us stand by the severe and earnest truth, even to the risk of remaining in unknown obscurity for ever, rather than abuse or disable our slightest talent by an inordinate deference to opinion, should we gain thereby the widest celebrity the world has ever witnessed.

Finally, after a somewhat rigorous handling of our subject, it will not be unhandsome to admit, that to live in the esteem of just and cultivated men is no ignoble wish: that the worthy and the wise should think favourably of our efforts, and account our work to have been creditably done, has always been, and will be while human nature lasts, in a high degree encouraging and satisfactory. It is this which fame originally signified. What we here condemn, is that vain hungering for applause—that ambition to be distinguished, which leads so many men away from the proper cultivation of themselves. Let us thoroughly understand, and on every fit occasion demonstrate and assert that *this*, both now and ever, is a man's most intimate concern. What matters it about distinction? He who does anything really great, *will* be distinguished, and is already distinguished by that very fact; for him in whom there is nothing great, it is better that he should be without distinction. How many feeble heads have been dizzied into utter ruin by a little shallow and frivolous celebrity! It is the emptiest delusion. Cannot the quiet paths suffice! Some of the best literature of the day is lying in books which are least known; and the men who will exert the greatest influence upon the coming age, are not those who are most popular at present; nay, they whose teachings are producing the most wholesome effectualness in this, are men comparatively unknown and unobtrusive—men not so much concerned about their popularity, as about the manner in which they really perform their work. Let thy works praise thee. Hanker nothing after vain applause. Hast thou any thought which thou supposest might advantage any of thy fellow-men? Deliver it from thee, after many ponderings, untrumpeted—earnestly, yet modestly; ready to withdraw it, and reconsider it; or to bury it utterly out of sight, should it hereafter appear to be unneeded. Care not for that discomfiture, care only for the everlasting truth; and if another can reveal it better than thyself, do thou cheerfully and unenviously give place to him. Crush vanity beneath thy feet. Baniish from thy heart all solicitude of fame, and do the thing which lies before thee with serene singleness of mind. The world will not stand still in its advancement because thy name may be forgotten.

THE WEDDING-RING.

A TALE.

'LOUISA,' said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had quitted a minute before, 'there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once.'

'La, papa! I daresay she is in no hurry,' replied the young lady, without rising from the easy-chair into which she was sunk.

'My dear, do not keep her waiting: the time of a workwoman is her capital, and you have no right to defraud her of it.'

'Defraud, papa; what hard words you use! I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?'

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending, when she had done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect. Whilst sipping her coffee, her eye fell on a new publication which her father

had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, forgot the artificial flowers, the artist, and her father's admonition. An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing-room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of her visitors observed that there was a woman in the hall as they passed with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all. With a slight blush Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rang for the forgotten tradeswoman; and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the baskets, trying them on their heads before the glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them. They were good-humoured, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed, and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely-furnished room: the walls hung with paintings, the tables spread with costly books, the consoles and marble brackets covered with tasteful ornaments: perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would have formed a fortune to many a poor family. The pleasant morning air, which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold fish swam, was reflected back upon the rich-cut chandeliers, and made them look like fragments of a rainbow. All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier-glasses—all except the pale, anxious, careworn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gaiety, that, had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity. But they neither looked at nor noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimen, exclaim at its dearth, wish they could buy them all, and declare they would learn to make them, it must be such charming work. Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was now time to go to the portrait-painter to whom she was sitting, as that gentleman never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her. Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and now desired some other ornaments; and the young party hastily quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own home, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father. It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof, which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old and comfortless bed, which seemed placed there that its occupant might derive some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing. Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond their reach—was a much younger woman; but, like the first-mentioned, she, too, wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as she had bore the traces of mourning. Her face was wan and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender hands were busy in fabricating some of those beautiful flowers which her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their deli-

cate colours and gay groups made her pale sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast. A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tale they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendour, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

'Ah, mother, dear!' said she, as the elder widow entered, 'I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?'

Her mother silently shook her head as she set down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

'Nothing! Have you sold nothing?' inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. 'How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs Dashwood had ordered them of you?'

'Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours,' replied the mother, 'tossed over all my things, and then bought a two-shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends, that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at.'

'And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?' said the daughter. 'How can I finish that, unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah, mother, mother, how little they know the value of time to us! Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?'

'I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?'

'Yes; see how soundly he sleeps,' answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said, 'What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be houseless.' She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding-ring, she held it out to her mother. 'It is but for a short time!' she murmured; 'and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me? For our child—his child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?' In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say? It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it, and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed, 'Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present? But am I not giving way to envy? Because my prospects are blighted, would I wish hers to be dimmed? Heaven forgive me!'—and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errand; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

'It is not our practice, madam, to buy second-hand

goods,' was the reply; 'and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold.'

'And what may that be?' faltered she.

'I suppose about half-a-crown,' he carelessly answered.

'And is that the utmost you can give me?' replied she in a pleading tone. 'I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world.'

'Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?' inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

'And did you sell nothing this morning?' again asked he.

'One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower,' replied the poor widow; 'but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality.' The gentleman bit his lip; and hastily crossing the shop, he returned in another minute, leading Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

'Repeat what you have just said to my daughter,' said Mr Frizell. 'I ask it as a favour for her sake entirely.'

'Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady,' replied the widow firmly. 'She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a trades-person; but I do not wish to complain of her for that.'

'Permit me at least to rectify her errors,' continued the father; 'but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me, in the first instance, to convey you home. You have probably walked far this day.' It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognise her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay, the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced round the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape: for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark pensive eyes on the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and the power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as was this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which, to their moderate wishes, seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—from a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbours, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once

thoughtless Louisa Frizell now sets an example to her young companions both of consideration towards those trades-people she employs, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of the ornaments and expenses which her station in life appears to justify or require.

WILLIAM JACKSON, THE NATURALIST.

WE have already on different occasions presented our readers with brief memoirs of eminent naturalists in the humbler walks of life, and the subject of our present paper was an individual of that interesting class. Forfarshire, besides being one of the richest counties in Britain in the treasures it yields to the naturalist, is, moreover, one that has produced some of the most persevering and industrious students of natural history which science can boast of, and these have belonged to the humble, almost self-taught, class of working-men. Alike unknown to fame and fortune, they have, by their own diligence and perseverance in their favourite pursuits, wrought their way upwards in the world to an honourable position in social life, while they have acquired a celebrity and fame in the annals of science which will perpetuate their memory to future ages. Such names as those of George Don and Thomas Drummond are so ingrafted in botanical literature, that they can only die with the science itself.

Mr William Jackson, junior, the subject of our present memoir, was born in Dundee on the 10th October, 1820. His parents were in humble life, his father being a working tailor, yet imbued with a passionate love of the objects of natural history, to the study of which he devoted the leisure hours afforded by his employment. His father's attachment to natural history must no doubt have had a powerful effect in directing William in early life to the observation of natural objects, and he soon evinced a decided taste for botanical science. This taste received every encouragement from his father so far as his circumstances would allow; but William does not appear to have received much parental instruction in botany—his father being chiefly engaged in investigating the various branches of zoology, to which he had always a peculiar predilection, and which left him very little leisure time to devote to other subjects. William's scholastic education was confined to the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a smattering of English grammar, &c.; which form the usual curriculum of the boys of the working-class of society in Scotland. On leaving school at an early age, he adopted his father's employment of tailor, and diligently employed his leisure hours, morning and evening, in improving himself in the branches of education which he had been taught; but more especially in the pursuit of his favourite subject, botany. He likewise acquired some knowledge of Latin, and an acquaintance with general literature. The nature of his employment occasionally allowed him an idle day to spend in the fields; but with him it was not idly spent. The neighbourhood of Dundee afforded many pleasing retreats of picturesque beauty, where he had ample opportunities of studying the lovely and varied vegetable forms which he admired so much. The rocky coast in the immediate vicinage of the town furnished him with many interesting plants peculiar to marine exposures, while the sea-beach was strewn with the lovely forms of algae and zoophytes, thrown up by the waves. The extensive range of Sidlaw Hills bore many sub-alpine species (including mosses and lichens) of considerable interest; and on the links of Barry, at the mouth of the river Tay, he gathered many rare gems of beauty, some of which are scarcely to be found elsewhere. The time of Jackson's herboring excursions was generally the morning; and often were his morning walks much more extended than one with less enthusiasm would have felt agreeable. No uncommon occurrence would it be to see him out at Baldovan Woods (some four or five miles from Dundee) by the early dawn of a summer morning, already busy filling his *vasculum* with the opening flowers, still moist with dew. These excursions he enjoyed in the true spirit of a field naturalist, and although they

were often attended with much fatigue, and sometimes hunger and thirst to boot, they were indeed the happiest hours of his life. He loved much in after years to recall his pleasant wanderings by stream and mountain, in search of nature's beauties; and those only who have been in like circumstances, can feel with what grateful contentment he had sat down on these occasions on the green turf, after a dozen, or perhaps twenty miles' walk, to dine on his bit of crust moistened in the mossy rill.

Jackson's devotion to the study of plants at length recommended him to the attention of some influential members of the Botanical Society; and on the 14th May, 1840, he was elected an associate of that body. This event had a highly beneficial effect upon him. Some men, with less perseverance, would have leant upon the oar for a time, and self-approvingly enjoyed the honour so unexpectedly conferred; but instead of this, it served only to stimulate Jackson to renewed exertion and more diligent application. Having by this time, however, gained a pretty extensive knowledge of the various tribes of plants indigenous to the neighbouring country, he felt a desire to extend his researches, and formed arrangements for a tour to some rich botanical district. Accordingly, towards the latter end of July 1840, he proceeded to the Clova Mountains in company with his friend Mr William Gardiner—another self-instructed naturalist, to whose interesting '*Lessons on British Mosses*,' '*Botanical Rambles*,' and other publications, we have already directed attention (No. 172)—fully equipped with the *material* necessary for collecting, examining, and preserving botanical specimens. Here the two botanists remained for several weeks, during which time they collected and dried large quantities of specimens of the rare Alpine plants that grow so profusely on these mountains. These specimens furnished Jackson with subjects for extensive study for a long period after his return, more especially throughout the following winter, and they were the means of greatly extending his knowledge of the obscure tribes of mosses and lichens.

It seldom occurs that a naturalist confines himself exclusively to the study of one particular class of natural objects; nor was this the case with Jackson. He had, along with his botanical studies, made himself acquainted (by assistance from his father) with some departments of zoology, and in particular took considerable interest in ornithology. To this subject he afterwards devoted considerable attention, and took great delight in wandering along the sea-beach even in the cold and stormy weather of mid-winter, studying the habits of the interesting tribe of ocean birds. These were the chief objects of his study subsequently to the time of his father's death in 1846, he having at this time been appointed to the curatorship of the Dundee Watt Institution Museum, which had been previously held by his father for many years. This museum was one of the best provincial natural history collections of its kind in Scotland; and to the laborious exertions of the two Jacksons was it indebted for many of the finest specimens which it contained.

In the year 1847, Mr Jackson and a number of other enthusiastic naturalists in Dundee formed a society, called the Dundee Naturalists' Association, for the reading of papers on natural-history subjects, and otherwise elucidating the natural productions of the surrounding country. Besides acting as treasurer of this association up to the time of his decease, he read various papers of interest to the meetings. One of these papers was of special importance—being a list, &c. of the birds of Forfarshire, exhibiting the occurrence of many rare species in the county, and narrating many facts of great interest from his own and his father's observations.

Shortly previous to the time of his decease, Jackson contemplated preparing more elaborate contributions to zoological science for publication; but, alas! the hand of death arrested his career at the very time when he began to lay the results of his labours before the world; and he sank into the grave in March 1848, a victim, it is believed, to over-application, at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving a widow and two young children to mourn the loss of a loving husband and affectionate father.

His collections of stuffed birds, dried plants, and other specimens of natural history, are very extensive, and form a remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by steady perseverance, even despite the untoward circumstances in which a working-man is placed, and without interfering with his domestic comforts. In too many instances enthusiasts in Jackson's circumstances allow their private tastes and studies to interfere unduly with the employments upon which they depend for support: but such was not the case with him: he attended scrupulously to his employment, employing only the moments of remission from toil in the mornings and evenings in his favourite pursuits; and the only instance in which he devoted the proper hours of labour to study, was on the occasion of his sojourn among the Clova Mountains. He used to say, in the quaint words of a friend—'One must mind what one makes one's bread by.'

A NIGHT IN A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

WITH the view of procuring an insight into the economy of a London Model Lodging-House, I proceeded one evening lately to seek for a night's accommodation in one of these establishments, situated in George Street, St Giles. Threading my way through a number of densely-packed and busy streets, I at length reached the bottom of George Street, where I beheld the object of my search, a lofty and substantial edifice. There were two decently-dressed men lounging at the door.

'Is this the Model Lodging-House?' I asked.

'You can have apartments here,' replied the better attired of the two.

This answer was instructive. It showed that the title Model Lodging-House was not tasteful to its inmates, and reminded me that the name of the St Pancras establishment had been changed to 'The Metropolitan Buildings' from this cause. It also evinced how universally the pride of appearing above their real condition pervades all classes. But this is not only a pardonable, it is a commendable sentiment; for the next step to desiring to appear higher and better, is becoming so.

The gentleman, however, politely opened a glazed door, and directed me to a sort of lodge which did duty as library and office, and is enclosed by what is called the 'pay window.' Here I learnt from the superintendent that my desire to appear there in the character of a lodger for that night only could not be complied with, as that building accommodated weekly inmates, and no others. Nothing daunted, however, I asked permission to look into the coffee-room, and was not only allowed to do so, but the superintendent, perceiving I was anxious for information, gave me the engraved plan of the house, which I now consult. From it I find that the edifice presents an entire frontage of 80 feet, and that the coffee or common room is 33 feet long by 23 feet wide, and is nearly 11 feet high. On entering it, I found that there are four rows of tables, with a pair of cross tables beside the fireplace. Some of the inmates were reading, some writing, others playing at draughts, and there was a couple of chess-players. The rules forbid games of chance. The other rules are excellent. The first and second are to the effect that the establishment shall be kept open from five in the morning until twelve at night, after which hour the bedroom lights are extinguished, and the entrance closed. They then proceed—

'The property of the establishment to be treated with due care, and, in particular, no cutting or writing on the tables, forms, chairs, or other articles, and no defacing of the walls to be permitted.

'No gambling, quarrelling, fighting, or profane or abusive language to be permitted.

'Habits of cleanliness are expected in the lodgers, and any person guilty of filthy or dirty practices will not be permitted to remain in the house.

'Each lodger will be provided with a box and locker for the security of his property, the keys of which will

be delivered to him on depositing the sum of one shilling, to be returned to him on the re-delivery of the keys.

'All earthenware, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles, used by the lodgers, to be returned by them to the superintendent immediately after they have done with them.

'A wilful breach of any of the above rules will subject the party to immediate exclusion from the house.'

A rule has been added, by which, if a lodger presents himself for admission after midnight, he is liable to a fine of twopence; but if he is not in by one o'clock, the door is peremptorily closed against him. The superintendent said this is of very rare occurrence.

I soon engaged one of the lodgers in conversation, and learnt from him that persons of all grades had been seen in that apartment. A reduced physician with an Edinburgh diploma had lodged in the house for some time, and he had seen the upper corner of the room converted into a studio by a humble artist, who painted pictures one day, which he sold to the dealers the next.

Another inmate of this house was afterwards so good as to communicate to me his experiences of it in writing. He is an assistant in an attorney's office.

'I did not,' he writes, 'at first like the notion of sharing a home common to any one that might choose to avail themselves of it, and perhaps I should not have done so had my circumstances been other than they were; but necessity, that sharpest of goads, compelled me. I took up my abode in this lodging-house, and on many occasions I congratulate myself that I did; for, as a substitute for the home I and my brothers had lost for ever, it gave me infinitely more pleasure and satisfaction than I had anticipated. A few days sufficed for my initiation into the habits and customs of the place; and before a week had passed, I could take in my chop from the butcher, prepare my vegetables, and cook my dinner with as much confidence, and in as masterly a style, as the "oldest inhabitant."

'I assure you I did not care to eat anything I had not cooked myself in the kitchen. That portion of the place is fitted up with a very well-arranged apparatus, and is well supplied with cooking implements, a fire being continually burning. On a level with the kitchen is the laundry, in which there is a boiler to supply the inmates and the bath-room with hot water, and a complete set of washing-tubs and sinks for washers. The bath-room, on the same level, I am sorry to say, only contains one bath, and even that is so ill supplied with water, that only one person can take a bath in the course of three-quarters of an hour. The charge for a warm bath is a penny; for a cold one, a halfpenny; and it is not an unusual thing for half-a-dozen lodgers to be waiting in turn to bathe.

'Each lodger, when he enters the house, on payment of the first week's rent, receives from the superintendent a key bearing the number of the bedroom he is to occupy, and another key, bearing the number of a small zinc-lined safe, in which he keeps his stock of provisions. As to the bedrooms, each is complete in itself. They are small, but the furniture and fittings render them perfect, though simple. A chair, a chest or locker, a small French plain bedstead, and the bed-clothing, in regard to cleanliness, would not lose by comparison with that of a West-end hotel; and as to quality, that is beyond fault. Four floors are fitted up with bedrooms, and to each floor there is a washing-room.

'To classify the lodgers would be a most difficult matter. On one bench in the coffee-room you would see a person whose garb was one of faded gentility, and who, having experienced better circumstances, and moved in superior circles, struggles to the last to keep up the semblance of respectability; on another, the journeyman mechanic, reading from some cheap publication some interesting story: there a couple of attorneys' clerks; here a cluster of workmen from some manufactory, or perhaps half-a-dozen labourers, clean in appearance, and decent in behaviour.

'Speaking from my own experience as to the moral and social effect of these club-houses for the people, I should mete out to them unequivocal praise. The habits of the lodgers are clean, peaceable, and orderly.'

To the information of my intelligent correspondent I may add what else I learnt during my short visit. The house cost £6000 in building: it has four floors of dormitories, which afford separate sleeping-rooms for 104 lodgers, some of whom have continued in it since its opening, about two years since; and more than half may be considered permanent lodgers. They pay 2s. 4d. per week in advance. The building is effectually warmed and ventilated, and has proved itself extremely salubrious, in spite of its contiguity to Church Lane.

Having finished my conversations with some of the inmates, and with the superintendent, the latter with civil attention directed me to the nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, in which I desired to pass the night. I remember about ten years ago visiting this and other places in the neighbourhood with a gentleman connected with the City Mission, and was introduced to scenes of misery, squalor, and vice, which no healthy imagination can picture without actual observation. The exterior aspect of the locality had changed but little, except that it now abounds with lodging-houses, in which human beings of all ages, and of both sexes, are nightly huddled together amidst the most revolting discomfort and wickedness. To supersede these nests of infamy the more effectually, the projectors of the Model Lodging-Houses have planted some of their establishments in the very midst of them. But this seems to have augmented rather than to have decreased the evil; for as I sauntered up the street, looking to one side and the other to find the house I was in search of, an emissary darted out from each of the lodging-houses to solicit my patronage, and to assure me that his or hers was the Model Lodging-House. Indeed some of these places boldly exhibited a rude transparency, inscribed with the words, 'Model Lodging-House!' Many an unwary and weary traveller from the country, glad of the first chance of rest within his power, has doubtless been initiated by this sort of deception into orgies he little dreamt of. Indeed even I was somewhat puzzled, and to make sure, put myself under the guidance of a policeman; for here, as in St Giles, there was no lack of the force. He conveyed me safely, and I asked one of a group standing at the door if I could be accommodated: he thought not. 'You must come earlier,' he said, 'if you want to sleep here. My belief is, that all the beds have been taken since nine o'clock.' It was now nearly eleven; but to be certain, I walked up a passage, and tapped at the window of the office. When it was raised, it revealed, seated in a comfortable apartment, a portly matron, who confirmed what I had been already told; but relieved my disappointment by saying that I could get a bed at the 'other house,' in King Street. Hereupon there ensued a whispering between her and a deaf gentleman, apparently an assistant in the office; and whether it was a mark of especial attention to myself, or whether it was the general rule, I know not, but she sent the deaf gentleman round to show me exactly where King Street and the other house were, lest I should founder without such a pilot against those 'breakers ahead'—the touters.

The kitchen of this Charles Street lodging, of which I got a glimpse before leaving, is a very good-sized, clean, warm-looking place. A capacious kitchen-range was fully occupied by some of the lodgers making coffee, and cooking savoury viands for their suppers; others were seated at the table. There were perhaps some twenty or thirty present, the majority apparently mechanics not in a very flourishing condition; others of that class so numerous in London, whose wits have been rendered sharp and versatile by want: one day they may be found working as carpenters; on another as bricklayers; the day after, mending or polishing shoes, as though they had never been used to tight

else; and at other times performing errands and messages, or supplying *pro tem* the place of some suddenly-discharged or invalided servant; 'everything by turns'—as chance might call for, 'and nothing long'—as fate willed it.

Conducted by my deaf friend, I arrived at the third, or supplementary house, belonging to the society, in King Street. I saw at once it was not so extensive as the Charles Street one, and that was inferior again to the first building I had applied at. In the front parlour were a man and his wife at supper—the master and matron; and the latter announced to me that my search after a couch in a Model Lodging-House was over; and wished to know, on my paying down fourpence, whether I would retire at once? Upon asking if I could have any refreshment before going off for the night, she answered, 'Oh, anything you wish;' whereupon, with the innocence of one of the uninitiated, I signified my desire that a cup of coffee should be served to me at once. I was speedily enlightened by the information, that whatever I wanted I must fetch from a neighbouring shop, and, moreover, cook for and serve up to myself. Although much tempted, on going down into the kitchen, by the row of saucepans, kettles, and jugs, all standing ready over the fireplace for any one inclined to use them, I felt myself unequal to the task of becoming my own cook. There were only two or three of my fellow-lodgers, who, from what I gathered of their conversation, seemed to have been companion boarders for some nights past, but were not communicative; and I reascended the narrow staircase, the master came out, and preceded me up stairs to the dormitories.

I was conducted through a room about eighteen feet long by about eight broad, in which was placed four beds crossways, with their heads to the windows, into a smaller one adjoining; the partition was not of a very substantial order, and did not reach to the ceiling, so that the light from one gas-lamp sufficed for both. In this kind of large closet were two beds; and the master, pointing to one, said that was the one I had better take, and then left, bidding me 'Good-night' in as kind and impressive a manner as though he really wished I should have one.

My first adventure was characteristic.—The other bed was already occupied, and its possessor, when I addressed him, without any loss of time stretched over and grasped from his bundle his waistcoat, and took it into bed with him, a slight jingle of silver announcing his reasons, and conveying to me the probability that he was mentally saying, 'Who knows? perhaps he's a pickpocket.' Not allowing my feelings to be at all hurt at this display of caution, I kept up a conversation while making preparations to turn in for the night; but as he told me he had come to bed very early, because he was in want of sleep, and that he had chosen this house in preference to the Charles Street one, as it was so much quieter, I took the hint, and allowed him to rest.

I then made an inspection of the place; and if my sleeping companion had happened suddenly to open his eyes, and had seen me peering about, he would have inwardly rejoiced at having taken the precaution he did regarding the contents of his waistcoat. The walls of the rooms had been whitened, but were now in a state that called for another coat of lime-wash. I was also shocked to observe several of those specimens of entomology whose especial habitat is dirty dormitories. A few of them were descending the walls, and making towards the beds, as though bent on having a night of it.

Between every bed was placed a box for the clothes of the sleepers, and hat-pegs so abundant, that the calculation appeared to have been, every visitor would bring three or four of those articles with him. The counterpanes on the beds would have been none the worse for a plunge in the washing-tub, and the sheets would have been manifestly much the better. Coarser

materials, and more frequent changes, would have been a decided improvement. The beds I saw in George Street were scrupulously clean, and the sheets are, I was told, changed every week.

Sleeping in a strange place in a strange bed is seldom conducive to rest; but the locality of this Model Lodging-House, and all its arrangements, with the character of those partaking of its comforts, was so strange to me, that it would have kept me from closing my eyes had I wished even to do so. At first my repose was not so much broken by my immediate companions as by our neighbours the inhabitants of the adjoining lodging-houses. About midnight, they commenced their evening in a social manner. Windows were thrown open, and a regular *conversazione* was kept up by the occupants of the various rooms on one side the way with those in apartments on the other, occasionally interrupted by hollowed rather than spoken words from groups at all the doors, so that the multiplicity of questions and answers perpetually crossing and recrossing the street, the confusion of tongues, with the whooping and yelling of children playing about even at that late hour, had an effect the reverse of sedative. Presently an itinerant imitation 'Jim Crow' and banjo-player had manifestly returned from his evening's perambulation, and was vociferously welcomed. After a short lull, a loud call was made for him to present himself at his window, after the manner, as we were told, the students of Germany requested Jenny Lind to show herself at the hotel balcony, and sing to them. He, too, was called upon for a song, and promptly favoured the neighbours with 'Oh, Susanna!' accompanying himself on the banjo, and was—to the utter destruction of all sleep for those who wished it—joined at each refrain by the entire vocal strength of the company of auditors.

During the pauses of this performance, the shrill voices of two women in angry contention augured a coming quarrel; and before the song was quite over, it was drowned by fierce and frantic oaths of many who had ceased to sing that they might take part in the revolting warfare of tongues. Presently shrieks of 'murder!' and 'police!' resounded on all sides. The last call was, it would seem, instantly answered; for in an incredibly short time the riot was quelled. All seemed to disappear into their respective homes, doors were slammed, windows shut down, and the street became pretty quiet; although I could for some time hear the rumbling echoes of the departed disturbance till it entirely subsided.

Just before the time for closing the doors of the house for the night came a great influx of visitors—some tramping up the stairs overhead, some below—and four were ushered into the adjoining room. These seemed to have established a friendship at some place where they had been spending the evening; and after displaying much politeness in offering each other choice of the beds, and had fairly taken possession of them, they kept up an animated discourse, disclosing circumstances of their family history, and anecdotes of their personal career, which would be more amusing than instructive were I to detail them. All were agreed that the accommodation they were now partaking of was very superior to the old style of nightly lodging-houses. One declared, that although he had only had one week's regular work since March, yet, distressed as he was, he would rather walk about the streets all night than turn into a bed in which there was 'anything unpleasant.' I took a hasty shuddering glance at the wall as he spoke, and beheld a regular army marching and manœuvring previous to commencing their grand attack under cover of darkness.

With this they were soon obliged; for at one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and by half-past one every voice was silenced and every sound hushed. I tried to sleep in vain; I coveted the tough skin and hardy unconsciousness of 'anything unpleasant' possessed by my companion, who snored lustily.

Before five o'clock in the morning, the stamping of

feet overhead, and the opening and shutting of doors above and below, announced many of the lodgers were preparing to commence the day. I was almost one of the first stirring, and proceeding through the apartment in which lay the four sleepers, descended to the kitchen. This was very unlike the one in Charles Street; I cannot say that it was very clean, or possessed too much accommodation, or had an air of comfort. A kind of sink in one corner, with a couple of pewter bowls, formed the lavatory of the establishment, and one jack towel. Three blacking brushes were there for those who wished to use them; but blacking there was none. This occasioned a facetious lodger to ask another, who had a most surprising shine on his shoes, 'if he would oblige him by allowing him to rub the brushes over his boots, just to borrow a bit of their polish?' Two small remnants of a looking-glass enabled the lodgers to complete their toilets. On the wall were affixed a number of pigeon-hole cupboards, with locks and keys, in which the bread, coffee, rashers of bacon, or other provisions brought in by the inmates of the house the preceding night were deposited.

By half-past six the majority of those who had slept in the establishment were at breakfast, while the rest were washing and dressing in the same kitchen with them. Every one made his own coffee; and the best off among them grilled his own rasher, and as soon as he had despatched them, lit his pipe, and puffed away at the deleterious weed. Instead of taking breakfast, I kept up a conversation with some of my companions. One inquired whether I was going to 'feed;' and offered, as I appeared a stranger, to go out and show me where to purchase the various comestibles. I declined these attentions, possibly they thought from lack of funds; and to show the generous kindness current among the poorer orders (of which I have previously seen many proofs), I was invited to partake of the coffee and etceteras of the identical individual who expressed himself so energetically regarding his horror of 'anything unpleasant.' His invitation was expressed in these homely but sincere words, 'Come along, and pitch in,* and I'll do the same with you to-morrow: it's all one.' This was evidently said that I might not feel the obligation too keenly; for what chance was there of my seeing him to-morrow? I thanked the good fellow warmly, but said I should have breakfast: which I had; but not till I had made the best of my way in a cab to Peerless Pool, and performed one of the most grateful ablutions I had ever experienced.

Although this King Street house has many drawbacks, yet it must be remembered that it is not a fair specimen of its class, being apparently an establishment hastily formed, to meet a demand greater than the benevolent projectors of the Model Lodging anticipated. They should, however, cause a rigid supervision to be made over their subordinates in the matter of cleanliness. Great laxity appears to exist in this respect as regards this single house. One of my companion inmates told me that the Charles Street rooms and beds were cleaner, and I know that the George Street ones leave nothing to be wished. I cannot either help thinking that the locality of all these houses is badly chosen. The intention in placing them where they are was excellent, but I think fails. The desire was to set up 'models' to the surrounding inhabitants; but of what efficacy can such examples prove to the keepers of lodging-houses who find these powerful rivals? Profit is their sole object; and to obtain it, they will crowd, by fair means or foul, as many persons into their confined rooms as they can inveigle into them. Cleanliness, ventilation, and proper sleeping space cost money; hence they will never copy a model which is calculated to reduce their unrighteous profits.

On the other hand, the well-disposed lodger, by being obliged to pass to his lodging through these streets—where the exhibition of debauchery is not always con-

* Anglice, 'attack the meal vigorously.'

finned within doors—can hardly be expected wholly to escape the contamination the model houses are built to preserve him from. His peace is also disturbed by such disorders as those I have described; and they, I learn, are almost of nightly occurrence. In one respect the rivalry has operated disadvantageously; for the older-established lodgings have lowered their terms, and to make up the difference, necessarily take in larger numbers, and afford less accommodation.

Despite these drawbacks, however, these model houses are, I am satisfied, performing their mission, and will eventually, but slowly, work a reformation in the habits of the working and necessitous classes.

NATURE'S ICE-CAVES.

SOME curious and but little-known facts upon natural ice-houses having turned up in the course of our reading, we are tempted at this time, when the production of cold is becoming almost as necessary as that of heat for domestic comfort, to set them in some sort of order. When it is borne in mind that the natural refrigeratories of which we are about to speak abound in the production of clear, massive, and valuable ice, and yet that they often exist in places where the mean or average temperature is far above the freezing-point, we are justified in claiming a peculiar interest for our article. Many of these natural storehouses of cold are highly estimated in the districts where they occur, and furnish in various instances enormous supplies of ice at a period when every other source is either unavailable or exhausted.

Several natural ice-houses exist in the chain of the Jura Mountains. Some of these have been long known to a few scientific travellers, and have formed the 'lions' of the unimportant districts in which they are situated. Perhaps one of the best-known is called La Beaume, and has been described in most interesting terms by several men of science who have visited it. M. Prévost, who made a scientific tour in the region, has related the following particulars concerning it:—Situated in the above-named locality, it is a grotto or cavern hollowed out in a naturally low hill, the average temperature of its position being considerably above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing-point. From the peculiarity of its aperture and general form, no snow can enter, and therefore the internal cold of this place cannot be due to any external cause. The cavern is upwards of 300 feet in length, and at its widest is about 100 feet, and is naturally divided into three compartments. The traveller visited it in the middle of August, on a broiling, scorching day, and on entering it, experienced the most severe and penetrating cold. 'The first object,' he says, 'that struck my eyes was a mass of ice fed by the water which distilled constantly, drop by drop, from a sort of spring in the roof.' The whole cavern was covered with a solid glittering pavement, clear as crystal, of ice a foot thick. In it were numerous holes containing water of intense coldness, by sounding which, the thickness of the pavement was easily ascertained. This, it will be observed, is the scene in summer. The winter comes, and all is changed: the crystalline pavement melts, and runs away into water; the solid masses of ice are no longer visible; and the cavern is actually warmer than the external air; and during all this period a thick mist issues constantly from its mouth, and fills its interior. Surely here is a paradox, which, at a less enlightened and more illiberal period, would have been scouted as one of the improbable series called travellers' tales. The fact, however, can be well authenticated, and will receive abundant corroboration in the many similar examples we shall adduce.

Professor Pictet of Geneva, who paid much attention to this natural phenomenon, and has published a scientific communication upon the subject, in a tour in the same regions, visited another natural ice-cave of almost equal celebrity called St George's. This cave is let out to a peasant by the commune to which

it belongs for a small annual rental, for the sake of the beautiful ice which it produces. In ordinary years, the cave supplies only the families in the immediate vicinity; but when a mild winter is succeeded by a broiling summer, even Geneva itself, although several leagues distant, receives its store from this source. At such seasons, every second day a heavily-laden wagon proceeds from the ice-cave to the hospital at Geneva, which purchases the whole quantity, and retails it at a profit to the confectioners of the town—a trade by which its revenues are considerably augmented. This cavern is entered by two well-like pits, down which the visitor must descend by a ladder. The bottom is a solid bed of ice, and its form is that of a lofty hemispherical vault about 27 feet in height, which is covered by a stratum of calcareous rock only 18 inches thick. The length is 75 feet, its width 40 feet. A regular set of ice-masons are engaged in excavating the sparkling solid. It is cut with appropriate tools into long wedges, and then divided by transverse cuts about a foot distant from each other, by which means blocks of ice a cubic foot in dimensions are detached. After a certain quantity has been quarried out, it is carried in hods to a magazine near the place, where the wagons are loaded. Some idea may be formed of the severity of the cold inside, when it is mentioned, that although the thermometer in the shade was at 63 degrees Fahrenheit outside, it was at 34 degrees Fahrenheit, or only two degrees from the freezing mark inside! That even a more severe cold than this exists during the most broiling summer day, is evident from a fact mentioned by the workmen, that if two blocks are left in contact for a little while, they become so firmly frozen together, as to require to be re-cut to separate them. Now it is an extraordinary fact, that the temperature of a spring which bubbled from the rock at a little distance did not indicate in the remotest manner the existence of such a degree of cold in its source, as it was as high as 51 degrees. Hence it was evident that the cause of the frigorific effects was purely local, and confined to the cave and its immediate vicinity.

In this cave, as in the last, the ice disappears in winter; and, singular to say, the hotter the summer in both cases, the more abundant the productiveness of the caves in this substance! Had the cave been the work of some ingenious artist, one would scarcely have felt surprise at the exactness of its adaptation for the production of ice; and it must be considered, with the rest of the cases to be quoted, as a rare illustration of an apparently fortuitous arrangement of inanimate nature, fulfilling in the most complete manner all the functions of a special contrivance. But, as will be noticed in the sequel, the law which governs its temperature sufficiently indicates that an all-wise Mind ordained it, and no doubt with a special object in view. At no great distance from the ice-cave of St George's another was found, the entrance to which was announced by a low vault 40 feet or so in width, and by a current of air which fell upon the over-heated traveller with folds of deadly coldness, so that the greatest caution is necessary in entering it. Descending by an inclined plane, the cavity is found to become wider from the entrance inwards. At the bottom is a horizontal platform of ice. The cave is about 60 feet long by 30 wide; the ice is thickest at the farthest end. The roof presents a beautiful appearance, all pendent with elegant stalactites of the purest ice; and the *coup d'œil* is picturesque in the extreme. The temperature in the open air at this time was 58 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and in the grotto it was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The guide related that when he visited it in the previous April, three months before, there was no ice then; yet at this period, in the middle of an unusually hot summer day, it existed in abundance.

The all-observant and renowned De Saussure, in his travels in the Alps, paid much attention to these caves, and offered the first rational attempt at a solution of

the riddle. He says that in the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, which abounds with hot springs, a number of grottos exist in which a great degree of cold is felt. At the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottos 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a freestone hill upon which the town of St Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder in one of the palaces which he visited a hole out of which issued a strong current of cold air sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar of no great depth out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragments, and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed in a loose manner of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade, in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh in the heats of summer for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the 'proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed, that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them: in the winter a sensible current of air sets into them. In the south of France is another famous natural ice cave—that of Fondereule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district, and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, &c. are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance, as will be best perceived in the sequel. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly 200 feet in depth, of very irregular width; and the thickness of its vaulted roof is about 66 feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of clear, transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendants of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce all the resemblance of rich folds of drapery clear as water. One of the travellers cut a hole in a pillar of ice, and placed a candle inside; the most magical effects were thus produced; and the fantastic, aisles of this subterranean temple of cold were illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green, and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance, and of alabaster, and the great stalagmites which lined the walls. A larger illumination was afterwards

got up by arranging torches in the clearest and best crystallised parts of the cavern; and the result, say the visitors, 'was worthy of all that the "Thousand and One Nights" could present to the richest and most brilliant imagination.' This beautiful cave is sometimes made use of economically when there is a scarcity of ice; and its crystalline pavement is dug up, and carried to several towns in the vicinity.

We have met with an account by Professor Silliman of America, which we have no hesitation in classifying under our present head. The ice-cave of which he speaks is in the state of Connecticut, between Hartford and Newhaven. It is only 200 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in a defile filled with fragments of rocks of various sizes, through which a small brook runs. It was visited in the middle of July, the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade; and on approaching it, an evident chilliness was felt in the air. Parties of pleasure often resort hither in the sultry summer days to drink of the cold flowing waters, and to amuse themselves with the rich store of ice here treasured up. In some places the ice is quite near the surface, and is only covered with leaves. A boy, armed with a hatchet, descended into a cavity, and after a little hard work, hewed out a solid lump of ice several pounds in weight. An idea of the solidity of this piece may be formed, by adding that on the third day some of it was yet unmelted. A similar repository of cold exists about seven miles from Newhaven, at the bottom of a steep ridge of trap rock. In the hottest summers ice is conveyed from this place to Newhaven, much soiled, indeed, with leaves and dirt, but useful for cooling beverages. A more celebrated one, also in America, has often been noticed by tourists of that country; some accounts, in fact, have been greatly exaggerated about it. It is situated in Hampshire county, Virginia, and is widely celebrated under the title of the Ice-Mountain. The place where the store of cold exists is a sort of natural glacier, which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. It was visited in the summer of 1838, a season of drought and heat quite unparalleled in the history of that country. But the excessive external heat did not appear to exert the smallest influence on the Ice-Mountain. At the depth of a few inches abundance of excellent ice was found, and a thermometer lowered into a cavity dropped from 95 to 40 degrees. The surrounding rocks were covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapour by the excessive coldness of their surface. One cavity had been filled with snow, and only covered with a few planks, and yet the snow was as crisp as if it had but just fallen! At the bottom is a little artificial structure called the 'dairy,' and used for that purpose in the summer. In ordinary summers its roof is covered with icicles, and its sides are often quite incrustated with ice. Strange to say, a spring near the rock has only one degree less temperature than the waters of the surrounding district. The atmosphere over this singular spot had in this scorching season a balmy spring-like coolness, most refreshing to the weary traveller. Most Italian tourists know the Monte Testaceo near Rome. It is a hill from 200 to 300 feet high, composed of broken pieces of urns; hence its name. It is, in fact, a vast mass of broken pottery; therefore extremely light and porous. It is situated in the burning Campagna, near the city; and yet, most singular it is, that from every side of this hill there descend winds of the most refreshing coolness. The inhabitants also dig caves into the hill, which they use as refrigeratories, and in these the thermometer often marks 44 degrees when the temperature outside is nearly 80 degrees.

We shall conclude our series of illustrations upon this curious subject by referring to one which has attracted a large share of interest and attention of some of the most talented of our learned men. It is to be found in the splendid work on the Geology of Russia,

recently published, by Sir Roderick T. Murchison. The ice-cave here commemorated is not far from Orenburg, and boasts of the unpronounceable name *Ilsetzkaya-Zastchita*. It is situated at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village connected with the imperial establishment, and is one of a series of apparently natural hollows used by the peasants for cellars or stores. It possesses the remarkable property of being partly filled with ice in the *summer*, and totally destitute thereof in the *winter*. 'Standing,' says the talented author, 'on the heated ground, and under a broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a frail door, and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet, that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalise the effect! We afterwards subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half-frozen quass and the provisions of the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth. We were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat.' The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest inside when the air is the hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in mid-winter the peasants assured the travellers that the cave was of so genial a temperature, that they could sleep in it without their sheep-skins. At the very period when Sir R. Murchison visited it, the thermometer was 90 degrees in the shade, a degree of heat which only those who have experienced it can appreciate; yet a single plank was the division between a burning sun and a freezing vault! The cave is about 10 paces long, and about 10 feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open, which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock. This account was first read before the Geological Society, and excited much discussion among the members of the body. Sir R. Murchison at first believed that the intensely-frigorific powers of the cave were due in some way, which the learned expositor could not make very clear, to the presence of saline ingredients in the rocks. His geological chemistry, however, being shown to be at fault, and the causes on which he relied, if they existed at all, being such as to produce *heat* instead of cold, Sir J. Herschel undertook the solution of the problem. An elaborate letter of his soon appeared, in which he attempted to show that the cold of the cave was explicable on climatological grounds solely, and in which much was said about waves of heat and cold, so as to give a very scientific air to the explanation. But on similar grounds we might expect every natural cavern similarly situated to be a freezing cave; which is not the case.

Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold*. It is well known to the geological student that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in *summer* descends the vertical shaft, and emerges from the horizontal; while in winter the current *sets in* at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in almost every instance quoted, the arrangement of these caves has been precisely similar: they are placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about 45 or 50 degrees. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly, as

to become colder and colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below 32 degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, and the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some caves may be part of a glacier, or the remains of last winter's product, yet the phenomenon which we would include under the term Nature's Ice-Caves is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law. 'This view,' says Sir R. Murchison in a postscript to his previous account, 'is supported by reference to the climate of the plains of Orenburg, in which there is great wetness of the spring caused by melting of the snow, succeeded by an intense and dry Asiatic heat.'

THE EMPEROR AND THE ARTIST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two men made to understand each other; two men who were kindred by their genius, their popularity, and their misfortunes; two men actuated by the same principles, kindling with the same desire for immortality; in a word, two men who, having attained the glory they sought after, fell at the same moment, by the same stroke, and closed their days alike in a land of exile.

It is well known that the painter David had in his earlier years cherished the most exaggerated political opinions. His ardent imagination feasted on the recollection of Brutus and Scævola, until he longed for the austere independence of a Roman republic. Happily for the fame of David, on his deliverance from the prison of the Luxembourg at the first revolution, he gave up the boisterous activity of political life, and devoted himself so successfully to his art, that he became the restorer, as well as the head, of the French school of painting.

David's reputation as a historical painter was already established when Bonaparte returned from Italy covered with glory. Shortly after his arrival in Paris, he was elected a member of the National Institute, and expressed his desire to become acquainted with his talented colleague. They met at dinner at the house of Lagarde, secretary to the Directory, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

'I wish to paint you, Citizen General, sword in hand, on a field of battle.'

'No,' replied Bonaparte; 'battles are no longer gained sword in hand. I would rather be represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse.'

This idea was not lost, although the portrait was not at that time undertaken.

When Bonaparte had become First Consul of the Republic, he invited David to breakfast with him. The national authorities had just been reorganized in accordance with the new constitution. 'I have preferred leaving you to your pencil, instead of giving you a place,' said Napoleon to the artist: 'places pass away, but talent abides.'

'Citizen Consul, time and events have taught me that my place is in my studio,' replied David modestly. 'I have always had a great love for my art, and wish to devote myself entirely to it.'

On Bonaparte's return from Marengo, he sent for David into his cabinet. Lucien Bonaparte, at that time minister of the interior, was present. 'Well, David, what are you at work about now?' inquired Napoleon.

'At my painting of Leonidas at Thermopylae, Citizen Consul.'

'Ah, ah! I know,' rejoined Napoleon. 'But why do you trouble yourself with painting the conquered? Leonidas's name alone has reached us; all the rest are forgotten now!'

'All! do you say, Citizen Consul? All, except the noble resistance and sublime devotion of the vanquished. All, except the manners and customs of the Lacedæmonians, with which it is well that republican soldiers should be acquainted.'

'Perhaps so, Citizen David,' said Napoleon, shaking his head doubtfully; and after a moment's pause, he added playfully, 'But, *mon cher*, when are you going to begin my portrait?—the portrait, you know.'

'Whenever you choose to sit to me.'

'To sit to you! What is the use of that?' inquired Napoleon, who had neither leisure nor patience to yield to the painter's wishes. 'Do you suppose that the great men of antiquity whose likenesses have been handed down to us ever sat to a painter?'

'This is quite another matter; I wish to paint you for your own age—for the men who have seen and known you, and who will expect to find you like.'

'Like!' rejoined Napoleon smiling; 'surely it is not the colour of the skin or the exact form of the features which constitutes a likeness? It is the character of the physiognomy—the expression of the soul—the *tout ensemble* of the individual, which ought to be rendered; and that is all.'

'Citizen Consul, you are teaching me the art of painting,' replied David. 'I will take your portrait without your sitting to me.'

On leaving Napoleon's cabinet, Lucien renewed the subject of Leonidas, and observed to David—'The fact is, that my brother only likes national subjects: it is his foible, for he has no objection to be talked of by the public.'

'And he is in the right; for in all those subjects illustrative of our national glory he is largely concerned. But do not fear: my painting shall be talked about.'

The artist worthily accomplished the desired portrait of the First Consul. Napoleon is therein represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse while he ascends Mont St Bernard; the ample cloak in which he is enveloped floats in the wind; and he is in the act of commanding his army to pass the Alps. The names of Hannibal and Charlemagne are graven upon the rocks in the foreground; and in the distance are seen groups of soldiers and trains of artillery. When this painting was shown to Napoleon, after bestowing on the artist all the praise which was his due, he began to speak of the groups of figures in the background.

'But, Citizen David, what is the meaning of those half-dozen good little men (*petits bons hommes*) no bigger than my horse's shoe? Does it not look as if the animal would crush them beneath his foot?'

'Citizen First Consul, there is some truth in your observation; and yet, believe me, those *petits bons hommes*, as you call them, cannot be dispensed with: they contribute to the effect.'

'Very well, I am quite satisfied to have it so,' replied Napoleon smiling; 'and so much the more, as these little men have helped me out of many a scrape during that passage, and I wish to share with them the glory of the campaign.'*

Napoleon had no sooner been proclaimed Emperor, than he appointed David his first painter, and commanded him to prepare six large paintings for the Louvre, the subject of one of which was to be the coronation. This last picture is said to be the largest in existence, and three years of the artist's life were devoted to its completion. Most of the figures in this admirable composition are exact likenesses of the most celebrated personages of that epoch; and in order that David might the more faithfully render the grouping of the august assemblage, a seat was provided for him above the high altar of Notre-Dame, from where he could

observe the *ensemble* as well as the details of the ceremonies.

At length, in the spring of 1808, the Emperor being informed that the painting was finished, was desirous to see it; and accompanied by the Empress, as well as by several ladies of the court, and officers of his household, he went one afternoon to the painter's studio, situated in the Rue de la Sorbonne.

Napoleon considered this noble composition a while in perfect silence. He had heard it observed by some critics that the Empress was in fact the heroine of the picture, as David had chosen for his subject that moment when Napoleon places upon Josephine's brow the imperial diadem. This selection had been made by the Emperor's own desire, and accordingly he expressed immediately his entire approbation of it.

'You have perfectly expressed my thought,' said he; 'you have represented me as a French *chevalier*; and I am obliged to you for thus transmitting to future generations this proof of my affection for one who shares with me the cares and anxieties of government.'

After praising the general effect of the composition, Napoleon continued—'Ah, there is Murat, with his magnificent costume: there is that fine head with its Vesuvian aspect. Every one will recognise Cambaceres, although his back only is visible. As for Talleyrand, you have flattered him a little; and he looks as if he were coming out of the canvas to thank you for it. Fouché is triflingly like. Those velvets and satins—all those trifling details—are admirable: there is so much truth, so much beauty in them! It is not a mere picture: the people seem to live and to speak in that painting!'

Just then one of Josephine's ladies-in-waiting whispered to her next neighbour that David had made the Empress look far too youthful. David, overhearing the remark, turned round gently towards the lady, and said to her in a very low voice, 'Nevertheless, madame, I would not counsel you to say so to her.'

The Emperor prolonged his visit until warned by the approaching sunset that it was time to depart. He had for some time stood with his head covered, in silent contemplation before the picture, when all of a sudden he drew back a few steps, took off his hat, and addressing the painter with an air of mingled emotion and dignity, said to him, 'David, I salute you!'

'Sire,' replied the painter, who was deeply moved by this homage, 'I receive your majesty's salutation in the name of all French artists; and I feel happy and proud that it is to me that these words have been addressed.'

Josephine added still farther to David's gratification, by addressing to him some of those charming words which she knew so well how to express, and which she always uttered with so much *à propos*. The artist then accompanied their majesties to their carriage, which was in waiting for them in the Place de la Sorbonne. There was assembled a vast crowd, drawn together by the hope of seeing the Emperor and Empress. Before taking leave, Napoleon said to David with a look of kindness: 'Thank you, my dear David—thank you; I hope you will soon come and return my visit. Adieu.'

And while David signified his assent by a respectful bow, the air was rent by a long cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* which echoed throughout the Place long after the imperial carriage had vanished out of sight. Some days after this visit, David presented himself at the ~~palace~~ ^{chapel} of the Emperor. As usual, Napoleon inquired of him what work was then employing his pencil. 'Leonidas, sire—still Leonidas; I have been working at it for more than ten years.'

'A poor subject, my friend—a poor subject: I told you so ten years ago.' Then, after a moment's reflection, Napoleon added: 'I really cannot understand why you have such a passion for conquered people. Glory, greatness, justice, are ever on the side of strength and victory. These three hundred Spartans were fools to struggle against the kings of Persia with his three hun-

* This painting was presented by David to the Invalids, and placed in their grand library, from whence it was carried off by the Prussians in 1815, as a sort of exchange for Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon had taken possession of nine years before. It is now in the museum at Berlin.

dred thousand soldiers. In fact they were rebels; and if they had lived in my day, I would have had every one of them shot as a set of good-for-nothing rascals. However, I must do them justice. They were brave fellows, so that I cannot be very angry with them; but in certain cases useless resistance is worse than a folly—it is a crime. The world is composed only of the strong and the weak: the first are formed to command, the second to obey. Every nation which does not know how to defend itself against a conqueror, or cannot do so, and which has not even the courage to struggle boldly against him, deserves to be crushed first, and then ruled. Take my advice, David; leave alone your Leonidas, who was an obstinate fool, and fill your canvas with some of our glorious national feats: there are so many of them, that your only difficulty lies in the choice of a subject. There is the *revolt of Cairo*, the *plague sufferers at Jaffa*, and many other equally admirable matters. You need not go back to a stale antiquity for your subjects.'

David was not surprised by this vehement sally of Napoleon's. He only understood from it that, if he wished to retain the Emperor's good graces, he must, for the time being at least, give up his Leonidas, and occupy himself with his contemporary epoch. He found it much easier, however, to conform himself to the Emperor's tastes, than to attend to the whims of some of the imperial family, whose portraits he was commended about this time to paint. The Princess Borghese, more especially, so completely worried him by her caprices and her great inexactitude, that after having borne with her impertinences for two years, he positively refused to finish her portrait; and even threw the sketch, which was already far advanced, into the fire. Pauline complained bitterly of it to her brother, who, knowing his sister's character, took David's part, replying coldly—'Madame, if pretty women have their caprices, great artists have them also. I can do nothing whatever in the matter.'

A little while after this conversation took place, an occurrence happened which seemed likely for a moment to disturb the friendship of these two remarkable men, and which displays in a very strong light the weak as well as the strong points in Napoleon's character.

The Marquis of Douglas had requested of David to paint for him a portrait of the Emperor. The artist had represented Napoleon standing up in his cabinet, just at the moment he had quitted his desk after a whole night spent in business. The prolonged watchfulness of the Emperor is indicated by the wasted tapers, which are burned to their sockets. The figure is as large as life; and of all the portraits of the Emperor, this is considered the best likeness. Before sending it to the purchaser, it was conveyed to the Tuileries by order of the artist, and exhibited to Napoleon, who was enthusiastic in his admiration of it.

'You have guessed me aright, my dear David,' said he, after having expressed his approbation in very flattering terms. 'I occupy myself by day with the happiness of my subjects, and I labour by night for the glory of France. It only seems to me that you have given too wearied an expression to my eyes. This is a mistake, my good friend. Working by night never tires me; rather, on the contrary, does it refresh me. My complexion is never more clear than when I have sat up all night. But for whom is this portrait intended?' he inquired with an air of curiosity. 'Who has bespoken it? It is not I.'

'She, it is destined for the Marquis of Douglas.'

On hearing this name, the Emperor started; and knitting his brows, cried out, 'What, David, is it for an Englishman?'

'Sire, it is for one of your majesty's most ardent admirers.'

'Indeed,' said Napoleon drily; 'I believe no such thing.'

'For the man who knows best how to appreciate French artists.'

'Next to me, sir, I presume,' interrupted Napoleon, still more drily and brusquely than before. 'David,' resumed he in a calmer tone, 'I purchase this portrait from you.'

'Sire, it is already sold.'

'David,' rejoined the Emperor, 'that portrait shall be mine: I give you thirty thousand francs for it.'

'Sire, I cannot yield it to your majesty: it is already paid for.'

The Emperor, growing each moment more excited, said to the artist, 'David, I will not suffer this portrait to be sent into England. Do you understand me? It shall not go! I will return this marquis of yours his money.'

'Sire,' stammered out David, 'your majesty would not wish to dishonour me?'

On hearing these words, the Emperor grew pallid with rage, and his lips quivered with emotion. 'No, certainly; I would not so, even if it were in my power; but I am equally resolved that those who glory in being the enemies of France, shall never boast of having me in their power—not even in effigy! They shall not have this picture, I tell you!' And at the same moment Napoleon raised his foot, and kicked the painting so furiously, that he broke through the canvas, repeating at the same time in an exasperated tone, 'Never shall they have it!'

So saying, he instantly left the apartment, leaving every one behind him stupified and terrified by the violence of his conduct.*

Two days after this scene, David was commanded to attend the Emperor's breakfast-table. As soon as Napoleon saw him appear, he arose from his seat, and hastening forward to meet him, took hold of his hand, and silently pressed it within his own. David, who understood his sovereign's thought, only replied by raising the august hand to his lips.

'My dear David, assure me that you are not offended with me,' said he in an under voice, which almost trembled with emotion.

'Ah, sire!' were the only words the artist had power to pronounce. In a few minutes they were both calm enough to converse as usual, and Napoleon named to him some plans he had conceived; among others, he proposed forming a gallery of all David's works.

'Italy,' said he, 'possesses galleries of Raphael and Michael Angelo; France shall owe to me the gallery of David.'

After expressing his thanks for this compliment, David replied to the Emperor—'Sire, I fear it would be impossible to form this collection. My works are too much dispersed, and belong to amateurs who are too wealthy to give them up. For instance, I know that Monsieur Trudaine, who possesses my "Death of Socrates," sets a very high value upon it.'

'We will obtain it by covering it with gold. How much did he pay you for it?'

'Twenty thousand francs, sire.'

'Offer him forty thousand for it; and, if necessary, give two hundred thousand francs. Here is an order for the amount.'

This picture had originally been bespoken at 12,000 francs; but M. Trudaine had paid 20,000, to mark his admiration of the work. The proprietor refused the offer of 40,000 francs: a second offer of 60,000 was equally unsuccessful.

'Your refusal is very flattering to me,' observed David; 'but I hope to prevail on you, to part with it, for I have the Emperor's order to go as far as two hundred thousand francs.'

'I refuse them,' said M. Trudaine coldly; 'and beg you may acquaint the Emperor respectfully that I esteem your work far too highly to give it up on any

* This painting, intended and restored by David himself, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas, who received it rather later than he might have desired. Before sending it to him, the painter made four copies of it, one of which is to be found in Paris at the house of M. Huybena.

terms—not even if two millions were offered to me. Besides, if I were to make a sacrifice of this picture to his majesty, it should be a gratuitous one; but I cannot part with it.

David acquainted Napoleon with the ill success of his mission. The Emperor, with that irresistible tone and manner peculiar to himself, said—'Pray tell him that he will confer a favour on me by yielding to me your "Socrates" for three hundred thousand francs.'

'Sire,' replied David timidly, 'I am certain that he will refuse me.'

'He will refuse, do you say?' inquired Napoleon angrily. 'Then tell him,' he exclaimed in a loud imperious tone, and starting from his seat—'tell him I will have it!'

And these words were accompanied by a proud determined gesture which it is impossible to describe.

'Then,' repeated David in his turn, like a man of spirit, and with the dignity of a great artist, 'he also will say that he will not let you have it; for this picture is his property, and he has a right to dispose of it.'

The painter, bowing, was about to withdraw, when Napoleon, laying his hand upon his arm, and passing his other hand hastily across his brow, as if to efface some disagreeable impression, said to him gently—'It is true, my friend, I was in the wrong; and I thank you for having reminded me that I, above all others, ought to respect property. But I was too anxious to have all your *chefs-d'œuvre* in my museum. Adieu, David, and let us both forget what has now passed.'

The following day, David received the brevet of commander of the Legion of Honour, with the title of Baron of the Empire, and took the arms appointed to him by Napoleon: a pale of sable on a shield of gold, with the arm of Horace holding the three swords destined for his sons.

Amidst all this glory—laden with honours by Napoleon, his protector and his friend; the object of unbounded admiration to his countrymen—David fell beneath the same stroke which laid his imperial master low. He bade an unwilling adieu to his country, and went to end his days upon a foreign soil. A refugee at Brussels, he could discern from his place of exile the new limits imposed upon his country, and by a happy illusion of imagination, still suppose himself the inhabitant of that *belle France* to whose national glory he had contributed. Napoleon was far less fortunate than his exiled protégé in the closing years of his life.

THE WATCH CHANTS OF THE SWISS.

For some little time a book has lain upon our table, which we have hitherto been prevented from noticing by a prejudice conceived against it, occasioned by the injudicious encomiums of a great part of the press. It is, notwithstanding, a very good book in its way, and contains just such an account of a hasty ramble in Switzerland as might be written by a man blessed with good temper and a reasonably observant eye, but with no pretensions to original thinking or literary power.* The most piquant thing in the volume is the fact, carried along with him by the reader, that the author has reached the age of sixty, an age at which few persons brought up in the mental activity and bodily indolence of a city climb mountains for recreation. That Dr Forbes is able to do this, is owing, we have no doubt, to temperance, to equability of mind, and to the comparative hardiness and energy required in his profession.

The narrative of a month's tour in Switzerland, written under the circumstances we have mentioned, can hardly be supposed at this time of day to afford much extraneous matter. We may mention, however, in passing, that there is a remark which everybody feels

to be just, although nobody thought of making it before, on the strange picture presented by the Alps, of summer in the lap of winter. 'In the present case, for instance, all things immediately beside us—trees, grass, shrubs, flowers, fruit—were quick with summer life, and rich in summer beauty, and obviously no more influenced by the snowy mountains by which they were overlooked, than if they had been basking in the sunshine of a land that never knew winter. In describing a scene like this, a poet might seek for its analogy in the moral world, and liken it to a beautiful affection based on natural goodness, which no coldness can chill, no harshness wither.' There is also a noticeable sketch of the appearance of the Wetterhorn in its veil of white mist, 'having its lower border defined as accurately along its brow as if drawn by a line. Sometimes this lower border or hem would gradually and slowly ascend, so as to leave the inferior and middle region perfectly clear; at other times the process was reversed, the dark face of the mountain gradually disappearing beneath the descending veil. To whoever looked on this magnificent spectacle, it was a ready and facile imagination to conceive some Great Being enthroned on the mountain top, and raising and lowering the veil at will; and recollecting that it had immediately followed the sublimest and most awful of nature's active operations, the thunder-storm—and on the very field of its manifestation—it was no less easy to understand how phenomena of a like kind, presented to the men of ruder and simpler times, may have transformed the primary conception into speedy belief—belief that, on the shrouded peak, and amid the darkness of the storm, the Great Author of nature was himself in bodily presence.' There is likewise at page 224 a picture of a glacier, resembling a 'silent cataract,' which must strike one who has travelled in Switzerland by the felicity of the comparison. But the best pictorial scene is the account of a natural exhibition which seems to have been got up on purpose for the delectation of our author. 'We were all suddenly roused and startled by a tremendous noise behind us, like a continuous peal of distant thunder, which made us instantly stop; and while we were in the act of turning round, our guides, shouting "An avalanche!" pointed to the mountain behind us. We looked, and from beneath the lower border of the mist which covered it, and out of which the hoarse loud roar which still continued evidently came, we saw a vast and tumultuous mass of snow rushing down and shooting over the edge of the sheer cliff into the air beyond. At first this had a pointed triangular or conical shape, with the small end foremost; but as the fall continued, it assumed the appearance of a cascade of equal width throughout. In this form it continued until its upper extremity had parted from the cliff, and the whole mass had fallen to the earth, renewing, as its parts successively reached the ground, and with still louder and sharper reports, the sound which had momentarily ceased while it was falling through the air. The whole of the process, which has taken so long to describe, was the work of a few seconds—half a minute at most; and all was over and gone, and everything silent and motionless as before, ere we could recover from our almost breathless wonder and delight.'

The most interesting thing in the book, however, is the account of the watch chants of the Swiss; and this is really a contribution to our knowledge of the manners of the people. Dr Forbes first heard those simple songs of the night at Chur. 'We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night, twelve in number, and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sung out every hour, in the most sonorous strains, and even chanted a long string of verses on the striking of some; and as the Weisser Kreuz happens to be in a central locality, with a street both in back and front, we had rather more than an average share of this patriotic and

* A Physician's Holiday, or a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S. London: Murray, 1849.

religious demonstration. I suppose the good people of Chur think nothing of these chantings, or, from habit, hear them not: but a tired traveller would rather run the risk of being robbed in tranquillity, than be thus sung from his propriety during all the watches of the night.

Through the kindness of a friend, I have obtained an accurate version of these elaborate night-calls, and I give in a note the words, as an interesting illustration of manners. Although the words are in modern dress, and the verses are very similar to what are chanted in different parts of Germany, there is little doubt that they are, like the custom itself, really very ancient. It could only be in the undoubting and unquestioning simplicity of the faith of the old time that a ceremony and formula so entirely religious could have been exogitated. It speaks well for the faith and temper of the present day, however, that this nocturnal and matutinal clamour, even though religious, should still be tolerated by the children of Chur:—

WATCH CHANT AT CHUR.

I.—NIGHT.

Hört ihr Christen, laßt euch sagen
Uns're Glocke hat Acht geschlagen.

" " Neun "
" " Zehn "
" " Elf "
" " Zwölf "
" " Eins "

Acht, nur ach zur Noah's zeit
Waren von der Straf' befreit.—Acht!—&c.

TRANSLATION.

I.

Hear, ye Christians, let me tell you
Our clock has eight stricken,

" " nine, &c.

Eight, only eight in Noah's time

Were saved from punishment.—Eight!

Nine deserves no thanking—

Man, think of thy duty!—Nine!

Thou Commandments God enjoined:

Let us be to Him obedient.—Ten!

Only Eleven disciples were faithful;

Grant, Lord, that there be no falling off!—Eleven!

Twelve is the hour that limits time—

Man, think upon eternity!—Twelve!

One, oh man, only one thing is needful:

Man, think upon thy death!—One!

II.

Get up in the name of Jesus Christ,

The bright day is near at hand;

The clear day that ne'er delayed;

God grant us all a good day!

A good day and happy hours

I wish you from the bottom of my heart.

Five, oh! reckon Five, oh!

At Altorf he is again disturbed in the same agreeable way. 'In our hotel at Altorf we were again saluted, during the vigils of the night, but in a very mitigated degree, with some of the same patriotic and pious strains which had so disturbed us at Chur. As chanted here, however, they were far from unwelcome. The only other place, I think, where we heard these *Wächter-rufe* was Neuchâtel. These calls are very interesting relics of the old times, and must be considered indicative as well of the simple habits as of the pious feelings of the people of old. I am indebted to the same kind friend who furnished me with the Chur chant for the following additional notices respecting these watch-calls in Switzerland:—

'In the town of Glarus the following are the evening and morning chants:—

L.

I come upon the evening watch:

God give you all a good night:

Quench fire and light,

That God may you guard:

List to what I tell you—

The clock has struck ten.

II.

Get up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,
For the day has appeared:

The sun comes over the mountains down—

So I wish you all a good day.

List to what I tell you, &c.

'The following, in the Swiss patois dialect, is chanted in some places in the canton of Zurich, but not in the town of Zurich itself, where the watchman's call is no longer heard:—

Jez stoht uf der Obewacht,
Behüt is Herr in dieser Nacht:
Gib dem Lîb und der Seele Ruh,
Und fuhri is all gen Himmel zu.

Now stand I on the evening watch:

Protect us, God, in this night:

Give to body and soul rest,

And lead us all to heaven.

'The Chur chant, as well as that of Glarus, which are both in the common German, have probably been modernised by some modish reformers of the night-watch, but they are all very ancient. The one just given in the vernacular Swiss is probably the identical call chanted centuries back.

'Of the great antiquity of these chants we have some strong evidence. In the small town of Stein, on the Rhine, in the canton of Aargau, there is a chant now in nightly use which dates as far back as the fourteenth century. Its precise origin, as well as its original words, have been handed down from father to son, and both are of unquestioned authenticity. This is the story:—Some time in the fourteenth century, at a period when there were very frequent contests between the towns and the feudal lords of the country, a plot was concocted to deliver Stein into the hands of the nobles of the vicinity, in which plot some traitorous citizens were engaged. The night of attack came, and all was arranged for the admission of the enemy by the traitors at two o'clock in the morning; the watchword agreed on between the parties being "Noch ä Wyl!"—"Noch eine Weile—Yet a while". An industrious shoemaker, however, who lived close to the gate, and whom some urgent work kept up so late, overheard the whispered signal and the sound of arms also outside, and rushing to the watchhouse, gave the alarm, and so defeated the meditated assault, and saved the town. Ever since, the night-watch at Stein, when he calls the hour of two, must chant out the old words which saved the little burgh from destruction five hundred years since—"Noch ä Wyl! Noch ä Wyl!"

'The same antiquity, and also the inveteracy of old customs to persist, is strikingly shown by the fact, that in some parts of the canton of Tessino, where the common language of the people is Italian, the night-watch call is still in Old German.

Upon the whole, the volume will be found an agreeable companion to the professed guide-books.

TOLERATION.

Nor the least useful quality in Mr Macaulay's 'History of England,' is the impression it will convey, that toleration in matters of religion was a thing quite unknown in past times; that, in point of fact, the party or sect who attained the upper hand was intolerant of those over whom it had achieved a victory. We say it is useful to know that such was the case; because the descendants of parties persecuted are apt to forget that their ancestors were persecutors in turn. Thus in Scotland we hear much of the persecutions of the Puritans in the seventeenth century; no doubt these persecutions were most atrocious; but spiritual pride in reference to these dark proceedings will be lessened by the reflection that the Puritans themselves, English and Scotch, acknowledged, when in power, no principle of toleration. Mr Macaulay sets us right on this important subject in the following luminous passage:—

'The Puritans ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy, by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in

the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art, and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanour. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great, down to the wrestling-matches and grinning-matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the maypoles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye. But bear-bating, then a favourite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear. Perhaps no single circumstance more strongly illustrates the temper of the precisians than their conduct respecting Christmas-Day. Christmas had been, from time immemorial, the season of joy and domestic affection, the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens, and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable, on account of the shortness of the days and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment, there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast; and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and drinking ale flavoured with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more. On the next anniversary of the festival formidable riots broke out in many places. The constables were resisted, the magistrates insulted, the houses of noted zealots attacked, and the proscribed service of the day openly read in the churches.

All severities produce a reaction: the English threw off Puritanism in disgust; the Scotch acquired an equal antipathy to Episcopacy. Philosophically speaking, both were wrong: it was neither the principles of Puritanism nor of Episcopacy that were to blame: it was the ignorance of the age; and it is only against this species of ignorance that war should now be waged.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[This is taken from a volume published in America, entitled 'Christian Songs,' by the author of 'Triumphs of our Language,' which appeared in the Journal, No. 284.]

BLAST of the mountain! the strongest, the fleetest,
Sounding at eve in the pines of Braemar—
Breeze of the desert! the purest, the sweetest,
Warbling alone on the moorlands afar—
Hasten, unseen! from the fields of thy freedom,
Play round my bosom, and steal o'er my brow—
Harp-strings of Morven, and perfumes of Edom,
Bring not my spirit such gladness as thou.

Come from the brake where the wild bird is singing,
Come from the fresh bank that gladdens the bee,
Come from the cliff where the blue-bell is springing,
Hidden from all but the sunbeam and thee;
Rise in thy strength from the vale of thy slumbers;
Waken!—my spirit has pined for thee long—
Oh for the music that swells in thy numbers!
Oh for the wildness that breathes in thy song!

Welcome, sweet playmate and friend of my childhood!
Thou art the same that I loved in my youth—
Others were false as those leaves in the wild wood,
Thou still retainest thy freshness and truth;
Thou still rejoicest, in melody roaming
Through the long fern, where the dew sparkles gleam;
Thou, when the swift brooks are turbidly foaming,
Dashest the spray from the vexed mountain-stream.

Bard of the hill! when thy harping is loudest,
Bid me not think with the tyrant or slave;
Teach me to strive with the worst and the proudest,
Fearless, as thou with steep Garval's dark wave;
Teach me to rise with a lofty devotion,
Pure, as thou rovest the blossoming sod,
Sweeping the chords with a sacred emotion,
Singing of Truth, and Redemption, and God.

HOW TO BEAR ILL-NATURED CRITICISM.

The main comfort under injurious comments of any kind is to look at them fairly, accept them as an evil, and calculate the extent of the mischief. These injurious comments seldom blacken all creation for you. A humorous friend of mine who suffered some time ago under a severe article in the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person); but going into his nursery, and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs, and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the 'Times' could make no impression. The next day my poor friend—who, by the way, was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy—had become quite himself again. Indeed he snapped his fingers at the leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

BELLS RUNG BY FOG.

We believe there are several points on our northern coast and in other parts of the world where what are termed 'fog bells' are now in operation, for the purpose of giving alarm to vessels when approaching the shore. The idea of bells being rung by fog, however, is so singular, as to require an explanation of the mechanism employed. The apparatus which rings the bell is wound up, and detained in a wound-up state by a lever extending from the machinery into the open air. To the end of the lever is affixed a large sponge, which absorbs the moisture from the fog, and by becoming heavy, settles down the lever, lets the machinery free, and thus rings the bell. A cover is placed just above the sponge to prevent the absorption of rain.—*Calendar, U. S.*

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EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER

THE SECOND MARRIAGE

A busy day in the assize court at Chester, chequered, as usual, by alternate victory and defeat, had just terminated, and I was walking briskly forth, when an attorney of rather low caste in his profession—being principally employed as an intermediary between needy felons and the counsel practising in the Crown Court—accosted me, and presented a brief, at the same time tendering the fee of two guineas marked upon it.

'I am engaged to-morrow, Mr Barnes,' I exclaimed a little testily, 'on the civil side besides, you know I very seldom take briefs in the Crown Court, even if proffered in due time, and to-morrow will be the last day of the assize in Chester.' There are plenty of unemployed counsel who will be glad of your brief.'

'It is a brief in an action of ejectment,' replied the attorney—'Woolley *versus* Thorndyke, and is brought to recover possession of a freehold estate now held and farmed by the defendant.

'An action of ejectment to recover possession of a freehold estate! defended, too, I know, by a powerful bar, for I was offered a brief, but declined it. Mr P—— leads, and you bring me this for the plaintiff, and at the last moment too! You must be crazed.'

'I told the plaintiff and her grandfather,' rejoined Mr Barnes, 'that it was too late to bespeak counsel's attention to the case, and that the fee, all they have, with much difficulty, been able to raise, was ridiculously small, but they insisted on my applying to you—Oh, here they are!'

We had by this time reached the street, and the attorney pointed towards two figures standing in attitudes of anxious suspense near the gateway. It was dusk, but there was quite sufficient light to distinguish the pale and interesting features of a young female, dressed in faded and scanty mourning, and accompanied by a respectable looking old man with white hair, and a countenance deeply furrowed by age and grief.

'I told you, Miss Woolley,' said the attorney, 'that this gentleman would decline the brief, especially with such a fee!'

'It is not the fee, man!' I observed, for I was somewhat moved by the appealing dejection exhibited by the white-haired man and his timid granddaughter, 'but what chance can I have of establishing this person's right—if right she have—to the estate she claims, thus suddenly called upon to act without previous consultation, and utterly ignorant, except as far as this I perceive hastily-scrawled brief will instruct me, both of the nature of the plaintiff's claim and of the defence intended to be set up against it?'

'If you would undertake it, sir,' said the young woman with a tremulous, hesitating voice and glistening

eyes, 'for *his* sake'—and she glanced at her aged companion—'who will else be helpless, homeless.'

'The blessing of those who are ready to perish will be yours, sir,' said the grandfather with meek solemnity, 'if you will lend your aid in this work of justice and mercy. We have no hope of withstanding the masterful violence and wrong of wicked and powerful men except by the aid of the law, which we have been taught will ever prove a strong tower of defence to those who walk in the paths of peace and right.'

The earnestness of the old man's language and manner, and the pleading gentleness of the young woman, forcibly impressed me, and, albeit it was a somewhat unprofessional mode of business, I determined to hear their story from their own lips, rather than take it from the scrawled brief, or through the verbal medium of their attorney.

'You have been truly taught,' I answered; 'and if really entitled to the property you claim, I know of no masterful men that in this land of England can hinder you from obtaining possession of it. Come to my hotel in about an hour and a half from hence. I shall then have leisure to hear what you have to say. This fee,' I added, taking the two guineas from the hand of the attorney, who still held the money ready for my acceptance, 'you must permit me to return. It is too much for you to pay for losing your cause, and if I gain it—but mind I do not promise to take it into court unless I am thoroughly satisfied you have right and equity on your side—I shall expect a much heavier one. Mr Barnes, I will see you, if you please, early in the morning.' I then bowed, and hastened on.

Dinner was not ready when I arrived at the hotel, and during the short time I had to wait, I more than half repented of having had anything to do with this unfortunate suit. However, the pleadings of charity, the suggestions of human kindness, reasserted their influence, and by the time my new clients arrived, which they did very punctually at the hour I had indicated, I had quite regained the equanimity I had momentarily lost, and, thanks to mine host's excellent viands and generous wine, was, for a lawyer, in a very amiable and benevolent humour indeed.

Our conference was long, anxious, and unsatisfactory. I was obliged to send for Barnes before it concluded, in order to thoroughly ascertain the precise nature of the case intended to be set up for the defendant, and the evidence likely to be adduced in support of it. No ray of consolation or of hope came from that quarter. Still, the narrative I had just listened to, bearing as it did the impress of truth and sincerity in every sentence, strongly disposed me to believe that foul play had been practised by the other side; and I determined, at all hazards, to go into court, though with but faint hope indeed of a *present* successful issue.

'It appears more than probable,' I remarked on dismissing my clients, 'that this will be a fabrication; but before such a question had been put in issue before a jury, some producible evidence of its being so should have been sought for and obtained. As it is, I can only watch the defendant's proof of the genuineness of the instrument upon which he has obtained probate: one or more of the attesting witnesses may, if fraud has been practised, break down under a searching cross-examination, or incidentally perhaps disclose matter for further investigation.'

'One of the attesting witnesses is, as I have already told you, dead,' observed Barnes; 'and another, Elizabeth Wareing, has, I hear, to-day left the country. An affidavit to that effect will no doubt be made to-morrow, in order to enable them to give secondary evidence of her attestation, though, swear as they may, I have not the slightest doubt I could find her if time were allowed, and her presence would at all avail us.'

'Indeed! This is very important. Would you, Mr Barnes, have any objection,' I added, after a few moments' reflection, 'to make oath, should the turn of affairs to-morrow render your doing so desirable, of your belief that you could, reasonable time being allowed, procure the attendance of this woman—this Elizabeth Wareing?'

'Not the slightest: though how that would help us to invalidate the will Thorndyke claims under I do not understand.'

'Perhaps not. At all events, do not fail to be early in court. The cause is the first in to-morrow's list remember.'

The story confided to me was a very sad, and, unfortunately in many of its features, a very common one. Ellen, the only child of the old gentleman, Thomas Ward, had early in life married Mr James Woodley, a wealthy yeoman, prosperously settled upon his paternal acres, which he cultivated with great diligence and success. The issue of this marriage—a very happy one, I was informed—was Mary Woodley, the plaintiff in the present action. Mr Woodley, who had now been dead something more than two years, bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his wife, in full confidence, as he expressed himself but a few hours before he expired, that she would amply provide for his and her child. The value of the property inherited by Mrs Woodley under this will amounted, according to a valuation made a few weeks after the testator's decease, to between eight and nine thousand pounds.

Respected as a widow, comfortable in circumstances, and with a daughter to engage her affections, Mrs Woodley might have passed the remainder of her existence in happiness. But how frequently do women peril and lose all by a second marriage! Such was the case with Mrs Woodley: to the astonishment of everybody, she threw herself away on a man almost unknown in the district—a person of no fortune, of mean habits, and altogether unworthy of accepting as a husband. Silas Thorndyke, to whom she thus committed her happiness, had for a short time acted as bailiff on the farm; and no sooner did he feel himself master, than his subservience was changed to selfish indifference, and that gradually assumed a coarser character. He discovered that the property, by the will of Mr Woodley, was so secured against every chance or casualty to the use and enjoyment of his wife, that it not only did not pass by marriage to the new bridegroom, but she was unable to alienate or divest herself of any portion of it during life. She could, however, dispose of it by will; but in the event of her dying intestate, the whole descended to her daughter, Mary Woodley.

Incredibly savage was Thorndyke when he made that discovery; and bitter and incessant were the indignities to which he subjected his unfortunate wife, for the avowed purpose of forcing her to make a will entirely in his favour, and of course disinheriting her daughter. These persecutions failed of their object. An unexpected, quiet, passive, but unconquerable resist-

ance, was opposed by the, in all other things, cowed and submissive woman, to this demand of her domineering husband. Her failing health—for gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had ever been, the callous brutality of her husband soon told upon the unhappy creature—warned her that Mary would soon be an orphan, and that upon her firmness it depended whether the child of him to whose memory she had been, so fatally for herself, unfaithful, should be cast homeless and penniless upon the world, or inherit the wealth to which, by every principle of right and equity, she was entitled. Come what may, this trust at least should not, she mentally resolved, be betrayed or paltered with. Every imaginable expedient to vanquish her resolution was resorted to. Thorndyke picked a quarrel with Ward her father, who had lived at Dale Farm since the morrow of her marriage with Woodley, and the old gentleman was compelled to leave, and take up his abode with a distant and somewhat needy relative. Next Edward Wilford, the only son of a neighbouring and prosperous farmer, who had been betrothed to Mary Woodley several months before her father's death, was brutally insulted, and forbidden the house. All, however, failed to shake the mother's resolution; and at length, finding all his efforts fruitless, Thorndyke appeared to yield the point, and upon this subject at least ceased to harass his unfortunate victim.

Frequent private conferences were now held between Thorndyke, his two daughters, and Elizabeth Wareing—a woman approaching middle-age, whom, under the specious pretence that Mrs Thorndyke's increasing ailments rendered the services of an experienced matron indispensable, he had lately installed at the farm. It was quite evident to both the mother and daughter that a much greater degree of intimacy subsisted between the master and housekeeper than their relative positions warranted; and from some expressions heedlessly dropped by the woman, they suspected them to have been once on terms of confidential intimacy. Thorndyke, I should have mentioned, was not a native of these parts: he had answered Mr Woodley's advertisement for a bailiff, and his testimonials appearing satisfactory, he had been somewhat precipitately engaged. A young man, calling himself Edward Wareing, the son of Elizabeth Wareing, and said to be engaged in an attorney's office in Liverpool, was also a not unfrequent visitor at Dale Farm; and once he had the insolent presumption to address a note to Mary Woodley, formally tendering his hand and fortune! This, however, did not suit Mr Thorndyke's views, and Mr Edward Wareing was very effectually rebuked and silenced by his proposed father-in-law.

Mrs Thorndyke's health rapidly declined. The woman Wareing, touched possibly by sympathy or remorse, exhibited considerable tenderness and compassion towards the invalid; made her nourishing drinks, and administered the medicine prescribed by the village practitioner—who, after much delay and *pooh, poohing* by Thorndyke, had been called in—with her own hands. About three weeks previous to Mrs Thorndyke's death, a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentality between the husband and wife; and an unwonted expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, sat upon Thorndyke's features every time he approached the dying woman.

The sands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs Thorndyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims, she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptom of all, violent retchings and nausea, especially after taking her medicine—which, according to Davis, the village surgeon, was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb.

Not once during this last illness could Mary Woodley, by chance or stratagem, obtain a moment's private interview with her mother until a few minutes before her decease. Until then, under one pretence or another,

either Elizabeth Wareing, one of Thorndyke's daughters, or Thorndyke himself, was always present in the sick-chamber. It was evening: darkness had for some time fallen: no light had yet been taken into the dying woman's apartment; and the pale starlight which faintly illumined the room served, as Mary Woodley softly approached on tiptoe to the bedside of her, as she supposed, sleeping parent, but to deepen by defining the shadows thrown by the full, heavy hangings, and the old massive furniture. Gently, and with a beating heart, Mary Woodley drew back the bed-curtain nearest the window. The feeble, uncertain light flickered upon the countenance, distinct in its mortal paleness, of her parent: the eyes recognised her, and a glance of infinite tenderness gleamed for an instant in the rapidly-darkening orbs: the right arm essayed to lift itself, as for one fast, last embrace. Vainly! Love, love only, was strong, stronger than death, in the expiring mother's heart, and the arm fell feebly back on the bedclothes. Mary Woodley bent down in eager grief, for she felt instinctively that the bitter hour at last was come: their lips met, and the last accents of the mother murmured, 'Beloved Mary, I—I have been true to you—no will—no'—A slight tremor shook her frame: the spirit that looked in love from the windows of the eyes departed on its heavenward journey, and the unconscious shell only of what had once been her mother remained in the sobbing daughter's arms.

I will not deny that this narrative, which I feel I have but coldly and feebly rendered from its earnest, tearful tenderness, as related by Mary Woodley, affected me considerably—case-hardened as, to use an old bar-pun, we barristers are supposed to be: nor will the reader be surprised to hear that suspicions, graver even than those which pointed to forgery, were evoked by the sad history. Much musing upon the strange circumstances thus disclosed, and profoundly cogitative on the best mode of action to be pursued, the 'small hours,' the first of them at least, surprised me in my arm-chair. I started up, and hastened to bed, well knowing from experience that a sleepless vigil is a wretched preparative for a morrow of active exertion, whether of mind or body.

I was betimes in court the next morning, and Mr Barnes, proud as a peacock of figuring as an attorney in an important civil suit, was soon at my side. The case had excited more interest than I had supposed, and the court was very early filled. Mary Woodley and her grandfather soon arrived; and a murmur of commiseration ran through the auditory as they took their seats by the side of Barnes. There was a strong bar arrayed against us; and Mr Silas Thorndyke, I noticed, was extremely busy and important with whisperings and suggestions to his solicitor and counsel—received, of course, as such meaningless familiarities usually are, with barely civil indifference.

Twelve common jurors were called and sworn well and truly to try the issue, and I arose amidst breathless silence to address them. I at once frankly stated the circumstances under which the brief had come into my hands, and observed, that if, for lack of advised preparation, the plaintiff's case failed on that day, another trial, under favour of the court above, would, I doubted not, at no distant period of time reverse the possibly at present unfavourable decision. 'My learned friends on the other side,' I continued, 'smile at this qualified admission of mine: let them do so. If they apparently establish to-day the validity of a will which strips an only child of the inheritance bequeathed by her father, they will, I tell them emphatically, have obtained but a temporary triumph for a person who—if I, if you, gentlemen of the jury, are to believe the case intended to be set up as a bar to the plaintiff's claim—has succeeded by the grossest brutality, the most atrocious devices, in bending the mind of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke to his selfish purposes. My learned friend need not interrupt me; I shall pursue these observations for the present no further—merely adding that I, that his

lordship, that you, gentlemen of the jury, will require of him the strictest proof—proof clear as light—that the instrument upon which he relies to defeat the equitable, the righteous claim of the young and amiable person by my side, is genuine, and not, as I verily believe—I looked, as I spoke, full in the face of Thorndyke—'FORGED.'

'My lord,' exclaimed the opposing counsel, 'this is really insufferable!'

His lordship, however, did not interpose; and I went on to relate, in the most telling manner of which I was capable, the history of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke's first and second marriages; the harmony and happiness of the first—the wretchedness and cruelty which characterised the second. I narrated also the dying words of Mrs Thorndyke to her daughter, though repeatedly interrupted by the defendant's counsel, who manifested great indignation that a statement unsusceptible of legal proof should be addressed to the court and jury. My address concluded, I put in James Woodley's will; and as the opposing counsel did not dispute its validity, nor require proof of Mary Woodley's identity, I intimated that the plaintiff's case was closed.

The speech for the defendant was calm and guarded. It threw, or rather attempted to throw, discredit on the deathbed 'fiction,' got up, Mr P—— said, simply with a view to effect; and he concluded by averring that he should be able to establish the genuineness of the will of Ellen Thorndyke, now produced, by irresistible evidence. That done, however much the jury might wish the property had been otherwise disposed of, they would of course return a verdict in accordance with their oaths and the law of the land.

The first witness called was Thomas Headley, a smith, residing near Dale Farm. He swore positively that the late Mrs Thorndyke, whom he knew well, had cheerfully signed the will now produced, after it had been deliberately read over to her by her husband about a fortnight before her death. Silas Thorndyke, John Cummins, Elizabeth Wareing, and witness, were the only persons present. Mrs Thorndyke expressed confidence that her husband would provide for Mary Woodley.

'And so I will,' said sleek Silas, rising up, and looking round upon the auditory. 'If she will return, I will be a father to her.'

No look, no sound of sympathy or approval, greeted this generous declaration, and he sat down again not a little disconcerted.

I asked this burly, half-drunken witness but one question—'When is your marriage with Rebecca Thorndyke, the defendant's eldest daughter, to be celebrated?'

'I don't know, Mr Lawyer; perhaps never.'

'That will do; you can go down.'

Mr P—— now rose to state that his client was unable to produce Elizabeth Wareing, another of the attesting witnesses to the will, in court. No suspicion that any opposition to the solemn testament made by the deceased Mrs Thorndyke would be attempted had been entertained; and the woman, unaware that her testimony would be required, had left that part of the country. Every effort had been made by the defendant to discover her abode without effect. It was believed she had gone to America, where she had relatives. The defendant had filed an affidavit setting forth these facts, and it was now prayed that secondary evidence to establish the genuineness of Elizabeth Wareing's attesting signature should be admitted.

I of course vehemently opposed this demand, and broadly hinted that the witness was purposely kept out of the way.

'Will my learned friend,' said Mr P—— with one of his sliest sneers, 'inform us what motive the defendant could possibly have to keep back a witness so necessary to him?'

'Elizabeth Wareing,' I curtly replied, 'may not, upon reflection, be deemed a safe witness to subject to the ordeal of a cross-examination. But to settle the mat-

ter, my lord,' I exclaimed, 'I have here an affidavit of the plaintiff's attorney, in which he states that he has no doubt of being able to find this important witness if time be allowed him for the purpose; the defendant of course undertaking to call her when produced.'

A tremendous clamour of counsel hereupon ensued, and fierce and angry grew the war of words. The hubbub was at last terminated by the judge recommending that, under the circumstances, 'a juror should be withdrawn.' This suggestion, after some demur, was agreed to. One of the jurors was whispered to come out of the box; then the clerk of the court exclaimed, 'My lord, there are only eleven men on the jury;' and by the aid of this venerable, if clumsy expedient, the cause of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was *de facto* adjourned to a future day.

I had not long returned to the hotel, when I was waited upon by Mr Wilford, senior, the father of the young man who had been forbidden to visit Dale Farm by Thorndyke. His son, he informed me, was ill from chagrin and anxiety—confined to his bed indeed; and Mary Woodley had refused, it seemed, to accept pecuniary aid from either the father or the son. Would I endeavour to terminate the estrangement which had for some time unhappily existed, and persuade her to accept his, Wilford senior's, freely-offered purse and services? I instantly accepted both the mission and the large sum which the excellent man tendered. A part of the money I gave Barnes to stimulate his exertions, and the rest I placed in the hand of Mary Woodley's grandpapa, with a friendly admonition to him not to allow his grandchild to make a fool of herself; an exhortation which produced its effect in due season.

Summer passed away, autumn had come and gone, and the winter assizes were once more upon us. Regular proceedings had been taken, and the action in ejectment of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was once more on the cause list of the Chester circuit court, marked this time as a special jury case. Indefatigable as Mr Barnes had been in his search for Elizabeth Wareing, not the slightest trace of her could he discover; and I went into court, therefore, with but slight expectation of invalidating the, as I fully believed, fictitious will. We had, however, obtained a good deal of information relative to the former history not only of the absent Mrs Wareing, but of Thorndyke himself; and it was quite within the range of probabilities that something might come out, enabling me to use that knowledge to good purpose. The plaintiff and old Mr Ward were seated in court beside Mr Barnes, as on the former abortive trial; but Mary Woodley had, fortunately for herself, lost much of the interest which attaches to female comeliness and grace when associated in the mind of the spectator with undeserved calamity and sorrow. The black dress which she still wore—the orthodox twelve months of mourning for a parent had not yet quite elapsed—was now fresh, and of fine quality, and the pale lilies of her face were interspersed with delicate roses; whilst by her side sat Mr John Wilford, as happy-looking as if no such things as perjurers, forgers, or adverse verdicts existed to disturb the peace of the glad world. Altogether, we were decidedly less interesting than on the former occasion. Edward Wareing, I must not omit to add, was, greatly to our surprise, present. He sat, in great apparent amity, by the side of Thorndyke.

It was late in the afternoon, and twilight was gradually stealing over the dingy court, when the case was called. The special jury answered to their names, were duly sworn, and then nearly the same preliminary speeches and admissions were made and put in as on the previous occasion. Thomas Headley, the first witness called in support of the pretended will, underwent a rigorous cross-examination; but I was unable to extract anything of importance from him.

'And now,' said the defendant's leading counsel, 'let me ask my learned friend if he has succeeded in obtaining the attendance of Elizabeth Wareing?'

I was of course obliged to confess that we had been unable to find her; and the judge remarked that in that case he could receive secondary evidence in proof of her attestation of the will.

A whispered but manifestly eager conference here took place between the defendant and his counsel, occasionally joined in by Edward Wareing. There appeared to be indecision or hesitation in their deliberations; but at last Mr P—— rose, and with some ostentation of manner addressed the court.

'In the discharge of my duty to the defendant in this action, my lord, upon whose fair fame much undeserved obloquy has been cast by the speeches of the plaintiff's counsel—speeches unsupported by a shadow of evidence—I have to state that, anxious above all things to stand perfectly justified before his neighbours and society, he has, at great trouble and expense, obtained the presence here to-day of the witness Elizabeth Wareing. She had gone to reside in France with a respectable English family in the situation of housekeeper. We shall now place her in the witness-box, and having done so, I trust we shall hear no more of the slanderous imputations so freely lavished upon my client. Call Elizabeth Wareing into court.'

A movement of surprise and curiosity agitated the entire auditory at this announcement. Mr Silas Thorndyke's naturally cadaverous countenance assumed an ashy hue, spite of his efforts to appear easy and jubilant; and for the first time since the commencement of the proceedings I entertained the hope of a successful issue.

Mrs Wareing appeared in answer to the call, and was duly sworn 'to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' She was a good-looking woman, of perhaps forty years of age, and bore a striking resemblance to her son. She rapidly, smoothly, and unhesitatingly confirmed the evidence of Headley to a tittle. She trembled, I observed, excessively; and on the examining counsel intimating that he had no more questions to ask, turned hastily to leave the box.

'Stay—stay, my good woman,' I exclaimed; 'you and I must have some talk together before we part.'

She started, and looked at me with frightened earnestness; and then her nervous glances stole towards Mr Silas Thorndyke. There was no comfort there: in his countenance she only saw the reflex of the agitation and anxiety which marked her own. Slick Silas, I could see, already repented of the rash move he had made, and would have given a good deal to get his witness safely and quietly out of court.

It was now nearly dark, and observing that it was necessary the court and jury should see as well as hear the witness whilst under examination, I requested that lights should be brought in. This was done. Two candles were placed in front of the witness-box, one on each side of Mrs Wareing; a few others were disposed about the bench and jury desks. The effect of this partial lighting of the gloomy old court was, that the witness stood out in strong and bright relief from the surrounding shadows, rendering the minutest change or play of her features distinctly visible. Mr Silas Thorndyke was, from his position, thrown entirely into the shade, and any telegraphing between him and the witness was thus rendered impossible. This preparation, as if for some extraordinary and solemn purpose, together with the profound silence which reigned in the court, told fearfully, as I expected, upon the nerves of Mrs Elizabeth Wareing. She already seemed as if about to swoon with agitation and ill-defined alarm.

'Pray, madam,' said I, 'is your name Wareing or Tucker?'

She did not answer, and I repeated the question. 'Tucker,' she at last replied in a tremulous whisper.

'I thought so. And pray, Mrs Tucker, were you ever "in trouble" in London for robbing your lodgings?'

I thought she attempted to answer, but no sound passed her lips. One of the ushers of the court handed her a glass of water at my suggestion, and she seemed

to recover somewhat. I pressed my question; and at last she replied in the same low, agitated voice, 'Yes, I have been.'

'I know you have. Mr Silas Thorndyke, I believe, was your bail on that occasion, and the matter was, I understand, compromised—arranged—at all events the prosecution was not pressed. Is not that so?'

'Yes—no—yes.'

'Very well: either answer will do. You lived also, I believe, with Mr Thorndyke, as his housekeeper of course, when he was in business as a concocter and vender of infallible drugs and pills?'

'Yes.'

'He was held to be skilful in the preparation of drugs, was he not—well-versed in their properties?'

'Yes—I believe so—I do not know. Why am I asked such questions?'

'You will know presently. And now, woman, answer the question I am about to put to you, as you will be compelled to answer it to God at the last great day—What was the nature of the drug which you or he mixed with the medicine prescribed for the late Mrs Thorndyke?'

A spasmodic shriek, checked by a desperate effort, partially escaped her, and she stood fixedly gazing with starting eyes in my face.

The profoundest silence reigned in the court as I iterated the question.

'You must answer, woman,' said the judge sternly, 'unless you know your answer will criminate yourself.'

The witness looked wildly round the court, as if in search of counsel or sympathy; but encountering none but frowning and eager faces—Thorndyke she could not discern in the darkness—she became giddy and panic-stricken, and seemed to lose all presence of mind.

'He—he—he,' she at last gasped—'he mixed it. I do not know— But how,' she added, pushing back her hair, and pressing her hands against her hot temples, 'can this be? What can it mean?'

A movement amongst the bystanders just at this moment attracted the notice of the judge, and he immediately exclaimed, 'The defendant must not leave the court!' An officer placed himself beside the wretched murderer as well as forger, and I resumed the cross-examination of the witness.

'Now, Mrs Tucker, please to look at this letter.' (It was that which had been addressed to Mary Woodley by her son.) 'That, I believe, is your son's handwriting?'

'Yes.'

'The body of this will has been written by the same hand. Now, woman, answer. Was it your son—this young man who, you perceive, if guilty, cannot escape from justice—was it he who forged the names of the deceased Mrs Thorndyke, and of John Cummins attached to it?'

'Not he—not he!' shrieked the wretched woman. 'It was Thorndyke—Thorndyke himself.' And then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, as the consequences of what she had uttered flashed upon her, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Silas, what have I said?—what have I done?'

'Hanged me, that's all, you accursed devil!' replied Thorndyke with gloomy ferocity. 'But I deserve it for trusting in such an idiot: dolt and fool that I was for doing so.'

The woman sank down in strong convulsions, and was, by direction of the judge, carried out of the hall.

The anxious silence which pervaded the court during this scene, in which the reader will have observed I played a bold, tentative, and happily-successful game, was broken as the witness was borne off by a loud murmur of indignation, followed by congratulatory exclamations on the fortunate termination of the suit. The defendant's counsel threw up their briefs, and a verdict was at once returned for the plaintiff.

All the inculpated parties were speedily in custody; and the body of Mrs Thorndyke having been disinterred, it was discovered that she had been destroyed by bichlo-

ride of mercury, of which a considerable quantity was detected in the body. I was not present at the trial of Thorndyke and his accomplices—he for murder, and Headley for perjury—but I saw by the public prints that he was found guilty, and executed: Headley was transported: the woman was, if I remember rightly, admitted evidence for the crown.

Mary Woodley was of course put into immediate possession of her paternal inheritance; and is now—at least she was about four months ago, when I dined with her and her husband at Dale Farm—a comely, prosperous matron; and as happy as a woman with a numerous progeny and an easy-tempered partner can in this, according to romance writers, vale of grief and tears expect to be. The service I was fortunately enabled to render her forms one of the most pleasing recollections of my life.

THE BIRDS OF SHETLAND.

BY A RESIDENT.

AROUND the bleak coasts of the northern and western islands belonging to Britain the scenery is wild and bare; inhabitants—men and quadrupeds at least—are very few; but old Ocean teems with life, and indulges in all his ancient querulous and riotous moods. In such scenes also the student of ornithology finds an inviting field, especially in the department of water-fowl, whose motions and sounds diversify and enliven the otherwise desolate shores. At present, the reader's attention is asked to the locality of the Shetland islands; and perhaps a few sketches may be presented not altogether uninteresting.

There are a good many land-birds, from the eagle to the golden-crested wren; but the species are those which require not the shelter of trees, or even of long heather: hence singing-birds, and those called game, are nearly unknown. The lark and the mountain linnet are almost the only songsters; and for those sportsmen who consider only the law-protected birds worthy of their aims, there are no attractions in Shetland. The inhabited or cultivated parts of these islands are almost exclusively situated close to the water side, round the margin of the deeply-indented bays and sheltered harbours called *firths* or *voes*. There are therefore many lonely spots among the undulating hills of the interior which, though probably in no instance two miles from the sea in all directions, yet have a look of as remote desolation and perfect seclusion as if they had been many days' journey from all contact with man, his works, or his passions. There nature reigns unreclaimed, not in gloomy Alpine sublimity, or wildering expanse of primeval western woods, or unpruned luxurians of tropical beauty, but in bare, sterile solitude. A coarse brown herbage scantily clothes the gray peeping rocks, like a poverty-stricken beggar in his tattered garments. A surly fog creeps over the higher eminences, and a small so-called loch—though it deserves not a more imposing name than that of pond—reposes in the bosom of the circumscribed valley. In such a scene, on a small holm or islet in the middle of such a stagnant loch, an eagle has been seen, on a sombre winter day, sitting in solitary contemplation; resting perhaps after some long excursion, for the locality is far from the nearest eyrie, and food is very scarce. There are known to be from eight to twelve pairs of eagles (the white-tailed eagle) that have their nests in these islands. They are chiefly on the western side; for there the cliffs are comparatively lofty and precipitous, as if nature had prepared against the fell fury of the Atlantic billows an appropriate and unconquerable barrier.

The gigantic fish called *halibut*, which is a large species of turbot, often basks, as do other flat fish, near the surface of the sea. An eagle has been observed to pounce upon him, and bury his powerful talons in the fish's back. The latter, naturally surprised at an attack so audacious, flounders of course, endeavouring to dive, and thus drown his adversary, or escape his

clutches. It is not the habit of our eagle, however, to quit a hold he has once taken; the bravery, or pertinacity, if you will, of the king of birds forbids so tame a relinquishment of his purpose, and so he spreads his mighty wings to balance himself, or to present a greater resistance to the halibut's efforts to sink him, or even, perchance, in expectation of being able to carry him off bodily, as doubtless was his first intention. If the wind or tide be towards land, the eagle's wings act also as sails, and he floats majestically in his slouderly vessel till it grounds with its passenger, and then, sometimes a mightier than both—in his appliances, if not in his physical strength—interferes, and makes them his prey. This was actually done by an elderly gentleman of the last generation, who happened to be taking his evening walk, and saw the whole occurrence. Hastening to the water's edge, with his stout walking-stick he despatched both eagle and halibut, as, exhausted, but still struggling, they were wafted to the shore. Quite recently a pair of similar incongruous companions, thus murderously associated, have been found both dead on the sea-beach.

Corroborative of these daring and fatal exploits of the sea-eagle, we may also mention the following well-authenticated fact. In Iceland the seal often pursues the salmon up the rivers, as it is well known to do likewise in some of the Scottish rivers, although less frequently since the introduction of the all-disturbing steam navigation. In the frost-bound regions of Iceland—his natural courage rendered desperate by the absence of other prey—the eagle has been sometimes seen to dart down on the seal while it was quietly reposing on a rock; upon which the latter promptly plunges in its native element, where the erne soon finds he has caught a Tartar, and is speedily dragged downwards and drowned.

Of depredatory birds, the genus *Corvus* is in Shetland beyond comparison the most destructive and audacious, but of these there are only resident the raven (corbie) and the hoodie crow. The former builds in the higher cliffs, almost aspiring to rival the eagle in the sublimity of his dwelling-place, though so much his inferior in size and strength. Formerly, so numerous and annoying were these birds, that the Commissioners of Supply were accustomed to reward any person who destroyed them; but this usage has long been abandoned. Lately, however, the ravens and crows have been so destructive in one of the most populous islands, that a gentleman has offered threepence and fourpence for every head of these animals that is produced to him. It was long supposed that the raven only ate carrion, or attacked the larger quadrupeds when quite exhausted and near death. But within these few years, they have repeatedly destroyed ponies in comparative strength; though it must be allowed it has occurred in spring, when the birds are feeding their young, and the animals on the common are usually weakened by the hardships of the past winter. Corbie sees a pony lying resting, or listless and forlorn-looking, near a dike; and with an impatient croak he dives down, and at one stroke pierces the eye of the poor animal, who immediately rolls himself in his agony, generally with the injured eye next to the ground. This leaves the other eye a mark for the murderer, who at another stroke blinds his victim: a third attack is about the tail; and then he soars away with his malign, triumphant *croak—croak—croak*. He knows he has done for the poor pony, and he intends to return to the carrion in a few days. In further proof that it is not sick or dying animals he always selects, we ourselves found that a raven had attacked a fine cow in good condition who had wandered to an unfrequented spot. She was heavy with calf, and therefore not active enough to escape the bird-of-ill-omen's assaults; but she was discovered, and rescued just in time, injured, but not destroyed. A more melancholy circumstance occurred lately; an aged man had gone to cast his peats, and never returned. When discovered, after much searching, which

was not till the following day, he was dead, and disfigured by ravens; but it is impossible to say whether the wounds were given before or after death. The ballad of the 'Twa Corbies' is not without foundation in fact, as respects these islands.

Shetland is honoured with the residence of starlings, linnets, and here, also, more strange to say, is found the golden-crested wren. The corn-crake (land-rail) is the cuckoo of the Shetlander. The monotonous call of this elegant bird is most grateful to him, and he would not on any account suffer it to be molested or destroyed, because he has been taught to believe its presence foretells a good crop. This is not, however, mere superstition; for, as they are delicate birds, wherever they breed and thrive, it shows the season to be mild, and probably, therefore, the corn will grow and ripen well. The land-rail, in Shetland, generally builds, not among the corn, as in other parts, that being too low and backward here, but in the more early rye-grass fields. While we write, we hear close beside us its cheerful but singular *crake—crake—crake*—continued without intermission. A couple of pairs have established themselves in the immediate vicinity, and, as everywhere they are said to be numerous, we welcome the omen, as opening a hope of plenty at length to the poor and long-tried Shetland cottagers. Among the precipices in the very wildest parts of the coast the rock-pigeon builds its nest. This rare bird is believed to be the original of many varieties of pigeons, wild and tame. Shetland has numerous wading birds; and they are most interesting in their habits, as well as everywhere accessible to observation. Long legs, bare of feathers, long necks and bills also, with small, elegantly-shaped bodies, these are the distinguishing characteristics of all of this class, from the diminutive sandpiper to the stately heron. Walking on an evening along the flat beach near the confluence of a narrow brook with the sea, or perchance wandering near one of the lonely lakelets we have formerly mentioned, may often be seen a heron. He has waded a yard or so into the water, and looks into it intently; then he plunges in his head, and you can soon perceive him swallowing a good-sized trout. Again he watches patiently; then another dip, and he raises a freshwater eel. You have now a fancy to interrupt his agreeable occupation, and run towards him with a shout. You don't intend to harm him, poor fellow, but just want to see how he can fly. With an effort that looks like laziness or reptilian, the eel still struggling between his mandibles, the *haigrie*—for so he is called in Shetland—flaps his long wings, and you can see how disproportionately small the body is to the extensive pinions, neck, and legs. Slowly he rises, flap—flap—flapping like the sails of a giant windmill, till he reaches a quieter spot at a short distance, and then he finishes his meal.

Shetland has a few swans—birds intercepted in their flight to and from more northern regions; and of these nothing need be said. Of geese there is no small abundance. The young geese, after having had the benefit of gleaning in the stubble when the corn has been removed from the fields, are considered in the best condition. They are then killed, and having been stripped of the feathers, are salted for a day, and finally hung up in the rafters to be dried. The peat smoke communicates a flavour always, and in all circumstances it may be supposed, grateful to the Shetlanders; for they smoke their fish, as well as geese and mutton, and beef too, when they have it. The more fastidious palate of our southern compatriots generally revolts from this sort of food; but the French—these acknowledged adepts in gastronomic science—consider a smoked goose-pie a decided dainty. Geese feathers are bartered by the small traders with the cottars; and it is but rare the latter sleep on anything but straw—their scanty resources compelling them to turn whatever they can into absolute necessities.

No solan geese breed in Shetland. The great northern diver is a magnificent bird: it is nearly of the size of a

tame-goose; the breast is of snowy white, the back a dusky brown speckled with white, and it has beautiful bars of black around its neck; its breeding places are Greenland, Iceland, and Lapland, and it is only found in Shetland in winter, when in stormy weather two or three may be often seen close to the shore in some sheltered bay or harbour. It is rarely observed to fly, but when disturbed, dives, and is seen no more. In company with these handsome birds there are generally a few of the same size, but different plumage, the latter being of a darker speckled brown. These were long called *immer geese*; but a Shetland ornithologist, profiting by the favourable opportunities of observing them, discovered that the so-called geese were only the young of the northern diver. It indeed appears very singular to those unacquainted with water-fowl in their native haunts, and it has many times puzzled naturalists in their attempts at classification, that the plumage of several species changes according to age. Most of the gull tribes, for example, are indiscriminately of mottled gray in their first year, and are called vernacularly by one name—*soorie*; they are then good for food, being tender, and not fishy in taste. For the next three or four years the feathers gradually become of a lighter colour, yet still those of a size cannot be distinguished as to species. In the fourth year, the breast is clothed in its spotless white, the grayish-blue back appears on the Iceland and herring-gulls, and the black backs on the two species distinguished by that name—the *greater* and *lesser black-backed gulls*. The skua and the Arctic gulls alone are all brown, and seem sooner to adopt the distinguishing adult plumage.

Some of the most precipitous cliffs to the north and westward of the country are entirely appropriated to the smallest and most beautiful of the gull genus—the *kittiwake*. Imagine a wall of rock 200 feet high, on the slight shelving projections of which sit tens of thousands of these gentle, lovely creatures. The adult birds are pure white, with a light gray shade on the back; they are busy with their young: two little black-headed creatures peep from every nest, to and from which the parents incessantly flutter, with an anxious care, a tender guardianship, most affecting to witness. Fire a gun in the face of the precipice—what a cry and clouding of the air succeeds, as the alarmed denizens start off from their perch! only for a few yards, however: swiftly and momentarily they return to protect their nurslings. Fire again, and the clamour is still greater—the flight even shorter—while many remain resolutely at the parental post; and we have repeatedly witnessed the parent shot rather than leave the nest unguarded.

Pass onward in your boat to the base of the nearest similar cliff; it, too, is peopled thickly from top to bottom; but its inhabitants are much stiller than those you have before seen: these seem to sit in contemplative enjoyment of the wild scenery, the bright sunshine, and the healthful sea breeze, except when one or two are absent on short foraging excursions. Can these, too, be kittiwakes? They are of the same shape and size as the others; but they have black heads, and a black circle like a collar round the snow-white neck. These are kittiwakes of a year old; they are not bringing forth this season; they congregate together; and not until next summer will they return to the cliff where they were hatched to become parents in their turn. They are called by the fishermen *yield kittiwakes*, and are remorselessly captured by those who can climb to their dizzy dwelling; for we can assure the reader that a broiled kittiwake of this sort is as delicate eating as a partridge.

Ere we take leave of the gulls, we may relate a curious trait in the habits of the herring-gull; namely, the pertinacity and watchfulness with which it takes on itself the guardianship of the seals from their most formidable enemy—man. If a flock of seals are reposing on the rocks, and danger approaches, the herring-gulls immediately set up an alarmed cry. Warily and stealthily the hunter creeps onwards, taking care to

keep to leeward of his quarry. The seals are sleeping securely, but one sentinel watches; when he hears the cry of the gulls, he generally raises his head, and anxiously looks round, snuffing the air; but as he can see, hear, or smell nothing suspicious, he begins again to fan and stroke himself with his flipper, evincing the most tranquil enjoyment. But the gulls continue screaming, and flying lower and lower, circling even round the sportsman's head; and at length, with desperation of anxiety, they dash into the very midst of the sleeping seals; which latter demonstration of course awakes the objects of their care, who start off into the sea, and instantaneously disappear.

The cause or object of the herring-gull in this often-observed procedure has never been ascertained. It cannot be supposed to be instinct, since it can have little direct reference to the bird's own circumstances, and that little is adverse. If it is sagacity, it is surely an instance of its exercise quite unique, that one order of animal should expose itself to imminent danger in warning another to escape the same; and, we regret to say, the self-constituted guardian often falls a victim to his philanthropy; for the sportsman, disappointed of his prey, generally discharges his spleen and his ready weapon, so as fatally to revenge the unwarranted interference of the pragmatistical gulls.

On the lowest and most detached rocks—every pinnacle of stone, indeed, which at high tide peeps above the water—sit the *shags*. Their congeners, the *cormorants*, affect a position considerably more elevated. In Shetland they are all called *scarfs*, and in our humble opinion are very ugly birds. They are of a bluish shining black, are gaunt and ominous looking, and utter most discordant cries. The cormorant is the larger species. When young, its breast is white; but this gradually disappears, leaving on the adult bird only a snow-flake of a spot on the thigh, invisible except when the animal flies. The shag is always and altogether black, similar in shape, but much smaller than the former. Most sea-fowl eggs are exceedingly palatable and wholesome; but those of this genus are quite unfit for food, and have a most fetid odour. Unpromising as these animals would appear, however, they become easily tamed, and are then most docile, sagacious, and affectionate. We have seen a cormorant which was kept in a domestic state several years: it went on the sea, and fished for itself; but instantly returned if its owner called, following him with a plaintive note, as if trying to sing, and seeking his caresses with every possible gesture of fondness. While it was gentle and courteous to every one who noticed or spoke to it, its discriminating attachment to its master was conspicuous. In his absence it watched for him from the top of a gate, and distinguished him at a very considerable distance. This interesting favourite pined, and died after many weeks' suffering. When the body was opened, the lungs were found quite decayed. It had died of tubercular consumption.

An unpleasant trait of the cormorant is its proverbial voracity: the quantity of fish it is known to devour is quite enormous. The spirited proprietor we have alluded to, who, with much trouble and expense, made an artificial pond, and stocked it appropriately; had to thank this voracious animal for the complete and hopeless failure of his interesting experiment. Looking out early one morning on his pond, what was his dismay to see emerging from a prolonged dive an ominous black object! It was succeeded by another and another. A party of cormorants had discovered his treasure, and made a comfortable breakfast on his whole valuable stock of imported fish and spawn!

Strange to say, the young shag is good eating. The accomplished lady of one of the chief Shetland lairds used to make excellent soup of this bird, which was not to be distinguished from *hare-soup*. The fishermen take these birds whenever they have opportunity. When out fishing for *sillacks*, they bait (with one of these little fish, newly caught) a strong hook at the end of the line.

The scarf seizes the sillack (which had been made to move invitingly just beneath the water's surface), and in attempting to swallow, is caught by the hook; then, by means of the rod, the bird is held down till drowned.

Another whimsical way in which the larger cormorant is caught is the following:—On a dark night, when the thickly-peopled cliffs and precipices are wrapt in silence and rest—and no doubt the inhabitants, in the security of their wisdom, think men are, or ought to be, reposing too—a small boat approaches the base of the rocks. The men carry a great iron pot filled with peat fire, which they suddenly uncover, and it makes quite a blaze in the gloom. The scarfs, poor fellows, awake suddenly, and cannot imagine what this may mean. In the confusion of ideas consequent on their disturbance, or in their eagerness to greet the dawning day which has thus surprised them, they fly directly at the light, even quite into the boat, and of course into the clutches of their cunning enemies, who are always particularly amused as well as gratified at the success of their stratagem, and the simplicity with which the poor scarfs rush on their doom.

The above imperfect notices aspire not to communicate anything strange or novel, far less to be a complete account of the birds of Shetland; but they may serve to show the dwellers in more favoured localities that even amidst scenes the most dreary and remote, pleasing and improving subjects of observation may be found; and that nothing is unimportant which adds in any degree to our acquaintance with the works of nature, and with the wisdom and goodness of its Author.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

In the year 1830 died Mr James Lewis Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, a gentleman of some repute as a scientific chemist. He was noted for his skill in analysing minute quantities; and it was he who caught a tear as it fell from a lady's cheek, and detected the salts and other substances which it held in solution. Mr Smithson was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and intended to bequeath his large wealth to that body at his death; but taking offence at some real or fancied slight towards him on their part, he altered his will, and left his property to the government of the United States of America, 'to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.'

Under these circumstances, we think that the public on this side of the Atlantic are somewhat interested in knowing the results of this munificent legacy, and the 'Third Annual Report of the Board of Regents,' published in February last, enables us to give a tolerable sketch of the proceedings down to the present year.

It appears that the amount of the bequest, 515,169 dollars (above £100,000), was paid into the United States' Treasury in 1838. Some years were suffered to elapse before the requisite preliminary arrangements were determined on; at length, in 1846, the fund, then augmented by nearly 250,000 dollars of accrued interest, was placed under the control of the 'Board of Regents' chosen to conduct the institution. 'The Board consists of three members *ex-officio* of the establishment—the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both Houses;' and to this Board the usual powers are intrusted.

Among the preliminary considerations, we find it stated that 'the bequest is for the benefit of mankind. The government of the United States is merely a trustee to carry out the design of the testator; and in order to realise his object for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men to the fullest possible extent,

strict economy is to be observed in the administration of the finances. We trust this principle will always be faithfully adhered to in the future conduct of the institution; a proper regard for economy being often fatal to projects even when their aim is to benefit the community. 'It should be remembered,' states the Report, 'that mankind in general are to be benefited by the bequest, and that, therefore, all unnecessary expenditure on local objects would be a perversion of the trust.' Knowledge is to be increased by stimulating researches, and offering rewards for original memoirs on all branches of knowledge, which are to be published; but 'no memoirs on subjects of physical science will be accepted for publication, which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research; and all unverified speculations to be rejected.' Among the more special objects which the institution may encourage by pecuniary grants, we find—a 'system of extended meteorological observations, particularly with reference to the phenomena of American storms.' Then we have explorations and researches from which to construct a Physical Atlas of the United States; and the 'solution of experimental problems, such as a new determination of the weight of the earth, of the velocity of electricity, and of light; chemical analyses of soils and plants; collection and publication of articles of science, accumulated in the offices of government;' and we are glad to observe that 'the statistics of labour, the productive arts of life, public instruction,' &c. are not overlooked.

It is pretty well known that the publication of new and important researches in science or art is at times retarded or lost for want of encouragement. Works of this sort are, when published, in nearly all instances a positive pecuniary loss to the author. The Smithsonian Institution proposes to remedy this defect, by undertaking to print such works as may be deserving, and thus increase knowledge, but always under sanction of a committee of learned and scientific men, whose approval will of course stamp a value on the work.

A first volume has appeared in pursuance of this arrangement, under the general title of 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' It contains detailed accounts and descriptions of the 'ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley'—these exist in the form of mounds, earthworks, fortifications, and sculptures; some of them are of great extent; they are much more numerous than might be supposed; and the United States, which have often been said to want the charm of hoary antiquity, may now point to these with as much pride as the European feels in his ruined castles and abbeys. Copies of this work have been sent to several scientific and learned institutions in this country; it is a handsome quarto, with some hundreds of engravings and illustrations. Its publication will preserve correct views and descriptions of remains which, in the rapid changes made in the States, would soon be obliterated. Their origin appears to be as much a mystery as that of the Round Towers of Ireland; but the general conclusion is, that at a remote period there existed in the Mississippi Valley a numerous population, the progenitors of those who subsequently founded the old South American empires. The work will be a valuable aid to those engaged in ethnographical studies.

A second volume, we are informed, is preparing for publication: it will contain important contributions to astronomy and palæontology. We gather also from the latest report that the labours towards a system of meteorology are in active progress. Observers provided with instruments are established in Oregon, California, Santa Fé, and other places, and in this pursuit large use will be made of the magnetic telegraph, so as to institute simultaneous observations at places widely remote, or to announce meteorological phenomena. Observations in the southern hemisphere are made by a party stationed at Chili, where they are also to 'study the facts connected with one of the most mysterious and interesting phenomena of terrestrial physics—namely, the

earthquake . . . and for the purpose of facilitating the inquiries, a peisimeter, or instrument for measuring the intensity and direction of the *earthwave*, has been ordered at the expense of the institution, to be placed in charge of the expedition during its absence. Besides, there are to be magnetic surveys of the mineral regions on the northern lakes, and a series of observations for deducing and determining the law of variation of the magnetic needle; together with periodical reports on agricultural chemistry, the forest-trees of North America, on lightning, astronomy, and meteorological instruments. Further, a work is in preparation which is to give 'A Bibliographical Account of the Sources of Early American History; comprising a description of books relating to America, printed prior to the year 1700, and of all books printed in America from 1543 to 1700, together with notices of many of the more important unpublished manuscripts.'

The *locus* or building of the institution is in course of erection at Washington. It is of freestone, and comprises a museum, 200 feet by 50; a library, 90 feet by 50; a gallery of art, 125 feet long; two lecture-rooms, of which one is capable of containing an audience of 800 to 1000 persons; and the other is connected with the laboratory, together with several smaller rooms. The style selected is the later Norman, or rather Lombard. A portion of the edifice is already fitted up for occupation, and the whole is expected to be completed in 1852, at a cost of 250,000 dollars. Notwithstanding the outlay as yet incurred, the original capital remains undiminished, owing to the manner in which the fund has been invested.

A collection of books is already made towards a library; and it appears that in the act of organizing the building, is a clause similar to that which in this country requires publishers to present copies of works to certain public bodies. So far, the whole proceedings show that the Smithsonian bequest has fallen into good hands: the names of Dallas, Henry, Bache, Pearce, Rush, and others equally eminent, which compose the Board of Regents, are a guarantee for worth and character. We shall look with interest on the future labours of the institution; and may very appropriately conclude our notice with a passage from the secretary's report on the library:—'It will render Washington,' he observes, 'the centre of American learning. Its influences will descend noiselessly upon the community around; and spreading in ever-widening circles over the land, softening the asperities of party contentions, calming the strifes of self-interest, elevating the intellect above the passions and the senses, cherishing all the higher and nobler principles of our being, will contribute more than fleets and armies to true national dignity.'

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

It is long since it was possible to connect any romantic sentiment with the prisons of this country: they are essentially prosaic edifices; and it is well that they are so, for prisons cease to be poetical when they cease to be the habitations of the innocent, or the deadly instruments of irresponsible power. A prison now is simply a large house, well lighted and warmed, with stone stairs and floors, where every inmate has a wholesome and sufficient diet, and needs nothing but liberty to be tolerably comfortable. A prison in former times was a horrid fortress, with sombre passages, damp, dark dungeons, and scanty and unwholesome fare, whilst the walls echoed with the cries of the tortured, the rattling of chains, and the moans of the wretched. Like ours, the prisons of Paris have undergone great ameliorations; and the *oubliettes*, the iron-cages, the *souterrains* of the Grand Châtelet, and the starvings and the torturings, are all tales of other times. The last person put to the rack was Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV. in 1759; and to Louis XVI. is due the

honour of abolishing this cruel and fallacious mode of extorting confession. To this unfortunate monarch, too, the prisoners of the Conciergerie owed a great improvement in their condition both as regarded their diet and habitation. Little did he dream that the masons and carpenters he employed in constructing those cells were preparing a chamber for the queen of France!

In spite of these ameliorations, however, the Conciergerie retains much of its originally dismal aspect. It was the first prison in the ancient city of Paris, then called Lutetia, and was rather hollowed out of the earth than erected on its surface. There it has stood through all the civil wars, the despotisms, the tyrannies, the jealousies, the revolutions, gaping for the victims each party alternately flung into its relentless maw! What groans, what cries, what curses, what threats, have those implacable stones not heard! It is to be regretted that the archives of the Conciergerie do not carry us farther back than the early years of the seventeenth century. Up to that period the registers are so torn and defaced as to be illegible. The first sentence distinctly recorded is that pronounced on Ravallac for the assassination of Henry IV. Ravallac was a Jesuit and a fanatic; and when examined before the parliament, and questioned as to his occupation, he answered that he 'taught children to read, to write, and to pray to God.' It would make our readers shudder were we to describe the frightful details of his punishment, though it might make some discontented souls, who think the present days the worst the world has seen, return thanks to Heaven for not having lived in an age when such horrors could be perpetrated without calling forth the indignant protest of all Europe.

It was from the Conciergerie that the Maréchale d'Ancre, Eleonora Galigni, the favourite of Mary de Medici, was led to execution in 1617; and it gives one a lamentable notion of the morality of those times, that she was condemned on the plea of Judaism and sorcery, when, in fact, private jealousy and cupidity were the real and only motives of her persecutors. She made several remarkable answers in the course of her examinations: one less known than the others, and quite as striking, was given on being interrogated as to the use she made of certain books found in her hotel. 'Those books,' she said, 'had taught her that she knew nothing.'

It was not till nearly the end of the reign of Louis XIII. that the police of Paris attained any sort of efficiency; nor was it till then that they succeeded in somewhat relieving the city of the pestiferous swarms of thieves and assassins by whom it was haunted. These wretches chiefly inhabited a spot called La Cour des Miracles, out of which they nightly sallied to the mortal terror of the well-disposed inhabitants. Into this immense den the officers of justice durst not attempt to penetrate, where, under dark, low roofs, built of earth and mud, the days were passed in every sort of vice, gluttony amongst the number: it being a standing rule in the Cour des Miracles that all gains should be spent immediately, and no reserves made for the following day. Betwixt this nest of thieves and the prisoners of the Conciergerie a system of communication was established by means of the hunting-horn. Into this science of sounds the young thieves were regularly initiated against the evil day, when they should exchange the outside of those walls for the inside; whilst the secret was so carefully kept, that nobody else could interpret the signals.

We pass over the Brinvilliers and the Voisins—the poisoners of the seventeenth century—about whom so much has been written, to take a glance at one of their successors in the Conciergerie: that fine gentleman who, at a masquerade where he was elbowing the most fashionable women of Paris, with his hat cocked on one ear, and a sword at his side, befrilled and belaced, was tapped on the shoulder by an agent of the police, who

whispered in his ear *Cartouche!* What an event for the city that for ten years had been pillaged and ravaged by this famous robber, and what a shock to the fine ladies, many of whose hearts had been touched by his gay and gallant bearing! For three months did his adventures and confessions satisfy the appetite of the Parisians for news: nothing was talked of but *Cartouche*—everybody forgot everything else to think of him. Poems and plays were got up in all haste to meet the public taste; and one dramatist, Monsieur Le Grange, waited upon the criminal in the Conciergerie for the purpose of obtaining the most minute particulars of his life.

'And when will your piece be produced?' courteously inquired *Cartouche*, when he had given every information desired.

'On the very day of your execution!' replied the dramatist with enthusiasm. *Cartouche* politely wished success to the author; and they took leave of each other with the greatest urbanity. We see by this instance that the pernicious and ridiculous custom of converting criminals into heroes is by no means so modern an invention as it is sometimes supposed to be. Robber and assassin as he was, *Cartouche* had his own grain of enthusiasm too. He said to Guignaud, the Jesuit priest who attended him in his last moments, that he considered all the crimes he had committed as mere peccadilloes compared to the frightful treason with which their order had been sullied by *Ravillac*. 'For my own part,' said he, 'I had so great a respect for the memory of Henry IV., that had a victim I was pursuing taken refuge under his statue on the Pont Neuf, I would have spared his life!'

The dungeons of the Conciergerie were crammed to repletion by the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, when the thieves of Paris formed a too successful league for pillaging the public during the exhibition of fire-works. In this dreadful struggle perished 2740 persons; and amongst the dead there was but one of the band found. This was a man called *Petit Jean*: he had been suffocated in the *mêlée*, but not before he had reaped a harvest of fifty watches and many other valuables. Four hundred of these vagabonds were carried to the Conciergerie to be searched, and the turn-out of bracelets, chains, watches, ear-rings, and purses, is recorded to have been something exceeding belief. How little did the beautiful young queen think, whilst lamenting the victims of this plot, that where those wretches lay she should one day rest her head and sleep her last sleep on earth!

The immediate neighbourhood of the Conciergerie to the revolutionary tribunal kept it always full during that crisis; and for some time the political victims of every sex, age, and rank, were mingled pell-mell with the most abandoned criminals, men and women. After a time, a classification was attempted into what they called *pailleux*, or the lyers on straw, who were well-nigh devoured by rats and vermin. *pistoliers*, who, being able to pay for a bed, shared a miserable mattress with some companion in misfortune; and *secrets*, which last were confined in horrible dungeons beneath the level of the river. When, to add to its other miseries, a famine desolated the unhappy city, the captives in the Conciergerie felt their share of the calamity. The government ceasing to make any allowance for food, the rich prisoners were forced to support the poor; and a man's fortune was now estimated by the number of *sans-culottes* he fed, as it had formerly been by the number of his horses, grooms, and dogs. Of course, under these circumstances, there was a great deal of sickness; and at length there was a simulation of an infirmary established, where, according to Mr *Bantheimy* *Monce*, ten applications at least were necessary to procure the most trifling medicine; whilst the doctor, who for form's sake visited the sick, had one prescription, which he never varied, for all his patients. Jest-ing in their misery, they used to call it *la selle à tous chevaux* (the saddle that fitted every horse). One day

the doctor, feeling the pulse of a patient, observed that he was better than he had been the day before. 'Yes, citizen,' replied the infirmiry nurse, '*he is better*; but, by the by, it's not the same—that one is dead, and this is another that has taken his place.'

Besides human keepers, almost all the prisons of Paris during the Revolution made use of canine ones. The Conciergerie had a famous dog called *Ravage*, a zealous and implacable beast, who hated the prisoners, and was thought incorruptible. However, one morning *Ravage* was found with an assignat of five francs tied to his tail, on which it was inscribed that this faithful guardian had yielded to the seduction of a pound of sheep's trotters. The corrupters of *Ravage* succeeded in making their escape.

From one of the dungeons of the Conciergerie General *Beauharnois* wrote his last affecting farewell to his wife, the future empress of the French, which she—*Josephine*—read to Napoleon Bonaparte at their first interview, and won his heart.

The heroic *Charlotte Corday* spent the short interval betwixt her crime and the scaffold in this prison; and here also was celebrated that famous last supper of the Girondins on the night preceding their execution, where, till five o'clock in the morning, when the jailors summoned them to meet their fate, those dull walls echoed to the bones-notes, the songs, and the jests, as well as to the poetry and philosophy, of some of the finest wits in Paris. There are old men now alive who remember to have heard a young beggar girl, shortly after this famous banquet, singing in the streets a song improvised by *Ducos* at that supper. Showers of tears fell from her eyes as she sang; and it was said that she had gone mad for love of the poet, whom she had seen led to execution.

We will only refer, for the purpose of mentioning one anecdote, to Marshal *Ney*, who, in 1815, passed through the gates of the Conciergerie to the scaffold. A few nights after *Ney's* death, Monsieur *Bellart*, who was public prosecutor at the time, and whose name was painfully mixed up with the fate of the marshal, had assembled at his hotel a brilliant party of fashionables. In dancing, singing, laughing, talking, the evening had passed gaily away, and it was nearly midnight when the large folding-doors of the saloon were suddenly thrown open, and a footman, with a loud and clear voice, announced '*Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!*' The music ceased; the dancers stood still; the words died away on the lips of the speakers; every eye was turned to the door; a gentleman approached in deep mourning. It was Monsieur le Maréchal *Ainé*, whom the bewildered lackey had understood to announce himself as Monsieur le Maréchal *Ney!*

In spite of all ameliorations, the Conciergerie still bears the marks of its feudal origin; and the dungeons below the level of the Seine, in which the keeper has authority to confine any of his flock that give him dissatisfaction, are a disgrace to civilisation.

The prison of *St Lazare*, so called because it stands on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, contained within its walls some years ago an interesting inmate commonly known as *La Folle des Roses*. One morning, shortly after the Restoration, some labourers going to their work found the body of a soldier who had apparently been assassinated, and close at hand a young girl, who was well known in the neighbourhood. On seeing the men approach, she attempted to escape; but they stopped her, and as she either could not or would not account for her being there at that early hour, she was arrested under suspicion. On being interrogated, she said that she had been on the preceding evening at a fête with some young companions, where she had danced and amused herself like the rest. In their company she had returned to her father's house, and when they left her, she had seated herself on a stone-bench at the door. She remembered that the evening breeze had borne to her a powerful odour from the roses that are cultivated in profusion in that neighbourhood; but what happened

subsequently she could not tell, as she recollected nothing further, nor could conceive how she came to be found near the dead soldier. Under these circumstances Marie M—— was committed to St Lazare; but her confinement was short, it being soon ascertained that the soldier had been killed by one of his comrades in a drunken fray. The prisoner was free, but public curiosity remained unsatisfied: nobody could make out how she became mixed up with the affair at all, and many persons persisted in believing that she was not altogether innocent of the crime that had been imputed to her.

A year had elapsed, and again the gates of St Lazare opened to receive Marie M——; and this time she was really convicted of stealing roses. Repeatedly the owners of the flowers had forbore to prosecute, in consideration of her youth; but their patience was exhausted, and she was sent to prison. Sentence was pronounced upon her as on a common thief; but everything tended to show that her offence should have been considered from another point of view. Some peculiar sensibility to the perfume of the rose, with which the atmosphere of that neighbourhood is redolent at certain seasons, appears to have caused a sort of monomaniacal desire to possess the flowers; and the first invasion of the malady had taken place on the night the soldier had been assassinated. Innocent, simple, and almost a child in years, Marie was thrust into this den of impurity, where every vice was rife; but, strange to say, the refuse of God's creatures that inhabited the jail understood the poor girl better than the *élite* of the wise who had sent her there. They surnamed her *La Rose*; and instead of ridiculing her fancies, they pitied and indulged them; they made subscriptions amongst themselves, and not only procured her real flowers, as far as they were able, but the women obtained gauze and wires, and made artificial ones to please her. Fortunately, one of the overlookers was sensible and humane enough to encourage instead of suppressing this singular charity; and perceiving the dexterity the female prisoners, inspired by good-will, were acquiring in this new art, he established a manufactory of artificial flowers, and set Marie to work amongst the others. She took to this employment with ardour, and at the end of six months she no longer thought that the roses beckoned to her, or that they uprooted themselves from the earth to follow her footsteps; though she always retained a tender reverence for the plant which had been the cause of her misfortune. She became, after her release, one of the most celebrated makers of artificial flowers in Paris, and was one of the principal manufacturers employed by Monsieur de Bernardière, by whom Louis XVIII. commanded samples of all the indigenous plants in France to be constructed in whalebone.

This poetical lunacy of poor Marie reminds us of that of a lady—young, beautiful, and rich—called Mademoiselle Jeanne de Montil, who was surnamed *La Folle du Soleil*. She believed herself the destined bride of the sun, and declared that the marriage ceremony only waited for the spring, when her *corbeille* would be ready. The *corbeille* of a French marriage is a basket of the shape of what is used in this country for baby-linen, containing certain elegancies of the toilet—such as jewels, artificial flowers, &c. which are presented by the gentleman. And as the earth began to turn green, the trees to burst into leaf, and the flowers to bloom, she declared that her radiant bridegroom had commanded these exquisite adornments to be ready for the espousals. The very birds, and butterflies, and fruits, were all for her; all nature was busy preparing the *corbeille* of the Bride of the Sun. Jeanne de Montil was sent to the Salpêtrière, the bedlam of Paris, in 1777, where she appears to have been treated with more sense and humanity than was customary at that period. Whether she recovered or died is not recorded.

In returning to St Lazare, we must advert to the case of the Morins, mother and daughter, rendered interesting by the noble devotion of the latter, a girl

scarcely sixteen years of age. In the early part of the year 1806, the *Hôtel St Phar* was condemned by the tribunal of the Seine to be sold. Two bidders presented themselves—a retired advocate named Ragoulean, and the Widow Morin. The house was knocked down to the lady at the price of 96,000 francs; but it is presumable that she had not the money, as she almost immediately borrowed 100,000 francs of M. Ragoulean, at the ruinous interest of 10 per cent. As, added to this drain, there were several life-annuities secured upon the house, which it fell to the purchaser to pay, it is not surprising that Madame Morin soon found herself in difficulties; whilst Ragoulean, who seems to have been determined to gain his object one way or the other, complicated the *imbroglio* by purchasing the interest of some of the annuitants. It is needless to say that the old lawyer was too much for the widow, who, with her daughter, was soon dispossessed of the *Hôtel St Phar*, and saw themselves obliged to set up a small dairy, as a means of earning their subsistence. A gloss of external civility, however, appears to have been maintained betwixt the parties; inasmuch that the widow invited Ragoulean to breakfast on a certain day, and afterwards to accompany her and her daughter to a house in the country that she wished to purchase. The lawyer accepted the invitation; but when he came, he declined either eating or drinking, under pretext of indisposition. A coach was therefore called from the stand, and they started, desiring the man to drive them to Clignancourt; but at the *barrière* the carriage was surrounded by agents of police, who accompanied them to their destination. On arriving there, the house was searched, and it was discovered that the vents and air-holes of the cellars had been stopped up, so that no sound should escape to the exterior; and that every preparation had been made for the strange enterprise they had planned, which was to force Ragoulean to sign certain papers, which should restore to the Morin family the property of which he had so cunningly deprived them. The instruments to effect this object were all ready—pistols, powder, and balls, a gallows and chain, and a table, on which were writing implements and a couple of lighted candles. It appeared that the women had been practising pistol-firing in the cellars, and that Ragoulean had been warned of his danger.

When brought up for examination, Mademoiselle Morin assumed the whole burthen of the crime, which seems to have been rather the childish scheme of two distressed and inexperienced women, there being no reason to believe that anything worse than intimidation was intended. She spoke of her mother with the most enthusiastic affection; declaring also that they had been wrought upon by a secret agent of the police, a woman, who first seduced, and then informed against them; and although Madame Morin also desired to appropriate the responsibility of the offence, her daughter boldly contradicted her, pleading against herself with the advocate-general, as if she had been prosecutor instead of defendant. The woman, she said, had persuaded her to the undertaking; but nothing but her own prayers and tears, reinforced by the extremity of their distress, had won her mother to countenance the plot.

'I have revealed the whole truth,' said she to the court; 'I have neither concealed nor disguised anything. If an example must be made, let the chastisement fall upon me. I know little of life but its sorrows; and for my own part have nothing to lose or regret: but spare my mother!' Stifled by her sobs and tears, she ceased speaking, and sat down; but seeing her mother advancing to claim her share of the penalty, this noble young girl arose, and in tones of agony intreated the judges not to listen to her. 'Have mercy, my lords! have mercy!' she cried, 'and do not believe her. She has a son, a child, that needs her protection. Let her live for him!'

Madame Morin and her daughter were condemned to twenty years of hard labour in the prison of St Lazare.

The mother submitted to her fate with passive resignation; but Mademoiselle Morin did more—she had the strength of mind not only to submit to, but to accept, her destiny; and in that pestilential atmosphere, surrounded by vice and depravity on every side, did this young girl disclose virtues that entitle her name to be placed beside that of Elizabeth Fry. She first engaged the attention and respect of her fellow-prisoners by her devotion to her mother, on whom she never ceased to lavish the tenderest cares, and whose imposed labour she took upon herself to perform whenever permission could be obtained. They began by respecting, and ended by loving her; and such was the influence she obtained, that after a few years, young as she still was, she was appointed superintendent of the workshops. Here her noble qualities found a wide field for their exercise, especially amongst the unfortunate young females whom early neglect and bad example had driven to perdition. It seems to have been long before public gratitude offered any testimony to these virtues, exercised under circumstances so trying. It was not till the term of their imprisonment had nearly expired, that Madame Morin and her daughter received a free pardon, and were restored to liberty.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Of the three islands which the Dutch discoverer called after a portion of his own country, because of a fancied resemblance, the middle one is of a rugged and Alpine character, having summits which cleave the clouds at a height of 14,000 feet, and which are buried for two-thirds of their elevation in permanent snow and glaciers. Nor is the northern and more level island bereft of towering altitudes, especially the southern portions of it. The whole country is more or less volcanic. On the eastern and western coasts of the whole of New Zealand, but more especially in the North Island, active volcanoes abound, but not sufficiently, it would seem, to give vent to the igneous forces of the under-earth, which often occasion earthquakes. Across the centre of the North Island is a chain of volcanic disturbance in constant activity. It commences at Tongariro, a conical mountain about 10,000 feet high, constantly emitting steam and smoke. From this eminence the chain extends along a line of lakes, hot-springs, steam-jets, and fissures, to the Bay of Plenty, where it is terminated by another volcano called White Island, the crater of which is near the water's edge. The temperature of some of the hot-springs, even at the surface, is 216 degrees, and there are mud jets at boiling point. Underground noises are continually heard, new openings are frequently made, and land slips are not uncommon.

With such fiery activity in the lower regions of New Zealand, earthquakes are of constant recurrence; but, so far as can be judged from native accounts, and from the experience of South America, they are only destructive about three times in a century, when they are extremely violent. From what we can learn, no serious terrestrial disturbance took place from the first settlement of the colony till the year 1840, and in that year, we are informed by an English settler, there occurred one sharp shock, which created more alarm than damage, for it only razed a few clay chimneys. 'Since I have been here,' says the same gentleman, 'I have noted from twelve to twenty shocks every year; but they were too trifling to do damage or to create alarm. Once only—on the 4th and 5th December 1846—there was an unusual number; namely, eight between five o'clock in the afternoon and nine the next morning, and some were of considerable force.' Up to this time, they had so familiarised the settlers to these earthly tremblings, that they scarcely heeded them.

At the end of last year, however, the people of New Zealand had occasion for more serious alarm than usual: in October an earthquake occurred that was

manifestly one of the three which physical geographers had promised them per century. It lasted during five weeks, and some of the shocks would have reduced half London to ruins. As it was, it occasioned a loss of property to the amount of £15,000, and the sacrifice of three human lives. Although an announcement of the catastrophe reached this country a few months since, full and satisfactory accounts of it have only recently been forthcoming in the official despatches from the colony, in the newspapers, and from other sources. Details of such phenomena are always interesting, as much to the scientific as to the popular reader. This earthquake is the more so, as it is the latest geological catastrophe with which this earth has been visited.

A correspondent of the 'Westminster Review' publishes in its past number his journal—kept at Karori, a short distance from Wellington—in which a graphic account is given of his experiences of the commencement of the event, which took place on Monday, 16th October 1848:—'At twenty minutes before two this morning,' he writes, 'we were awakened by the shock of an earthquake, of greater force and duration than any we have hitherto felt in the colony. It was, moreover, the first of a series of shocks which succeeded each other at short intervals during the morning and the day. The house (fortunately of wood) rocked violently; the bells were set in motion; and clocks stopped. For about three-quarters of a minute the shocks were so strong, that it was with difficulty I kept my legs. It continued with some force for two or three minutes, and the whole vibration lasted ten minutes. For one hour the shocks scarcely ceased for a minute; during the whole morning until between six and seven o'clock, the intervals were not long, and the tremulous motion of the earth was continuous, and nearly incessant. We feared for our chimneys, but they did not fall. They were, however, so much injured, that, to prevent accidents, I had them taken down. The wind was south-east to north-west during the night, blowing a fierce gale, with very heavy rain. I went down stairs to look at the barometer immediately after the first shock: at nine on the previous night the mercury stood at 29 inches [our house is 500 feet above the harbour]; it had risen to 29.04. In the morning it had subsided to 29.02—a very significant variation.'

On the day after, our journalist transferred the scene of his observations to Wellington. Under date Tuesday, October 17, he says—'The shocks continued all day at varying intervals. At twenty minutes before four a shock took place of greater force than the first. I was at Government House: the house shook, *jerked*, and then vibrated so as to shake all loose articles to the ground. I found it necessary to steady myself on my legs. There was first a short shock of four or five seconds' duration, and of moderate force; then came a loud sound from the northward and eastward, and then the strong shock. The French windows burst their fastenings, and flew outwards—the chimney-piece was cleared of its ornaments—the bottles flew from the table. Its extreme force continued about a minute—perhaps rather less. Our carpenter, who was securing one of our chimneys at Karori, afterwards told me that the tremulous motion of the earth did not cease for eighteen minutes. Loud exclamations along the whole line of the beach indicated the wreck that was going on, and the general alarm that this severe shock occasioned. I had business at my chambers at four. On reaching the court-house, I found the short, stout chimney had literally fallen down of itself: it could not fall outwards, being supported on one side by my room, and on the other by that of the Registrar. I next visited the Colonial Hospital—a well-built brick building, only lately finished: it was not down, because the walls and roof are held up by strong bond timbers; but the brick-work was split and rent, and starred in all directions, so as to make it untenable.'

On Wednesday there was an unusually high tide; and although the tides were at neap, the water flooded

the lower parts of some of the houses. But it was at *Te Aro* (the business part of Wellington, at the head of Lambton Harbour) that the greatest force of the earthquake seemed to have expended itself. All the large merchants' stores, the ordnance store, the Methodists' chapel, and a great number of brick buildings, were rent to pieces; nor was there a single chimney left standing in the town. The ordnance store buried in its fall barrack-master Lovell and his two children. His little daughter, eight years of age, was taken out dead; and his son, four years old, died the same night. The father was taken to the military hospital much injured, and expired on the Friday following.

On Thursday, October 19, the journalist, still writing at Karori, says—'Precisely at five this morning we had a sharp shock, stronger than either of the two already noted. The extreme force of the shock lasted rather less than a minute; there was considerable motion for three and a-half minutes; and the vibration lasted eight minutes from the commencement of the shock. It has done us more damage than all the others together. It has split the solid bed of brickwork which forms the lower part of our oven, completed the destruction of the other chimneys, torn the plaster of our lower rooms to pieces (the upper are lined with wood), and broken a great many loose articles. Our windows (French casements) flew open. After this, shock followed shock in quick succession all day and night.'

'In the evening, until about half-past nine, the sky to the south and south-west presented a remarkably lurid appearance; but I do not think it needs an eruption of a volcano to account for it. In very angry skies, during gales of wind at sea, I have seen something of the kind. If the state of the atmosphere be such as to increase refraction, the sun's light may have some effect long after sunset (say two and a-half or three hours in this case), and falling on very dense clouds, would produce a very angry appearance.'

'Friday, 20th.—The shocks have continued in quick succession all night. They have, I think, rather diminished both in force and frequency during the day.'

'The *Te Aro* end of the town is a wreck; Rhodes's large brick store is down to the ground; the front of the Methodists' chapel is out; Ridgway's, the Ordnance, and Fitzherbert's, all extensive brick buildings, are complete ruins: even the low wall round Fitzherbert's yard is down. There is considerable loss of property within. In one respect the last shock has done good: it has thrown down many walls that were in a very dangerous condition. There is naturally a good deal of alarm in the town owing to the continuance of the disturbance. Some people are encamping on the hills, under the impression that they are safer. I do not find anything in the result of the shocks to justify this. All wooden buildings have hitherto been safe, and much of the damage to brick buildings is owing to the miserable manner in which they are built. Both lime and bond-timber have been far too scantily used.'

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the weather was extremely fine, but the shocks continued. They were not violent, lasting only a few seconds, and were rather heard than felt. On Monday they recurred every half hour. At two o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, 24th October, there was a shock which did some damage in Wellington, destroying the new plaster of Government House, which had stood the other shocks. A gentleman standing on a lawn felt himself 'jerked up.' This shock was followed by several others—short, but strong—till evening. After the first and severest, Dr Pendergast counted thirty shocks up to four o'clock; and from that time till eight o'clock the next (Wednesday) morning, 'there must have been,' says a statistical gentleman, who appears to have been kept awake by them, 'at least one hundred and fifty shocks.' In the morning a chasim was opened on some newly-dug ground four yards long.

Up to the middle of November the earthquake continued in slight but oft-repeated shocks. Taking the whole of them during the five weeks, only four occurred

of sufficient force and duration to do damage, though at times as many as fifteen were counted in an hour.

Among other curious occurrences to which the phenomenon gave rise, we may mention, as illustrative of the nature of the motion of some of the shocks, that in a storeroom at Aldorf's Wellington Tavern, a large number of stout short bottles of anchovies were ranged closely together on the floor, and occupying about a square yard. At about four feet distance, and south from them, was a cask of beer (twelve or eighteen gallons, I forget which) half full. This cask was jerked up, and deposited on the top of the anchovy-bottles, without knocking down or breaking one. The motion evidently moves along a line, and at the same time undulates so as to produce this upward motion. Any one who has been in the habit of swimming in the sea during a considerable swell, must have felt something of this: the wave comes on, and moves the swimmer's body forward, but not so much as it moves upwards when under the full influence of the wave.

These upheaving tendencies of the earthquake are corroborated by a curious note in the *New Zealand Spectator* of October 28, 1848:—'Owing to the confusion into which the types of this office were thrown by the earthquake of last Thursday, together with the subsequent excitement which prevailed, it was found impossible to publish the "*Spectator*," as usual, on Saturday last. By a great effort, however, we have succeeded in bringing out the present number at our usual time of publication.'

Some persons felt a kind of meeting of shocks proceeding from opposite directions, accompanied by a sort of grinding sound. During one of these, it is mentioned that some milk in pans acquired a circular motion so rapid, that it made itself into cream, which swam about in the centre.

Wellington was manifestly the centre to which this earthquake converged, standing as it does nearly in the middle of the country, at the southern extremity of the northernmost of the islands. Immediately across Cook's Straits at Cloudy Bay the catastrophe was so severely felt on Monday 16th and Tuesday 17th of October, that some whalers brought their families over to Wellington in an open boat, at considerable risk, during a strong south-east gale. Farther away, at Otago, near to Stewart's Island, and under the highest ridges in this varied territory, the earthquake was scarcely felt; and in proportion as the shocks reached towards North Cape, their intensity decreased. 'The action of the earthquake,' says the *Government Gazette*, 'appears to have extended from about the latitude of Banks's Peninsula to that of New Plymouth; its greatest force having been in Cook's Strait, and in a north-west and south-east direction from thence.'

The alarm occasioned by this phenomenon appears to have been trifling, after the first feelings of surprise and dread had subsided. A large vessel sailing at the very moment when the alarm was greatest for a port which is usually the resort of any who leave New Zealand, only about forty souls, including children, were willing to take advantage of the opportunity; and the vessel having got ashore in going away, the passengers re-landed, and returned to their homes. The governor, in his despatch of 31st October, declares that 'the danger of a voyage by sea is in fact greater than any that we have been subjected to; and probably every one who travels one hundred miles on a railway, incurs a greater risk than he would do by living a life in New Zealand.' Earthquakes, therefore, are nothing to people who are used to them.

Still, their effects are to be provided against, although such a notion as their acting as a deterrent to intending emigrants can never be seriously entertained. Subterraneous volcanic action being the normal state of the country, whatever is built upon it should be firmly planted. The description of building recommended by the governor, both as being better able to withstand

future shocks, and as more secure from fire, is a strong wooden frame upon a brick foundation, filled in with brick 'nogging' laid in mortar, and covered outside with laths and plaster, and board and plaster inside.

PURE AIR VERSUS CHOLERA.

THE following judicious and lucid observations on the value of pure air in regard to health, appear in a paper on the subject in a late number of the 'Times,' by Mr F. Spenser Wells:—'Just as certain proportions of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre must be combined to produce gunpowder—of coal, gas, and air, to form an explosive mixture—so the organic germs of some diseases fructify or germinate only when the air into which they are thrown contains other organic matters with which they can enter into combination. No two of the constituents of gunpowder will form an explosive compound, but directly the third is added, and the three are in proper proportion, the destructive agent is produced; so with gases. It is not until air contains 1-14th of its volume of coal gas that the mixture is inflammable. It explodes with extreme force when the proportions are 1 to 10, but as the proportion exceeds this, the explosive power again diminishes. Just so the gases evolved from bodies, whether healthy or diseased, become dangerous in proportion to their concentration or mixture with the impure matter in the air. The events which have lately agitated the public mind show the importance of these considerations. The victims of cholera are those who are confined in dirty, ill-ventilated dwellings, who are exposed to the concentrated emanations constituting both the above species of malaria—and who are not taught to dilute them by ventilation, but rather to concentrate them still further by excluding the "epidemic atmosphere," however impossible it may be to do so in houses not air-tight. When one of the upper classes falls, it is from a similar cause.

'The people of all classes in general do not know, or forget, or at any rate do not act upon the fact, that they are constantly throwing off poison from their lungs. They know that if charcoal be set on fire in a closed room, people confined in that room will be suffocated or poisoned by carbonic acid gas; but they appear not to know that this same gas is poured forth from their lungs continually, and in large quantities; and that if a room were perfectly air-tight, a person breathing in it would as certainly and inevitably poison himself with his own breath as if charcoal were burnt in the room. The only difference would be in point of time. Candles or lamps burning in a room poison the air just as a man or animal does by breathing, and one candle requires about as much pure air to burn as a man does to live. If a candle be placed in a closed vessel—under a common tumbler, for instance—it will soon poison the air in the glass, and go out. If a healthy person fill a lamp-glass with the same poison by breathing into it, and put this glass over a lighted candle, the candle goes out directly the gas in the glass surrounds the wick. If the air in a glass jar be poisoned by burning a candle in it, or by filling it with the breath from the human body, a bird or mouse placed in that jar almost immediately dies.

'So much for the effects of the poison when unmixed; but it is very seldom that man is exposed to the undiluted poison he himself forms. It is only in such cases as the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the City of Londonderry steamer, or accidents in mines, where people are confined in air-tight chambers, that the extremity of evil—*sudden death*—is produced. Our rooms, however badly constructed, are not absolutely air-tight; and the laws of nature in the diffusion of gases, and their varying consumption by animals and vegetables, secure safety and a degree of health when man's ignorance does not contribute to his own ruin.

'But though *sudden* or absolute poisoning is not often produced by want of air to dilute or remove the poisonous gas evolved in respiration, slow poisoning is so to a fearful extent. A healthy man requires four cubic feet per minute of pure air to insure the changes which should take place in his blood during respiration, and to remove and sufficiently dilute the poisonous gas he exhales. The poison of the breath issues warm from the body, and being warm, is specifically lighter than air, and rises just as a balloon filled with lighter gas does. It rises to the ceiling, but finds no way of escape, no opening higher than the fireplace; so that, unless a current of air pass through the open door, all the upper part of the room becomes filled with poisonous gas. Currents of pure air come in through crevices of door-

ways, carrying with them only a small portion of the impure air to the chimney, and the air above the level of the opening is very little affected. Just as a bottle of oil inverted in a stream of water remains full, because the oil is lighter than the water, so the part of the room above the level of the chimney-opening remains full of a poisonous gas, because it is lighter than the current of pure air which passes from the door to the fireplace. Now it is in this upper part of rooms that adults breathe; their heads are above the level of the pure air; they are breathing a varying amount of poison. If a bird be suspended in a cage from the top of a four-post bedstead in which two persons are sleeping, and the curtains are drawn rather closely together, the bird will certainly be found dead in the morning, poisoned by the breath of the sleepers, who, if they were at the same level with the bird, would just as certainly poison themselves! Small rooms are just as dangerous as a large curtained bedstead. How many families have seen their children healthy and ruddy, plump, rosy creatures, until growth carried their heads above the level of the pure air in the nursery! Then, at the age of nine or ten, one after the other has become pallid, sallow, and thin—true town exotics. This subject is so important, and so little understood by the public, that I may impress its importance on the public mind by a few examples.

'It is not very long since that a new house was erected under the direction of an eminent architect to accommodate the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park; and this dwelling was to resemble as nearly as possible an English gentleman's drawing-room. Two ordinary drawing-room gates were put in, with low chimney openings as close to the floor as possible, and the windows and other openings above were made perfectly close. Some warm air was also admitted through openings in the floor. All the openings for winter ventilation were made close to the floor, under the erroneous belief that the gas produced by the respiration of the animals would be heavier than the ether air of the room, and would fall and escape below. The architect forgot that it issued *warm*, and therefore *light*, from the animals, and that, when cold, it would become diffused and mixed with the other air. Sixty healthy monkeys, who had been several years in England, were put into this room. In one month fifty of them were dead, and the other ten dying! The animals were all poisoned by their own breath: they were living in an extinguisher! All the hot breath and impure exhalations of the monkeys were collected in the upper part of the room, could not escape, and poisoned them. As soon as some openings in the upper part of the room, which were intended only for summer ventilation—as if the monkeys could live without pure air in winter—were opened, the room became perfectly habitable, the ten sick monkeys recovered, and those since placed in it have remained perfectly healthy. It is curious that all the monkeys who died are said to have died with tubercles in the lungs—true consumption—the most prevalent disease of this climate, which is developed, I am persuaded, in numberless instances in our population in the same manner, but less suddenly than among these monkeys. Our schools and nurseries are not quite so close as this monkey-house, but there is no very great difference in many. The windows are not opened for fear of draughts of cold air; there is only one door, and that is seldom opened; and the chimney-opening is not more than three or four feet from the floor. Even that is often closed. The effects are bad enough in large rooms inhabited by few people, but when rooms are small or crowded, the magnitude of the evil can scarcely be appreciated. It has been ascertained that nearly 10,000 emigrants have lately been poisoned by their own breath in emigrant ships. They died from ship fever produced by want of ventilation.

'This is sufficient to show the universal deficiency of ventilation, and the evils produced by breathing air rendered impure by the breath of healthy persons. The effects are still more evident when these persons are diseased, especially with diseases which are propagated from one person to another. The breath then is not only a simple poison, but also contains the germs of a special disease—small-pox or typhus, for instance—and if these germs are collected in large quantities, and not carried off by a current of air, or diluted by mixture with pure air, they produce small-pox, typhus, or some other disease, according to the nature of the first person affected. When one such person is confined in a small room, or several in a large room, and perfect ventilation is not practised, the disease inevitably

spreads; but when a free supply of pure air dilutes the poisonous emanations, they are innocuous. Fever patients scattered about well-ventilated hospital wards do not cause the spread of fever; but crowd them together, or neglect ventilation, and they poison every one who approaches them who is not protected by a previous attack.

I think I have given, as far as moderate limits would permit, good reason for my assertion, that a large proportion of the illness of the inhabitants of this country, whether children or adults, rich or poor, arises from deficient supply of pure air to their dwellings, bedrooms, school-rooms, workshops, or places of public assembly; and that the same want not only predisposes them to the attacks of prevalent contagious diseases, but that such diseases can only be generally or largely developed when the miasmata containing their germs are considerably concentrated:—that dilution with pure air is the safeguard, ventilation is the remedy, which the people should be taught to adopt. It is better to avoid cholera by procuring pure air, than to attempt to cure it by prescriptions. If the room have a chimney, and the person can afford five shillings for one of Dr Arnott's ventilators, let one be put up. If this be too much to pay for an essential element of life and health, let a brick be knocked out of the chimney near the ceiling, nine inches from any woodwork, and a pennyworth of wire-gauze nailed over it with a piece of cloth or oiled silk attached inside to act as a valve. This will allow the impure warm air to pass into the chimney, and prevent any smoke from escaping into the room. There are now not many rooms without chimney openings, but there are some. In these some small holes may be bored in the top window sash, or a thin slit sawed in it a foot long and an eighth of an inch wide; or a piece of wire gauze or perforated zinc may be substituted for one of the upper panes of glass. If the door fit very tight, a piece should be sawed or planed from the bottom, so as to leave a crevice for the admission of pure air. Every inhabited room in Great Britain might be thus effectually ventilated in one week after the issue of a notification by the Board of Health; and no reasonable man can doubt that, if a proper system of ventilation were rendered imperative upon landlords, not only would the cholera and other epidemic diseases be checked, but the general standard of health would be raised, and the returns of the Registrar-General would speedily show less difference in the relative mortality of town and country, and a universal increase in the duration of human life. Not only the dwellings of the poorer classes, but almost all our public buildings, even our palaces and the mansions of the nobility in town and country, are so badly constructed, that the health of those who inhabit or frequent them is necessarily deteriorated, the spread of epidemic diseases is encouraged, and a large proportion of other fatal maladies may be fairly attributed to this faulty construction.

A NIGHT IN WEXFORD.

Of all rivers in Europe (and I have seen many),
None least is his chance of forgetting the *Slaney*.
Who knows, for his sins, how convenient for export
It runs alongside the old city of Wexford!
Now Wexford's a town, which, though given to riot,
Has of late years, we're told, been remarkably quiet;
But should Pat, even at times, still belabour his brother,
'Cross the street they have but to shake hands with each other:
So handily narrow's each sociable alley
Of this town, whose wide bridge bestride a whole valley.

Now, let any mortal who ever his eyes has
Chanced to open in Wexford in time of the Assizes
(With a fair in the bargain, the better to cram
Streets expressly constructed to favour a jam),
Just imagine a poor hungry traveller arriving
On the top of the mall, after twelve hours' long driving
(Past seven by his watch, by his stomach much later),
And, to back the 'All full' of the jackanapes waiter,
Seeing, up at *White's* windows, while threading the lane,
One lawyer at least looking out at each pane!

'Whither next?' cries the stranger's disconsolate voice—
Why, Wexford, like Hobson, has only one choice:
And half its inhabitants marshal his way
To Sutherland's elegant inn on the Quay.
'Beggars should not be choosers'—and 'What must be, must,'
So the horror-struck traveller gulps his disgust;
Is wished joy of his luck in just catching, to sleep in,
A hole which for Councillor Casey was keeping;

* The only tolerable hotel in the town, occupied by the judges and circuit.

And assured that not long he'll with hunger be pining,
Thirty councillors more being then up stairs dining!
Thus far well: and so happily altered are matters,
By the sharp crack of corks and sweet clatter of platters,
That the bar, whom so late to Old Nick he was wending,
Are now hailed as good angels, their blessed aid lending,
As dish upon dish, to the other succeeding,
Proves that here (as elsewhere) lawyers understand feeding.
'Hold—hold!' cries the traveller at length; 'In compassion,
Don't cram me alive in this true Turkey fashion!
Take those six joints away—keep the cover the lamb on,
And I'll dine like a prince upon that and the salmon.'
These washed down with Guinness and genuine potheen,
What a new mellow light is shed over the scene!
At the window, when seated, he gazed with delight
On the beautiful river (as truly he might);
While faintly whispering, the sun's latest beam
Died away on the breast of the full flowing stream,
Whose soft dashing murmur he hoped would compose
Every travel-strained muscle to welcome repose.

'Who would smother and smelter this midsummer night
In yon hot town hotel, even though kept by a White,'
Cried the stranger, 'when thus I can sit at mine ease,
My glowing cheek fanned by the cooling sea breeze,
Borne across yon wide waters, that stretch to the main,
And waft back its dish and its freshness again?'
But hark! not the far-away wave of the west
Sighs so loudly, I'm sure, o'er the river's calm breast;
No! hoarser and deeper the sound as it nears,
And lo! on its bosom a steamer appears!
Like a creature of life, to the quay see her glide,
Then drop, like a bird, at her mate's well-known side.
'You my word!' cries the stranger; 'a beautiful sight,
How lucky she did not come in till to-night!'
(Though not such the opinion of crew or of minister,
Caught at sea in a gale, and scarce scaped from disaster,
And now doomed to make up, by a whole night of toiling,
The lee-way they lost by their kettle's slow boiling.)
All was stillness at length on the river and quay,
And the traveller gazed on the bridge as it lay
In its length and its beauty across the calm flood,
And thought on the days when that river ran blood;
When that bridge was the arena, where brother and brother,
In fierce civil conflict, had slaughtered each other;
And asked, 'Could it be that the pale, silent stars,
That now looked down so calmly, had witnessed those wars?
Or the waters where slept now their placid reflection,
Been stained by the carnage of wild insurrection?'
Lulled and soothed by the scene to a mood most quiescent,
The traveller climbed the steep stairs' rugged ascent,
And in hopes of soft rest (disregarding even *flaccid*),
Sunk down—blest his good-luck, and Councillor Casey!

Scarce an hour had he slumbered in feverish dose,
When a din from the river invaded his repose:
He looks out, and perceives in the steamer a light,
And pities its weary crew, toiling all night;
Then thinks of the peace he'll enjoy on his pillow,
When they—wretched mortals!—are breasting the billow.
Waked he fears he must be with the terrible clangor,
When the moment arrives for the boat to weigh anchor;
But that past—hopes to sleep unmolested, I dare say,
Till the swift-sailing packet has crossed to the Mursey.
He forgets that to get there she must be so cruel
As all the night long to be laying in fuel;
And groans with dismay, as with dull heavy roll,
Down, down, still go tumbling the buckets of coal!
Till the wagons wheel off, and the light's out at last,
And he thinks—easy man!—all his troubles are past.
Van hope! soon thou wakes, in the yard just below, a
Commotion like that in the days of old Noah,
When he (though methinks 'twas not done in the dark)
With lots of live lumber was stocking the Ark.
The stranger looked forth, and 'mid rain that resembled
The Deluge when Noah his live-stock assembled,
Fees with dread and dismay that beneath him the stable-
Yard tubes with confusion far greater than Babel,
Slow stalk through the twilight, all worn and footsore, a
Great lot of long-horned gawky oxen from 'Gorey';
For their native town's honour (like true Irish cattle),
Provoking some cows from famed Kerry to battle;
While, like a fat constable, keeping the pound,
A huge Irish bull gives them all a punch round!
With the howling and bellowing hereon attending,
Imagine the storm o'er the scenes impending;
When, by files and detachments, let in to the meeting,
Ten score of strange pigs interchanged their first greeting,
While sheep swell the chorus with pitiful bleating!
Whose trouble is piped by disconsolate lambs,
And the tenor by calves newly reft of their dams!
Can the traveller doubt that still worse is coming—
That the tempest, in fact, is as yet only brewing—
That harmonious the sounds are his organs assailing
To those which await on the period of sailing?

Day dawned, and the stranger, considering to ask
All hope of a night's rest, got up in despair;

And revolved, while in Erin, to act as her son,
Gave up with a good grace his comfort for—*fun!*
And fun sure it was to the gravest of mortals,
To see, as the yard for each pig o'p'd its portals,
One Fat, unnumbered as wild Indian hunter,
Seize up by the hind legs an obstinate grunter!
While two by the ears were as cleverly clinging,
When Piggy, incensed, out his legs would be flinging,
And laying the hero that stuck by his fud,
To his own vast amusement, flat down in the mud;
Till, o'ermastered, at length, amid squeaking untold,
One by one the ten score were safe stowed in the hold!
While the pigs were 'cooering,' 'twas fun to observe
How the cows stole a march from their due course to swerve,
And kept in full chase, up each lane and each lury,
Whole squadrons of Wexford's long barefooted ginty!
The poor sheep and lambs (reckoned silly at best)
Had not sense their tortments to spite and molest,
Nor cunning enough to give Paddy the slip,
Only, huddling together, made straight from the ship,
Till one by one caught round the fat woolly waist,
On the deck, side by side, they were finally placed—
Which, while horns, hoofs, and snouts thus its precincts
enrich,

Looked like Smithfield itself set afloat on Fleet Ditch!

But my story grows longer than *stewie* should be,
So one wish for the *bipeds*, who thus put to sea!
One hint to the traveller through Ireland progressing,
The Assizes to shun, as he values his blessing!
And whenever for his sins he may lodge on a quay,
To be sure that no *steam-packet* sails before day! *

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

The daily press complains of the loquacity of parliament as a serious impediment to business. The steady remedy is, 'cease to report the nonsense that is spoken, and the members will talk less.' The 'Spectator,' remarking on the threat of the 'Times,' says, 'Honourable members often speak less to be heard than to be reported, and by subscribing to those talkers against printed space, the daily journals encourage idle loquacity, until their own columns are surcharged with a burthen of tediousness that disgusts all readers. A concentrated style of reporting, apportioned to ideas rather than words, would please readers, would cause the speeches of members to be in truth more read, and would tend to chasten the flow of eloquence.' The hint is equally applicable to the provincial press in its treatment of local orators. The practice of reporting everything that is said, by fools as well as Solons, may be described as 'reporting run mad.' The highest style of reporting is that which gives in the briefest possible space the substance of all things spoken and done. Column after column of 'full reports' form literally a mass of rubbish, gratifying to nobody but him whose vanity it flatters. The exceptions to this rule are but few.—*Sheffield Times*.

[We see it mentioned that the cost of parliamentary reporting for the 'Daily News' is from £60 to £100 per week; of course the cost to the 'Times' and other morning papers must be equally great. Our belief is, that condensed speeches, embracing only the pith of what is said, would be greatly preferred by the public.]

TRANSFORMATIONS OF MATTER.

A bountiful Providence has thus provided the means of maintaining a proper equilibrium between the different kingdoms of nature; for even those decaying substances which are not immediately returned to the soil, but suffered to waste, are all again reanimated, only after a longer interval. It may be that the guano, which now, at much expense, we bring in vessels from the coasts of America, is partly the component matter of former generations, which have occupied this island, to which it is now returned; dead materials, which, discharged by drainage, or washed by showers into the sea, have there become converted into marine vegetation, upon which have fed the animals which have formed the prey of sea-birds, which produce guano. And this guano next assumes the shape of corn, and again is animated in the bodies of those by whom the corn is eaten. So, again, ammonia, rising into the air from organized substances decomposing on the surface of the earth, is washed down by rain, and converted by plants into nutritious vegetable principles. The carbonic acid discharged into the air by animal respiration is the product of a constant decay of the living body; vegetation removes this from the air as it is formed,

and again fixes the carbon in a solid form. Combustion is merely a more rapid decay favoured by an elevated temperature, and that of ordinary fuel is merely the conversion of solid carbon into gaseous carbonic acid. The coal which we burn on our hearths becomes converted into this gas. At some bygone period it had before been mingled with the air, in the same gaseous state; then become fixed by vegetation; then fossilised as coal, in which form it has awaited the time when it should be excavated by the busy hand of man, once more to float through the atmosphere as an invisible vapour, and again to go through the whole series of changes to which it has been before subjected. When we consider all these things, we cannot but perceive that the whole economy of nature consists in one great series constantly recurring in regular and appointed order, and that the labours of man, in the practice of this art of agriculture, have for their object chiefly to favour and expedite some of the changes in this great series, producing results, small, indeed, considered in relation to the large operations of nature throughout our globe, but, for his own race, capable of effecting the most beneficial consequences. And we cannot but admire the sagacity and perseverance with which the human mind, in its loftier developments, is endowed, enabling it thus successfully to investigate the laws of nature's workings, and to apply the results of these discoveries to purposes of the highest practical utility.—*British Quarterly Review*.

A WOMAN'S OPINIONS OF HUSBANDS.

As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in strength which enables them to go through labours and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt; and that, by education, they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate discernment, in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors in making the husband 'endow with all his worldly goods' the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet pea on the sticks to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the language of the poets, 'married to the elm.' But if you could conceive a hop-pole, or a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that those plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them that this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for the flowers or fruit—and that the stakes are placed there merely for their sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants they support. Now just such is the office of the husband; and this state of things is what people approach to more in proportion as they advance in civilisation. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge; in barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilised they are left free, and have more control; and in dear England, the glory of all nations, they have a higher place, proverbially, than anywhere else.—*A Matron's Advice to a Young Married Lady*.

TEMPERANCE LAW AT WISCONSIN.

A remarkably stringent bill in relation to the sale of intoxicating drinks has recently passed the legislature of Wisconsin. It requires all persons who would vend or retail 'spirituous liquors' to give bond to the town authorities, with three sureties in 1000 dollars, 'conditioned to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such traffic; to support all paupers, widows, and orphans; pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions made by, growing out of, or justly attributable to, such traffic; and it is made the duty of the officer holding the bond to deliver it to 'any person who may claim to be injured by such traffic.' The bill passed the senate by a vote of ten to three, and the assembly by twenty-nine to twenty-one. We believe no other legislative body in the United States has taken so decided a stand on the subject of spirituous liquors as Wisconsin.—*New York Courier*.

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CONTENT.

THE saying of Mirabeau that 'words are things,' announced one of those discoveries of our fathers which the present age of appliance is busily employed in working out. In this spirit of the day, we showed some time ago, in a discourse on Spring, how words representing even material phenomena may be transferred from country to country, from language to language, till they entirely lose their adaptation, and yet retain their original meaning.* Thus the spring of the English is still with sentimentalists the really vernal season of the southern nations; and in spite of the evidence of the senses, our bare trees, desert gardens, and muddy fields, when their beautiful mantle of snow is hardly replaced by a blade of vegetation,

* Live in description, and look green in song.

If we suffer ourselves to be thus cheated by a word standing for a portion of the calendar, and open to anybody's verification, we are of course much more likely to be deceived in the estimate of those which indicate particular states of mind; and, as an instance of this delusion, we would now invoke the docile reader's attention to the word Content.

This is a word supposed to indicate a very enviable state of mind, implying the union of virtue and wisdom in the individual. It is used in this sense by all poets, and not a few philosophers; though it occurs only once in the Bible, and that with a different meaning, to which we shall presently allude.† A state of content, according to the popular idea, is not a state of happiness, for that in the present world is not only evanescent, but, in order to be sensibly felt, it must be intermingled with contrasts. It is less than bliss, and yet greater. It does not desire the excitement of joy: it will not take the trouble to be happy. It has no want, and therefore no wish, but is abundantly satisfied with itself. It is the Nirwana of the Brahmins, without its unconsciousness; but its whole consciousness is that of having nothing to regret, and nothing to sigh for. A contented man, therefore, is at least passively virtuous. He has nothing to grasp at, and therefore no temptation to transgress, but concentrating his self-satisfaction around him like a cloak, he defies the storm, without enjoying the sunshine.

If this is content in individuals, let us inquire what its effect would be upon the character of societies. Would not a savage people, satisfied with their savagery, remain for ever the *fera natura* of the human kind? Would they build themselves houses if they were con-

tented with huts? Would they trouble themselves even with huts, if a piece of bark stripped from a tree (as in Australia) afforded them what they considered adequate shelter? But this, it may be said, is beginning too early; for content cannot come into play till all discomfort ends. But comfort and discomfort are merely relative terms. What is the one in one state of society, and in one age, is the other in another; and until we can ascertain the exact point of civilisation we are destined by Providence to reach, it is in vain to look for public content. Societies, being merely aggregations of individuals, what is true of the nature of the former, must be true of the nature of the latter. There is a principle of movement in the human species which distinguishes it from the lower animal kingdom, and the termination of which is lost in the future. This principle is still more energetic in the most refined and accomplished individual of the present day than in the savage; a fact which proves that the farthest advance we have as yet made is only a stage on the way. In natural history, a correct description of the habits of an animal never becomes obsolete, whereas with human beings a few years frequently suffice to change the whole character and status. If our Saxon ancestors could revisit the earth, they would recognise no resemblance between themselves and their descendants whirling along from one end of the country to another on iron roads, and by the agency of fire. But the difference here is not greater than, judging by analogy, it will be, after a similar lapse of time, between us and our posterity; on the contrary, it is probably less great; for the principle to which it owes its existence has increased, as we have said, in energy, and may therefore be expected to produce still more remarkable results in the coming time.

This extensive way of viewing content may be said to be wrong. We may be told that by content we are merely to understand that equanimity of mind which is untroubled by unreasonable desires. But the feeling has existed in all states of society as well as the present; and at present it exists still more obviously in the lower than in the higher conditions, whether social or intellectual—more obviously in the lazzaroni of Naples than in the literati of London. Mankind have never moved in one consensaneous body. The mass has risen, not by a general inherent power, but by the leaven it contains of aspiring and energetic minds. Content is simply satisfaction with existing circumstances—a disinclination to change of any kind; and it is no more worthy of respect, we venture to say, in one class of circumstances than in another. Is it necessary to show that in this general and correct sense it is really a very bad thing? In one part of the British Islands we find large masses of the people contented to live in turf hovels, and to pursue the merest animal existence. Is it that

* Delusions and Illusions, Journal, No. 180.

† A single other instance is given in 'Hannay's Concordance'; but when Job says to his comforters, 'Be ye therefore content,' he means merely, 'Be quiet,' or 'Have done.'

we call virtuous? Is it that we call philosophical? In all our large cities are observed hordes of beings contented to live the lives of beggars, to walk about the streets in rage, and, satisfied in their idleness, to prey on their more industrious neighbours. Is that a thing to be commended by the poets? Certainly not: yet, if words have a meaning, these are mere varieties of the same quality of content which is the subject of so much laudation. We have had too much preaching about the virtue of content; for indeed mankind need no persuasive to indifference. The very opposite quality we uphold to be the true inspirer of virtue. Everything great, wise, lovely, or of good report, has originated in dissatisfaction with things as they are. Discontent has been the parent of civilisation, and is at this moment impelling society onward to its highest achievements. It could be wished that preachers and essayists would qualify their praise of content by a consideration of the evils which spring from it when unaccompanied with *Effort*!

But while we do not care to conceal our dissatisfaction with content in the ordinary sense of the word, let it not be understood that we advocate disquietude, or hold in any degree of tolerance a repining spirit. When a poor man implores a blessing upon his humble meal, and thanks God for the mercy, this by no means implies that he is content with the fare, or that he is not making the most strenuous efforts to obtain something better. He has no abstract *right*, however, to anything better. What he enjoys is in itself a boon and a blessing; and even the gratitude he feels and expresses excites him to new efforts. When Robinson Crusoe amused himself with his man Friday and his domestic pets, and thanked God for the comforts and indulgences he enjoyed, he was all the while employed anxiously in building a vessel, that he might escape from his solitary kingdom. The two occupations and two feelings were not inconsistent; but, on the contrary, intimately and necessarily associated. The bounties bestowed upon him in his forlorn and awful condition not only excited a feeling of religious gratitude, but, by the confidence they inspired in a guardian Providence, gave nerve to his arm and courage to his heart.

The word content, we have observed, occurs only once in Scripture; and there its use by the illustrious apostle, in his address to the Hebrews, exemplifies in a remarkable manner the meaning we desire to convey. While exhorting his brethren to be content with 'such things as they had,' he counsels no idle self-satisfaction, no folding of the hands, no standing still; but, on the contrary, urges them in the onward path of social and religious effort. Progress, indeed, is the grand principle, philosophically speaking, which distinguishes Christianity from other religions. Under other forms of faith there have no doubt been great and lofty spirits, which soared above the destinies of their age, and left monuments of their genius for the admiration of a remote posterity; but the new Message called in to the feast the lame and the blind, the lowest as well as the highest of society, and thus commenced what was more than chronologically a new era for mankind.

We are ourselves selfishly interested in demolishing the content of the poets and sentimentalists, since we have always advocated submission and thankfulness simultaneously with energy and movement. But we go farther, and assert that the two are not merely reconcilable with, but necessary to each other. The surly repining which it is the fashion of the day to consider as a requisite ingredient in progress, or rather as the spring

from which progress should take its rise, is an obstacle to every movement but that which is downwards. Grumbling is neither wholesome movement nor its precursor; for the very act of grumbling absorbs the energies which are requisite to carry a man beyond the condition of which he complains. There is nothing so easy as grumbling, and nothing more indicative of a dull and barren spirit. It is still worse than content; for while it prevents advancement, it neutralises even the tame enjoyment of immobility. Show us a town where the people are habitual grumblers, and have the ingenuity to pick a flaw in everything that is attempted to be done in the way of public improvement, and we will undertake to show you a crowd of do-nothings; so invariably is it the case that the growling faultfinder is practically a sluggard—a personage who, reposing in self-sufficient indolence, can put all the world right in theory, without having the sense to manage his own affairs.

If we descend from generals to particulars, from societies to individuals, we find illustrations of this doctrine in the scenes of everyday life. Let us suppose a hard-wrought artificer returning after a day's toil to his cheerless room, where he looks with disgust upon his coarse meal, and with a sombre sternness into the faces of his wife and children, in which he sees only the reflection of the gloom that overshadows his own. For this man there is no hope; for his mind is occupied in brooding over his condition, and has none of its energies to spare for plans of advancement. He is neither building his Crusoe vessel nor enjoying the society of his household pets; he sees no hopeful sail in the distance of ocean;

* And the rough billows wash away
The few strange footsteps on the shore!

Let us now suppose the same individual returning to the same desolate scene, but which is lighted up by his presence as with a gleam of sunshine, for a happily-constituted mind illumines all within its sphere. His wife is poorly dressed; but what then?—cotton is as good a conductor of sympathy as satin. He sees in the rise of his growing children from their too scanty garments only matter for hope, and smiles as he thinks that there is progress in all things. His meal would be far from tempting to a dainty appetite; but he knows that there are some to whom it would be luxury, just as there are others whose fare would be luxury to him, and so he blesses God for His bounty. The room is small, but it holds goodly company; for that familiar book, or sheet, brings him into association with other minds, and sets flowing the thoughts of his own. He is cheerful, happy—but not contented! Oh no! There are better rooms, richer meals, more tasteful clothing, and a wider circle of intellectual association: to be had in the world; and he knows that all these have been obtained by thousands around him who had no more vantage ground to start from than himself. He laughs at the idea of being contented as he is; but it is a proud and a merry, not a bitter laugh; and the thought thus conjured up acts as the leaven of his character, and helps to bring about what it foretells.

The author of the book, the dreamer of the floating sheet, obscure in himself, yet perhaps the conductor, if not the producer of that electric thought, is in precisely the same position as the mind he has thus assisted to illumine. One study brings on another, one step leads to a higher, till he is cut off from the living in the very middle of his career. And is there, then, no content? May we never hope to be at rest? He could tell if he

were permitted to return! In this life all is movement, but in the next we reach the goal of knowledge; and there Content—no longer an obstacle to progress, no longer an antagonism struggling against the higher destiny of man—changes its nature, and becomes universal and immortal. L. R.

SQUATTERS AND GOLD-DIGGERS.

AN EMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCES.*

ON one of the days immediately following the Revolution of February 1848, I took breakfast for the last time at the Café de Paris, and in the evening found myself at Havre, where I had engaged my passage in the *Queen Victoria* for New Orleans. I went on board, and ere long, France presented itself to my eyes but as a blue cloud mingled with the haze on the distant horizon.

The impression of sad thoughts still remained, when, after a voyage of thirty-five days, we approached the mouth of the Mississippi. I then began to ask myself what resources I had brought to the country of my adoption. In the days of my prosperity, to benefit a friend, I had bought 500 acres of uncleared land in the state of Virginia; and now the clearing of this territory, with a quarter's income, 6000 francs, were the only resources left me by the Revolution.

On purchasing the land, proper attention had been paid to the necessary legal formalities to secure undisputed possession: it was situated on an affluent of the Ohio, up which river, according to the itinerary traced out for me, I was to proceed by steamboat as far as the village of Guyandot. After landing at New Orleans, I started on this second voyage by one of the 500 huge steamers which plough the Mississippi and western rivers. Among the passengers was one who seemed to share my disposition for nocturnal reveries: he never left the deck. After a time, I questioned him: he proved to be a fellow-countryman, who, like myself, had left France on account of the Revolution. We gave confidence for confidence, and he commended my expatriation as the only wise course. For his part he had been a literary aspirant, and landed in New Orleans with thirty francs and a romance in manuscript. He succeeded in disposing of the latter to a publisher, and with part of the proceeds bought ten acres of land somewhere in the interior; and having provided himself with an axe and a rifle, took a deck passage on board our vessel. I could not help admiring the philosophy with which he contemplated his prospects. His whole capital was twenty-five dollars. 'With five of these,' he said, 'I can buy enough of potatoes and salt beef to last me a year; and I shall be very unfortunate indeed if this sailor's fare cannot be mended from time to time with a quarter of a deer. I shall then have twenty dollars; half of them will go for a log-house, and the rest will suffice for seed for the land to be cleared by my axe. One grain of Indian corn will produce an ear; and with the produce of one acre I will buy ten others, and so continue adding to the extent of my possessions, until my pride of own rashly being satisfied, it shall please me to lay down my axe and say—It is enough.' In this country such projects are not dreams.

A few hours elapsed, when the steamer slackened its speed: my companion was about to bid adieu for a long time to civilised life. The situation was one of the wildest on the banks of the Ohio. A solitary house, half hidden by trees, stood on the shore; a skiff put off rowed by a fisherman; the scanty baggage was dropped into it, and followed by my adventurous friend. We again went on, but I had time to see the new emigrant step on shore, pass his arms into the straps of his knapsack, and then, with axe and rifle on shoulder, disappear behind a screen of gigantic trees.

The next day we reached Guyandot, and it was then my turn to leave the steamer; and the recollection of

the indifference with which my compatriot had plunged into the forest the day before, relieved me of certain anxious forebodings as to the fatigues and dangers of an emigrant's life; and I walked at once to the inn to make inquiries. Half-a-dozen huge men were drinking in the bar-room; and though myself not of the shortest, I felt humiliated in comparing my stature with theirs. They paid no attention to my entrance, but shortly afterwards, while I was endeavouring, in imperfect English, to extract information from the landlord, they became silent and listened. The innkeeper seemed embarrassed, and hesitated to explain. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, which almost threw me off my balance; and I fancied some aggression on the part of one of the giants; but a smile almost of benevolence on the Virginian's large features reassured me.

'I can tell the gentleman,' he said, turning to the landlord; 'the name of the section he asks for is Redmaple.'

'Ah!' answered the host, apparently astonished.

'Are you certain of what you say?' I demanded in turn.

'To be sure,' replied the Virginian with an ironical air; and on my expression of desire for speedy possession, he continued, 'Don't be impatient; you'll get there soon enough;' and then, without noticing me further, he swallowed a glass of whisky.

Presently another stranger entered the room: he was tall and strong as the others, and wore a hunting-suit, with thick leathern gaiters; one hand held a whip, the other a rifle. He called for a glass of spirits, and demanded the news from Cincinnati. The man who had accosted me replied to the inquiry; and then pointing me out, said, 'That's the owner of Redmaple.'

The new-comer shivered with excitement. 'Ah,' he growled, measuring me with an eye of concentrated spite, and stretching out his brawny arms, 'the white and weak hands of gentlemen make but poor work with the axe and rifle. Take my advice, and go back where you came from—New York, I guess?'

'And why, if you please?' I asked.

'For reasons which it is useless to tell,' was the answer; and with American urbanity my interlocutor began to whistle *Yankee-doodle*.

I was annoyed and embarrassed at this conversation: what could it mean? Just then a youth came to the door and cried, 'Township, somebody wants you.' This was the name of my incomprehensible adviser, who rose and went out. I again applied to the landlord, but with no better success than before, except being informed that my section lay some seventy miles from Guyandot, and could be reached in a two-days' journey. I went out in search of a horse, when the youth before-mentioned came up and said, 'If you want to go to Redmaple, I can get you a boat to go up the Guyandot, or a horse to go by land.'

'And who told you that I wish to go to Redmaple?'

'Township.'

I chose the horse; and before daybreak the next morning we were on the route which skirted the course of the river. As we went deeper into the forest, traces of cultivation became more and more rare, and the rude track presented a constantly-varying succession of difficulties. The sun was sinking as we came near to a farm, and we were about to diverge towards it, when the noise of a horse's gallop rang through the wood. I turned my head, and recognised Township. He gave me a menacing look while he reined up his horse, and spoke a few words in an undertone to my guide; after which he rode on as fast as before. I endeavoured to find out the cause of this demeanour by questioning the youth, but received none but vague replies. We passed the night at the farm; and on the following day, after a ride of some hours, came to the top of a range of hills, where my guide stopped abruptly.

'You see,' he said, 'that brook running past at your feet—that blue hill yonder in front—that big pond at your right—and that line of trees on your left—'

* Freely translated and adapted from the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'

'Well?'

'Well!' he rejoined, 'you see Redmapple: those trees, these hills, that pond, are the bounds of your location.'

I was in raptures at the sight of so magnificent an estate. James—that was the youth's name—smiled ironically, and to my surprise urged me to retrace my steps. Again I was puzzled; and all the explanation I could obtain led me to expect that my claim to possession would be disputed. 'At all events,' said the astute urchin, on taking his departure, 'if the squatter asks to see your title, say you left it at the attorney's: that will be the safest:' and setting spurs to his horse, he was soon out of sight.

Left alone, I deliberated: then taking out my telescope, I leant against the stem of an oak, and surveyed my domain. The valley of Redmapple, lighted by the setting sun, lay before me in all its splendour: everything was in harmony, and it might have been taken for a vision of Eden. A distant column of light smoke revealed the site of Township's habitation; and turning my telescope in that direction, I saw two sturdy boys wrestling among the fallen logs scattered over a portion of prairie ground; while beyond them a young and graceful girl was slowly walking near a clump of tulip-trees, and gathering wild flowers, which she interwove with her hair. The sun went down as I gazed, and speedily the brightness of the scene was veiled in one uniform tint: the time to act had come; so, commending my cause to Providence, I hastened down the slope to a gloomy avenue leading through the wood. My rifle was in excellent order, and I advanced with the caution of a suspicious poacher rather than as proprietor of the soil. I took every stump that rose in the gloom for the squatter: at last I could mistake no longer; he stood leaning on his rifle at the entrance of an opening in the forest. I was about thirty paces off when he motioned me to halt, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder—'I have been waiting for you: what do you want with me?'

'If you have been waiting for me,' I answered, 'you know who I am, and what I want. I am told that you have settled yourself in this land, which belongs to me, and call upon you in the name of the law to give me free possession;' and forgetting my guide's advice, I drew from my pocket the papers which certified my exclusive title.

'Redmapple shall have but one owner as long as I live,' replied Township. 'I could have killed you like a deer at any moment during the last hour; but I wish to avoid bloodshed between us. Go back: there is yet time; my right is that of first occupant, and your title is nothing in my eyes.'

Either to frighten me, or with a real intention to fire, the squatter raised his rifle, and aimed. I stood motionless.

'The nearest sheriff,' he continued, 'is seventy miles away; the report of my rifle will never reach his ears; your corpse will have been devoured by the birds, and your papers blown away like dead leaves, before any one thinks of inquiring about you. One, two!—'

I heard the click of the lock, but some irresistible force impelled me onwards; and with my rifle resting peacefully on my shoulder, I approached my opponent, preferring any danger to a retreat.

'Three!' cried Township. It is not easy to describe what followed. Scarcely had he pronounced the word, than a man rushed from a neighbouring thicket, and seizing me with vigorous arms, snatched my papers. It was one of the squatter's sons. Then there was a flash, a loud report, and a ball whistled between our two heads, brought near together in the heat of the struggle. We both fell, each thinking that the other was wounded. Township uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards us, his look of terror disappearing as he saw that his son was safe. On my part I rose furious with rage, and reproached him loudly for his cowardice.

'Cowardice!' he retorted with a savage laugh. Then reloading his weapon, he returned to me my rifle and

papers, declaring that he scorned to take advantage of me, but that we must fight for possession of the valley; and the only way to settle the question would be rifle to rifle, showing no quarter.

The quarrel was about to recommence, when we were interrupted by the arrival of the two boys whom I had seen wrestling. They looked at me with pity, as a doomed man; and one of them proposed deferring the execution to the next day, as the increasing darkness made it difficult to distinguish objects.

The proposition was acceded to, and I was invited to pass the night in the squatter's hut. But the eldest son—he who had seized my papers—replied that I preferred to camp under a tree, and in a whisper bade me await his return. At the end of an hour he reappeared with a lantern and basket of provisions; and while I did honour to the corn-cakes, salt beef, and beer, he informed me, under some excitement, that a farmer, one of their neighbours, had just been telling them of a distant country where gold was as plenty as stones. Whole caravans of emigrants were on their way thither, and my terrible enemy Township was now reading the accounts in the papers. I paid but little attention; and having made up a bed of dry moss, stretched myself upon it, while my companion, who intended to keep watch, recommended me to go to sleep. This apparent sympathy was singular; but to avoid useless discussion, I feigned obedience: but sleep was far from visiting my eyes. The thought that this might be my last night of life tortured me. At last a sort of torpor stole over me, from which I was roused by the sound of voices. I started up, and saw a fair and slender form disappearing among the trees. 'Tis only my sister,' said the young man, 'pretending she wanted to speak to me, when it was only curiosity. And, to say truth, she looked at you by lantern light, and thinks you are over-youth to die.'

Day had scarcely broke, when we saw Township, accompanied by a stranger and his two sons, coming towards us. The unknown held out his hand to me, observing that he was acquainted with the whole affair, and that all might be easily arranged on certain conditions. Redmapple would be given up to me if I consented to retract a certain offensive expression which had escaped me the night before, and to pay for the log-house and the labour bestowed on the land. So unexpected a change of circumstances seemed to me like escaping from a troubled dream. I closed with the terms, and followed the party to the dwelling, where the mystery was explained by the squatter's pointing to his wagons in course of loading, and lying open on the table, 'Manual for Emigrants to California.' Prompted by the love of adventure natural to his class, he was ready to go forth and encounter new fatigues, being further stimulated by an access of what the Americans call 'the metallic yellow fever.'

Judging from appearances, Township's wife and daughter regarded this sudden removal with secret misgivings: they sat apart in melancholy reverie, forming a pleasing group amid their rude companions, who were impatient to depart. A few hours later, I was alone in the house so late the scene of activity. Now that I was in possession, I felt indifferent; and I hardly liked to confess that my thoughts had taken a turn. At the moment of departure the young girl had spoken a few words of farewell, which lingered painfully in my heart; and as the wagon on which she was seated moved away, she had plucked a branch of maple flowers, one of which fell from her hand to the ground. Was this an adieu—a souvenir? This, and other thoughts, agitated me as I walked restlessly hither and thither for the remainder of the day. Night came; I shut myself up in the hut. The newspapers that had turned Township's brain, and doubtless saved my life, were yet lying on the table; I devoured the contents, but they failed to divert my thoughts. Thus several days passed, and the solitude at last became insupportable. I remembered that Township's neighbour had invited me to

see him, and offered, in case of my having to leave Redmaple at any time, to protect it against a new usurper. His farm was some miles distant from mine: I started at once, but could not help looking back sadly at my solitary habitation, as though bidding it a final adieu.

A few days' residence with my new friend gave a new direction to my thoughts: why should I not see a little of adventure before giving down quietly to my new vocation? Two resources were open before me: one, to hire men, and proceed immediately to clear and cultivate my land; the other, to follow the squatter to California. In either case a journey to Guyandot would be necessary, for there only could labour be hired or information obtained of the gold country. I took leave of my host, and travelled to the little town where I had not long before disembarked, and where I soon found that hiring labour was out of the question. The rudest labourer, allured by the flaming handbills, 'CALIFORNIA AND GOLD-FINDERS,' posted everywhere, preferred the prospect of distant gain to offers of employment at home. I was walking about, listening to the various groups, when the touch of a hand brought me to a halt. My countryman, with whom I had parted on the steamer, saluted me; and without waiting to be questioned, 'I have had nothing but ill-luck in this miserable country,' he said. 'Instead of ten acres of good land, it soon appeared that I had only bought a splendid turf-bog on the banks of the Ohio, and shut in by an impenetrable forest. I declined pitching my tent in so dull a place; and since the Pactolus flows decidedly in California, it is there that I mean to try my fortune once more with the remains of my modest savings.'

My resolution was taken: we went on board a steamboat, and in a few days were in St Louis, the starting-point for the El Dorado. Here a multitudinous caravan of emigrants were making their preparations. My companion went to work with spirit, and soon we were in possession of a covered wagon, two mules, two horses, salted meats, bear-skins and coverlets, and an intelligent and trustworthy servant. While waiting the departure, I searched diligently for the squatter and his family. But no one had seen them; all I could learn was, that two or three wagons had started as pioneers towards Santa Fé about three days previously. The thought that Township's daring might have led him to undertake this dangerous service made me the more impatient to follow.

At length our turn came; and the long file of wagons, animals, men, women, and children, moved slowly out of St Louis, a scene of picturesque confusion. When we halted for the night, the horizon was bounded on every side by the broad undulations of the prairies. Difficulties and dangers were to be encountered: rivers forded, gullies to be passed, and arid wastes of sand to be traversed. In due time we reached the country of the Camanches Indians, when the precautions taken for security on camping at night were redoubled. Among the scouts was a Canadian, who went by the name of Everquiet: he was a fine specimen of his class, and had passed his life in going and returning between Santa Fé and St Louis. I made his acquaintance, and one morning, riding by his side, heard him remark on the appearance of wheel-tracks in the ground before us, and he feared for the safety of the travellers. I at once concluded that the adventurous party must be that of Township; and a day or two afterwards, my convictions were confirmed. Rain had fallen; and Everquiet pointed out to me, on a deserted camping ground, the impressions of feet, among which were some that could only have been made by a young girl. The number of the party was made out exactly; and day after day the scout informed me of their proceedings as clearly as though he saw it all written in a book. Hitherto all had gone well; but now the hunter shook his head: Indians and Mexican robbers had visited the camp, but with what result did not appear. I became alarmed, and after much persuasion, induced Everquiet

to consent to ride forward with me and my companion to overtake, and, if need were, succour the adventurers. They were calculated to be forty miles in advance; and we proposed to rejoin the caravan after an absence of two or three days. We rode off in the night, and at day-break reached the banks of the Arkansas river. Here our scout's attention was diverted from the main object by a fight between a bear and a buffalo, in which his passion for the chase led him to interfere. He galloped off after the bear, and we could do nothing but follow. The animal made its way rapidly along the banks of the stream, and presently, when opposite a floating tree, seemed to take great interest in its navigation, stretching out one paw and then the other to guide it. The action was inexplicable: all at once Everquiet seized me by the arm as he exclaimed, 'There's a man on the tree!'

There was indeed a human being bound to the trunk, floating and whirling in the furious rapids of the river; and I bewildered myself in imagining the implacable hatred that could thus renew the frightful punishment of Mazeppa. The bear, however, had succeeded in seizing a branch; and his savage howlings, as he drew the tree to the shore, warned us that no time was to be lost. We both fired at once, and the animal, rolling over, disappeared in the foaming waters. We hastened to succour the unfortunate wretch to whose aid we seemed so providentially to have arrived; but although we could release him from his lashings, we could not restore the lost existence. We deposited the body in a cleft of the rocky shore, and hastened onwards to retrieve the delay.

After several hours' farther riding, we reached the only ford of the Arkansas that could have been crossed by the squatter's wagons. Here, among the intermingled tracks of men and horses, Everquiet discovered those of a corps of riflemen, which, to all appearance, had joined the party as escort through the dangerous country; there was therefore no remaining ground of alarm. Much relieved by this assurance, we rode back to the caravan, which we reached just as they were encamping for the night. A crowd was collected round a man who sat pale and shivering by one of the fires. To our great surprise we recognised the individual whom we had left for dead on the banks of the Arkansas. His countenance was the reverse of prepossessing: it displayed that mixture of craft and ferocity which essentially characterises the degraded class of Mexican population. In reply to our inquiries, he explained that the frightful position from which we had extricated him was the effect of his having been seized as a spy by a party of Indians. Although not very trustworthy, we feigned to believe this report. The next day our weary march was resumed; and without further incident, we arrived, after three months of travel, on the soil of California.

We were the first to explore the gold country from the interior, all previous parties having ascended from the western coast. The tumult occasioned by the halt and encampment of more than three hundred adventurers, who had encountered so much peril and fatigue in search of fortune, may well be imagined. Everquiet agreed to join my party; so, with my countryman—once a novel-writer—and my servant, we set up our tent, and deliberated on future proceedings. Our first night was not passed without alarm: a party of mounted Indians, prowling in the neighbourhood, had been seen by the sentinel, the report of whose rifle, repeated by the echoes, sounded like a fusillade; and some time was passed in scouting before we were again tranquil—as though to give us an immediate taste of the contingencies of gold-digging. The next day, according to agreement, Everquiet and I went out to look for the squatter, leaving the novel-writer and our servant in charge of the tent. While the hunter took one direction, I followed another through a rocky gorge, but both terminating on the shores of a lake visible from our encampment. I was seeking for the traces of wheels

on the stony path, when a morsel of rock fell at my feet. I looked up: there sat the Mexican vagabond, as he seemed, his legs hanging over the cliff, and a rifle on his knees, about fifty feet above my head. He beckoned me to join him, and I climbed up, hoping to get a better view from the elevation. 'There is danger in being alone,' he said when I was at his side. 'Suppose that, instead of having just come, your belt was full of gold dust, would you not do wrong to expose yourself among desert rocks?'

I assented, but replied that my poverty protected me, and my companion was not far off.

'True: the Canadian hunter, a man moulded to prairie life. He at least seeks but game; unlike those greedy Americans who pour down on our beautiful California as a flock of vultures;' and as he spoke, the Mexican pointed to our camp, which appeared unusually excited.

'How many delusions there are among them,' he continued; 'and how many perhaps will regret what they have left!'

'What do you mean?' I inquired. 'Is not the gold so abundant as was said, or is it very difficult to find?'

'The trade of gold-seeker,' answered the Mexican with an equivocal smile, 'is accompanied by unknown perils. And, besides, the mental excitement, the fatigue of the body, the exhalations from the streams turned out of their course, the vapours from the excavated soil, hunger and thirst, do you count all that for nothing? Take my advice; let the fools rush over the ground as though every pebble, every grain of sand, hid a piece of gold. Before many days, there will be rare carnage here for the vultures.'

'But at least,' I rejoined, 'what has been said about the hidden riches of these countries is not a lie?'

'Listen,' answered the Mexican: 'I owe some gratitude to you, and your friend, and the hunter; and to prove that I am not ungrateful, I am going to reveal what a true gold-seeker cannot be ignorant of without disgrace. There are a thousand ways of seeking gold without speaking of my method; and, for the moment, I am not in question. What I tell you was known perfectly well to every Californian long before the arrival of these foreign gold-seekers. My youth was passed in searching for gold in this country, and I can speak from experience. Avoid the courses of streams; they have been flowing for ages in the same direction, and have worn away all that they are likely to separate from the veins, and the grains rolling in the sand are not worth the fevers and rheumatisms which their waters will generate. Choose rather the dry bed of a torrent; there it is another matter. In the impetuosity of their capricious course, they drag more gold from the rocky veins in a single season than a brook in a hundred years. Explore the channel upwards, for the largest pieces of gold are the least remote from the mother-vein. Examine carefully the *pepitas* that you find: the sharper their angles, the less have they rolled, and the nearer are they to their native rock. Then, if you discover grains of gold still adhering to their stony envelop, dig, search everywhere, break the rocks, do everything, for you are close to a vein that will well repay the fatigue and the risk.'

This reasoning appeared to me incontestable. 'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you renounce a trade whose secrets you know so well?'

'I have already told you that there are many ways of gold-seeking; so enough on that subject. Farewell, senior! If you will take my word, you will be careful not to trust yourself far from the camp alone, and without arms. Now that I have given you good counsel and information, I am quits with you, and shall go about my own affairs. It is for you to profit by my experience, unless you prefer, like the greater part of your companions, to brave rather than to avoid dangers: you are your own master.'

The Mexican rose while speaking, and with an air of mockery descended the steep with hasty strides. He

was soon out of sight: I followed the route to the lake, where two wagons on the shore showed that a party had already taken possession. They attracted my attention; and on coming nearer, my suspicion was changed to certainty. Township's three sons were busy digging and washing the sand. One was screening the coarser particles on a hurdle, and close by lay large heaps finely sifted. Terry, the eldest, came forward to greet me and conduct me to his father's camp, which was in a little valley between the heights bordering the lake. I was received as an old acquaintance, and the young girl acknowledged my salute by one of those gracious smiles of which I had so often thought with emotion on our long pilgrimage.

I need not enter into details on the explanations and conference that followed. However, on relating the incident of the rescue of the Mexican on the floating tree, I could not help noticing that all the family seemed embarrassed, and Township visibly agitated. Suffice it, that my party was admitted to increase and strengthen the encampment, and prepare for additional labours.

On returning to the camp, I found that our servant was absent without leave—gone to seek gold on his own account; and the whole colony was in a similar state of disorder—the first symptoms of the prevalent malady. No more servitude; all were masters, and had gone in search of *placers* (gold-grounds). While I was contemplating this novel state of things, the novel-writer returned.

'Ah, ah!' he exclaimed on coming up; 'no bogs here, even when you look for them. Nothing but sandy plains; that's clear.'

'And is that all you have discovered?'

'Is not that already something, for I have a horror of bogs; and then sand indicates the presence of gold, as I know, for I have just bought a placer for hard cash down.'

'What!' I said; 'buy a placer here in California? You are joking.'

Just then Everquiet returned; and yielding to my friend's importunities, we packed our gear in the wagons to go, as he said, and encamp upon gold. As we went on he explained the circumstances of the purchase. In his ramble he had seen two men seated in a sandy plain, each provided with a bowl, which they filled with sand, and washed in an adjoining brook. Their exclamations of joy were frequent as they turned up the golden grains, and they lamented that pressing business called them away from so valuable a spot. The novel-writer approached just as one of the two had picked up a lump of gold the size of an almond; and unable to contain himself, offered to purchase the ground for ten dollars. Difficulties were started, but eventually overcome; and at length the exchange was made of a placer worth a million for the ten silver coins.

I need hardly state that our utmost exertions with pickaxe and shovel, continued during two days, failed to bring to light the slightest particle of gold: my companion had no better luck here than in his purchase of turf-bog on the shores of the Ohio. Nothing, however, could disturb the novel-writer's good-humour, notwithstanding his having been the dupe of a crafty rogue. On the third day we made our way to Township's encampment, as agreed; but everything was changed on the borders of the lake. A village, built with stakes and branches, stood where shortly before all was a desert, while a crowd of labourers were moving about with noisy activity, and the restless and enterprising genius of America had already invented means of research more effectual than those heretofore employed. 'Every visage was radiant, for the indefatigable toil was beginning to produce fruits: boisterous bursts of joy mingled with frantic thanksgivings; grains of gold, sometimes almost impalpable, were exhibited with triumph, but to obtain which a mountain of sand had been removed. Here and there adventurers more fortunate found little *pepitas*, which, magnified by rumour, have become gigantic in Europe. Yet with all this

apparent prosperity, vague reports were in circulation; suspicious characters had been seen lurking about by the hunters and woodcutters, and severe toll and insufficient nutriment were manifesting their effects.

Our own party worked well; and when assembled under the tents at night, the presence of females was found to afford a solace for the fatigues of the day: all were striving for the common good. But in the camp at large scarce a night passed without a surprise: tents and wagons were pillaged; crime and misery began their reign. It was only foreigners who were assassinated; individuals of Californian origin seemed to bear a charmed life. One day that the novel-writer and I had made a satisfactory discovery in a dry gully, we could not help talking gloomily over a state of things which had changed the severity and robust manliness of the Anglo-Saxon character into a brutal corruption, where Mexican vices flourished in unveiled deformity. The same evening one of the hardest of the emigrants was brought in a corpse, shot dead by a bullet from some unknown hand. But suspicion pointed to the Mexican prowler whom we had, perhaps to our cost, saved from drowning or worse. Township broke out in a furious malediction: passion was doing its work.

A month passed; the miseries of the situation were complicated; and one-half of the emigrants were compelled to keep watch with arms in their hands while the other half worked. I passed most of my time with rifle on shoulder as sentinel to our encampment, while Everquiet and the novel-writer went in pursuit of game, and Township and his family searched for gold with steady perseverance. The Indians were becoming daily more daring in their attacks, and I hoped that Township would consent to depart from a place where no man could count on an hour's existence. For some time I had observed that Terry was growing impatient of his father's severe authority; I was keeping guard as usual, when one evening I saw him returning with empty hands. I spoke to him, but he replied only in impatient monosyllables; but afterwards declared he was weary of the frightful occupation, and would soon seek out a better mode of living for himself, as his father had done before him.

I pacified him as well as the circumstances would permit, and leaving him to take my post, walked down to the village in search of my friend and the hunter. I entered the tavern, which presented a scene worthy of Pandemonium, and where a glass of brandy sold for the price of a barrel. Presently I was summoned away by Township's youngest son, who, scarcely able to speak for terror, told me that some misfortune was about to happen at the tent. I rushed out, and when near the camp, heard the report of a rifle. 'He has killed him!' shrieked the boy, rushing forwards in dismay. At that moment Terry ran hurriedly from the tent, directing his steps towards the mountains rather than to the lake. At so late an hour, this was hastening to his destruction. I called after him in vain; he continued his flight. On entering the tent, I found Township leaning on his still smoking rifle, and the whole family in distress. One of the boys acquainted me with what had happened.—Angered by a remonstrance from his eldest son, the squatter, in one of his uncontrollable bursts of passion, had fired at him. The daughter had diverted the aim; and the young man, bidding his parent a solemn farewell, left the tent never to return. We looked from one to the other in silence, when at length a noise in the camp aroused Township from his stupor: his parental feelings had regained the ascendancy. 'Let us go,' he said, addressing me; 'let us go; in a few minutes it will perhaps be too late;' and without waiting for a reply, he hastened out. I snatched a rifle, and ran after him. I was uneasy, not only on Terry's account, but also for the novel-writer and Everquiet, who had not returned as usual from the chase. We hurried over the ground, and in a few minutes reached the rocky defiles of the Sierra.

American hunters generally agree on certain signals—

either the note of a bird, or the howl of an animal—to be employed at night, or when on the scout: ours was that used by Everquiet—the howl of a wolf. Three howls, uttered at short and equal intervals, denoted the presence of one or other of our number. Township gave the preconcerted signal, once, twice; but no answer. The third attempt produced a reply. We bent our steps in the direction of the sound, and as we made our way among the wild crags and gaping crevices, I felt my courage half failing me: each rock might conceal an enemy. To add to our embarrassment, the signals were repeated in different directions, till at last we were uncertain which to follow. While we stood hesitating, a loud explosion was heard, followed by two plaintive howls; we listened for the third, but all was still. Township's breath came short and thick as we resumed our search: again he tried the signal; it was answered, and two men climbed towards us along a hollow path. They were the novel-writer and Everquiet; they were returning to the camp, and had seen nothing of Terry. We persuaded them to join us; the hunter led the way, stopping frequently to inspect the soil. Presently we came to footmarks, which he pronounced to be those of Indian and Mexican marauders. His remarks were interrupted by a mournful note, resembling the chant of the whip-poor-will, breaking the silence of the night. It had a strange effect on Township, for he sank down and buried his face in his hands, seeming overcome with grief. He replied to the voice in a broken tone, and listened as though his life or death depended on what would follow.

'It is some family signal,' whispered Everquiet; 'the squatter has recognised the voice of his son,' which assertion was verified by an answering cry, but so feeble, as scarcely to be heard above the sweep of the breeze.

'It is he—it is Terry!' cried Township, rushing towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. We followed; the unhappy young man lay stretched motionless and senseless on the ground. The father's heart was bursting with grief as he knelt by the side of his boy, and questioned him as to the author of the accident. Life seemed to return for a few seconds as the young man spoke; but I heard no more than the words—'The night on the Arkansas!' It was the expiring effort; and Township's arms embraced a corpse.

The squatter was not a man to shed useless tears, now that he knew the name of the murderer, and could hope to gratify his vengeance. We made a litter with our rifles, and bore the body to the camp, while Everquiet, in spite of our dissuasions, persisted in following a suspicious trail that led farther into the hills, and promised to rejoin us at the tents. On returning to the lake, we forbore to intrude on the grief of Township's family, and patrolled up and down, for the camp was still in alarm. The excitement was afterwards heightened by an unexpected arrival: Everquiet came in with the Mexican bound to the back of his own horse by his own lasso.

'You will not bewilder honest people any more with your false signals,' said the hunter, addressing his captive. 'But have a little patience, gold-seeking is weary work; you will soon be relieved of your troubles.'

'Do you take me for a common gold-seeker?' retorted the Mexican haughtily. 'Bah! I do not dig in the sand; instead of searching a placer, I search the gold-seekers themselves. It is a trade as well as another!'

Everquiet made no reply to this sally: he advanced towards Township's encampment, asking me as we walked along if I wished to witness for once in my life a specimen of Lynch law.

I declined being a spectator of the squatter's vengeance, and, sick at heart, withdrew to my tent. I wished to escape from scenes where greed, brutality, and effrontery—the vices of civilisation and those of barbarism—jostled in frightful contrast. Yet before falling asleep I heard a cry of agony repeated by all the echoes of the valley; and I learnt from my companion, who entered

soon afterwards, that the Mexican had been hurled into the lake under the eyes of the inflexible squatter. Lynch justice was satisfied.

On the morrow I experienced a feeling of disgust and inquietude, from which the only escape is resuming the pilgrim staff, and striking the tent. Everquiet alone comprehended my condition. The novel-writer had not yet lost all faith in his star, and could not, without self-reproach, quit so suddenly a land in which he might become a millionaire. Township, too, plunged in melancholy sadness, had no thought of leaving the spot where the remains of his unfortunate son reposed. I bade adieu to a family among whom I once thought my existence would be fixed, and pressed the hand of my compatriot, who, in the gloomy Californian valley, preserved the same good-humour as on the verdant banks of the Ohio. I departed in company with Everquiet, and a few days afterwards, left San Francisco for New York.

My arrival in the Hudson river was most opportune for a poor Alsatian family just landed, who had come to America to place their docile and patient industry at the service of any enterprising settler. I returned to Redmaple with these intelligent and laborious emigrants, and was soon able to compare, without a shadow of regret, the life of a cultivator to that of gold-seeker; and now I begin to relish toils which possess a certain grandeur as well as utility. The struggle with untamed nature, and the culture of a soil reclaimed by persevering efforts, will long be the object to attract and unite the common labours of those who seek the solitudes of the New World. Yet in America there are many whom such a life will not suffice. Everquiet resisted all my intreaties to abide with me on my lands; he requires the excitement of a long and perilous chase, a wandering without end and without object across the boundless prairies. The novel-writer sends me word that he has enriched himself from a lucky vein, and thinks of returning to France. This intention surprises and pains me; in him I lose a friend, whose energy of character and gaiety of spirit endeared him to me; and I fear that, in the tame and trifling pastimes of our cities, he will often regret too late the expansive and quiet life which America never refuses to the emigrant who bases his labours on a small capital. With regard to Township, on the word of his friend the farmer, he will grow tired of digging the sands of California, and be tempted to come and clear one of these Virginian woods which possess in his eyes the charm of a native country. The day perhaps is not far off which will see him begin the second period of a squatter's destiny, when, in place of adventures and illegal clearings, he will enjoy the benefits of legitimate possession, the stability of domestic life, and possibly even the honours of Congress.

BRITISH WEASEL FAMILY.

THE animals of this tribe are the most bloodthirsty of all the carnivora, and, on account of the length of their bodies, and the shortness of their limbs, as well as of their power of winding and insinuating themselves through the smallest openings, are also termed *vermiform*. They are all *semi-plantigrade*, and lead us through the badger to the true plantigrades or bear family.

We place the otter (*Lutra vulgaris*) first, on account of its being the only aquatic member of the family—or, to speak more correctly, the only amphibious one—from the remainder of which it is distinguished by its webbed toes and horizontally-flattened tail. It possesses the power of remaining under water for a considerable time, and of catching fish with the greatest facility: in order to obtain which, it makes its home by some quiet riverside, in the natural excavations formed by the gnarled roots of the overhanging trees, and the ceaseless flow of the waters. It is highly probable that the otter may enlarge or otherwise adapt these hollows to his own

purposes, but there does not appear to be any good evidence for the assertion that he prepares a burrow for himself. In consequence of his shy and retired habits, the otter is rarely seen (in the southern parts of this island), save by those whose pursuits, whether of business or recreation, take them to the river's brink at all hours of the day: such may see him demurely sitting, with his broad, flat head, and brilliant, eel-like eyes, just peeping out of the hole where he has made his nest; or diving, intent on prey, and bringing up a glistening fish, which he draws to the shore, and then eats, commencing at the head; as soon as half the body is consumed, leaving the remainder, as if in mockery of the enraged fisherman who may chance to pass; and taking to the water, brings up another, and yet another; for his appetite for fish seems almost unlimited. And when his extravagant expenditure renders fish scarce, he marches off to considerable distances, for the purpose of procuring poultry, and even young lambs or sucking-pigs. Darwin says that he has frequently seen the otter dive and catch a fish, then let it go, catch it again, and so on, for some minutes, in the manner of a cat tormenting a mouse. It has been observed that the otter, when in pursuit of its prey, swims against the stream, which will account for the fact of the opening of the ears being placed backwards: a peculiarity usually only observed in those animals whose timid natures proclaim them as a tribe formed for flight; for though otter-hunts rank high among the lovers of the sport, yet they do not partake of the nature of hunts in which there is an open run across the country.

The otter is a most careful parent, and takes great pains to procure a safe retreat for her young. Some years ago a pair of these animals made their nest in the trunk of an old pollard, on the banks of the Thames, near Goring. The tree was hollow throughout, so that the young were laid on the ground, while the old ones crept in and out through one of the larger roots, which was also hollow: but, alas! the poor little things were discovered even in this secure retreat, and taken away. Several very interesting anecdotes are told, not merely of the affection of the female otter for her young, but also of the intelligence which she displays in guiding them. A correspondent of the 'Zoologist' mentions one which gave birth to two young ones in the gardens of the Zoological Society. On one occasion, when the water had been let out of the pond for the purpose of cleansing it, the little ones got into it before it was half-filled, and were unable to get out again. The mother, after making ineffectual attempts to reach them from the bank, plunged into the water, and began to play with one of them, and putting her head close to its ears, seemed as if trying to convey her meaning to it, and finally made a spring out of the pond, with the young one hanging on to the fur of her tail by its teeth. Having safely landed it, she got the other out in the same manner. This she did several times during a quarter of an hour; for as fast as she rescued one, the other leapt back into the water. Every one knows the impossibility of getting two children into the house, when they, with childhood's tact, so that you are not disinclined for a game of romps—for as soon as you, breathless with laughing, succeed in catching one, the other has escaped; but we should scarcely have suspected young otters of such gambols. At length, however, the mother considered that they had had play enough; and so, as soon as there was sufficient water for her to reach them from the side of the pond, she caught them by the ears, drew them out, led them round the pond close to the fence, and kept chattering to them, as if she were telling them not to go into the pond again.

Mr St John tells that he saw an otter catch a fish and lay it before her two cubs, who commenced a fierce struggle to obtain it; on perceiving which, the mother left the water, and separating them with her paws, placed the fish before one of the disputers, and then plunged again into the water. The other, who seems to

have been well-trained, did not attempt to touch the now-prohibited fish, but patiently waited until the mother, reappearing, laid a similar dainty before him.

In fact the otter is remarkably docile, and may be very easily tamed, and rendered useful in catching fish, as well as interesting and faithful as a pet: it will answer readily to its name, and make itself quite at home amongst its master's dogs. One which had been tamed by a man named Collins, and which returned at his call, was one day taken out by his son, and refusing to return at the accustomed sound, was lost. After an ineffectual search, the old man, passing by chance the place where it had been liberated, repeated its name aloud, when, to his inexpressible joy, it came creeping to his feet, and showing every mark of affection and penitence. Another, which was tamed in Scotland, would run to its master for protection when it saw any strange dogs, and endeavour to get into his arms. It would frequently take eight or ten pounds of fish in the day, and would fish either in river or sea. The otter will not eat fish or flesh unless it is perfectly fresh, and when in confinement, is usually fed on milk and hasty-pudding. The young otter is stated by Bewick to be good for food, and to be scarcely distinguishable from lamb. The skin of the otter is much valued in many countries, more especially in the north of Europe. It is covered with two kinds of fur, the shorter being very soft and fine in its texture, and the longer coarse and shining. An old otter frequently attains a great size, and it is probably to such that Southey alludes in his celebrated chapter of Kings. 'There are,' he says, 'kings among the otters in the Highland waters, and also among their relations the sea otters. The royal otter is larger than his subjects, and has a white spot upon his breast. It is shrewd observation, which it is sometimes provident for kings to do, especially under such circumstances as his, for his skin is in great request among soldiers and sailors. It is supposed to insure victory, to secure the wearer from being wounded, to be a sure prophylactic in times of contagious sickness, and a preservative in shipwreck. But it is not easy to find an otter king, and when found, there is danger in the act of regicide, for he bears a charmed life. The moment in which he is killed proves fatal to some other creature, either man or beast, whose mortal existence is mysteriously linked with his. The nature of the otter monarchy has not been described; it is evident, however, that his ministers have no leaves to dispose of; but then they have plenty of fishes.'

The weasel and stoat are perhaps the most characteristic example of the tribe, on account of their blood-thirsty habits and the determined boldness which they display in obtaining their prey. Very singular and well-authenticated accounts are given of these little animals forming themselves into packs, and hunting hares or rabbits by scent. When so employed, they 'give tongue' in a feeble, diminutive manner, and in every other respect imitate the manoeuvres of a well-trained pack; nor has any instance been observed in which they have failed to run down their game. Though much persecuted by farmers, the weasel is probably more useful to them than they are willing to believe, as it destroys great numbers of rats and mice; far more than any cat can do, as it is, from its form, enabled to enter their hiding-places, and thus slay them at home; yet we cannot deny that it not unfrequently repays its own services with a tender chicken or a plump pullet.

Amongst the superstitious tales which have been related of the weasel, the following, which are given by Giraldus Cambrensis, may be noticed:—'A weasel,' he says, 'has brought out her young into a plain for the enjoyment of sun and air, when an insidious kite carried one of them! concealing herself with the remainder behind some shrubs, grief suggested to her a stratagem of exquisite revenge. She extended herself on a heap of earth, as if dead, within sight of the plunderer, and (as success always increases avidity) the bird

immediately seized her, and flew away, but soon fell down dead by the bite of the poisonous animal.' This story gives an instance of revengeful stratagem of which, we imagine, even the wily weasel is incapable; yet that part which refers to its feigning itself dead is curiously corroborated by an anecdote told by Sir Oswald Mosley of one which he caught, and after repeated blows on the head, carried for some time in his hand, believing it to be dead; but the moment he placed it on the grass, it rose and ran off, as if nothing had occurred, which could scarcely have taken place at the identical instant of liberation, if the previous stillness had been only caused by its being stunned.

The next legend of Giraldus represents the weasel in a very interesting light:—'A person residing in the castle of Pembroke found a brood of young weasels concealed within a place within his dwelling-house, which he carefully removed and hid: the mother, irritated at the loss of her young, which she had searched for in vain, went to a vessel of milk which had been set aside for the use of the master's son, and raising herself up, polluted it with her deadly poison; thus revenging, as it were, the loss of her young by the destruction of the child. The man observing what had passed, carried the pail back to its former place; when the weasel, agitated by maternal solicitude, between hope and fear, on finding again her young, began to testify her joy by her cries and actions, and returning quickly to the vessel, overthrew it; thus, in gratitude for the recovery of her own offspring, saving that of her host from danger.'

In a very ancient Breton lay, which is preserved in the collection of Marston, and which is called 'Eliduc,' though originally known by the name of 'Guilheluc, ha Gualadun,' we find the following wondrous fable:—When the beautiful Gualadun lay dead, a weasel, creeping from the altar, ran several times over her face; on which the attendant struck at, and killed it. Upon which another weasel appeared, and after exhibiting every sign of grief, ran suddenly off to the woods, and returned with a flower of a beautiful vermilion colour, which she carefully inserted in the mouth of her companion: in an instant the little animal returned to life, and sprang up. Another blow was, however, aimed at him, so that he dropped the flower, which, on being applied to the lips of the damsel, at once caused her to revive, 'expressing her surprise at having slept so long.' And in the early English romance of 'Sir Guy of Warwick,' when the famished Thierry falls asleep at the knees of Guy, a white weasel suddenly jumps out of his mouth, and takes refuge in a crevice of a neighbouring rock, but soon returns again, and runs once more down his throat (not a pleasant tenant, we should think). Upon his awaking, and relating that he had a dream of a 'fair bright sword' and a treasure, Guy goes to the place in which the weasel sought refuge, and there finds both the sword and the treasure.

Theophrastus defines the superstitious man to be he who, in addition to the scrupulousness with which he observes various specified ceremonies, refuses, if a weasel has crossed his path, to proceed until he has thrown three stones over the road.

The stoat (*Mustela erminea*) and the weasel (*M. vulgaris*) are so commonly confounded together, so frequently described under one name, and so similar in their habits, that many persons are inclined to deny their individual existences; yet they are clearly distinct, and though the weasel frequently becomes white in winter, the assumption of the snowy coat does not, and cannot convert it, as it does the stoat, into the ermine of commerce. Several instances have occurred of plebald, or rather skewbald stoats, but this appears to be merely the transition state from the red fur of summer to the white garb of winter.

The stoat and the weasel prey on the same animals, they both form self-constituted packs, and hunt for the advantage of the community; and both are remarkable for the determined boldness of their dispositions. Mr

Bell states that he 'was one day sitting in his room on the ground-floor, with the door open, when a stoat entered, and ran rapidly round the room, snuffing about as if in search of prey. It showed not the least symptoms of alarm at finding itself in unusual quarters, and after a minute or so, quietly went out again.' And the 'Zoologist' gives an instance of a weasel which, after trying round a window for an entrance, stood up on its hind-legs, and remained, earnestly gazing through the pane, undismayed by the furious barking of a little terrier, which was somewhat disturbed by this appearance, until, we regret to say, the window was opened, and the dog suffered to chase and kill the little animal which had come so confidently to the window.

Gwillim, in the 'Display of Heraldrie,' says that the name of ermine is derived from the following circumstance:—'Hec hath his being in the woods of the land of Armenia, whereof hec taketh his name.' The polecat or fitchew (*Mustela putorius*) appears always to have been held in evil odour, both physically and metaphorically, as, perhaps on account of its most offensive smell, it is usually associated by the older writers with things of evil report; thus Shakespeare says—

'There are fairer things than polecats.'

'Out of my door you witch, you hag, you polecat!'

'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one:

What do you mean by this haunting of me?'

It is commonly termed founmart, or fulimart, a designation which seems to be a corruption of the Welsh name *fwilbart*. In wooded districts, where the polecat generally abounds, it is too well known by its daring depredations on game-preserves and poultry-yards to need any description. It is curious that both this animal and the stoat have been discovered in the act of catching eels at the season when these eels are supposed to retire into the deep mud for their winter sleep.

Much discussion has only left undecided the question, 'Whether there is any real difference between the pine-weasel or yellow-breasted marten (*Martes abietum*) and the beech or common marten (*Martes foina*) beyond the variety of their colour?' Both kinds have been rendered rare in Britain probably by the value, in olden time, of their skins; for we find 'marten skins' mentioned in the 'Doomsday-Book' as among the treasures of the city of Chester; and also that great quantities of this 'royal fur' were imported from Ireland. Again, in another place, it is enacted that all ships that brought martens' skins to this country were bound to give the king pre-emption of the same, and for that purpose to show them to an officer before any were disposed of, under a penalty of forty shillings—a very considerable sum in the eleventh century. In another part of the book it is recorded that Chester yielded annually to the crown a revenue of L.45, and twenty-three timbres of martens' skins. This will recall to the minds of our readers the cloak of King 'Jannie.'

— 'Of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of marten wild.'

We must not, however, imagine, that because this pretty little animal is no longer common in our isle, because there are no longer royal enactments respecting its fur, that the value of the skin has ceased; for prodigious quantities of them are still imported from the pine-forests of North America. Above thirty thousand are yearly brought from Canada, and nearly fifteen thousand from Hudson's Bay. The food of the marten is very similar to that of the other animals of its kind, with the addition, however, of the fragrant tops of the pine branches, a small portion of grain, and, when it can obtain it, honey. The marten (*Martes abietum*) is about sixteen or eighteen inches in length; the tail is bushy, and the body covered with a thick fur of a dark-red colour, becoming gradually paler underneath; the breast and throat are white, or of a fine yellow, deepening towards the cheeks; the feet, which are broad, covered on the sole with thick fur, and fur-

nished with strong claws, seem perfectly adapted for ascending trees.

Marten hunts formerly stood high among the sports of the field; and the old books on the subject warn the huntsman not to suffer the dogs to devour the animal when caught, lest it should poison them. This animal is still hunted in Italy. Dr Fleming states that the marten builds its nest in trees. Dr Harlau describes it as 'frequenting the thickest forests, climbing the trees in search of birds and their eggs, attacking small quadrupeds, and bringing forth in the nest of a squirrel or in holes of trees; the latter opinion being, we believe, the more correct one, though it is a well-ascertained fact that it occasionally breeds in holes in ruined walls, rocks, or even in the earth. Mr Bell relates that the marten, as well as the fox, will descend to the sea-shore at low tide, and carry off numbers of the large mussels (*Modiola vulgaris*) to feed upon them.

Many persons have succeeded in taming the various species of this family, though they will always be liable to resume their natural habits, and make their escape when an opportunity presents itself. Captain Lyon, in describing the manners of a captive stoat, mentions that though he would take food from the hand, he made it a rule first to use every exertion to bite the friendly fingers which approached him. Buffon tamed several weasels, and recommends as the best mode a gentle stroking of the fur along the back, at the same time threatening it if it attempts to bite. And Dr Richardson gives an account of an otter, of the mixt or American species, which passed the day very snugly in its mistress' pocket; only peeping out occasionally when it heard any unusual noise; showing at least that it did not lack its share of the most common weakness of its fellow-Americans, whether biped or quadruped.

THE POST-OFFICE.

If a person unconnected with the Post-Office department were asked to suggest a plan to enable the inhabitants of a thousand towns and cities to correspond with each other, he would most probably think that the simplest and best method would be to let the Post-Office of each town make up a letter-bag daily for every other town, despatch its outward correspondence every night, and receive its inward correspondence every morning. Such a scheme, however, would be absurd and impracticable, because the postmaster of every place would have to make up 999 letter-bags daily; and because letters despatched from every place simultaneously would reach different towns at variable periods.

For postal purposes, London is considered the centre of the kingdom, and is the only place where a letter-bag is made up for every other town, and where the principal portion of the outward correspondence is despatched every night, and the principal portion of the inward correspondence is received every morning. Every other place despatches and receives its London bag at hours varying according to its distance from the metropolis. Again, each provincial town is considered also for postal purposes the centre of two circles, called the distributing and district circles. The radius of the former varies from 12 to 100 miles in length, and of the latter from 1 to 20 miles. The postmaster of the central town makes up no letter-bag for any place (London excepted) beyond the circumference of the distributing circle, and delivers no letters to any one living beyond the limits of the district circle. A letter, therefore, from one distant town to another, if not sent through London, is forwarded on towns situated on the circumferences of the distributing circles, until it reaches one within the circle of which its destination is situated.

Every night about a dozen mails leave London in all directions, and the same number arrive in London every morning. These mails connect the extreme points of the country with the metropolis. Branch mails meet the London ones at various places, to convey the Lon-

don bags to towns situated away from the main routes. These mails form the framework, as it were, of that gigantic locomotive machinery by which the whole correspondence of the country is conveyed from one place to another. The London mails enable many towns situated on the main routes to correspond with each other; but, generally speaking, provincial towns correspond with each other by means of separate cross-road mails. The London and cross-road mails together form that elaborate and complicated network of postal communications with which the whole country is covered. Now—as the departure of one mail depends on the arrival of another, and *vice versa*—the greatest confusion would arise if the utmost punctuality were not observed in the despatch and receipt of mails. Guards, therefore, and other persons who have the conduct of mails, are furnished with time-bills and accurate time-pieces. On the former is entered the precise time at which mails arrive at every office; and postmasters are liable to severe punishment, and mail-contractors to heavy penalties, for any neglect of punctuality.

The general management of the Post-Office is intrusted to Colonel Maberly and Mr Rowland Hill; the former being called the Secretary to the Post-Office, and the latter the Secretary to the Postmaster-General. Each is assisted by a large staff of clerks. Colonel Maberly attends to the numerous complaints of the public against the department, and watches over the conduct of the subordinate officials. Mr Hill attends to the Money-Order department, and to the means for carrying into effect his celebrated plan of cheap postage, additional public accommodation, and economical working of the department. Hundreds of communications are addressed to the secretaries daily from the deputy-postmasters and the public. A great portion of the communications from the former are intended for the Money-Order, Ship-Letter, Dead-Letter, and Accountants' departments, which are located in or near St Martins le Grand. The Missing-Letter department is conducted by a special staff of clerks, under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Maberly.

When a money-letter is lost, the time and place of posting, and the address of the letter, are ascertained from the complaining parties, and the names of the officials through whose hands it ought to have passed from the local postmasters. If the offices A, B, C, D make up letter-bags for each other, and money-letters are generally lost in passing through the offices A D, B D, C D, the suspected office is D; because it is more likely that there is a dishonest functionary in D than in each of the other three offices A, B, and C. Again, the same clerks are not allowed always to work together. If, therefore, E, F, G, H are clerks in an office, and money-letters are generally lost when E H, F H, G H are on duty together, H will be the suspected clerk. A trap is therefore set to detect him. A letter containing coin is purposely posted so that it may pass through his hands; and if it is found that it has not been despatched from the office at the proper time, it will most probably be discovered secreted on his person, or in some place to which he has had access.

Letters may be delayed by being put into the wrong letter-bag, or by a postmaster not forwarding them by the first mail. As they bear, however, the dated postmark of each office through which they pass, and as every postmark has some private mark to show at what hour of the day letters are posted, the cause of delay, and the official parties to blame, can easily be discovered. A vast number of complaints respecting delay in the transmission of correspondence are received daily at the General Post-Office. Some demand compensation for losses to which they have been subjected through the delay of their letters; others merely detail the inconvenience or loss they have sustained; numbers declare that they complain only because they consider it their duty to the public to expose and check irregularities; many demand imperiously the immediate punishment of the postmaster in fault; almost all are

convinced that the delay is the fault of the Post-Office; and some, whose letters of complaint can scarcely be deciphered, are ready to make oath that their correspondence was legibly addressed. Every person who complains is treated alike respectfully. Scarcely the slightest difference is made in the form or degree of attention with which a complaint is investigated, no matter whether it comes from a duke or a mechanic. The first thing done is to obtain the cover of the letter delayed, to examine the post-marks on it; and the next thing is to call on the local postmasters through whose offices it has passed for an explanation. Generally speaking, the fault is found to rest with correspondents in not posting their letters in proper time, in not addressing them correctly, or in some neglect of Post-Office rules. If any wilful or careless neglect is proved against a postmaster, he would be visited with severe censure or dismissal.

Amongst the higher class of Post-Office officials are those called 'surveyors.' These officers are stationed in different parts of the kingdom, with a number of assistants. Each surveyor superintends an extensive district, consisting of several counties. The duties of surveyors are to travel over their districts, to investigate personally any very serious complaint against an office, and to see that the public in every part of the kingdom is, as far as it is practicable, properly accommodated with Post-Office facilities; they have also to assume the superintendence of all offices vacated by the death or dismissal of postmasters, to see that all contracts for conveying mails are rigidly observed, and to receive reports of every error which is likely to inconvenience the public or the department which one postmaster can detect in another.

In England, where the social affections are highly cultivated, where education is generally diffused, and where commercial enterprise and facilities for locomotion separate friends and acquaintances, the amount of correspondence is enormous, and the loss or delay of letters is of great importance, because scarcely the slightest procrastination in the delivery of a letter but what causes some loss or inconvenience; and the more perfect the working of the Post-Office department, the more liable is the slightest irregularity to produce inconvenience, because an error in the transmission of correspondence is less likely to be calculated upon. How many a person has arrived too late to attend the deathbed of a parent or child—has lost a character for honesty, or a reputation for solvency—or has gone on a voyage in an agony of suspense and affliction, through the loss or delay of a letter! How many cruel estrangements in the affairs of love and friendship have been caused through the carelessness of the Post-Office! The history of the human soul and its progress towards wisdom and happiness, the records of the human heart, and of its holiest affections, are often written in the familiar correspondence of absent friends and relatives; and the safe and regular transmission of that correspondence compensates for the deprivation of personal intercourse, and cheers the domestic hearths of tens of thousands of all classes in this country.

It is owing to the urgent necessity for the working of the Post-Office department to be conducted with the utmost regularity, and to the difficulty of persons unconnected with it understanding its curious and complicated machinery, that the government has never allowed any but those who have displayed an extraordinary aptitude for the task to interfere with, or introduce any great innovation into its management. Within the last century and a-half only two strangers to the department have been permitted to materially change the system by which it has been conducted—namely, Mr Palmer and Mr Rowland Hill. The former invented and perfected that scheme for the transmission of correspondence throughout the kingdom, which has been described at the commencement of this article; and the latter introduced a cheap and uniform postage, prepaid by stamps, and charged by weight. Both of

these distinguished men suggested their improvements at peculiar periods: Mr Palmer when the art of road-making in England had arrived at great perfection, which enabled a complete plan of postal communication throughout the country to be effected; and Mr Hill when education amongst all classes had been extensively diffused, which enabled the government to derive almost as large a revenue by a cheap postage from the many as by an expensive postage from the few.

There have always been men of extraordinary ability who have arisen at particular periods to take advantage of an accomplishment of the past, and link it with some improvement of the present; and who, by not being fettered by official details and minute difficulties, are enabled to perceive instinctively that there cannot possibly be a substantial objection against a simple and grand scheme of obviously vast and universal benefit to the community. The scheme which Mr Hill has grafted on that of Mr Palmer will, with that perfect organisation of every department of the Post-Office, and the military subordination of its 30,000 officials, go far to make the English Post-Office one of the most interesting and perfect establishments in the world, and suitable for a community of as high a state of civilisation as the present generation is likely to witness.

THE YOUTH OF TALLEYRAND.

M. DE TALLEYRAND was born in Paris in 1754. At that period it was the general custom in noble families to send out their infants to be nursed in the provinces. The gay mother, after a brief retirement, resumed her place in the brilliant court circle, seldom finding leisure to cast away a thought on the poor little being to whom she had given birth, and who, consigned to the care of a hired nurse, who lived perhaps many miles distant, was left to vegetate for years.

So it fared with Charles-Maurice, eldest son of the Count de Talleyrand. Exiled from his father's house at the hour of his birth, he was carried to a distant village by a nurse whose trade it was to bring up children 'well or ill, as it happened,' according to the prince's own expression. This nurse was handsomely paid, and regularly gave excellent accounts of the child. Her 'darling little Charlot' was the pride of the country with his rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs. He was well fed, well dressed; what more could a baby want?

'What more indeed?' thought his lady-mother; that is, whenever she had time to think about the matter at all; but this was not often; for court duties and court pleasures absorbed her every faculty, and occupied every moment.

Time rolled on. Another son was born to the Count de Talleyrand; and, like his elder brother, he came into the world strong and healthy, cast in the mould of a vigorous race. He shared the lot of Charles-Maurice, being sent to the village where the latter was growing up ignorant and neglected, without the fear of God or man before his eyes. Till the arrival of the little Archambault, he had never seen the face of a relative. His mother, occupied with pleasure, his father with ambition, thought not of him. 'It is singular that while the latter died young, without having obtained the renown he sought, and the former ended a long life in comparative poverty, it was reserved for their neglected child to make Europe ring with his fame, and to amass an enormous fortune.'

When Charles-Maurice had entered his eighth year, it happened that his father's youngest brother, the captain of a ship-of-war, and a Knight of Malta, returned from a distant expedition. After greeting the elder members of his family, he inquired for his little nephews, and was both shocked and surprised at their parents' indifference towards them. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, the roads were difficult and dangerous; but the warm-hearted sailor braved all obstacles, and set out on horseback to visit his little

relatives. It was late in the afternoon when he approached the village, and he bethought him of inquiring the way to the house of Nurse Rigaut. Looking round, he saw on the hill a pale, thin child, with long fair hair flowing on his shoulders; he was busy setting a bird-trap on the snow. The captain called him; and as the little fellow approached, the kind sailor saw with pain that he was lame, and leant for support on a small crutch.

'Hollo! my boy; can you tell me where Dame Rigaut lives?'

'Certainly,' said the child smiling. 'I will show you the way on one condition.'

'Come, then, make haste, my lad; I'll pay you handsomely for your guidance.'

'Nonsense,' replied the child reddening: 'my condition is, that you will let me ride on your horse to nurse's door. I don't want your money.'

'Mount, then, my boy,' said the captain, reaching down his hand, and watching with surprise the agility with which the child, cripple as he was, managed to climb on the tall saddle.

Holding his little guide carefully before him, the captain reached the house of Dame Rigaut. He told the child to hold his horse for a moment, and entered the door: nurse came to meet him. What passed between them? Probably nothing very amicable; for the young listener outside could distinguish a sound of weeping—feminine lamentations overborne by loud masculine reprimands. Suddenly the sailor rushed out, seized the shivering boy, raised him, and held him closely embraced with one arm, while with the other he made good use of his whip in keeping off Nurse Rigaut, who wanted to regain possession of her 'darling Charlot.' It was the work of a moment to mount his horse, and with the child before him, to retrace his steps, without permitting the perfidious nurse even to say adieu to her charge. As they rode on, little Charles-Maurice learned that his captor was his uncle: an honest sailor, who, in a transport of indignation against the woman to whose negligence his nephew owed a lifelong lameness, would not have him a moment longer beneath her roof. In his anxiety about the heir of his house, he totally forgot his brother's younger son, who accordingly remained with the nurse.

From the first town where he stopped, he wrote to his brother to announce what he had done; and on arriving in Paris, he learned that the Count de Talleyrand was with the army in Flanders, and that the countess was in attendance on the queen at Versailles. However, she had provided a person to take charge of her son, and place him in the college of Louis-le-Grand. The captain had intended to take him on board his vessel—the St Joseph—and bring him up to the naval profession; but his lameness rendering this impracticable, the kind sailor took leave of his poor deserted little nephew, and set out for Toulon. A few months afterwards his vessel was shipwrecked, and he and all his crew perished. Had Charles-Maurice been a fine stout boy, his history would have terminated here; but Providence reserved the poor lame child for an illustrious destiny.

At college, the boy distinguished himself by his talents and application, carrying off the first prizes, and rising rapidly towards the upper classes. Yet his life was but a sad one; few indulgences, and no vacations passed at home, fell to his lot. His mother rarely visited him, and when she did, she came accompanied by a celebrated surgeon, who examined his lame leg, bandaged it tightly, dragged it, cauterised the nerve, and put the child to such torture, that he dreaded nothing so much as a summons to the parlour to meet his mother.

Years passed on: his father died, and Charles-Maurice found himself Count de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of his family. His brother Archambault had left the abode of Nurse Rigaut with better fortune than himself; for he had escaped accidents, and his

limbs were straight and well-formed. On the day that Charles-Maurice had successfully completed his studies at the college of Louis-le-Grand, a pale, stern-looking man, wearing a cassock, summoned him from amongst his comrades, and commanded him to follow him to the clerical seminary of St Sulpice. The sentence was without appeal. He learned from the superior that his family had decided to deprive him of his birthright, and transfer it to his younger brother.

'And wherefore?' asked the youth.

'Because he is not a cripple,' was the cruel reply.

The words entered like iron into the victim's soul; they changed his very nature, and made the youth what the Prince de Talleyrand afterwards appeared. In proud and bitter silence he donned the offered cassock; and none may know what passed within, for never, even to his most intimate friends, did he allude to the subject. Now in his youth, as afterwards in mature age, his resolution was taken and acted on immediately. He expressed neither grief nor a desire for the reversal of the decree; he knew this would be vain; but, in appearance at least, submitted patiently to the strict rules of the house. Notwithstanding his lameness, he possessed considerable strength and activity of body; but among his companions his usual weapon of defence was his tongue. Young and old dreaded his caustic, biting sentences, while the influence and power which his master-mind asserted and maintained were quite marvellous. At the seminary he became as distinguished as at the college. There still survive a few old clergymen who can recall the eloquent orations of the young student at the weekly exhibitions at St Sulpice. Some of these compositions have been preserved: they are chiefly remarkable for the artful manner in which the passions of the auditory are enlisted against the adverse side, and their sense of the ludicrous excited at its expense.

At the age of seventeen, M. de Talleyrand quitted the seminary, in order to complete his theological studies at the Sorbonne. The few days which intervened were passed by him at the family residence. Up to that period he had never spent a night beneath the parental roof. Well might Rousseau fulminate his burning reproaches against the high-born mothers of that time, whom he designates 'merciless stepmothers.' M. de Talleyrand was so fortunate as to have for his preceptor an excellent man, not many years older than himself. A strong and lasting affection subsisted between them. His 'dear father Langlois' received from him a liberal pension till the end of his days; and up to the year 1829, the period of the good old abbé's death, his antiquated figure, attired in the costume of the preceding century, might have been constantly seen in the prince's splendid reception-rooms, his huge snuff-box and coloured pocket-handkerchief figuring next rich uniforms and brilliant orders. When he spoke, his former pupil listened with respectful deference. Indeed it is not too much to assert, that whatever good was mingled with the character of the astute diplomatist, might fairly be traced to the early instruction of the Abbé Langlois.

The young Abbé de Talleyrand's first appearance in the gay society of Paris was at the hotel of Madame de Brignolle, who was in the habit of receiving the very *élite* of the fashionable world, together with the *fions* of the day. The young man seated himself in a remote corner, so as to observe the passing scene without taking part in it. Soon a modest, retiring-looking man came and placed himself near him. This was Philidor, the celebrated chess-player, who, being a frequent visitor at the house, was able and willing to point out the different distinguished guests to his uninitiated neighbour. D'Alembert, Diderot, and other great men were there, and Philidor was complacently commenting on them, for the young abbé's edification, when their quiet corner was suddenly invaded by two young hussar officers, a captain and lieutenant in a regiment especially favoured by the unhappy queen Marie-Antoinette,

and also noted for the free and impertinent manners of the young men who composed it. The two officers were laughing heartily at some exquisite jest between themselves.

'Come into this corner,' said one, 'and I'll finish the story; the end of it must be reserved for your private ear.'

'The corner is taken,' replied the other: 'I see Philidor there talking to some young raven just fledged, and flown from the seminary.'

'They'll give up their places. I know Philidor's temper: he'll submit, and the abbé will follow his example.' So saying, they approached the two occupants of the corner, and with the coolest impertinence began to annoy them by their words and gestures. Philidor, whose pacific and timid character was well known, immediately prepared to retreat. He cast an imploring glance at the abbé, complained of the heat of the room, and finally rose and glided away. The Chevalier de Boufflers—one of the officers—took instant possession of the vacant chair, and turning towards the young abbé, stared at him with an insolent expression. The lieutenant took up his position at the other side, and looked at Talleyrand in a manner not less offensive. Not the slightest notice, however, did the young man take of either, until the officer, tired of his *sang-froid*, inquired 'if he did not find the heat oppressive?' and added the advice to 'imitate his friend, and seek cooler air in the antechamber.' Talleyrand, with the utmost politeness, 'thanked the officer for his considerate kindness; but begged to assure him that his own lungs were so very delicate, that he would fear to encounter the cold air.'

The angry blood mounted in the officer's cheek: he was a youth just come from Normandy, and spoke with his native accent in all its purity.

'You look young, my dear abbé,' he said; 'perhaps you have not been at school, and are not aware that you have yet many things to learn: amongst the rest'—

'A thousand pardons!' interrupted the abbé, standing up, looking full at his adversary, and imitating to perfection the Norman accent. 'I assure you I have been at school; I learned all my letters, and I know that A B (abbé) is not C D (*céder*, yield); and, moreover, that your E P (*épée*, sword) will not make me O T (*ôter*, go away).' By this time a number of the guests had collected, and received Talleyrand's sally with a peal of hearty laughter. The Chevalier de Boufflers himself applauded; but the discomfited Norman, having no reply ready, took himself off as fast as possible. Madame du Deffand happened to be in the room. She heard the repartee, and expressed a wish to have its author introduced to her. This was done by De Boufflers himself. The illustrious lady, who was blind, invited the young abbé to be seated next her. She passed her venerable hand over his face, in order to examine the features, which she could not see, and then said, 'Go, young man; nature has endowed you with her richest gifts. She has placed it in your power fully to redeem the wrongs of fortune.'

The Abbé de Talleyrand soon became known in the highest literary and political circles; his subsequent career belongs to the eventful history of the period. It is rather singular that he attached his name to the first popular journal that ever appeared in France, 'La Feuille Villageoise,' conducted by the Abbé Cerutti, exercised much influence on the first events in the Revolution of 1789. In juxtaposition with articles from the fiery pen of Mirabeau, or bearing the impress of Cerutti's bitterly-ironical genius, the historian of to-day studies still with interest essays exhibiting the calm, steady reasoning of Talleyrand: for example, those on the 'Reform in National Education,' 'On the Abuses of Power,' 'On the Unity of Weights and Measures,' &c. &c. Sieyès and Mirabeau professed a high esteem for the talents of the young Talleyrand. Mirabeau frequently declared that he considered him the only man

capable of succeeding him in the direction of the moderate party of the time.

Talleyrand died at Paris, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, on the 17th of May 1838. By his will he has strictly prohibited his heirs from publishing his memoirs—which he wrote himself, and which are, it is said, deposited in England—until thirty years shall have expired from the day of his death. Many a state mystery and many a grand secret in diplomacy will no doubt be revealed to the curious public of 1868. Till then, we must content ourselves with a few rambling records of that grand mover of the wires of the political puppet-show—Charles-Maurice Prince de Talleyrand.

TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

'Till tokens which every tavern and tippling-house (in the days of late anarchy among us) presumed to stamp and utter for immediate exchange, as they were passable through the neighbourhood, which, though seldom reaching further than the next street or two, may happily, in after-times, come to exercise and busy the learned critic what they should signify.' Such, in the words of Evelyn, is the motto prefixed to a recently-published work,* from which many interesting particulars may be gathered relating to the least valuable portion of our copper coinage; a currency which, though of little intrinsic worth, has played no insignificant part in popular finance. The coins or tokens in question represent a period—1648 to 1672—in which transpired some of the most momentous events in our national history; and the 'effigies' stamped on them not unfrequently indicate the political opinions of those by whom they were issued, but mostly a miniature representation of the sign of the house. 'Few persons,' observes Mr Akerman, 'will require to be reminded that every tradesman once had his particular sign, and that, when the houses in streets were not numbered, such a practice was not without its use. A few shops and houses of business may yet be found in London, especially the old-established ones, that have not entirely discarded their signs, and they may still be seen occupying the place of a pane in the window. One or two bankers, too, do not disdain to exhibit their ancient cognizance over the door. Messrs Hoare display the Golden Bottle over the entrance of their elegant new house of business. Childs, the bankers, bore the Marigold, which may still be seen within their office.'

Signs, like everything else, must submit to change; and to quote the words of one whom Captain Smyth would call a 'brackish poet'—

'Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their title of talk,
And filled their sign-poets then, like Wellesley now.'

But we are reminded that there are other mutations: who does not remember Rip van Winkle's astonishment on noticing that the comfortable visage of George III. on a swinging sign had, by a touch of painter's craft, been made to do duty as General Washington; and, another instance, where the likeness of that good old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, became the *Saracen's Head*? Mr Akerman says, 'Everybody knows that the "Satyr and Bacchanals" became in due time the "Satyr and Bag o' Nails," and that the Puritan "God encompasseth Us" was profaned to "The Goat and Compasses!" that the gallant Sir Cloudeley lives in the "Ship and Shovel;" and that the faithful

governor of Calais—"Caton Fidèle"—is immortalised in the "Cat and Fiddle!"'

Poets have not disdained to exercise their pens on the subject of signs: the specimen quoted above affords one instance: here is another, written about the beginning of last century:—

'I'm amazed at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpie and Crown;
The Whale and the Orow;
The Razor and Ilen;
The Leg and Seven Stars;
The Axe and the Bottle;
The Sun and the Lute;
The Eagle and Child;
The Shovel and Boot.'

With these preliminary remarks concerning signs, we pass to the subject of tokens or coins. The circulating medium is now so much a matter of course, that we seldom think of the inconveniences to which a different state of things would expose us. In the Saxon days, the chief coin was a penny, stamped in silver, and weighing twenty-four grains, with a very limited supply of halves and quarters. The weight of this coin was liable to be varied at the caprice of rulers; and from the reign of Harold downwards, it was gradually reduced, until the penny became a mere spangle, something like Turkish *paras*, which fly from a dealer's hand under a good puff of wind. In Elizabeth's reign, proposals were made to stamp a penny in baser metal; but for certain reasons—history does not tell us if they were good ones—her virgin majesty resolutely opposed the project. But so small was the supply of halfpence and farthings, that the common people were greatly embarrassed in making small purchases, and subjected to loss; for, as is stated in a petition to parliament of that period, if they bought any article of less value than a penny, they lost the difference for want of small change. The gentry also were as much perplexed for *petty money* to give away as alms to the mendicants who then swarmed over the whole country. Examples still exist of pennies cut into halves and quarters as a remedy for the inconvenience; besides which, a quantity of thin light coins called 'black money' found its way hither from the continent; and a coinage issued by the abbays filled some of the minor channels of circulation. Leaden dumps, too, passed from hand to hand, and in some places were still current so lately as 1696. Many of our old church books contain entries of sums paid 'for moulds to cast tokens in,' and of payments to 'the plomer for tokens.'

Eventually, a silver coin, value three-farthings, was issued under Elizabeth's authority; but it was so exceedingly small and light, as to be scarcely available for practical purposes. At the same period 'lead, tin, latten, and even leather, were stamped by grocers, vintners, chandlers, and alehouse keepers, in great numbers; and as they were only to be repaid to the same shop from whence they were received, the loss to the poor was most grievous.' The impossibility of longer delaying an improvement led to the stamping of some patterns in copper. It was not, however, until the reign of James (1613) that an attempt was made to supersede the spurious and heterogeneous currency by royal proclamation, which at the same time announced that letters-patent had been granted to Lord Harrington 'to make such a competent quantity of farthing tokens of copper as might be conveniently issued amongst his majesty's subjects within the realms of England, and Ireland, and the dominion of Wales. . . . the said farthing tokens to be made exactly and artificially of copper by engines and instruments, having on the one side two sceptres crossing under one diadem; and on the other side a harp crowned, with the king's title, JACOBUS DEI GRATIA MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ FRANCIE ET HIBERNIÆ REX; such farthing tokens to pass for the value of farthings within the king's realms and dominions, with the liking and consent of his loving subjects.'

* *Tradesmen's Tokens*, Current in London and its Vicinity between the Years 1648 and 1672. Described from the Originals in the British Museum, and in several Private Collections. By John George Akerman, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

But it was not easy to break through long-established custom; and many parties were interested in the circulation of the illegitimate coinage, which, however, after the accession of Charles I., was made a penal offence. The coiners of farthings then sold twenty-one shillings' worth for every twenty shillings sterling; but the fabricators of tokens gave twenty-six shillings' worth for the same amount; much in the same way as Brummagem halfpence are schemed into circulation in the present day. The Star Chamber was sometimes called on to interfere in defence of the law. A complaint laid before that court called attention to 'the number of counterfeit pieces in circulation, and to the practice of knavish employers, who paid them for wages to their workmen and labourers in greater quantities than was ever contemplated by government.' 'Workmen,' it was alleged, 'were often paid a whole week's wages in these farthing tokens, by people who bought large quantities at cheap rates, upon which they thus realised considerable profit.' Two proclamations followed in consequence, in 1633 and following year: the first declared 'the counterfeiters of farthing tokens and their abettors, upon conviction, to be liable to a fine of one hundred pounds, to be set in the pillory in Cheapside, and thence whipped through the streets to Bridewell, where they were to be kept to hard work.' And the second declared further, 'that no one should pay above two-pence in farthings at one time; and it was to be unlawful to force such farthing tokens, in either great or small quantities, upon workmen, labourers, and other persons of humble vocations.'

Subsequently, in 1635, 1636, as the evils complained of were but little diminished, other proclamations were issued, one of which announced 'a new coinage of these farthings of copper with a piece of brass in the centre. . . . a device by which they might be distinguished from all others, and the people protected from fraud.' Mr Akerman here introduces in a note an instance of the waggish humour of the day:—'At this period the red cross on the door of a house was a sign that the Plague, or, as it was then designated, "the Sickness," had seized on the inmates. The eruptions on the bodies of the infected persons were termed *tokens*. The Earl of Arundel, the patentee of these farthings, having locked up the mint-house, some wag wrote on the door, "Lord have mercy upon us, for this house is full of tokens!"'

As may naturally be supposed, the civil commotions which soon afterwards broke out greatly retarded the general circulation of the new farthings, and at the same time favoured the traffic in unlawful coins, causing serious distress; so that, as we read, in 1644 'the doors of the Parliament House were daily besieged by fruitwomen, fishwomen, and others who obtained a livelihood by selling small wares. Some of these poor creatures had, says a pamphlet of the day, as much as ten or twenty shillings in farthing tokens, while many tradesmen had even sixty pounds' worth. . . . Such was the lamentable state of a part of the English coinage just previous to the death of Charles on the scaffold. Encouraged by the civil distractions, tavern-keepers and tradesmen began to issue their tokens, struck in brass, and bearing their name and calling. Some of the devices and legends are curious enough: some blazon their utterers' loyalty when many were glad to sink politics and save their property from confiscation; and tokens with the king's head jingled in the citizen's pocket with the shillings and pence of 'the Cassars of England,' as witty Fuller styled the Commonwealth. Some bore promises to pay, in sterling coin, on demand: some circulated with the request, "Though I'm but brass, yet let me pass;" while others were inscribed with profane attempts at wit, as the tokens of a provincial tallow-chandler—"TOWCH NOT MINE ANOINTED, AND DO MY PROFITS NO HARM." Several, issued by keepers of coffee-houses, show a half-length figure of a man, or a hand emerging from a cloud holding a coffee-pot, and pouring the contents

into a cup. Others exhibit tobacco-pipes as well as coffee-cups, thus showing that the grave citizens of that day could appreciate soothing luxuries as well as the "fast" men who frequent modern divans. One among these tokens bears testimony to the cruel character of a popular recreation then in favour: it represents a man about to throw a stick at a cock, with the legend, W.S.L. BRANDON AT YE HAVE AT IT ON DOWGATE HILL, HIS HALF PENY. Another bears three ermine spots, with the inscription, ANNE ADKINS FOR NECESSARY CHANG. In fact it would be difficult to mention an object which has not been made use of as a device: thus we find a man dipping candles, the man in the moon, the pope's head, with beehives, helmets, and gridirons innumerable. In this way,' as Mr Akerman writes, 'while the kingdom was divided by faction, every tradesman issued his *halfpenny* or his *farthing token*, till impunity led some to stamp even pledges for a penny. This is the money for which the virtuous Evelyn expresses his contempt, and which he regarded as the spawn of the hydra of rebellion.'

The state of things here indicated has had its parallel in later times: in Paris during the First Revolution; in the United States during the short war with England in 1814; and, as the writer well remembers, in New York in the disastrous year of panic, 1837, 'small change' became so scarce, that hundreds of dealers issued paper-notes for sums varying from six to fifty cents. It was next to impossible to convert these into specie, for most of them, though payable on demand, were only redeemable in 'shoes,' 'dry-goods,' or 'hardware.' On some the inscription ran—'Good for groceries at SAMPSON MOORE'S,' or, 'Good for a buster and cold slice, TOM SWEENEY.' The annoyance and loss of time, as well as value, attendant on such perturbations, must, as show-bills say, 'be seen (or felt) to be duly appreciated.'

Mr Akerman gives us, 'by way of rider,' a few notes, which may be said to complete the history of the farthing:—'In the year 1649 patterns were struck in copper, bearing on one side a shield, charged with the cross of England, and the legend, FARTHING TOKENS OF ENGLAND—Reverse, a shield charged with the Irish harp, and the legend, FOR NECESSITY OF CHANGE, 1649.' Another was, FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR; and a third, ENGLAND'S FARTHING; and some mark the period of Cromwell's authority, being inscribed OLIVAR PRO. ENG. SC. IRL.—CHARITIE AND CHANGE; besides others with different devices and legends. 'From this period' (1684), pursues the author, 'the farthings of England have been struck in copper of about the size of those now current; and in the reign of Anne, an attempt was made to render their type classical; but this was not an age for such a consummation. Several patterns were struck at this time, which are remarkable for spiritless design, though the workmanship of some is superior. One of these patterns is of considerable rarity. It has the figure of Britannia holding a spear and an olive branch, with the legend BELLO . ET . PACE in indented letters on a raised border; a most inelegant fancy, revived in our own times on the pennies of George III. The ordinary current farthing of Anne (date 1714) has Britannia seated with the same symbols, and is far less rare than popular tradition has led many to suppose, a specimen being easily procurable of any dealer in coins.'

Mr Akerman, who is already well known by his writing on numismatics, has thus shown how an apparently dreary subject may be made interesting. Without going to the full extent of his enthusiasm in such studies, we agree with him that *tokens* 'are regarded as memorials of utility and interest to the antiquary, the topographer, and the genealogist, who discovers in them many records of customs, persons, and places, all contributing to the sub-current of our history. In these mementos of troublous times, and ill-constructed laws relating to the currency, even the statesman may find matter for serious reflection; and many a now proud

and titled family may trace an ancestor in some dealer and chapman, whose name and calling are contained within the circumscribed area of a tradesman's token.'

CRIME AND GENIUS.

SIXTEEN two years and eight months back, a youth, then entered upon his thirteenth year, was placed at the bar of the Justiciary Court at Perth, accused of stealing, or being in company with others who stole, some loaves of bread from a cart on the Perth Road, Dundee. Though young in years, he was, in legal phraseology, old in crime. 'Previous conviction' formed the concluding words of the libel on which he was charged, and the new conviction obtained sealed his fate, almost for time and eternity. At thirteen years of age, for stealing a loaf of bread—such is the merciful state of our criminal law—this child received sentence of seven years' transportation! and no doubt would have been sent to associate, for the most eventful period of human existence, with the polluted and abandoned, had something like a providential occurrence not taken place. It so happened that, after coming back to the prison, waiting to be shipped off to a foreign land, he was attacked with a disease in the elbow joint. Whether his journey to a penal settlement was prevented by this cause, we are not prepared to say; but certain it is, from the day he returned from the Justiciary Court at Perth, he has had to inhabit one of the cells in the criminal jail of Dundee. On visiting his lonely apartment the other day, we found him seated on a small chest, busily employed in mending the binding of books belonging to the library, an occupation, we are given to understand, in which he takes great delight. Around him lay on the floor of his cell several works on mathematics and astronomy, while the walls were covered with a number of maps of various countries in the world. If there was any lack of provision for the stomach, there was no want of food for the mind. After some interesting conversation with the youth, in order to test his powers, the indefatigable teacher in the prison, Mr Lindsay, who accompanied us, requested him to take up the alac, and determine the position of the moon on a given day; which he accomplished in a few seconds. On questioning him as to his early habits, he admitted that he had been from his earliest years a depredator; had attended the Episcopal church along with his stepfather and mother, and occasionally the Sabbath-school; but his mind at the time led him more frequently to seek the company of other boys older and more dexterous in thieving than himself.

Passing to a neighbouring cell along with the teacher, we were introduced to another youth between sixteen and seventeen years of age. He was seated in his narrow abode on a low box, picking old ropes; and though there was wanting the intellectual provision which the other culprit had at command, we soon felt convinced that here also the prison walls had attractions. Our attention was first called to a wooden erection in the corner of the cell; it was rough workmanship, for the only tool that had been engaged in its carving and erection was the fragment of a shoemaker's knife, stuck into a weaver's pirn, which somehow or other had come into his possession, the blade of which was scarcely an inch and a-half in length. On looking into this piece of rough mechanism, we perceived a water-clock in full and regular movement, the whole so adjusted, that the hands on the dial-plate indicated time with considerable accuracy. Several other pieces of mechanism were shown us by the youth, of his own construction, with no other tool, as we were assured all along, than the piece of a shoemaker's knife. The fate of this youth, like the other one, was somewhat hard. He had been condemned to banishment for life for a crime of which, at the bar of the court, he declared his innocence, and from which declaration he has never yet swerved. The offence of which he was accused was a very heinous one indeed—setting fire to a mill, for the sake of plunder, in the month of January last. A reward was offered for the guilty person, and two brothers, along with a *socius criminis*, were the chief witnesses, on whose testimony the charge was proven, and sentence of banishment for life was recorded against two youths, both of whom protested that they were innocent of the offence laid to their charge. One of the two has been sent off to the settlements; but the other, the one noticed above, who perseveres in the maintenance of his innocence, being under age, remains in prison.—*North-ern Wreder*.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

When daylight has departed, and earth is hushed to rest,
When little birds are folded safe within the parent nest;
When on the closed flowers the blessed night-dews weep,
And stars look down in beauty upon the slumbering deep—
Unseen by mortal eyes, in the stillness of the night,
There are those who wander o'er the earth in robes of airy light;
Sweet messengers of love and hope, they journey to and fro,
And consolation follows in their footsteps as they go.
What are the heart's presentiments of coming joy or pain,
But gently-whispered warnings of that guardian angel train?
The signals of their sympathy, the tokens of their care,
The sighings of their sorrow o'er the woes that flesh must bear.
We hear them in our slumbers, and waking fancy deems
That busy thought was wandering in the fairy land of dreams;
But the low sweet tones we listened were strains that angels sing,
For ministering spirits with our souls were communing.
And when morning breaks above us, and we wake to busy day,
These angels 'go before,' to guide and 'keep us in our way';
When our feeble footsteps falter, all aweary and alone,
In their arms they gently bear us, 'lest we dash against a stone.'
In our journeyings, in our restings, on the land, or on the sea,
In our solitude and sorrow, in our gatherings and glee,
In the day of degradation, in the hour of joy and pride,
Those pure and watchful ministers are ever by our side.
Oh Thou whom angels worshipped ere Time or we began,
And whose divine compassion gave thy guardianship to man,
Throughout this mortal warfare let them still my champions be,
And in the last stern conflict 'give them charge concerning me!'
JESSY JONES.

GROWTH OF NEW YORK.

New York is increasing with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled, and bids fair soon to be among the first cities in the world. New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and Hoboken, are essentially one city, as much as London, with its conglomeration of towns, is one city. These multitudes, gathered round the magnificent harbour at the mouth of the Hudson, are spreading rapidly on both sides of the East River and of the North River, and within five years, will probably number one million of people. The marts of merchandise are crowded into the lower parts of the Manhattan island, extending one or two miles up the island, and from river to river; while the dwellings of the merchants are rising like spring vegetation, in long lines of princely streets, on the shore of the Jerseys, upon the Long-Island shore—where they receive the name of Brooklyn and Williamsburg—and along the magnificent avenues of Bloomingdale and Harlem. Greenwich and Chelsea, on the North River side, and Yorkville upon the East River, formerly thriving towns, four or five miles from the city, are already swallowed up by the swelling inundation. But in addition to this horizontal growth, there is a vertical growth, which is very important, though but little thought of. New York is daily rising into the air, as well as spreading along the ground. The roofs are daily torn from the houses and from the stores, and two or three additional storeys added. Thus a new city is being rapidly built upon the top of the old one. Decayed buildings, two or three storeys high, are replaced by massive structures, rising seven or eight storeys into the air.—*Canada Temperance Advocate*.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The great mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration; and in the noblest parts of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

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MURDER-MANIA.

It was formerly the custom, even with profound thinkers, to look upon the rude simplicity of early societies as the natural state of man, from which every advance into refinement was an artificial divergence. Some authors have lamented this state of nature as a lost paradise; and Rousseau, more especially, in a famous paradox, has called upon the world to recognise the vanity of the arts and sciences. The mistake was of the same kind as that which placed the human race merely in the highest class of animals, and caused Monboddo to look sharply out for the remains of those caudal appendages of which we had been robbed by exotic culture. Since then, however, the fact has met not only with philosophical, but general recognition, that man has his own peculiar kingdom in nature; that he is born a progressive being, destined to rise through various stages of improvement to some hitherto undetermined condition; and that savagism is no more his natural state, than the seed or the sapling is the natural state of the full-grown tree.

Although the point we are destined to reach is hidden in the future, we know with some degree of certainty where we now are. We are able to trace the career of moral and social advancement from its earliest stages; and tribes and nations, in every degree of progress hitherto attained, placed under our view by means of the comparative perfection of navigation, serve as living illustrations of the theories of the learned and the traditions of the vulgar. Assisted by such materials, we have come to distinguish between the natural and unnatural—that is, between the law of nature and the law of circumstances, and thus the virtues of the savage are seen to be the vices of the civilised man, and deeds which were formerly regarded as mere transgressions of social rule, are recognised as crimes against the ordinances of God, now brought out in distinct and indelible characters in the awakened heart. This comparatively advanced position is attended by a corresponding refinement in manners. We are more gentle and kindly in our bearing than formerly; the individual belongs more essentially to the community; the rich bear more generously the burthens of the poor, and the strong those of the weak; and in the intercommunion of the sexes there is, throughout almost all classes of society, an air of courtly delicacy, which is the homage of chivalry divested of its ostentation and extravagance.

This is a very amiable-looking picture of the English of the middle of the nineteenth century: but to make it a true one, we must bring out another feature—and one so repulsive, so terrible, so extraordinary, that the reason and imagination are both alike bewildered and aghast. Growing up in the very midst of this kind-

liness of spirit, fastidious delicacy, and romantic refinement, there is a tendency to crime more wild, more brutal, more abominable, than the darkest ages of the world ever heard of. In former times, a truly 'terrific murder' was the opprobrium of the epoch, and a landmark of history: now, one succeeds another with such rapidity, that the mind becomes deadened to the sense of horror. Wives destroy their husbands by means of the long agonies of days or weeks—watching, in the meantime, like Gouls by their bedside, and gloating on the struggles of their despair; mothers poison their infants when sucking at their breasts; and husbands and wives, conspiring at their fireplaces to assassinate, prepare the details of the deed a month before, and receive daily the intended victim as a friend and guest till the moment of murder arrives. This horrible taint in the national mind occurs in the midst of social, moral, and religious soundness. It is the attendant of our civilisation, the shadow of our refinement. What is the connection which thus binds together health and disease, life and death? That there is a connection of one kind or other—that there is something in the present form of our civilisation which produces or encourages this seeming anomaly—appears to be certain, for the one has never existed without the other.

It has been surmised before now that the tendency to crime is a symptom of mental disease. In our present state of society, with all its advancement, there evidently exist great numbers of individuals with ill-regulated minds, and whose mental imperfections induce a fatal imitative tendency towards evil actions. Add to this, the vast and complicated pressure of paltry necessities and sordid feelings, and we have a tolerably clear reason assigned for the murder-mania which has lately afflicted the country. But there is still something besides; the exciting and abhorrent details of slaughter offered by the public journals must be held far from blameless. No doubt the newspaper press only obeys a demand in presenting these minutiae of crime to its readers. The details we speak of, however, are not the less mischievous. Unquestionably, the unsound predisposition receives a direction and an impulse from the journals; and the atrocities, the horrors, and the sufferings that flaunt so wildly and pertinaciously in the eyes of the public, serve as so many sparks to ignite the latent mine.

That the journals do exercise this influence—that they are, so to speak, accessories before the fact to three-fourths of the more extravagant murders that occur in England—we confidently believe. A curious proof of this exists in the fact, that the crime assumes, from time to time, the character of an epidemic. A murder occurs: the journalist does his work; and the poison he gives forth floats over the country like a pestilence. The rational are shocked, the refined dis-

gusted, the timid terrified; but the vulgar drink in the details with a hideous delight, and soon a new murder proclaims that these have come in contact with some predisposed mind. The same process is now gone over again, and is followed by the same result: again—again—again, till at length the excitement palls—murder has no longer its zest—horror becomes tame—the journals lose their ghastly influence—and the epidemic is for the time at an end.

That this influence really exists, and works in the manner we have described, is proved by the history of self-murder. The predisposed suicide is not merely instigated to the deed by the poisonous details of the journals, but determined in the choice of a locality. Certain places become fashionable haunts for those who have a mind to destroy themselves. Now, for instance, they are attracted to the top of the Monument in London, till the authorities humanely interpose a grating; then they affect a particular corner of Waterloo Bridge, till a preventive force of policemen is stationed on the spot. To suppose, as regards such cases, that men previously sound in intellect are seduced into self-destruction merely by reading the details of a similar deed, is absurd: a taint of insanity must exist, a predisposition, that is developed and directed by narratives only too interesting to a diseased mind. The usual mode in which the journals act is by accustoming the fore-doomed wretch to brood over the deed they describe—by presenting to his morbid imagination the air-drawn dagger till it acquires a character of reality. They sometimes, however, derive collateral aid from the love even of infamous notoriety, which is a passion of vulgar minds. At the moment we write, a more than suspected murderer, of the foulest description, is reported as betraying excessive gratification at the attention he excited while commencing in Jersey, in the custody of the law, that journey which he knew would conduct him to the gallows. A single word uttered in the act of suicide not far from where we write affords another illustration. Everybody knows the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh, from which is obtained one of the most remarkable views even in this paradise of the picturesque. The bridge consists of several arches thrown boldly over a ravine of great depth, such as elsewhere forms a feature only in the wildest Highland scenery. Perched on the cliffs and slopes of the glen, ranges of aristocratic buildings and ornamental gardens contrast with the rudeness of nature; and at the bottom, at some two or three hundred yards' distance, a small temple-like structure rises over St Bernard's Well. On looking down over the dizzy prospect, the floor is seen of almost naked rocks, forming the bed of the scanty Water of Leith; and here, some little while ago, an unhappy man destroyed himself by leaping from the bridge into the abyss. The incident of course excited remark both in the newspapers and in conversation, and the poor wretch became the hero of rumour for a few days. Soon after, a working-man was passing along the bridge in that stage of intoxication which is a true though temporary insanity, and he was observed suddenly to climb upon the parapet. The bystanders, rushing to save him, were only in time to hear him cry, "For death or glory!" The previous tragedy, with its circumstances of notoriety, appeared to his crazy mind to give a certain dignity to its victim; and it was probably with some drunken heroism of feeling he shouted his last words, and springing over the bridge, was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below!

There is a hamlet well known to us, about midway

between the town of Enfield in Middlesex and the village of Enfield Highway. It is called Turkey Street; but notwithstanding this odd name, it is one of the finest specimens of rurality we know; and with its abundant foliage, its pebbly stream spanned by wooden bridges, and its park-like neighbourhood, it always used to put us in mind of a village scene in a theatre. It has no traffic, no view but of woods and lawns; and though only a dozen miles from the heart of London, might seem to lie a hundred from any congregation whatever of the human kind. We had little thought, after leaving our tranquil hermitage a few years ago, that we should ever see its name in the newspapers; but the other day we were horrified to find that the Epidemic had been there—that one of the mothers of the hamlet had been seized while hacking with a knife at the throats of her children! Now, is it possible to account for the turn thus taken by the poor woman's insanity, otherwise than by supposing that her diseased mind had received its fatal direction, and been wound up to a paroxysm, by the bloody images with which it had been deluged? The hamlet, it is true, had little direct communication with the world of crime or business; but, alas, it had its public-house, and the public-house its Sunday newspaper!

But it is a difficult and thankless task to make head against tradition. The murderer has motives: therefore, in the popular idea, he is sane. It is never considered that suicides and other monomaniacs have likewise motives. Even when circumstances of the most hideous and revolting extravagance occur, they are set down as aggravating the crime, not as conveying a suspicion of the sanity, in that particular point, of the criminal. Among the recent cases, a man, for the sake of some trifling robbery, slew a mother with her two children and a servant-woman; and in this terrific deed, not satisfied with the blows that dealt death, must have spent many of the moments so precious to his safety in hewing at the dead bodies of the little girls. His counsel, at the trial, though not led to theorise farther, ventured to suggest that this extravagance was a proof of unsound mind; but the judge, surprised and indignant at the heresy, rebuked him with vehemence. His charge had the usual effect with the jury: the frantic criminal was condemned to the gallows; and the populace within and without the court testified their satisfaction with yells of applause!

The complicity of the journals, unluckily, is moral, not legal. But although we cannot prosecute them as accessories before the fact, it would be very easy for those in authority to deprive them of the materials of which, either from sordid motives or trade competition, they make so bad a use. When it is intended, for the purposes of justice, that a particular matter should be kept secret, there is no difficulty in obtaining their silence, if this can only be done by excluding their reporters from the place. They are, in fact, in a great degree at the mercy of the functionaries, and would compete with each other in observing regulations that were determined to be enforced. Instead of any such regulations, however, every facility is afforded them for deluging the country with the fatal trash with which their columns are now full; and even the wax-modeler Tus-saud is politely permitted to perpetuate in her exhibition the memory of the horrors of the day, for the benefit of constitutional monomaniacs and of the rising generation. But the authorities will not trouble themselves; and the government, as usual, will stand still, waiting till external pressure supplies its deficiency in internal life and energy. Thus things will go on as they are, till some public-spirited member gets up in his place

in parliament, and by enlisting on the side of good taste, policy, and humanity, the whole intelligence and respectability of the country, succeeds in wiping away this blot upon the civilisation of the age. L. R.

THE LEGACY.

'I NEVER in my life knew any people so lucky as George Andrews and his wife,' observed Mrs Henderson one evening to her husband, in a tone which bordered strongly on complaint.

'What has happened to them now, Sophia?' inquired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings, however, than in his neighbours' fortunes.

'Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of his has died in India, and left him six or seven thousand pounds? Only think of receiving such a legacy from a person one has never seen, and scarcely ever heard of!'

'I am glad to hear it,' replied Mr Henderson. 'One may congratulate him on his accession of wealth without fear of giving rise to painful regrets. Six thousand pounds would not console one for the loss of a very dear friend.'

'Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant to inherit, Philip,' replied the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that it would console her for a great deal. 'I wish somebody would leave as much to you: how happy it would make us!'

'I am not so sure of that; such an addition to our income might possibly make us neither happier nor richer than we are at present.'

'Not richer! Why, Philip, you are joking. Would not three hundred a year—and, if properly managed, it would produce that—make us a great deal richer? What an advantage it would be!'

'What do you need, Sophia, that you do not at present possess, that you are so extremely desirous of a larger income?'

'Oh, a dozen things at least: we would put Edward to a first-rate school, and have a capital governess for the others. What a pleasure that would be! I should be no more tied to teaching, as I am now, but should be as independent of the nursery as Mrs Andrews; and then, perhaps, you would indulge me with a week in London; and I am dying to hear an opera! I am sure you could afford that for once in a way.'

'I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a good school, my dear,' said her husband rather gravely; 'though, as to the tuition of the girls, I think you must still be contented to act the part of a mother towards them. And permit me to say, that I trust your desire of going to London is as visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your happiness does not depend on either event, I should imagine; certainly not nearly so much as on the cultivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as you have always hitherto exhibited.'

No more was said on the subject, and Mr Henderson trusted that, as the first excitement of this intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to discontent would likewise die away, and that she would gradually resume the use of her reason and her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, meantime, did not view the affair in the bright colours that dazzled Mrs Henderson. On the contrary, he had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased with this sudden accession of property, but when he came to consider the matter, he experienced a great revulsion of feeling; and he began to doubt whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintance universally denominated him. It was, after all, so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—it would hardly add to his income, or increase his credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a something worth talking about, a gift to be grateful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he might have risen a step in the world, and from senior clerk of the extensive firm to which he

belonged, he might have been admitted as partner; a change which he ardently desired. Why could not his cousin have made the legacy larger! How provoking that, either from want of interest in his welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped short of a sum which would certainly have procured him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which overspread his brow was not unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing that he was over-wearied with his work, and standing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed that he should beg a short holiday from the office, and spend it with them at the sea-side.

'I cannot afford any such extravagant pleasures,' was his reply, somewhat impatiently, to her suggestion.

'I thought this legacy you have received would have enabled you?' replied she rather timidly—then paused.

'Legacy!' repeated he; 'I am sick of the legacy. After all the congratulations with which I am pestered, as if I had inherited half the Indies, to be owner of only six thousand pounds—it is too bad!'

'Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you: six thousand pounds is a large sum for us, and will make a most comfortable addition to our income. I am sure I feel grateful for it.'

'Grateful—pooh! If Edward Davis wished me to be grateful, he should have left me something worth naming. Upon my word I was ashamed to own this legacy, which has made so much noise, was only six thousand pounds when the eldest Walker asked me about it to-day. How contemptible it must appear to him, who makes more than that clear profit every year!'

'But these things are all by comparison, George; and a sum which would be nothing to your employers may be very important to you. You would not, I am sure, like to lose this six thousand again, although you speak of it now so slightly!'

He did not answer, and she, after waiting a moment, ventured to continue:—'You are tempted to take this gloomy view of matters, George, because you feel more than usually harassed with business. I am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once take my advice, and try if the change of scene and little holiday I propose would not give you renewed strength and vigour for your work.' She spoke in the gentlest and most persuasive accents, but they were lost on a mind which listened only to the whispers of a newly-awakened avarice.

Mr Andrews, after pacing the room for some minutes, seated himself again by his wife, and tried to make her understand the ambitious projects he had formed, and the great promotion he believed he had so narrowly missed. But she was too clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visionary projects, which tended only to disquiet his mind, and prevent his enjoying the blessings which were lawfully his. To his plan of laying by the whole of this addition to their income she did not of course object, if it was to enable her husband at some future time to retire from business; but his wish to become proprietor of the concern to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought of the increased responsibility he desired for himself, and she dreaded lest the sudden passion for accumulation which had now seized him, might lead him farther in the road of covetousness than he at all anticipated. But his project was fixed, and he resolved at all events to become possessor of ten thousand pounds, a preliminary step, as he imagined, to his great advancement; and seeing that she must submit, she wisely submitted with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of change of air for herself and children without a murmur.

Mr Andrews and Mr Henderson were clerks in the same concern; but the former, both in station and income, was considerably the senior, and Mrs Henderson had long been accustomed to eye with something approaching to envy the superior comforts and even elegancies which Mrs Andrews enjoyed. Not that there was anything approaching to ostentation in their manner of living; and in truth most of the indulgences which Mrs Hend-

son commented on or coveted were purchased from the comfortable portion which Mrs Andrews had inherited of her father. It was this which enabled them to send their eldest son to a superior school, and it was from this fund that the excellent governess was paid, who shared with the mother the task of educating a numerous and increasing family. That people already possessed of so much should inherit more, seemed an unnecessary addition, and almost an unfair division of worldly goods, to the jealous apprehension of Mrs Henderson. But had she known the truth, her envy must have subsided into pity. From the possession of that fatal legacy was the wife forced to date a melancholy and most distressing alteration in her husband: his whole nature seemed changed, and every honourable, generous, and even affectionate feeling, appeared smothered in a passion for gain. Quickly to accumulate the desired capital was his thought by day, his dream by night; and to accelerate this object, he tried in every possible way to curtail all expenses not strictly unavoidable. Gradually, but surely, Mrs Andrews found herself deprived of numerous trifles which her delicate health seemed to require: their household was diminished, subscriptions to charities withdrawn, their pleasant and commodious house exchanged for a cheaper abode in a less healthy situation; and when it appeared that it was of too contracted dimensions to receive them all, she was told that she must therefore give up the governess. By degrees the whole expenses of the household were reduced to the sum which was in truth her own, and her husband was not to be prevailed on to extend its limits or allow her to touch his salary. Had honour, honesty, or prudence dictated this proceeding, Mrs Andrews would have submitted without a remonstrance; her zeal in economy would even have exceeded his; but to feel herself and her children deprived of those advantages to which they had been accustomed from birth, only to gratify a fatally-increasing disease of her husband's mind, was bitter. But bitterer far was the loss of his affection and confidence—the painful coldness which had insensibly grown up between them. It was after a few years of such a system that a new prospect was suddenly opened, in an offer of partnership from another and a rival house. The prospect was alluring in every respect, the concern was supposed to be peculiarly flourishing, and the terms in which it was made were as flattering as they were advantageous. Eagerly was the proposal grasped by Mr Andrews, it being superior to his hopes, and much beyond his expectations; and the important step was taken which raised him from servitude to a master's place.

The vacancy this change occasioned was offered to Mr Henderson, and by him thankfully and gratefully accepted; but his wife, though now raised to the situation which she had long coveted, found it by no means replete with all the advantages she had been accustomed to ascribe to it, and she sighed as she reflected how little probable it was that any legacy would ever bestow on them the happiness which she believed Mrs Andrews to enjoy. Satisfied with his own advanced position, her husband paid little regard to her murmurings, for he was now enabled to procure for his children such additional advantages in education as he considered useful or desirable; and he pursued his daily avocations with increased attention and satisfaction, in spite of the restlessness of his wife, whom he vainly tried to inspire with a like contented spirit, by reminding her of the superior advantages they now enjoyed to those with which they commenced life. A single glance into Mrs Andrews' mind would have rendered his arguments a work of supererogation, and done more to convert his wife to his way of thinking than half a year's lecturing.

Being a woman of quick perception of character and great penetration, poor Mrs Andrews could not, from the first, avoid feeling some degree of mistrust for her husband's partners. Lavish in their own expenditure, indeed indulging in an unbounded profusion, they yet took every possible method of flattery and strengthening the very opposite foible of George Andrews; praising his prudence, envying his strength of mind, and protesting that, if cir-

cumstances allowed it, they would certainly imitate his foresight. These congratulations he received with a triumphant smile, which seemed to speak at once his own self-approval, and his contempt for his weak-minded companions.

Unwilling as she was to judge any one harshly, the wife could not think favourably of those who thus fostered a weakness, or rather a vice, so completely at variance with his best interests and the happiness of all connected with him. She feared the flatterers, though unable to divine their motive; and being now more than ever deprived of her husband's society, she occupied herself solely in directing her household, and giving her children the best education in her power. She imagined that her husband must long ago have realised the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he had asserted would be the extent of his ambition; yet she saw no symptom of relaxation in his avaricious habits, no improvement to herself in her own situation. All was grasping, grinding economy, rendered more bitter by the contrast which her husband's companions exhibited.

But a startling and complete termination was at length put to their trials and sorrows, for it suddenly became known that the two senior partners in the business were fled, taking with them every pound on which they could lay their grasp, and leaving the whole concern in a state of complete ruin. Debts to an enormous amount appeared due on every side, and it was evident that the business had long been on the verge of bankruptcy, which had been only kept off for a brief interval by the capital Andrews had brought them. Of course, though clear of their guilt, he was involved in their ruin, and at one blow the labours of the last six years were destroyed, and the money on which he had set his heart swept away for ever. The legacy, the source alike of pleasure and of pain, was now become as if it had never been; and the vain desires and ardent hopes which had been founded on it had proved vanity of vanities. But it was a happy blow for him: he awoke as from a dream, and with the demolition of his ambitious projects there came other and better plans and feelings. After honestly giving up every farthing he possessed to the creditors, he looked around for employment to provide bread for his family; nor did he seek in vain. A situation was once more offered him in Mr Walker's house, and here he began the world again as at the first.

'Well,' said Mr Henderson to his wife, 'I agree with you in thinking Andrews a very fortunate man. It is true that he has lost the legacy, but he has gained a lesson which he will probably never forget. And when I see him now so quietly pursuing his business, and his wife with a contented, or rather a happy look, I must class him among the most fortunate men of my acquaintance.'

THE ATLAS WORKS.

As the visitor bends his way down Oxford Road in that great industrial hive, Manchester, into which are concentrated more and more astonishing mechanical ingenuities than are to be found in any other place probably in the whole world, the clatter of a hundred hammers heard afar off will inform him that he is approaching the Atlas Works. An immense building, five storeys high, situated at the corner of a street, and extending as far as the eye can penetrate in one direction, and several hundred feet in the other, is discovered to be the source of this deafening uproar; and if the eye is directed upwards, it will catch the title of the place in bold letters—thus, THE ATLAS WORKS. What is the cause of this uproarious din, and what the nature of these extensive works? The Atlas Works are one of the largest locomotive-engine manufactories in the world; and their hundreds of simultaneously-acting hands and hammers keep the whole neighbourhood for some distance around in a state of ceaseless clatter from six in the morning often until late in the evening. Suppose, reader, while you accompany us, that both your ears are filled with a concentration of grinding, clashing, clanking, screeching, and roaring sounds, to which

the low but thrilling hum of the blast-furnace forms a bass, and you may then in some measure realise the actual condition of this tumultuous but most interesting establishment.

The proper permission being obtained, we were accompanied by a clear-headed workman, to whom the office of *cicerone* to the wonders of this temple of Vulcan was no novelty; and we are bound to add, a more intelligent and interesting companion, high or humble, we have seldom encountered. We were first shown into the 'fitting-up' room, which is on the ground-floor in one of the wings of the building. It is a lofty room, from 150 to 200 feet long, illuminated by a great number of windows. It is divided into three sections by two rows of strong pillars which support the ceiling. The work-benches are arranged along the sides, and the 'fitting-up' takes place in the central division of the room. On entering, we were almost overpowered by the awful noise of the place; the intensity of which, added to the appearance of confusion, of whirling drums, straps, pulleys, lathes, and other engines of terrible appearance, oppressed the senses in a manner which it is not possible to describe. The objects which most attracted our attention were eleven large locomotives in all stages of development. Here was one of these iron monsters without its chimney; another without its fire-place; another had a man inside it hammering with all his might; another was having its pistons put in; to another the side plates were being screwed on; another was being set on its legs—wheels, we should say; another was being painted, and receiving its christening, the 'Fire-King,' the 'Blazer,' and such-like; and finally, a huge crane had taken up another in its strong embrace, lifting it bodily upwards, and depositing it on a strong carriage; the gates were thrown open, the team put up to the collar, and the wonderful machine sent to do its civilising, space-annulling work in the busy world outside. Yet once more, large packing-cases at the end of the room were filled with the dismembered bodies of others, with a foreign address, and surmounted by the characteristic, short, and sturdy chimney of these machines. These were for exportation—the locomotives for home use being sent out in the complete state. To those whose avocation or whose pleasure calls them to study the fabrication of the locomotive, an hour spent in this room would do more to their enlightenment than six times the time consumed in the study or in the lecture-room. Every portion of the apparently complicated, but really simple and beautiful mechanism, is seen in every stage of completeness; and a more interesting spectacle can scarcely be witnessed than that of the collocation and combination of a number of different mechanical members, all prepared and finished in other, and oftentimes far-distant, portions of the building. Eight or ten of the massive pillars supporting the ceiling are also powerful cranes, and are generally to be seen dandling sometimes the trunk, sometimes the unwieldy limbs, and sometimes the whole body, of this the most majestic of the iron offspring of the nineteenth century.

Having exhausted the wonders of the fitting-up room, we were led to another of equal size, but less lofty, over it. The noise which continues to assail our ears, and with which, unfortunately, we cannot part company until we depart from the building, here loses its clanking element, and becomes of a higher pitch, something between a grind and a screech. It is hence sufficiently indicative of the turning and filing operations carried on here. The finer portions of the locomotive are here formed. Here we saw whistles in all their stages, up to the perfect instrument, whose unearthly yell startles our green fields all over the country day and night. Here were also different pieces of valve-work, now lying inactive, but soon to take a part in the active duties of engine-life, for which they are preparing. Here also were men busy at work turning, grinding, and finishing the numerous stop-cocks requisite for the machine, the nicety of whose work-

manship necessary to endure the enormous pressure to which it is subjected may well excite admiration. The centre of this apartment was not occupied by machines, but by different pieces of the mechanism, all completed and piled up with great accuracy. Here were piles of pistons beautifully smoothed and ground, near them were axles and piston-rods, brass 'bushes,' massive springs, buffers, union-joints, and a variety of other things 'too numerous to mention.' Along the three sides of the room were arranged such an assemblage of small and great lathes, vices, tools, &c. as can scarcely be conceived. The moving power to all these was obtained from shafts, on which a multitude of pulleys were fixed, placed near the ceiling.

After walking round the room, and inspecting the work in every condition, from the raw metal, if we may use the term, up to the finished mechanism, we were conducted into another apartment still higher in the same wing. Here a scene somewhat resembling the last presented itself; only, if possible, it was a trifle more busy, and, by consequence, more uproarious also. The central portion of it was filled with a number of singular machines for drilling, while the sides were, as usual, lined with their full complement of turning apparatus. Two machines in this room call for special notice. One class of them is the drilling, and the other a most ingenious machine called the 'polygon,' from its office in cutting the heads of polygon-screws. The drilling-engine is a very different invention from the ordinary lathe, which is only fit for drilling small work: circumstances here call for the exercise of far more power and accuracy than can be attained in that way. It consists of a tall upright iron frame, at the back and upper part of which are the fast and loose pulleys by which the moving parts are thrown in and out of gear. The fast pulley actuates a set of wheels, which communicate a revolving motion to a spindle placed in a perpendicular manner a little distance above an iron table on which the work to be drilled is placed. At the bottom of this spindle is a socket, into which the drill is fixed. Now, suppose the hole is to be made; by pulling a handle, the strap flies on to the fast pulley, and sets all the wheels in motion, and through them the revolving spindle into which the drill has been placed; the piece of metal is laid flat on the iron shelf, and by a handle or a foot-treadle, the workman causes the spindle to descend, carrying the drill with it, until it touches the metal to be perforated, and continues pulling the handle, and so more and more depressing the drill, until the hole is made right through. The speed and accuracy with which this operation is effected are admirable, and the exertion to the workman is very trifling. The 'polygon' machine is a little more complicated. Its intention is to cut with perfect accuracy the heads of large screws into a polygonal form, so as to give them both neatness of appearance and a hold for the key by which they are screwed or unscrewed. By an ingenious arrangement, it can be made to cut any number of faces on the screw-head that may be desired, and it performs its work with the most strict and unerring fidelity. The machines are generally double, so as to cut two screw-heads at one time. The piece of rough metal being placed in its proper position, is brought by the gradual movements of the machine under the teeth of a rotatory cutter revolving on a horizontal axis, a little conduit drops soft soap and water to lubricate the parts, both move slowly on until the entire face or side has been cut smooth, and then, by an automatic process, the machine throws itself out of gear, and stops until the attendant turns the head so as to present another side to the cutter, and the process is again repeated. There are a variety of ingenious details connected with the motions of the different parts of this machine, but we do not consider them of sufficient general interest to count them worthy of a place here.


We now left this wing of the building, and following our patient conductor, were shown into another and longer part of the establishment. A small room, parti-

tioned off from the larger one, of which it formed a part, contained another of the beautiful mechanical ingenuities for which this firm has long been conspicuous, invented by Mr Roberts. It is a machine for cutting out cog-wheels. It consisted of a rectangular frame of iron, a central position in which was occupied by a revolving cutting instrument acting upon a piece of circular iron, which it cut into teeth of a certain depth and size. By means of a regulating scale, on which the numbers of teeth in a wheel were provided for up to a very high pitch, it was easy to cut a cog-wheel of wrought-iron of any kind the attendant desired. Most of the pattern-cogs are cut by this machine, from which castings may be multiplied indefinitely. There were two of these beautiful pieces of mechanism in this room; which, we may mention, but few persons are permitted to enter. Re-entering the large room, a more confusing scene than any presents itself in the apparently-innumerable shafts and straps which are seen flying with the utmost swiftness in every direction. In addition to the manufacture of different portions of the locomotive machinery which is carried on here, a large number of power-looms are made also, and are to be seen in all stages of progress: many were, at the period of our visit, ready for use. We were also shown several machines, somewhat on the principle of the 'polygon,' called 'shaping' machines, the object of which was a sort of machine-filing process. The turning-shop is on the floor beneath, and here much time might, if we had it to spare, be profitably spent. A great number of the most powerful and beautiful lathes we have ever beheld are here stationed, and all were in full work, some at great speed, others at the slower rate which is necessary in turning heavy pieces of metal. Many of these lathes were from 15 to 22 feet in length, and they were almost all self-acting. The turner placed his work between the two centres, adjusted his cutting-instrument in the slide apparatus, set the machine in motion, and all he had further to do was to clear away the turnings, and to watch the engine until its allotted task was all faithfully performed. Any of our readers who have ever made a plaything of a lathe, and all who are called to labour at one, are aware of the difficulty of turning a rod two feet in length, and of no great thickness, in consequence of its elasticity causing it to jump out of the centres. What, then, would be their dismay if commanded to turn with perfect accuracy a rod 20 feet long and only 1 inch thick? By manual skill it could not be done. But we may see here machines doing it without an effort; and out of a rough bar of iron of that length and diameter, turning off a polished rod so truly, that when it revolves, its motion cannot be seen, and doing so with the very smallest attention from a man under whose care the strong automate is placed. In this room also were a number of screw-cutting lathes, capable of cutting screws of every size of thread, from an almost hair-like fineness to the coarsest kinds.

We had now done with the more delicate processes connected with this manufacture, and were led to a series of displays of stupendous power, such as, we suppose, could scarcely be witnessed elsewhere. It is but rarely that lathes of such power as those we left in the last room are seen; an idea, then, of the greatness of those we now saw may be formed when the comparison was the giant and the child. At one side, a huge lathe was dealing in a slow but awful manner with a rough but helpless customer, in the shape of a great double crank, shaving off its sides as easily as if it were cutting bread and butter, and with a horrid crunching sound, which made our blood run cold! At another, a driving-wheel, perhaps 6, or even 8 feet in diameter, was being turned, the ground trembling as thick shavings of iron were rent off its massive rim. And another wheel was in the ruthless hands of a giant drilling-machine, which made no sort of difficulty of piercing it through and through the rim for riveting. Surely the giants of ancient fable and of nursery history, who tore up men into little bits, and ate them afterwards, were

only infants compared with these iron giants; and we are to see more of the brood before we have parted company!

The next place we entered was the 'grind-shop.' The scene is curious enough. All down the room, on the ground, is a long line of grindstones, of all sorts, and of many different kinds, some very large, and others of ordinary dimensions; but all revolving with great rapidity: and when a number of men are at work repairing tools, what with showers of sparks, and the strangeness of the sight, it forms an exhibition by no means the least attractive. Many of the stones are for polishing brass work, particularly the beautiful brazen cupolas which adorn the top of the locomotive, and which it would be both costly and difficult to polish in the ordinary ways. Altogether, the room struck us as a capital subject for an illustration, there being sufficient mechanism to give life to the picture, and the simplicity thereof interpreting itself at once to the mind of the spectator.

The increasing loudness of the hum of the blast-furnace told us we were now approaching the foundry, which is a separate building; by its side is one of the engine-rooms, whose office it is to drive the fan of the wind-furnace, and to do other duties connected with this department. Entering the foundry, the heat emitted by the furnace, out of whose vent-holes flames of living fire leapt, and now and then molten sparks of iron, and the rushing currents of air in its proximity, made us glad to get deeper into its interior. Here we saw a very interesting process going on—the manufacture of the massive iron wheels which support and drive the locomotive and its tender. We are persuaded that few persons are aware of the different steps concerned in what may appear a very simple operation, and that the general opinion probably is, that the wheel is cast in a mould, turned, and fitted with its bearings: and it is true inferior wheels are thus made. But when the heavy and continual strainings, and these frequently of a concussive nature, which the wheels of the locomotive have to bear, are taken into consideration, it will be manifest to those who know the brittleness and non-elasticity of cast-iron, that wheels so formed would be in continual danger of fracture. To obviate this, and to give the wheel all the rigidity of cast-iron, with all the toughness and accommodative spirit of wrought-iron, the wheel, curious to state, is a compound of both. The boss or central part is of cast-iron, the spokes and rims are of wrought-iron. We believe we can easily make this intelligible; and to do so, shall describe the work as we saw it carried on before our eyes. The proper mould being made in the sand, it is found to consist of a large hollow space in the middle, from which a number of radii diverge; and this is all: there is no provision for a rim. The founder then receives from a bystander a number of pieces of wrought-iron of the exact shape of a T, only that the top of the T is a section of a curve, and not straight, and the bottom or tail is trifurcated and jagged. He then lays the shank of the T-pieces in the hollow radii, in such a manner that the jagged tails project some way into the hollow centre of the mould, while the tops of the T's lying nearly in mutual apposition form a sort of broken rim to the wheel. The melted metal is then conveyed and poured into the central hollow: almost as liquid as water, it flows around, and fills it up, covering at the same time the projecting ends of the T-pieces, which in this simple manner become immovably imbedded in the central boss, rendering the mass of many pieces quite as solid, and far more durable, than if every portion of it had been cast at once in a continuous stream. In consequence of the expansion of the metal during this process, by the heat of the cast-iron, the tops of the T-pieces are notched at each end on both sides, so as to resemble two horizontal V's—thus . These notches must next be filled up, and the wheel is therefore conveyed to the smithy, where the pieces are welded in, and where we shall overtake it presently.

One of the great 'lions' of the Atlas Works was yet to come, the sight of which the stranger will find enough to repay him for the visit if it were the only sight to be seen: this is the punching and clipping-machine rooms. We can never forget the impression produced on our minds by one of these immensely-powerful engines—a tremendous iron guillotine, the descending knife of which dealt as coolly with the thickest iron sheets as a lady's scissors with a piece of cambric. There was no flinching of the ponderous iron arm which held the knife as it came in contact with the stubborn metal, no retardation of its motion while cutting, and no acceleration when liberated: it majestically rose again ready for another slice! At the time we saw it, it was cutting out the T-pieces for the wheels. The engine was performing perhaps about fifteen strokes a minute. As we felt, in imagination at least, the solid ground sink at each descent of that fearful hand and arm, we thought what a solidity of construction, what rigidity of material elements, can long resist such a force as that! However, the machine goes on from year to year, doing daily, without a degree of over-exertion, what the unassisted efforts of a thousand men could scarcely accomplish in a week. There were two or three such engines in the building, which cut out the plates for the boilers, the sheets of copper for the fireplace, called technically the 'mid-feather,' and intended to preserve the sides of the furnace from the oxidating effects of the heated air. The punching machines were similar exhibitions of skill and might, and were constructed on nearly similar general principles. A number of thick plates of sheet-iron lay at the side of the building, marked at regular intervals with round white spots in the places proper for the holes. Two or three men guided these under the descending punch, fixed in the huge head of a colossal lever: the punch comes down, and with as much facility as we should poke our fingers through a piece of blotting-paper, thrusts itself through the strong metallic sheet. We had the curiosity to take one of the punched-out pieces home, and it now lies before us, a memorial of an amazing exercise of physical power. Although of no great size, this punched-out piece weighs nearly an ounce and a-half, from which the thickness of the sheet may be judged of.

The planing-room was the next object of our inspection. Some magnificent self-acting iron planing-machines were here at work. One of them was about eight or ten feet broad, and probably twenty feet long. A large piece of metal is placed on the horizontal bed of these machines, the cutting tool is then drawn by the action of machinery across its surface, removing whatever thickness of metal is considered advisable. When it has cut down the length of the piece, the cutting tool is lifted up, and the whole dragged rapidly back, when the tool falls into its place again, and again removes, in long ribbons of great thickness and burning heat, a fresh portion of the metal. When once set in motion, it continues in action, without requiring more than occasional attention, until the whole face exposed to the energies of the tool is planed. In the same place also we witnessed the formation of that massive and prime-moving portion of the locomotive—the double crank. It will surprise many of our readers to learn that this admirable piece of mechanism is forged in one solid piece, looking like a great rod, with a couple of square lumps of iron set on it in different relative positions. This unwieldy mass is taken, centered, and turned, the square lumps being left untouched. It is then taken to yet another iron colossus called a 'chiselling engine': it is placed upon a flat bed, and the square lumps being placed under a powerful descending chisel urged by machinery, and slicing out great lumps of metal, they at length assume the elbowed appearance proper to a crank, return again to the lathes, and afterwards are finished *secundum artem*. Also in the same place the cylinders of the steam-engines are turned, and bored perfectly true and smooth in the inside. The

mechanism which effects this is also automatic, and it is a singular sight to see the deliberate but accurate way in which the machines perform their work.

We now crossed the road to that part of these immense premises where the 'tenders' are made, for this is a distinct branch from the locomotive department; and the renewal of the clatter which greeted us on our first entrance into this wonderful place made us almost regret our curiosity. They were in a large building, in a variety of different conditions—some more, and some less advanced; and numbers of workmen were busy rivetting, screwing, and fitting their parts together, and in various other ways finishing them off, down to the last coat of varnish with which the green backs and sides of some were being made to shine.—To this succeeded the smithy, and here we found the wheels just brought over from the foundry. The Cyclopes might have been terrible fellows in their rough way, but even they would look with the concentrated amazement of their single orbs at the mighty men of strength labouring with the sledge-hammer here. The rim of the wheel having been formed out of a piece of iron, which is beat into a circular form around a circular iron table, is heated red-hot, and is then fastened on to the wheel. Holes are then drilled through the rim, and by means of red-hot bolts the loose rim is firmly fixed to the other, so as not to be disturbed by any future amount of work.—The last place was the boiler-house; but as we had had by this time enough of clanking and clattering, we very gladly gave up the pain of seeing that part of locomotive manufacture, being well convinced that it contained no elements of sufficient interest to counteract the climax of noise which is attained in that building. The last thing we were shown was the 'trying-place,' where, when the locomotive is completed, the steam is got up; and its driving-wheels, resting upon a couple of loose pulleys, communicate no motion to the machine, so that the mechanism has free play, and any imperfections can be properly corrected before it leaves the establishment.

A few general remarks must conclude our article. Messrs Sharp, Brothers, are the proprietors of this important and extensive manufactory. They employ from 1200 to 1500 mechanics, at wages ranging from L.1 up to L.5 a week. In 1847, we are informed, they made and sent out eighty-seven locomotives; but the average number is six in each month, and orders are now on hand which it will take until 1850 to execute. We were unable to obtain an estimate of the number of tons of iron and copper consumed annually; but from the above data, it will be manifest that it is something very large indeed. The governing principles are necessarily stringent, and are contained in a code of laws or rules forty-five in number, with a scale of fines attached to indicate the penalty of a disregard. At the same time, since these rules are many of them framed for what is the real benefit of the men mutually, since the general treatment of them is generous, the rate of payment high, a spirit of universal satisfaction appears to reign, and a finer or more muscular army of men than these swarthy mechanics, with their strong limbs and firm gait, it would be hard to select. The circumstance must be particularly remarked, since it harmonises much with a widespread feeling in which we share—that is, that no money is allowed to be taken by the men who are commissioned to show the wonders of the place. As such money is invariably held sacred to the beer-shop, it has been rightly prohibited; and notices to visitors are placed in different parts of the works, intreating them, if they feel disposed to make a present of money, to devote it to the sick-fund, the box of which is kept in the office; and the result is, that you are politely and civilly treated, without any money-hunting servility, by your working companion, and that the sick-fund is largely assisted by this resource. Altogether, few places of greater interest can be selected than the Atlas Works, particularly in a railway age; and as far as it is proper for man to triumph in the wonders his own hands have accom-

plished—which, however admirable, endure not a moment's comparison with the least of the works of His hands that made him—the visit will excite triumph and wonder of no ordinary kind.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Among the celebrities which have been swept away by the recent visitation of cholera in Paris, is a lady who, by the happy peculiarity of her position and character, has, during the last half century, enjoyed a European reputation of no unenviable sort.

Adelaide-Juliette Bernard, the daughter of M. Bernard, administrator of posts, was born at Lyons the 3d December 1777. She was endowed by nature with remarkable beauty and talents, and at the early age of sixteen became the wife of M. Récamier, a banker, who, in a time of general bankruptcy, had the good fortune to acquire immense riches: it was in the year of Terror—1793. She might doubtless have met with a more brilliant partner, but could not have found a more solid guide. He was a man who, by his age and good sense, no less than by his wealth, had acquired importance in the world. He not only loved, but also respected his wife; and by his prudent care, protected her from those impertinent admirers who are wont to flock around the young and beautiful mistress of a Parisian mansion. The purity of heart and purpose which distinguished Madame Récamier at a time of unbounded license were all her own, but to her husband perhaps it was chiefly owing that the whisper of slander was never breathed against her. No sooner were they established in their magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mail, than he had the good taste to surround her with all that was most distinguished and excellent in the Parisian society of that day. Thus she became so habituated to the conversation of superior people, that the idle fooleries of fops and coquettes became utterly distasteful to her. Not, however, that she was insensible to the charm of those pleasures which are suited to the freshness and buoyancy of youth, for she danced with the most refined grace; and her performance of the 'shawl dance,' which was at that time the rage, was so exquisite, as to justify the observation of the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, that 'no one had ever before danced so beautifully with their arms.' The fastidious Madame de Staël also speaks in the same strain in one of her notes to 'Corinne,' saying, 'It was Madame Récamier's dancing which gave me the idea of that art which I have here attempted to depict.'

But it was not Madame Récamier's grace and beauty alone which won her the hearts of all those who came within the range of her influence. She possessed a very superior mind, which showed itself not in eloquent phrases or in caustic repartees, but in the far rarer faculty of appreciating the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of those who were about her. She never seemed desirous to shine herself, but had the happy art of setting others at ease with themselves, by making them appear to the best advantage. No one knew so well how to seize the bearing of any popular topic, and to draw out the opinion of those who were most capable of speaking about it; no one possessed more of that philosophic and Christian charity which understands how to pardon, because it can estimate alike the strength of temptation and the bitterness of repentance. She had perhaps learned this fulness of compassion after the days of the Terror, when her saloon became thronged with the tyrants as well as sufferers of the Revolution, who seemed to forget alike their wrongs and their cruelties in the softening atmosphere of her presence. There one might see engaged in conversation Joseph Chénier and Matthieu de Montmorency, Roederer and Talleyrand, La Harpe and the Vicomte de Ségur.

'To understand all would be to pity and to pardon all!' Madame Récamier daily put in practice this generous axiom of one of her best friends.

'It was during their *demagoggy*,' she was wont to say of the *ci-devant* Jacobins. And she treated them as invalids just recovering from a fever. At a period of political and passionate excitement, the influence of such women is perhaps scarcely less valuable to a community than are the services of able and intelligent men. The Parisian world, just escaped from revolutionary horrors, had begun to long for the gentler excitements of gaiety and pleasure, when Madame Récamier arose upon it as a star of consolation and hope. Even those whose position or prejudices excluded them from her magic circle, were ready to express their admiration of one who knew so well how to restore its tone to society at a moment of such universal disorganisation, and who could conciliate adverse parties at a time when hatred and vengeance still rankled within the hearts of men.

The aged Marquise de Créquy, who had passed her life among princes, writes in the closing volume of her memoirs—'This house of Madame Récamier's is the Hôtel de Luxembourg, or the Hôtel de Créquy of the present time. I am told that this elegant young woman has the most polished and agreeable society at her house, and that she represses as far as possible the sarcastic witticisms of those who are disposed to ridicule some conceited *parvenus* who have gained access to her circle.' The only subject which was excluded from Madame Récamier's parties was the perilous one of politics. The Marquise de Créquy relates an anecdote illustrative of this prohibition:—'A certain Corsican named Sebastiani, who claimed relationship with Bonaparte, exclaimed aloud one evening at Madame Récamier's, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, "The First Consul has the most superb hands I have ever beheld!"

"Ah, commandant," observed the lady of the house to him, smiling, "let us not talk politics: you know what are our conventions here."

With such rare attractions, and so many excellencies, it may readily be supposed that Madame Récamier became the object of universal respect and admiration. She was, as a writer of that day observes, 'alike adored by the prince and the artist, the hero and the conscript, the magistrate and the *vaudeville*.' No voice was ever raised against her save that of envy. During her earlier life, some of her rivals were wont to aver that she was as silly as she was beautiful. Madame Sophie Gay, a talented friend of hers, having alluded once in a large circle to her quickness of observation, and to the gentle playfulness of her wit, some of the company stared, others smiled sarcastically. M. Benjamin Constant, after observing what passed before him, said, 'I find so much pleasure in seeing her every day, that it has never once entered into my head to listen to her: henceforward I will think about it.' From that day forth this able and intelligent man cultivated her society with the greatest assiduity.

A reputed wit finding himself seated at table one day between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, said in a tone of complacency, as if he meant to flatter them both—'It is the first time in my life that I have had the honour of being seated between wit and beauty.' This pretended compliment was in fact a two-edged epigram; for, when closely examined, it plainly meant that Madame Récamier was a fool, and Madame de Staël a fright. The latter felt the double point, and disconcerted the wit by replying promptly—'And I, for the first time in my life, have had the honour of being called beautiful.' It was impossible to offer a more delicate, and at the same time a more decided compliment to the wit of Madame Récamier.

As for her domestic character, it is thus spoken of by Kotzebue, the caustic German moralist:—'Amid the incessant whirl of Paris, she fulfils all her duties in the most exemplary manner: she may be cited as a model for wives; and when the happiness of her friends is concerned, she devotes herself to them with the most unwearied assiduity. There is no great merit,' he continues, 'in giving money when one is rich, or even in giving liberally; but it is the *mode* of giving which constitutes

generosity; and in this respect, especially, I have always admired Madame Récamier. I shall never forget one day, when I found her alone with a young girl, who was deaf and dumb, and who for some time past had been supported in the country at her expense. She had procured for her a place in the excellent institution for the deaf and dumb, and was about to bring her herself to the Abbé Sicard. Previous to her removal to the asylum, the poor child had been brought to Madame Récamier's house, and dressed in a nice suit of new clothes. She was at that moment breakfasting on a marble table, placed before a large mirror, in which she had the pleasure of contemplating herself from head to foot in her new and becoming dress. Was there not a refinement of goodness in the enjoyment thus afforded to a being who, having been deprived of two of her senses, only the more intensely used those which were left to her? The emotion of the charming benefactress as she beheld the joy of her protégée, the tears which glistened in her fine eyes as she kissed her forehead, the maternal tenderness with which she urged her to eat what she liked, and filled her pockets with many little delicacies which had been left, the inarticulate thanks of the child, expressed by a sort of cry which touched my heart—all that has remained, and ever will remain, deeply engraven on my memory.

Misfortune reached her amid all the fulness of her prosperity; but it could not cast her down, or ruffle the calmness of her temper. The immense losses sustained by her husband deprived Madame Récamier of her magnificent mansion and numerous retinue; but the crown which had been placed upon her brow by the united voice of love and respect, lost none of its brilliancy in this hour of trial. She who had heretofore delighted in munificence, now devoted herself to deeds of friendship and kindness. Madame de Staël was one of the first who at this period received the strongest proof of her unselfish attachment. Exiled to Coppet by the inexorable pride of Napoleon, she was dwelling there in a state of loneliness and ennui. But let us hear her speak for herself:—"While I was in this condition, a letter reaches me from Madame Récamier—from that lovely woman, who had received the homage of all Europe, and yet who never has neglected an unfortunate friend. . . . I tremble lest she should suffer the same fate as M. de Montmorency. I sent off a courier to meet her, and to intreat that she might not come to Coppet. . . . She would not yield to my prayer; . . . and it was with many tears I welcomed the arrival of one whom heretofore I had received only with joy. She left me the next day; but the fatal sentence of exile had already gone forth, and she found herself banished from home and from her friends, and passed many months in a little country town, condemned to a life of solitude and monotony. This is what I cost the most brilliant person of her day."

Having been informed of Madame Récamier's intention, Fouché, the minister of police, warned her not to carry it into execution. He even told her that it was very probable she might not only be exiled, like her friend, but seized upon the threshold of Madame de Staël's residence.

"What matters it to the Emperor," replied this noble young woman; "what matters it to him, who is the master of the world, whether I be at Paris or at Coppet? Heroes have often been so weak as to adore my sex; he would be the first who had the weakness to fear it! And so she resolutely set out, and was, as we have seen, quickly followed by a sentence of proscription."

Fortune, which had recently abandoned her in her native land, came in quest of her on a foreign soil. She who heretofore had only been the queen of grace and beauty, might have won a princely crown, if she would have consented to avail herself of the law of divorce; but the principle of duty by which her whole life had been guided, sufficed to retain her in her modest

and untitled position. It is true that on her return to Paris at the Restoration (in 1814), she found that her ancient sceptre had lost none of its magic power; and although her youth and early charms had passed away, and there was less of animation and brilliancy in her character, yet her saloon was more crowded than ever with eminent and remarkable persons. Ambassadors, princes, heroes, sought for an introduction there as soon as they had been presented at court, and sometimes even before.

We might give one or two authentic anecdotes on this head connected with the mightiest sovereigns of Europe, but it may be more interesting to Englishmen to know that our own 'Iron Duke' was so softened into gallantry by the gentle influence of Madame Récamier's society, as to address to her the following note, at the period when the Allies were in Paris:—

'PARIS, January 13.

I confess, madam, that I do not much regret that business will prevent me calling on you after dinner, inasmuch as every time I see you I leave you more penetrated with your charms, and less disposed to give my attention to politics. I will call on you, however, to-morrow morning, on my return from the Abbé Sicard's, and hope to meet you at home, notwithstanding the effect which these dangerous visits produce on me.

WELLINGTON.*

As years rolled on, the circles at the Abbaye-aux-Bois became less numerous, but not less distinguished. All that was greatest and best among the old and new régimes of France met together in Madame Récamier's saloon. There MM. Guizot and Salvandy paid their respects to M. de Chateaubriand; there the philosophic Cousin and the democratic Tocqueville conversed with the Quixotic champion of Rome, M. de Montalembert; there Mademoiselle Rachael received the honours due to her as the greatest dramatic artist of the day. Now and then some work of charity or beneficence would claim the exercise of Madame Récamier's influence, and a musical or literary fête got up under her auspices was always so popular, and the tickets of admission to it were sought for so eagerly, that on the following day gold flowed in abundantly to the cheerless homes of the indigent or the suffering. Another time it was the début of a poet or a composer who submitted his works to the illustrious tribunal of the Abbaye. It is now scarcely four or five years since some fragments of an opera, entitled 'Cymodoce,' were sung at Madame Récamier's by Viardot-Garcia, Gardoni, &c.; while the aged Chateaubriand, having been led in by his faithful valet Louisset, presided at the entertainment, and applauded by look and gesture this artistic realisation of his ideal and long-cherished heroine.

But the most interesting, if not the most brilliant, soirées at the Abbaye-aux-Bois were those in which the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' (that remarkable piece of autobiography in which Chateaubriand has noted down his inmost thoughts, as well as all the incidents of his life) were read aloud to a select circle of the most eminent literary men and women of the Parisian world. Among them it suffices us to name Augustin Thierry, he who, in his hours of suffering and blindness, has imparted a vivid light to many a darkened page of French history, and has also traced out the early annals of our own country.

'The recital of these noble misfortunes,' writes one of the usual listeners on such occasions, 'gave the statesman food for reflection, made the poet sigh, and drew many a tear from the ladies who were present. One seemed to be awayed, while listening to them, by the

* We are indebted for this note to M. Langlès, who, while pleading recently before the civil tribunal at Paris in behalf of the 'Presse' (in whose columns the editor desires to publish the letters of Benjamin Constant to Madame Récamier), read aloud, from an unpublished volume of Chateaubriand's *Mémoires*, the duke's note, as a 'specimen of British gallantry.'

last accents of a prophetic voice, and our deepest emotions were awakened by those confessions of an expiring genius; while at the same time the gentle countenance and sweet smile of the lady of the house transported us to those earlier days of her life when all hearts were captivated by her grace and beauty. We seemed to read in the soft and winning look of Madame Récamier the annals of her innocent and charming coquetry, and in the lofty glance of M. de Châteaubriand the secret of that mighty influence which he had exercised upon the age in which he lived. And now, at the years when we too often become careless about the opinions and enjoyments of others, these remarkable persons, who were united in the closest and happiest bond of friendship, were not only unceasing in their endeavours to please each other, but also, by the amiable spirituality of their conversation, shed a charm around them which rendered their society attractive even to the youngest and gayest of their acquaintance.

Many years ago Madame Récamier had lost her sight, and yet she always kept herself *au courant* of what was passing in the literary world of Europe. Frequently the noblest ladies at court would be found seated at her feet, and reading aloud to her some popular work of the day. 'I can no longer see, but my friends see for me,' would she say at such times with her own inimitable smile.

She had submitted to one unsuccessful operation by the celebrated oculist M. Blandin. It was expected that a second attempt would be more fortunate; but knowing that it must be attended with some danger, the friend of Châteaubriand hesitated about its performance, being unwilling to abridge his days, not her own; so she resigned herself to the endurance of prolonged blindness, that she might be able the more surely to tend his declining days, and to close his eyes at last. No sooner was Châteaubriand dead, than Madame Récamier placed herself once more in the hands of the operator. M. Tonnelet of Tours removed the cataract, and restored to her some rays of light. Alas! it was but to behold the scenes of tumult and carnage which took place in Paris during the Revolution of February 1848. On the 11th of May, present year, she expired, after a few hours of intense suffering, from an attack of Asiatic cholera. 'Ah, my God! this is a long agony!' were the only words of complaint that escaped her lips.

Men of all parties gathered around her mortal remains as they were being borne to their last resting-place in the church of *Les Petits-Pères* in Paris. There did many a political enemy meet in peace: the Duc de Noailles and M. David (of Angers); MM. de Montalembert and de Falloux, with MM. Cousin and Villemain; MM. Ampère, de Kératry, de Jussieu, de Loménie. The church was crowded from the portal to the altar.

Madame Sophie Gay has only been the faithful interpreter of this friendly escort, when she wrote ten days afterwards in the '*Presse*':—'Now is shut up this last French saloon, opened under the Directory, continued in spite of revolutions, misfortunes, and even exile itself! Now is silent that voice so sweet and gentle, which has so often conciliated adverse parties, consoled the afflicted, and preached indulgence to the prosperous! Now is closed for ever this asylum, so long open to superior people of all countries, to the persecuted of all governments, to the victims of all rivalries, to the heroes of all nations! We may judge, from the utter impossibility there would be of creating a similar edifice to-day, of the severe loss which has been suffered by society in the death of Madame Récamier.'

It is somewhat singular that she who all her lifetime was eminently a promoter of peace, has immediately, after her death, become the object of public disputation. The civil tribunal of Paris has recently been employed in hearing the pleading of M. Langlais in behalf of the '*Presse*,' in whose columns the editor desires to publish Madame Récamier's correspondence with Benjamin

Constant, which had been committed to him by her friend Madame Collet, and to which publication some of her relations are strongly opposed, as they consider it a breach of confidence to insert the letters in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper. It has not yet been decided whether this accomplished lady's letters are to be enjoyed in friendly privacy, or whether they shall be communicated to the world at large. If publicity be their fate, they will doubtless prove a welcome appendix to Châteaubriand's '*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*,' one of whose yet unpublished volumes is, we understand, especially devoted to Madame Récamier.

MEMPHIS AND SAKKARAH.

We started one morning from Cairo to visit these celebrated places. I was already familiar with the ground, but it was quite new to the two friends who accompanied me. The rendezvous was for half-past five; but as we had sat up together till after midnight in a sort of colloquial reverie, no one seriously promised to be punctual. Besides, where was the necessity for haste and eagerness? We had an especial pride in not being tourists, and in not imitating the laborious industry of our countrymen, who are to be seen at certain seasons of the year charging down the narrow streets of Cairo on donkey-back, in rapid transit from one sight to another. Time was before us. If we could not return that day, we could return the next, or the next. True, there were no hotels upon the road, and we might have to burrow in the sand, or creep into a tomb for shelter; but having slept out night after night with a stone for a pillow on the summit of desert ranges, this prospect was anything but terrific.

A couple of donkeys carried our provisions; three or four lads formed our suite. We went by way of Ibrahim Pacha's grounds, through long shady avenues, amidst green plantations, to that straggling but pretty village that stretches along the banks of the Nile, facing the island of Rhoda, as far as the Ghizeh Ferry. It is called Masr el Atikeh, or Old Cairo, and is supposed to represent the site of ancient Babylon—as the above-mentioned tourists, by the by, take care occasionally to tell the world. I remember that we here invested two or three piastres in oranges, and laid in a provision for the whole journey. When we issued from the village—which perhaps ought rather to be called a suburb or a borough, and is by no means a collection of huts, possessing fine mosques and fine houses, with cottages, and gardens, and kiosques—when we issued forth into the open country, and began following the banks of one of the branches of the Nile, we became spectators of a curious scene. A south wind was blowing down the valley, sweeping both the cultivated country and the outlying desert. Clouds of sand filled the air, so that even the Pyramids were sometimes wholly concealed, and sometimes appeared like spectres looming through the charged atmosphere. The ridge of Mokattam, though only a couple of miles at most distant to our left, looked dim and indistinct. It seemed as though that eternal boundary of desolation that hems in the soil of Egypt had been touched by a magic wand, and was dissolving into vapour, and rising aloft on either hand, first to canopy, and then to overwhelm, the cities and the hamlets, the palm-groves and the fields, and to choke up the beneficent river. The sand-storm was felt by us with only mitigated force; but from the parched summits of the embankments, from the surface of the fields, and from the barren islets of the Nile, dense but partial clouds came sweeping along, and now and then filled our throats and eyes with dust. When we came to a place from which we obtained a good view of the course of the river, its appearance presented a curious effect. The waters, still dull and cold in hue beneath the morning sun, were crisped with waves; whilst here and there large banks, or points, or islands of dazzling white sand, were covered, as it were, with a dense driving

smoke, that hung heavily at first to the ground, and then rose whirling aloft into the air.

We were, I believe, a couple of hours in reaching Toura, where there is a ferry. A great concourse of people were crowded on the bank, some having already traversed, others waiting to go over. A post of soldiers close at hand seemed established for police purposes, and a tent erected on the other side we knew to be what we may call the passport office. Poor Egyptians! they cannot go from one village to another without government permission. Paternal government! It desires to inculcate so deeply the duty of loving one's natal spot, that it punishes sometimes with death the agriculturist who quits it, and the citizen who harbours him.

A scene of fierce wrangling took place between our lads and some ferrymen, at least it had the outward appearance of fierceness; but this is always the preliminary of a bargain. Meanwhile we sat down and waited until matters arranged themselves. It is the best method. Give free play to the eccentricities of the people among whom you sojourn or wander; you only waste time by bringing your own eccentricities in contact with theirs. I do not wonder that Pythagoras profited so much by his travels. He understood the blessings of silence. Some travellers think themselves bound to bully 'the natives' wherever they go, after quitting their own shores. How they manage sometimes not to leave their *disjecta membra* on a foreign land I don't know; but this I do know, that there is no more disagreeable concert than half-a-dozen storming Englishmen and a score of blaspheming Arabs.

Our five donkeys were at length put on board one boat, and we embarked in another. A couple of strokes of the oar disentangled us from the little fleet that lay along shore laden with cotton bags, or burrén, or camels, or asses, or men, or women; and the tall three-cornered sail was loosened to the breeze. It is a rare thing to cross the Nile on a windy day without some accident to the tackle, which brings on a frightful chorus of yells from the crew, a rush of two or three half-naked fellows along the gunwale, and the shipping of some painfuls of water. Our passage this time was perfectly tranquil, and we had leisure to peruse the aspect of the broad reach on the surface of which we found ourselves. There was little material for description: the river was sparkling, and broke in busy billows around us; the sky, by this time nearly clear of dust, looked bright and serene; over the bare level bank we were quitting rose by degrees a prospect of the great precipices that border the entrance of the Valley of the Wanderings, and stretch southward to the vast cave-quarries of Massara, and northward to Cairo—the citadel of which, with the stupendous minarets of its new mosque, could now be distinguished but faintly, like every other distant object, on account of the heavy dun cloud of sand that was still travelling slowly along. In front, the view was bounded by an interminable palm-wood; but a little way up the river, in our rear, we could see the white walls of some Turkish villas gleaming along the bank from beneath the massive foliage of a sycamore grove.

We landed near the tent I have mentioned, but were scarcely noticed by the officials to whom it belonged. Our character as Europeans protected on this occasion both ourselves and our boys from the inquisition that is usually exercised. We could see the other passengers bringing forward greasy-looking pieces of paper cyleped *tesherahs*, by authority of which they were allowed to go and dispose of a basket of maize-heads or radishes at the market.

Traversing a stretch of sand left bare by the declining waters, and wading through a small swamp, we reached the bank and the palm-groves. Our way lay southward along a winding embankment, raised about ten feet above the low fields. These embankments serve both to regulate the irrigation and as roads. The whole of this part of the country is inter-

sected with them, and it is impossible to proceed in any direction without their aid. They sometimes run along the sides of canals, sometimes extend like great earthen walls in a serpentine line across the open fields, sometimes traverse the palm-groves. Sluice-gates and bridges here and there occur. I remember passing on a former occasion along this same road, and finding a large gang of *fellahs*—some five or six hundred—employed in renovating an old embankment. The population of several villages had been turned out for the purpose. It was a case of forced labour, and consequently was lazily and carelessly done. Men, boys, and some women, worked listlessly with mattock and basket under the eyes of their taskmasters—Arabs like themselves, but executing the orders of the government—armed with swords as ensigns of authority, and whips as encouragements to industry. I noticed that though they might have served a double purpose of utility by taking the earth from the bottom of a shallow canal, left dry by the receding waters, they actually preferred digging deep useless holes here and there in a field covered with young corn!

Though the wind had in a great measure subsided, we were often troubled with whirling gusts laden with sand; and when the country was open, could see numerous little clouds carried swiftly along the surface of the embankments. In the distance, the dismal desert and the pyramids of Abusir, that occasionally showed themselves to the right, were still partially concealed with a haze. Presently, however, we plunged amidst a vast palm-grove, and had no prospect but of blue patches of sky, green patches of sward, and regular rows of column-like trunks, topped with flapping plume-like branches. We halted to lunch a little after noon, and spent some time taking our ease on the grass. Then remounting, we continued, until a reedy pond, covered with wild-ducks, a stone bridge, and some sluice-gates, warned me that we were approaching the site of Memphis (now Mitrahény). Vast mounds rose on all hands among the palm-trees, evidently the remains of a continuous wall built of unburnt bricks. The bricks were of a very large size, seeming about eighteen inches long by seven or eight deep. I believe no discoveries of importance have been made among these mounds.

Presently a little lake presented itself to our view, shuning at the bottom of a gentle slope of sward, which was covered ere it sank into the water by huge blocks of stone, the remains of some ancient building. In some places the groves approach close to the margin; in others there were left clear open spaces of green. The sun was bright, the sky was pure; a series of low undulations, with their outlines for the most part concealed by trees, formed the horizon. The mind seemed purposely confined, and incited to admire the tranquil beauties of this spot—fit scene for an Egyptian pastoral; and no one of the party cared to suppress an exclamation of pleasure. It is curious, however, what a change there was in our feelings—how much more tranquil and matter-of-fact became our enjoyment—when we remembered that this was but the lake of a season, a mere remnant of the annual deluge vouchsafed to Egypt, lingering in a hollow accidentally scooped out. There were here no mysterious depths into which the imagination might dive. We could not even feign to believe that that shining surface concealed any of the secrets of the past. As it was the last summer, so was it destined to become the next—a parched expanse of dust and stubble.

We penetrated through a grove, and skirting the lake, soon came to an expanse of beautifully-green sward—the like of which I never saw in Egypt—from which rose a thinly-planted grove of palms. A large hollow near its commencement contains the colossal statue, called that of Sesostris, which we had come to see. It lay on its face, its pensive brow buried in mud, and part of the features concealed by some still lingering water. We could, however, see the beautifully-chiselled

mouth, with its bare and firmly-compressed lips; and I could not help thinking to what manner of words those lips, if once loosened, would give utterance. I climbed upon the back of this mighty giant, and measured him by stepping from his head to the place where the legs are broken off: I think I remember counting fourteen paces. The outline of a boy is to be seen by the side of the great figure. Various hieroglyphic inscriptions adorn it; but, I suspect, remain silent, in spite of the efforts of the learned to make them speak.

An Arab has constituted himself the guardian of the statue, and knowing the interest felt in it by Europeans, protects it from injury. Some of the tourists have occasionally bestowed a small gratification upon him to encourage him; so that, unless the government take it into their heads to burn the statue for lime, it will probably last a considerable time uninjured. The Arabs call it *Abu-I-Hôn*, and say it is a giant king, turned by God, 'in ancient days and seasons past,' into stone for some great crime. They look upon it as quite natural in a Frank to pay pilgrimages to such relics; for we are universally considered as being on tolerably intimate terms with the Evil One, and therefore likely to feel an interest in the fate of a petrified sinner!

My companions on this my second visit to Memphis were L—— and A——, with the former of whom I had lately made an arduous and perilous journey; the latter was comparatively new in the East, and served admirably to keep alive our somewhat blunted powers of observation, by his keen remarks and almost uneasy curiosity: he was a capital fellow-traveller; and I remember once walking through a street in Alexandria with which I was perfectly acquainted, and having my attention drawn by him to fifty different points of curiosity. L—— observed fewer things; but I seldom knew him come away from any place without being able, after all the rest of us had had our say, to add some fact which he only had noticed, and some explanation or suggestion that we thought we might have made ourselves, but which, nevertheless, we had not made.

Shall I forget to mention my blackguard donkey-boy and squire? Ah! never was there such an abominable winning-looking rascal. Imagine a thin, ragged, quarter silly, three-quarters cunning, ugly, baboonish young fellow, with long bare legs. 'This you may do; but you will never be able to imagine the *je ne sais quoi*, the expression, the cheerfulness, which made me make quite a favourite, during three months, of this caricature. He was near twenty years of age, but looked at first much younger. They say he was addicted to smoking *hashish*, which accounted for his wretched, miserable appearance. All his earnings went either in this way or in treating his friends, and he never had a para in his possession. On our expeditions he was always ten times more useful than his respectable-looking companions, understanding the ways and wants of infidels with marvellous alacrity; but he was not much liked by anybody but myself, for he was a saddy impudent dog, and pushed his audacity so far as to bestow and fix irrevocably upon me, his patron, the mysterious nickname of 'Uns!' What this meant, neither he nor anybody else could definitely explain. Perhaps the learned may be more successful.

Having satisfied our curiosity at the site of Memphis, we pushed across the fields to the village of Sakkarah. Earlier in the season, when the waters were out, it was necessary to trace back the road to the stone bridge and sluice-gates I have before mentioned, and follow an immense embankment for miles round, amidst lakes, and swamps, and ponds nestling in the groves, or dotting the rich, moist green fields. Our principal anxiety now was to find a place to establish our headquarters at whilst we explored the environs. Though prepared to lie out in the desert if necessary, we of course preferred the shelter of a roof. On a former occasion we had got the key of the house of a dealer in antiquities named Fernandez, and expected, even with-

out the key, to be admitted for a consideration into a portion of it by the ancient Arab in charge.

The village of Sakkarah is situated on the confines of the cultivated land and the desert, amidst a small palm-grove, ill-protected from the sands by some walls ruined in many places. A very considerable drift had lately taken place, and it had rolled in several places over these little defences, as I have seen it roll over the fortifications of Rosetta. The village is built on a cluster of mounds sufficiently lofty to save it from being immersed during the inundation; for the land around is very low, much lower than near the river itself, and remains marshy and intersected with water-streaks until late in the season. An artist who knows how to choose his point of view might make a good picture of this irregular pile of human dwellings and pigeon-houses, intersected by sundry steep lanes, and surrounded with heaps of rubbish and broken pieces of pottery. A palm-tree here and there grew up, and drooped its pensive branches over the terraced roof of some ambitious abode; for in this place, unlike most Egyptian villages, there were evident marks of a gradation of ranks exhibited in the size and appearance of the houses. This unusual prosperity is attributable to the visits of Europeans and the trade in antiquities.

We went straight to the house of Fernandez, but found it occupied by a Levantine, come out for the sake of his health from Cairo. Knowing nothing of this, we penetrated in triumph into the place, laughing and talking, calling out for old Mohammed, and preparing to install ourselves. A confused buzz of voices from all sides, both threatening and expostulatory, ought, it is true, to have attracted our attention at first; but we were so delighted to reach what we called our headquarters, that the true state of the case was not understood until the new tenant, dressed in European costume, made his appearance, and looked at us in a half-frightened, half-angry manner. We then made our apologies, and beat a retreat.

'Decidedly, A——,' said I, when we got into the street again, 'we shall have to sleep among the tombs.'

A—— was perfectly ready to submit with a good grace to what was inevitable, but observing a good many houses on every side, did not see that we had hitherto any cause for despair. I—— was of opinion that a cave might be more comfortable than any hut we could expect to have abandoned to us. At any rate we determined to apply to the Sheikh el Beled, and asked to be taken to his divan. We found him burly and big, in his white turban, sitting on a mat on the dusty entrance of a great building furnished with a spacious court. With him were two officers of the pacha's irregular cavalry, respectable Arnauts, in fact, if the two words can be placed in juxtaposition. I approached, saluted, sat down, and stated our case, believing that 'to hear is to obey' would have been about the equivalent of the answer. My application, however, threw the worthy sheik into an astonishing state of perplexity. He looked at me, then at each of my companions, who by this time were also sitting on the ground, then at the Arnauts, and then pulled his beard. After much hesitation, the truth came out. To harbouring us three Franks no objection could be made. We belonged to a privileged class, and were liable to no interference. Not so with our attendants. They had no passports authorising them to be out at Sakkarah, and among them, therefore, might be some runaway from another village. They must be off before nightfall, either on their way back to Cairo, or into the desert, in whatever direction, in fact, they chose; but to stop there, on no account could they be allowed.

To explain this annoying circumstance, I must inform the reader that at all times, under the paternal sway of Mohammed Ali, the greatest possible impediments were thrown in the way of the movements of the population; but at this particular juncture a redoublement of vigilance and vexatious interference had taken place. The principle acted upon was in ordinary seasons to keep as

many men as possible engaged in agricultural labour, and at the same time to pay them so little, or oppress them so heavily with taxes, as to give them a constant tendency to take refuge in the towns, or emigrate altogether from the country. Egypt has for many years suffered from a deficiency of field labour, produced by the immense number of men taken away for the army and for public works, and by the rapid diminution of the people by famine and pestilence, brought about, or aggravated, by misgovernment. In any other country the supply would follow the demand; and where there was want of men, men would go. But no inducement is held out here. The price of labour is unvarying; the taxes are exacted with iron inflexibility, so much from a village, even if the population be decreased. Who will be tempted by the prospect of being able to exist for a few years on the meanest possible diet, under perpetual fear of the stick, and with the knowledge that every man is responsible for the debts of the community to government? If I can't pay, my neighbour must. This is the system. It is no wonder, therefore, that main force is necessary to keep the fellahs attached to the soil. As it is, the cities are full of runaways, whom the police is constantly employed in taking up, and sending back chained and shackled to their villages. I have seen them in strings of fifty at a time thrust on board a large boat, and despatched up the river under good guard.

The increase of vigilance at the particular time of our visit arose partly from the taking of the census, and partly from the absence of the pacha during the illness which ended in the loss of his reason. It was feared that an insurrection might take place if the report got abroad of his death, and it is certain that something of the kind was probable. At anyrate the worthy Sheik el Beled, after allowing us to guess at, rather than expressing, his reasons, positively at first refused to allow our followers to remain in his village. The worthy Arnauts took our part, represented the favour, and indeed impunity, which Franks enjoyed, and declared that our presence would explain everything, and protect everybody. The sheik, who had the prospect of a bastinado before his eyes, or at anyrate who wanted to heighten the value of his concession, held out for a long time, and explained very forcibly his position. Among other things, he told us that bodies of horse frequently rode up to a village at night, made a cordon round it, kept guard until morning, turned out the people, counted them, and if a single unauthorised stranger was found, seized the sheik, and despatched him to Cairo. A tremendous beating, and two or three years in the galleys, was often the punishment of this offence. The sheik had himself once worked in irons, he told us, for such a peccadillo, and appealed to the Arnaut officers to confirm his statements. They did so, but adhered to the opinion that he ought to harbour us Franks; and added, that if we were turned out into the desert, and came to harm among the Bedouins, the sheik would certainly suffer for his inhospitality.

This consideration, and the prospect of a good *backshish*, at length decided matters in our favour; and the sheik, when once his mind was made up, gave energetic orders to prepare for us the best room in his own house, which seems to have been cleared out purposely. I must not forget to notice that during this interview we were treated with coffee, whilst we supplied pipes and tobacco.

We were taken to a large pile of buildings that looked something like a European farm, though it was built of palm-branches and mud. The court was surrounded with stables and outhouses, over one set of which were two spacious rooms with mud floors—the inner one furnished with windows and shutters, the outer one entirely open to the east. We chose the latter, as more airy and convenient, and soon established ourselves in one corner, where some cushions and carpets were soon provided for us, and a comfortable temporary divan prepared. Our first care was to call for water, and wash the dust

off our hands and faces—a luxurious preparation for dinner, which in some of our travels we had not been able to indulge in. Then Ali spread the cloth, and began to display, one after the other, a fine roast goose, some fowls, a leg of mutton, a piece of a ham, &c. with bread and cheese, and oranges, and several bottles of ale!

Just as the serious business of dinner or supper was commencing, a stout native gentleman wearing the pacha's uniform arrived, and established himself in the inner apartment, which, though we had disdained it, was in reality the most honourable. We paid little attention to him, though told he was a medical inspector, and proceeded with our meal, which we seasoned, if not with attic, at least with Egyptian salt.

Eating was scarcely over, and we were reclining in a state of repletion upon our divan, lazily smoking our pipes, through the smoke of which the last subsiding flashes of our wit faintly gleamed, when a gathering and a commotion in the courtyard below announced that some event was about to take place. Presently a number of Arab heads began to peer up through the square hole in the floor by which was the ascent, and at last two or three lads emerged and sat near it. They looked curiously at us, and now and then whispered; but it was evident that we were a kind of *hors d'œuvre*, and that what was going to take place had no original reference to us. At length, just as we had lighted a candle, a long file of decent-looking Arabs, headed by the sheik, ascended, crossed our room, saluted us gravely; and dived into the inner apartment, where we soon heard all the sounds indicative of an interview between two very great men—namely, the inspector and the sheik.

We now felt that a great duty had devolved upon us—that, namely, of sending at least a deputation to pay our respects to our host. I was chosen as the ambassador; and soon the sheik, the doctor, and I, were dipping our fingers in the dish, scraping up balls of rice, and picking out bits of meat. Wooden spoons were, it is true, provided for the rice and the gravy. Twelve or thirteen Arabs sat in lines round the walls looking on whilst the great people ate.

When we had washed our mouths and fingers, the doctor put his hand into his pocket, and produced some small cucumbers and vegetable-marrons, and gave us them as dessert. The capacity of his pockets amused us; for he threw one to every man in the room, as well as to a crowd of boys that occupied the doorway. This proceeding gave rise to a good many native jokes; after which we were catechised by the sheik over our pipes. He was in search of information, and asked us numerous questions about England, especially if it was true that there was a road made under a river as large as the Nile: he had heard of the Thames Tunnel!

Before we went to sleep that night, we were besieged by an immense number of people, offering for sale mummied cats and ibises, and little statues in clay, and wood, and metal; with scarabæi, seals, rings, keys, coins, &c. In the tombs A—made some curious acquisitions; among other things a huge cat, which he carried about during the rest of our excursion in his arms, as if, said the Arabs, it had been his daughter!

Next morning we began our explorations of this curious neighbourhood, a full account of which would far exceed my present limits. We visited the tomb of Psanmitichus, the pyramids of Dashour, and the ibis mummy-pits—all places of exceeding interest. For my own part, however, scarcely anything I saw in all this part of Egypt struck me more than the interior of the pyramid of Sakkarah. This structure has a very peculiar form; and as it rises on its vast pedestal of rocky desert, seems totally distinct in character from all the other pyramids that break the horizon to the north and south. It has five steps only—five vast steps, that together rise to the height of nearly 300 feet. It looks like a citadel with a quintuple wall—five towers of gradually-increasing elevations, one within the other.

At the north-west corner it is possible to ascend to the summit, which I did on two successive occasions. But it was, as I have said, the interior that most interested me. Few travellers take the trouble to penetrate; and the operation is so difficult, that even the sheik of the place did everything he could to dissuade us from the attempt, even asserting that the well and passages were choked up. We determined, however, to try, and were amply rewarded.

The entrance is at the bottom of a great hole or well, about thirty or forty paces from the northern front. We climbed down one by one, in danger every moment of being overwhelmed with sand and rubbish. An Arab preceded us, and was of great assistance to me on the first occasion. Arrived at the bottom, I had to stand with my face from the pyramid, and gradually kneeling down, to work myself backward into a small hole not a foot in height. A few large stones, which I had loosened in my descent, tumbled down whilst I was in the act, but I luckily escaped from contusions, and was quit with having my mouth and eyes filled with dust. When I was completely in, the Arab took me by the ankles, and I felt myself slowly dragged along a low passage for some distance. At length I passed under a block of stone—the lintel of the doorway—and found space to sit up: I was left alone to my meditations for some minutes, whilst the man who had pulled me in crawled slowly back to fetch the next comer. It was a curious position to find one's self in—on the threshold, as it were, of an underground palace, with unknown halls, and passages, and wells close at hand; so that if I ventured to move, I might be dashed to pieces at once, or be sought for in vain by my affrighted companions. Another idea struck me likewise: I had noticed the beam or block of stone under which I had passed, but was not aware how solidly it was placed. Supposing it were to give way, and sink like a portcullis across the passage, what labour would not be required to remove it, and open again for me the way to light and life!

I was not, however, allowed long time to indulge in these thoughts on either of the occasions on which I entered the pyramid of Sakkarah. I was soon rejoined, and lights having been procured, we commenced descending, taper in hand, preceded and followed by mysterious flitting shadows, along a series of steep winding passages cut in the rock. Other passages branched off here and there, either ascending or descending; but we followed that which seemed to lead farthest down into the bowels of the earth. At length we issued into an open space, evidently a vast apartment; but four or five tapers were quite insufficient at first to give us the slightest idea of its dimensions. Even when at length we clearly saw the four walls, and could make out at various distances overhead the gloomy mouths of passages or retreating alcoves, we found it impossible to distinguish the roof. We seemed at the bottom of a huge steeple-tower thrust down by magic into the earth. At length some old fragments of beams and other combustible matter presented itself, and we lighted a fire. The bright red flame, leaping up, sent strong waves of light aloft along the walls, and presently we saw, or thought we saw, the summit of this mysterious apartment, which is no other than the base of the pyramid; for it is all excavated below the surface of the desert to the depth of a hundred feet.

In the centre of the floor a vast column of granite stops up a well, serving the same purpose as the stopper of a bottle. It was once raised, and a sanctuary with a sarcophagus found beneath. We tried to find some access to this place by descending again down, down into the earth, by means of all sorts of passages, some squared, and exhibiting traces of having been faced with alabaster, and adorned with paintings. Our progress along these was difficult, as they were nearly filled with huge loose stones; but we could come to no end in any direction, and returned at length breathless to the great apartment. The fire was still casting a flickering flame,

but darkness had again gathered overhead, and we could see nothing but uncertain shadows. After wandering about for some time longer among the interminable labyrinth of passages that met, receded, branched off, and seemed to lead to nothing, we returned bewildered and breathless, but full of a sense of mysterious awe and a vague sentiment of the sublime, that increased in intensity as memory began to exert its operations towards the entrance. The getting out was much more difficult than the getting in; and as we emerged, staggering and bathed in perspiration, from those dismal chambers, and were hauled, half fainting, up the well into the glorious sunshine of Egypt, we must have looked, as we certainly felt, as if we had returned from the infernal regions.

A BRITISH MERCHANT OF THE LAST GENERATION.

[This piece is taken from the 'Morning Chronicle' of June 5, 1869, and we trust will be reprinted, from time to time, for centuries to come.]

THE late David Barclay, who died the 30th ult. in his eighty-first year, at Walthamstow, was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay of Urie, author of the celebrated 'Apology for the Quakers.' He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the Revolution. He was at that time as much distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power as a merchant, as he has ever since, in retirement, by his patriotism, philanthropy, and munificence. We cannot form to ourselves, even in imagination, the idea of a character more perfect than that of David Barclay. Graced by nature with a most noble form, all the qualities of his mind and heart corresponded with the grandeur of his exterior; the superiority of his understanding confirmed the impression which the dignity of his demeanour made on all; and though, by the tenets of his religious faith, he abstained from all the honours of public trust, to which he was frequently invited by his fellow-citizens, yet his influence was justly great on all the public questions of the day. His examination at the bar of the House of Commons, and his advice on the subject of the American dispute, were so clear, so intelligent, and so wise, that, though not followed, Lord North publicly acknowledged he had derived more information from him than from all others on the east of Temple-Bar. It was the American Revolution that determined him to wind up his extensive concerns, and to retire, but not as busy men generally retire—to the indulgence of mere personal luxury. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat; he distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways: instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became himself the executor of his own will, and by the most magnificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity, of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men whom he had bred in his mercantile house, and of whose virtuous dispositions he approved. Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay for the means of their first introduction into life, and for the benefits of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage, that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred; and the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, hold out a lively example, and a lesson to others, of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence.

His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species. He was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends; he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay in promoting whatever might meliorate the condition of man. Largely endowed by Providence with the means, he felt it to be his

duty to set great examples; and when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, 'that they were too ignorant, and too barbarous for freedom,' he resolved, at his own expense, to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined, at the expense of £10,000, to emancipate the whole gang (as they are termed) of slaves. He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity: he sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades. The members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to show that the black skin enclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! During all this course of well-doing his own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a House of Industry near his own residence, on such solid principles, that though it cost him £1500 for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well-disposed families of the poor around. We could fill a column with the recital of individual acts of his benevolence, which, though indiscriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of religious distinction.

Mr David Barclay was married twice. He had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, every way worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq., and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.

We have thought it right to give this short sketch of a most honourable citizen, though he was himself no friend to posthumous blazonry; and we learn that the simple notice of his death, first inserted in the 'Morning Chronicle,' was directed, if not actually dictated, by himself before his departure. Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments: he was composed, cheerful, and resigned; he had not to struggle with life; he rather ceased to live, than felt the pang of death.

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

[The following anecdote from Major Forbes's 'Eleven Years in Ceylon' has been sent to us by a correspondent, as illustrative of a subject treated in some recent Numbers of the Journal, in the paper entitled 'Experiences of a Barrister.']

WHEN within two miles of Nyakoombura, hurrying on to avoid nightfall, and find shelter from a threatening storm of lightning and rain, we came suddenly on a pony, which had been sent on some hours in advance, standing over the lifeless body of my old horse-keeper, which lay stretched at full length on the back, and swimming in blood.

The tempest commenced, and darkness closed on us as we were examining the locality of the catastrophe. We compelled the unwilling attendants to convey the body to the rest house; and there, after minutely examining the ghastly corpse, we caused it to be interred. There was a mortal wound—a stab—entering above and inside the left collar-bone, and passing (as we found by probing with a small cane) right down through the heart. The deceased was a very short man; and from the nature and position of the wound, my two friends and myself, in the absence of all information, formed an opinion that he had been wilfully murdered by means of a long and very sharp instrument. The mouth of the pony had been rubbed with blood, and also its foot, and then pressed down upon the white jacket worn by the deceased, for the purpose of making it appear that the horse had bitten or kicked the unfortunate man. These circumstances, as well as the direction of the wound, showed design, not accident; and I was well aware that the pony was much attached to the deceased, who usually slept in the stall beside him. For eight days no circumstance transpired that could throw any light on the subject of the supposed murder; but I then obtained proof that a confidential Lascreeen (court messenger), who had charge of my baggage, and also the grass-cutter, had been seen very near, actually at the spot, proceeding apparently amicably in company with the deceased, about the very time when his death must have occurred. I had already taken the statements of this Lascreeen and the grass-cutter, which now turned out to

be false; and numerous connecting links in the chain of circumstantial evidence induced me to commit them both for trial for the murder. Before they were sent off, the Lascreeen expressed a wish to make a second statement; and then detailed what afterwards proved to be the truth, although at the time it appeared absurd and incredible.

The Lascreeen's statement was to this effect:—That, contrary to his orders, he had allowed the deceased to purchase some arrack as a present for his acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Nyakoombura, in which place he had formerly lived as servant to the post-holder. The arrack was carried in a long necked French bottle, tied in a handkerchief, and slung from his wrist: in passing a narrow part of the path, the bottle striking against a rock, was broken in such a manner, that all that remained was the bottom, still containing a little arrack, and attached to it a piece of the glass, like a spike, the whole height of the bottle. This spike had sharp edges, a sharp point, and altogether resembled a Malay kris. The deceased continued to lead the pony with the remains of the bottle still slung on his left arm, until he arrived where there was a hole or step in the road of nearly two feet deep, formed by water in the rainy season flowing along the path, and falling over the root of a tree. On this root the deceased stumbled, and pitching head foremost into the hole, fell on the spike of the bottle. He instantly pulled himself up, fell back, and expired. The Lascreeen proceeded—'Afraid and flurried, and recollecting that, contrary to your orders, I had allowed him to purchase arrack, and that I might thus be blamed for his death, I desired the grass-cutter to deny all knowledge of the manner of the deceased's death—to say that he was some distance before us, and that, on coming up, we found him dead. I then took the broken bottle and handkerchief, and threw them as far as I could into the jungle. After this I became sick, and fainted; and it must have been at this time that the grass-cutter marked the pony's mouth, and placed the animal's hoof over the wound, and upon the jacket of the deceased. I had hardly recovered my recollection when the gentlemen came up.'

At the time of hearing this statement, I was thirty miles from the place, but immediately despatched persons to examine the surrounding jungle; and these returned bringing the long slender brittle weapon unbroken, though it had been thrown to a considerable distance. Rain had fallen in torrents since the event occurred, yet the blood could still be traced in the curved side of the glass, which exactly corresponded to the cut made in the jacket of the deceased at the time he received his death-wound. In this case there were so many minor circumstances which bore strongly against the Lascreeen and grass-cutter, but which were all explained by the discovery of the handkerchief and glass dagger, that, had the latter not been found uninjured (and its preservation may be considered providential), the life of a valuable and long-tried servant would have been in the utmost jeopardy. So much importance did I attach to the conveyance of this extraordinary weapon, that I would not intrust it to any one, and proceeded to Koudy, where I personally delivered it to the judicial commissioner. After a careful examination of the case, the charge hitherto so strongly supported by a chain of evidence was abandoned, and the parties released. This adventure had a considerable effect on my after-conduct as a judge, and also on my opinion as regards the infliction of capital punishment in particular cases.

THE MEMBER FOR DUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

His talents fail to win respect. His coxcombry is without grace; his seriousness without conviction. He has an active fancy, surprising command of language, no inconsiderable knowledge, especially of history, powers of massing facts into a symmetrical appearance of generalisation, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and humbug in others. He is a shrewd observer of men and things; but he has neither the eye to see, nor the soul to comprehend, anything much below the surface. There is little depth in him of any kind—thought or feeling: hence the want of vitality in all he does. He cannot paint, for he cannot grasp a character; his sole power in that line consists in hitting off the obtrusive peculiarities, the jutting out of an individuality. In his books you meet with nothing noble, nothing generous, nothing tender, nothing impassioned. His passion is mere sensuality, as his eloquence is mere diction: the splendour of words, not the lustre of

thoughts. Imagination, in the large and noble sense, he has none, for his sensibility is sustained by no warmth. Humour he has none, for humour is deep. . . . D'Israeli conceives himself to be a man of genius; in truth he is only the prospectus of a genius. He has magnificent plans, but he writes prefaces instead of books. All the promise which allures in a prospectus arrests attention in him; but he does not perform what he promises. He has aspiration, but no inspiration; ambition, but no creative power. In his poems, in his novels, and in his speeches, you see that he means something great, but has not the force to originate it. As an author, in spite of a certain notoriety and undeniable talents, his value is null. He has written books, and these books have been immensely successful; but they have no place in our literature—they are indubitable failures, or fleeting ephemerides. He has taken many leaps, but has gained no footing. He has written a quarter epic; he has written a tragedy; he has written novels, pamphlets, and a political treatise on the constitution; but all these works are as dead as the last week's newspaper. The most insignificant niche in the temple is denied them. If anybody looks at them, it is not on their account, but on his account. The noise they made has passed away like the vacuous enthusiasm of after-dinner friendships. They have achieved notoriety for their author, oblivion for themselves. —*British Quarterly Review*. [It might have been added, that Mr D'Israeli's worst fault is his consumption of valuable time in hurangues which end in nothing. He thus impedes legislation, and stops the business of the country, without effecting a single useful object.]

NOTTINGHAM LACE TRADE.

The rise of this trade at Nottingham was marked by very extraordinary circumstances. It was about seventy years ago that a stocking-weaver tried whether he could apply his frame or loom to make something which could imitate lace, and by slow degrees such imitation became introduced. It was not, however, till thirty years afterwards that Mr Heathcoat, in 1809, obtained a patent for a new and highly-ingenious lace-making machine, which, from certain arrangements of its mechanism, obtained the name of a bobbin frame, and hence the name of bobbin net. Of the envy and strife which drove Mr Heathcoat away from Nottingham, and led him to settle in Devonshire, we will say nothing; it is not a creditable feature; but we cannot pass in silence over the year 1823, when, Mr Heathcoat's patent having expired, all Nottingham went mad—everybody wished to make bobbin net. Listen to what Mr McCulloch says on this point:—'Numerous individuals, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and others, readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell in proportion as production increased, but the demand was immense; and the Nottingham lace-frame became the organ of general supply, rivalling and supplanting in plain nets the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands.' Hear, too, Dr Ure on the same point:—'It was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling and betake himself to a lace frame, of which he was part proprietor, and realise by working upon it 20s., 30s., nay, even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, the birthplace of this new art, with Loughborough and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius, or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point, bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewitched. Several lost their senses altogether; and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in the old times of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despair, and committed suicide. If the Nottingham lace-makers were now to go mad, it would not be at the golden dreams before them. Competition has had its usual levelling effect, and no more fortunes can be rapidly made in the lace-trade; the consumption is immense, but the workers are numerous, and prices, wages, and profits, have all alike become low.—*The Land We Live In*.

A NEW ZEALAND HOUSEHOLD.

The girls in their best mats, or gaudiest calicoes, and the children in their naturalibus, assemble to greet and welcome us, not altogether uninfluenced by the hope of getting a present of a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco. In the interior of the Pa, the Wahines, or matrons, are busy weaving flax-mats, cleaning potatoes or fish, or engaged in

the superintendence of a Maori oven, or a huge gipsy-looking cauldron, called a 'go-ashore,' and can only afford to greet a visitor with a whining 'tena koe pakeha,' sighing as if they were very much to be pitied. A mummy-looking roll of mats and blankets propped up against the sunny side of a hut is the outward signification of a chief, who, on our appearance, slightly unrolls himself, allowing to become visible the small heads of two or three children, which the Wahines have handed over to his paternal care while engaged in other occupations. His hair is a mass of shark oil and red ochre, which also covers his body and limbs; but the old fellow is not ashamed of his dishabille, and lustily calls out to us, 'Haera mai taku pakeha'—('Come here, my white man'); 'Omai to rirangi ranga'—('Give me your fist'); and after a hearty shake, he asks confidently, 'Kahore te tupeka maku?'—('Have you got no tobacco for me?') A decisive 'Kahore' ('No') settles the question, and destroys all further interest in the conversation; and the old fellow rolls himself and the children once more into the blankets, to doze off again till the dinner is ready, or till there is another chance of getting an 'omai no omui,' or gift.—*Power's New Zealand*.

HOME.

THERE was a kindly tone that through the glow
Of feverish dreams, heat-sickness and despair,
Came like the echo of an angel's prayer,
And on my world-worn spirit poured the flow
Of the sweet waters of the Long Ago!
There was a vision filled this foreign air
With peace that only childhood's heart can wear.
Oh, strangely linked in happiness or woe
Are all life's changes! Youth's impatient eye
Looks through the mists of golden morning bloom
To the bright hills where rests the glittering sky;
But manhood turns, in sunshine as in gloom,
Back from his triumphs to the spells that lie
In the fond childish words—Mother and Home!

MARY CHILTHAM.

MEN FOR SALE.

The following is taken from a New Orleans paper:—'Seventy-five negroes, just arrived, and for sale at the old stand, corner of Moreau and Esplanade Streets, consisting of house-servants, cooks, washers and ironers, and field hands. The subscriber will continue to receive from Maryland and Virginia a constant supply during the whole season. This being the oldest establishment in the city, purchasers would do well to call and examine before purchasing.—James T. Blackney, agent for Hlope H. Slater.'

SOUND-PIPES FOR A DEAF CONGREGATION.

I have applied the gutta-percha tubing in my chapel with the greatest advantage to the deaf part of my congregation, and others have adopted my plan with equal success. I have a large oval funnel of sheet gutta percha inserted in the book-board in front of the Bible; attached to this is a piece of inch tubing, passing down on the inside of the pulpit and under the floor, like a main gas-pipe; attached to this are branches of smaller tubing, leading to any pew where a deaf person may sit, and at the end of each is an ear-piece. You may thus supply a whole congregation, and enable all to hear without the least difficulty or effort on the part of the preacher.—*Letter from Troubridge to the 'Patriot'*.

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.

By the last report to the House of Commons, it appears that the total amount of pauperism of 1848 was 1,876,541 souls. The habitual pauperism of England thus presents an average of numbers equal to the population of London and its suburbs. The pauperism of the previous year only amounted to 1,471,133 persons. The increase is partially accounted for by the swarms of Irish that have been driven across the Channel by the destitution of the distressed districts.

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THE STORY OF ROBERT LINDSAY.

SCOTSMEN are proverbially inclined to roam abroad in quest of fortune. This is true not less of the humble than of the higher ranks. There are few, probably no families of distinction, who have not members scattered all over the world in situations sought out and obtained by personal effort. Instead of staying at home, to consume a limited patrimony, and worry government for places, they usually take themselves off with a guinea, or two in one pocket, and a letter of introduction in another, and it is hard if an uncle, cousin, or more distant relative in some far-off corner of the globe does not receive them, and give them a lift forward. Helping themselves, they of course find others not unwilling to help them. There being, in fact, a universal demand for young men educated and trustworthy, it is not in the least wonderful that these wanderers from the paternal fireside make friends abroad, and live to do something for 'the honour of the family.'

In reading lately the fortunes of a noble house, related by one of its members—Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays'—we were agreeably reminded of this national peculiarity. 'Lightsome and gay' as the Lindsays have been generally characterised, they have not the less vindicated the prudent carefulness of the Scottish name, and shown to every country what qualities are necessary for young men who wish to elbow their way in the world. The history of the Lindsay we are going to refer to, from the family memoirs, is that of hundreds of young Scotsmen. He had so many brothers and sisters—seven of the former, and three of the latter—that it was absolutely necessary for him to begin early to do something for himself: in plain vernacular, 'he must go and *pounce* his fortune.' Luckily he had an uncle, as every Scotsman has, who was looked to on the occasion. This personage was Mr William Dalrymple, a merchant in Cadiz, who offered a situation in the counting-house to one of the boys. Accordingly, in the year 1768, the hero of our story, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, then at the age of fourteen, proceeded to Spain, and made his *début* in the world of business as a clerk. He was not very assiduous, it appears, at the desk; but, being a heartsome lad, he bustled about in the shipping department, and by and by, when in the service of his cousin, Mr Duff, exhibited an instance of promptitude and daring which drew from his employer a severe reprimand—together with a couple of dollars to take him to the Opera in the evening. 'The better houses of Cadiz,' says Robert—for we will let him tell the story himself—'have each a tower, from which ships may be seen at a great distance. One morning, having risen early, it then blowing a heavy gale of wind, I looked

through the telescope, and observed a ship standing into the bay, with a signal of distress flying, and also carrying the distinguishing flag of Mr Duff's house. I immediately ran down to the mole, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting a boat to venture off to the ship. Upon boarding her, I found that she had lost all her cables and anchors, and in this situation was drifting towards the shore before the wind. I put about, went on shore, and soon returned with all she required, and thus saved the vessel.'

This brilliant lad remained long enough in Spain to wind himself round the heart of Mr Duff; and we interrupt the narrative to say that many years after, when his son, another Robert Lindsay, then a lieutenant in the Guards, was at Cadiz, the old gentleman perused his features with emotion, and said to him, while pressing his hand, 'I loved your dear father as my son; he was a gallant boy—and you shall be my son while here.' The friendship of such a man was no light matter; for Mr Duff was one of those princely characters that have given its lustre to the name of British merchant. He was adored by the natives of the country, who knew him as 'Don Diego.' 'During a residence of forty years and upwards in Spain, he had contracted much of the habits and character of the Spaniard, grafted upon a naturally poetic and enthusiastic temperament; he was chivalrous and generous to a fault, believed the Spaniards to be like himself, and equally to be trusted, hated the French, and loved his own countrymen—and considered and treated all women as ladies, and ladies as princesses.' Mr Duff died at Cadiz when upwards of eighty years of age.

The time at length came, in 1772, when young Lindsay's knowledge of the shipping department was to be applied in exporting himself to India. The first step he took on board the 'Prince of Wales' was one that would tell either for or against a young man, according to the context of his conduct. While the other passengers, who were numerous, were gazing at the appointments of the vessel, he at once went up to the captain and requested that his name might be chalked on his berth—thus securing the best quarters on board: not a bad example of *cuteness* this. The captain is described as a character. He was a peppery, one-armed Welshman, his other arm having been lost in a duel with one of his passengers, respecting a young lady with whom they had both fallen in love. Luckily there were none of these fair disturbers on board on the present occasion, and they arrived at Calcutta without anything that could be called an adventure. The Lindsays, however, are always meeting with something at least interesting; and on this voyage the 'Prince of Wales' frequently fell in with the 'Rockingham,' bound for China, in which Robert's brother, William, was a midshipman; and so closely did the vessels approach,

* See Journal, No. 291.

that the lads could see each other through a telescope. William was afterwards drowned; and by the time Robert returned to Europe, only five of his fellow-passengers were alive. This reminded him of the old mate's rough good-by on their arrival:—"Farewell, my lads—you will stow better when homeward-bound!"

At Calcutta Mr Lindsay set to work, after the fashion of his light-spirited race, to amuse himself. He was in the civil service of the Company, and the drudgery was done at that time by native scribes. In 1776 he removed to Dacca, as youngest assistant to the head of the revenue department; where he learnt to hunt wild boars, and astonish his companions by clever and daring exploits. The only thing he saw at Dacca 'worthy of the attention of a stranger' was a piece of ordnance 36 feet long, and made of hammered iron. The natives declared it had fallen from heaven, and when swallowed up by the encroachments of the river, they said it had returned thither. After Mr Lindsay's time, however, it was fished up by Mr Walters, by the aid of European science, and may now be seen at Dacca raised on a platform of brick and mortar. It is curious that our adventurer did not consider the famous muslin manufacture as worthy the attention of a stranger. Even now it has not wholly ceased, the gossamer fabric being still procurable to order, although more as a curiosity than as an article of regular trade, costing L.15 for ten yards.

All Scotsmen abroad look forward to the time when they may come home, buy a property, and finish in a style equal to anything in the best days of 'the family.' It may be a foolish thought this; but anything is better than gravitating downward, and so let us be thankful. Robert Lindsay was as ambitious as any lad who ever crossed the Border. 'Amidst all our sports in India,' says he, 'I never lost sight of the prospect of returning to my native country, and was anxious to be placed in some situation wherein I might derive some benefit from my own industry.' In a letter to his mother, he mentions what his capabilities were for turning such situations to account. 'With regard to my abilities, you are a judge of them—although, taking the run of mankind in general, I think, without flattering myself, I have my share, but not more: I never was born to make a shining figure in the world. I think I enjoy a full proportion of common sense, which, joined to the experience I have had of the world, has taught me to behave in a manner to gain the friendship of all my acquaintances. As to enemies, I have none; at least I flatter myself so.' His ideas, he added, were confused; he wanted fluency of speech; and his memory was bad; but he understood French, Portuguese, Spanish, and Hindostani—and a little more than that, as we shall see. The district of Sylhet, on the eastern side of the Brahmapootra, was under the superintendence of the Dacca Council, which had deputed one of its members, Mr Holland, a man of character and fortune, to proceed thither to arrange the collection of the land revenue. On his return, in a conversation with Lindsay, he regretted that his health had not permitted him 'to complete the work he had so prosperously commenced.' "I am sensible," said he, "it will prove an arduous undertaking, and none but a man possessed of a sound constitution, with great energy and determination, is fit for it." I thought for some time, and turning quickly round, I said, "I know the man who will suit you exactly." "And where is he to be found?" said Mr Holland. I answered, "I am the man!" Upon which my friend threw himself back in his chair, and with a loud laugh, replied, "Lindsay, you are the most impudent fellow alive! Our establishment is more than twenty in number, eighteen of whom would jump at the appointment; and here are

you, the youngest of the whole, aspiring to it yourself!" "And can you blame me, my friend," said I, "for looking to the top of the tree?" "By no means," said he; "but how can the thing be accomplished?" "The thing is difficult, I allow; but with such a friend as you much may be effected. May I look for your support at a future day should I be proposed by the other members in Council?" "You shall have it," said he. All I then asked was, that he should not retire until I saw a little daylight in the business, and that, in the meanwhile, our conversation should remain a secret. To this he willingly consented.

This was not a bad move for a beginner; but Lindsay, while waiting for an opportunity to take another step, amused himself with a practical speculation, suggested by his conversation about Sylhet working upon his Cadiz recollections of mercantile business. He saw that the salt trade (a monopoly of the Indian government) was carried on at Sylhet in a way which promised much advantage to those Europeans who knew how to buy; and entering into a confederacy with a native capitalist, he suddenly made his appearance in the market, and purchased salt to the amount of L.20,000. The result put money in his pocket, enabled him to pay off the debts he had contracted at Calcutta, and facilitated his removal from Dacca, by sickening some members of the Council of his interference in matters which they had considered a prerogative of their own. When Mr Holland at length fully made up his mind not to return to Sylhet, our young adventurer began to act in earnest—but not to agitate. He first went quietly to the Resident at Dacca, and made known his wishes. The reply of course was that, as the youngest member of the settlement, he had no chance. Very little, the applicant feared; but if his name *should* be proposed in the Council by somebody else, might he hope that it would meet with the Resident's concurrence? The great man consented with a smile—probably concealing a sneer; and Mr Lindsay had only one more vote to gain in order to secure a majority. 'This was as easily managed as the rest; and to the extreme surprise of the junior servants of the settlement, who were all his seniors, he set out for Sylhet as Resident.

His journey, or rather inland voyage, was made during the rains, when the river floods the whole of the lower part of Bengal. 'I shall not therefore be disbelieved when I say that, in pointing my boat towards Sylhet, I had recourse to my compass, the same as at sea, and steered a straight course through a lake not less than one hundred miles in extent, occasionally passing through villages built on artificial mounds; but so scanty was the ground, that each house had a canoe attached to it.' While performing this voyage, 'I frequently passed through fields of wild rice, forming the most beautiful verdure, so thick, as to exclude the appearance of water: the herbage giving way to the boat as it advanced, and again rising immediately behind it, formed a very novel scene. We were thus encompassed by a sea of green.' He found the town 'an inconceivable bazaar, or market-place, the houses of the inhabitants being fantastically built, and scattered upon the numerous hills and rising grounds, so buried in wood, as to be scarcely discernible.' Here he commenced his reign ('it not being his business to combat religious prejudices') by going in state to make an offering of five gold mohurs to the tutelary saint of the Mohammedans; but this expenditure was amply returned by the pleasant custom he found in vogue of every visitor making the Resident a present of from one to five rupees.

It will indicate sufficiently the enormous abuses which prevailed at that time in our system of Indian government, if we mention that Mr Lindsay, while holding a situation nearly equivalent in power and dignity to that of a Roman proconsul in Asia, enjoyed a salary of only L.500 a year! With such remuneration, the Company's high officers were of course allowed to scramble as they might for a subsistence and a fortune; and the

result to the unhappy country was a career of tyranny, venality, and rapacity unexampled in history. Our adventurer, however, who was *himself* a man of honour, though officially connected with a *system* of dishonour, writes with amusing unconsciousness. He borrowed large sums of money, dashed into extensive speculations, and then, when his affairs were in full swing, and his capital all afloat, he received intimation that he was to be superseded by an older officer, a member of the Dacca Council! The blow stunned him: it was utter ruin; his hopes of returning home were at an end; he had no friend to advise with; there was no human being near him who could even speak the English language; and in his loneliness and despair he sat down and wept. But a lightsome Lindsay is never stunned long at one time. He rose from his prostration with a rebound; paid up out of his own funds what remained outstanding of the collection of the revenue; manned and armed a couple of canoes, and pretending to set out for Dacca, pushed on night and day till he reached Calcutta, a distance, by the river, of upwards of 300 miles. 'I had previously prepared a humble remonstrance to the Supreme Board, stating the nature of my appointment, my indefatigable labour and exertions during the last nine months in a turbulent country, and that I had succeeded in realising every farthing of the revenue with which the country was taxed; and, as a reward for my zeal, I complained that I had been unjustly and disgracefully removed by the Dacca Board from my situation. I now made use of every private interest I could raise upon the occasion, and had to acknowledge the able influence of a fair lady, wife of Justice Hyde, who warmly interested herself in my behalf. The consequence was, that an express was sent to the Dacca Council to know (by return of post) the cause of the removal of Mr Lindsay; in reply, they could assign no cause whatever, excepting my being junior in rank to many others. An order was then issued, appointing me Resident and Collector of Sylhet: moreover, independent of Dacca, with instructions to correspond with the presidency direct. This was a signal victory in my favour, and an ample reward for my activity. I re-embarked in my canoe, and returned to Sylhet with so much expedition, that the inhabitants hardly knew I had been absent—travelling 600 miles in an open boat, covered only by an awning.'

The district teemed with those productions by which an Indian fortune could then be made; and sugar, iron, timber, lime, elephants, ivory, honey, gums, and drugs—all waited only the application of capital to make noble returns. Mr Lindsay's ideas expanded. With his limited means he could only crawl as before, and he now longed to run. But the money? The money came; and it came in a way which is not a little curious. The only circulation of the province was in cowries; and in these small shells 250,000 rupees of revenue was collected. Now, as one rupee contains 5120, and one pound 40,960 cowries, it may be supposed that this ponderous circulation required many warehouses to hold it, and a numerous fleet of boats to transport it when collected. The expenses, therefore, and the loss from depredations, were very great; and the Supreme Board at Calcutta listened with much gratification to a proposal that was made by a speculator to purchase the whole collection at Sylhet at a given price, the money to be payable in two years after delivery. This offer was submitted to the Resident, whose report was favourable as to the price, but condemned the time as unreasonable. Mr Lindsay added a modest tender to farm the revenue himself, and pay in six months; and the proposal being accepted, he had now the foundation secure for a large and rapid fortune.

His chief business was in chunam, from a mountain in the Cossyah country, 'composed of the purest alabaster lime, and apparently equal to the supply of the whole world.' Here, being delighted with the climate, he built a villa at a place which is now a well-known sanatorium. 'During the few days of my residence at

Pondua [Poonjee, we presume], I had the uncommon gratification of witnessing a caravan arrive from the interior of the mountain, bringing on their shoulders the produce of their hills, consisting of the coarsest silks from the confines of China; fruits of various kinds; but the great staple was iron, of excellent quality. In descending the mountain, the scene had much of stage effect, the tribes descending from rock to rock, as represented in "Oscar and Malvina." In the present instance, the only descent was by steps cut out in the precipice. The burthens were carried by the women in baskets, supported by a belt across the forehead, the men walking by their side, protecting them with their arms. The elderly women in general were ugly in the extreme, and of masculine appearance; their mouths and teeth are as black as ink, from the inordinate use of the betel-leaf mixed with lime. On the other hand, the young girls are both fair and handsome, not being allowed the use of betel-nut until after their marriage. In appearance they resemble very much the Malay. The strength of their arms and limbs, from constant muscular exercise in ascending and descending these mountains, loaded with heavy burthens, far exceeds our idea. I asked one of the girls to allow me to lift her burthen of iron: from its weight, I could not accomplish it. This, I need not say, occasioned a laugh in the line of march to my prejudice. 'The lime trade increased to such an extent, as to keep 500 or 600 men in full employment.

The military defence of the station had hitherto been intrusted to a detachment of Sepoys about 100 strong; but the climate disagreed with the men, who died so fast, that the party was withdrawn. Mr Lindsay now proposed to farm the army as well as the revenue; and with the sanction of government, he organized, under his own command, a native militia corps, which he kept up at a much less expense than the former. The whole of India was at this time deeply and justly disaffected, and only waited for a signal to rise simultaneously. It was in the year 1782, when Hastings, by an act of prodigious audacity, placed in the utmost jeopardy the new empire of the English. The rajah of Benares, disputing or delaying the payment of a tribute which had been imposed upon him, the governor-general, instead of sending an army, as usual, to collect it, proceeded to the spot in person, and there—in the holy city of the Hindoos—coolly put the reigning prince under arrest. Mr Lindsay tells us that there was a well-constructed plot for seizing the person of this daring intruder; but there was no plot in the case. The citizens rose suddenly up like one man, massacred at a blow the guards of the royal prisoner, and Hastings very narrowly escaped by flight under cover of the night. The partial insurrections caused by this circumstance extended to Sylhet; and Mr Lindsay had occasion to try the mettle of his troops in actual conflict.

Besides fighting, and the excitement of some attempts to assassinate him, he amused himself with doctoring, including operations with the knife, and with working in wood, iron, ivory, and silver, and building boats, and afterwards vessels of burthen. His canoe-makers and muslin-weavers he turned into ship-builders and canvas-manufacturers; and he actually despatched twenty of his vessels to Madras, at a period of scarcity, with 5000 tons of rice. His next ship was a vessel of 400 tons burthen, and he got her down to the vicinity of the sea; but there the water failed him, and with the fortune of the Vicar of Wakefield's family-piece, the ship was found too large for the river. His expedients, however, were inexhaustible; and he at length found a narrow but deeper stream; and having succeeded in urging her, with all sail set, over a bar of black mud ten leagues in extent, she reached the ocean.

'I find,' says Mr Lindsay, 'I have still one aquatic adventure more to mention, in which a friend happened to have a concern. There chanced, at the close of the shipping concern, to be an overgrown line-boat, or lighter, lying in the Sylhet river. A certain Captain

Taylor, evidently not a little mad, had long petitioned me for employment without effect. At last he urged me to put a deck on the lime-boat, and proposed to run her down before the wind to Madras. This I agreed to, upon the condition that the vessel, on her arrival, should be sold as fire-wood. Captain Taylor made out his voyage most successfully; but instead of breaking her up, as proposed, he changed the name of the "Golumpus" to "Prince William," bestowed abundance of yellow ochre on her sides, and advertised her in the public papers, "For Bengal direct: for freight and passage apply to Captain Taylor." My friend John Carstairs had just arrived from England; and reading the advertisement, the only question he asked was, "Who is your owner?" Taylor answered, "The Hon. Robert Lindsay;" and Carstairs embarked next day with a fair wind.

'It blew a gentle breeze, not more than three knots, when the ship broached to. All was soon put to rights; but this having occurred again more than once, "What is the meaning of this, Captain Taylor?" asked my friend. The captain coolly replied, "How can it be otherwise, sir? The vessel has no keel, sir! Her bottom is as flat as a pancake, and she is no better than a dung-barge!" Carstairs, after studying the features of the man, remained silent, trusting to Providence for the result. Most fortunately the weather continued fine, and the wind favourable: the smallest reverse would have sent them all to the bottom.

'I must conclude the history of my ships by quoting a paragraph from one of the last letters I received from my mother in Bengal:—"I understand, my dear Robert, that you are a great ship-builder. Your talents in this line I do not dispute; but I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that you will not come home in one of your own building." And I implicitly followed her advice.'

His various employments he still further diversified with elephant-catching—taking from 150 to 200 of these animals every year for twelve years. In mentioning this subject, he warmly defends the often-impeached honesty of the lower ranks of Hindoos. He sent his elephants by servants of the lowest description to all parts of India. On one occasion 'his servant Manoo, after a twelvemonth's absence, returned all covered with dust, and in appearance most miserable; he unfolded his girdle, and produced a scrap of paper of small dimensions, which proved to be a banker's bill amounting to three or four thousand pounds—his own pay was thirty shillings sterling per month.'

Mr Lindsay was at length superseded in earnest; some of his old enemies of the Dacca Council having risen to the Supreme Board. On this occasion he took the misfortune very coolly; assisted his successor courteously in collecting arrears of revenue, and then proceeded on a visit to Upper India, in the absolute conviction that matters could not go on without him, and that his recall was certain. At Benares he was overtaken by an express confirming this anticipation, and he returned to Sylhet to pass some more time in his useful, ingenious, and persevering labours. He had now made a handsome fortune, 'not by running nabobs, but by his own industry;' and the time at length came (although he was only at the age of thirty-three) when he could gratify his ardent longing to return to his own country. 'The year 1787 had now commenced, and I began to feel the effects of the laborious and active life I had led during eighteen years' residence in India. Upon balancing my accounts for the two preceding years, I found that my affairs had been more prosperous than I imagined. I therefore prepared, with a glad heart, to return home.'

Our hero did return home; and what is equally satisfactory, he settled down as a Scotch laird in a manner perfectly befitting 'the honour of the family.' 'The subsequent years of my life,' says he, 'have been devoted to the education of my children and improvement of my estate, in both of which I have been most ably assisted by my best and faithful friend, my wife. It

is now near thirty-five years since we were happily united, and during this long period I have enjoyed in 'her society, and that of our numerous family, as much comfort and happiness as this world can afford.'—L. R.

BLOOD-PRODIGIES.

WHILE in attendance on a case of cholera early in September 1848, Dr Eckard of Berlin was shown a plate of potatoes which, after having been boiled in their skins, had been placed a few days before in a new deal cupboard on the second floor, and now exhibited, besides a thick coat of mouldiness, at places where the skins had become broken, an intense red colour, as if covered with blood. The same colour was also found spotting a piece of bread and some boiled meat that had been placed in the cupboard. Other potatoes were now put into the same cupboard, and with the production of the same effects, but to a lesser extent; and repeated trials exhibited a gradual diminution of the appearance, until at last it ceased entirely.

Portions of the reddened potato were forwarded to the celebrated microscopical observer, Professor Ehrenberg, who has lately read an interesting account to the Berlin Academy of the results of his investigations. He found in October that he was enabled to propagate the red appearance by inoculating with it boiled potatoes, and other articles of food, but especially bread. The redness appeared in three days, and continued capable of reproduction by inoculation until the middle of February of the present year, when it ceased to be so. Examining it by the microscope, the professor found the redness to be due, not, as conjectured by some, to the presence of a vegetable production, but to that of an exceedingly minute animal, which he has termed the 'purple monad,' or *Monas prodigiosa*. The body of the monad is but from the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th to the $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of a line (twelfth of an inch) in length, and it has a proboscis half as long as its body. In a cubic inch, from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 may exist! The animals have a quick, irregular motion, and do not form chains, like the *Vibrio*. They appear, first of all, as small bright-red points, like so many coloured minute dewdrops. Sometimes they much resemble fishes' roe, and often quickly unite into large patches. On the third day, between the red spots mouldiness appears, the vegetable production *Penicillium glaucum* being rapidly developed. Plants and animals thus struggle for the possession of the substance, the victory remaining with the mouldiness. This monad is not to be confounded with a red fungus which is sometimes found on plants, old bread, &c. and of which Ehrenberg describes several varieties. One of these, the *Oidium aurantiacum*, abounded in Paris in 1843, spoiling large quantities of the bread used in the garrison. A species of algae, the *Protococcus*, gives a very analogous appearance to this monad; and its near relationship to the infusoria has caused a greenish-coloured protococcus to be termed *P. monas*. The red snow is thought to depend upon the presence of this. Professor Ehrenberg observes incidentally that the beautiful sky-blue colour observed in sour milk and cream, and the deep orange colour sometimes seen in these substances, are due to the presence of minute infusoria—the *Vibrio synchymanus* and the *Vibrio synxanthus*.

History presents us with numerous examples of this bloody appearance suddenly presenting itself, and not unfrequently leading to cruel persecutions. It led to the putting to death, during a plague at Rome B. C. 332, of 170 matrons, on an alleged charge of poisoning. According to the Greek and Roman historians, the troops of Alexander were terribly alarmed, while besieging Tyre, at perceiving blood in their food, the besieged being equally terrified at a bloody rain. The

priest Aristander succeeded in rallying the fallen spirits of the Macedonians by assuring them that, as the blood was found *within* the bread, it betokened the success of their siege operations. Appearances of blood flowing from bread when bitten are recorded as occurring at Tours in 583, at Spire in 1104, at Namur in 1193, at Rochelle in 1163, and at many other places. At Augsburg, in 1199, a person having kept the consecrated wafer in his mouth, brought it at a later period to the priest changed into flesh and blood. Pilgrimages were not unfrequently made to witness bleeding hosts, as that of Doberan in 1201, and that of Belitz near Berlin, which had been sacrilegiously sold by a girl to a Jew. In 1296, the Jews at Rotil near Frankfurt having been reported to have caused a host to bleed which they had bought, a fanatical persecution of these people took place, whereby 10,000 were said to have been slaughtered. Several Jews were burned at Gustrow in Mecklenburg for a similar offence. In 1492 a priest, one Peter Döne, residing in Mecklenburg, sold two hosts to a Jew for the purpose of redeeming a pawn; and they having pierced them, abundance of blood flowed out. The priest, now tormented with remorse, confessed the transaction, and betrayed the Jews: twenty of their number were burned on an eminence at Sternberg, since called Judenberg; and at this very Judenberg did the Mecklenburg deputies recently commence their sittings. In 1510 thirty-eight Jews were executed, and then burned, for 'having tormented a consecrated host until the blood came.' The bleeding of the host, produced in consequence of the scepticism of the officiating priest, gave rise to the miracle of Bolsena in 1264, the priest's garment stained with the blood being preserved until quite recent times as a relic. This gave rise to the foundation of the festival of the *Corpus Christi* by Urban IV., although Raphael, painting his celebrated picture in 1512, substitutes Julius II.

In more recent times, this bloody appearance has been observed and described by Sette of Padua in 1819, who, mistaking it for a fungus, termed it *Zoogalactina immetrosa*. Pittarello, a peasant residing at Legnaro near Padua, observed several spots resembling blood on a dish of polenta, which had been kept in a table-drawer in the kitchen. This was thrown away; but another day similar red spots were found on other polenta, and after a while on all articles of food whatever. The greatest curiosity and consternation prevailed. The streets of Padua leading to Legnaro were thronged by anxious crowds hastening to inspect the house, and full of the calamities it foreboded. Many regarded it as a direct judgment of God upon the unhappy peasant for having forestalled corn during the dear years. While the priest sought to satisfy the credulous by various protective ceremonies, Dr Sette having succeeded in transplanting the colour to the residence of his reverence, the opinion that it was emblematical of wickedness was abandoned. The appearance, which had commenced in August, ceased in September, and was reproduced in April by means of a dried portion that had been kept five months. Notwithstanding that from the time he published his dissertation in 1818, showing that mouldiness is not a spontaneous production, but arises from the presence of certain seeds, Professor Ehrenberg has paid the minutest attention to this description of investigation, he has never before seen anything resembling the *Monas prodigiosa*.

Since the above was prepared for the press, another number of the Reports of the Berlin Academy has come to hand, containing some additional remarks by Professor Ehrenberg upon the subject. He says that he continued to reproduce the appearance by inoculation throughout the whole of the winter until the end of January (1849), after which time he totally failed doing so, whatever the substance, or its age, he employed. Prior to this period, portions which he distributed amongst different observers at Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, &c. were easily propagated. Doubts having been raised in the minds of some of these inquirers, whether what they thus pro-

duced was not red mouldiness or a fungous substance, the professor occupies a considerable portion of the present paper in showing the differential characters between these and the *Monas prodigiosa*. The learned in the minute productions of the vegetable world are acquainted with several varieties of red mouldiness, a portion of which attack bread, and others cheese or other vegetable substances; and an orange-coloured variety, the *Oideum aurantiacum*, as already mentioned, infested the munition bread of the garrison of Paris in 1843, an account of which by members of the French Academy, with descriptive plates, is to be found in the 'Annales de Chimie' for that year. Several of the smaller algae have, from their red colour, received from various naturalists the distinctive appellation *sanguinea*; but all are found on examination to vary entirely in characters from the appearance in question. The nearest approaching to it is a species of alga termed the *protococcus*, one of the varieties of which produces the appearance termed red snow, and which, from its great resemblance to the infusoria, has been termed by Agardh *Protococcus monas*.

The professor furnishes several additional historical citations bearing upon the subject, but we will only refer to one or two of these. We have no doubt that as the possession of a bleeding-host conferred celebrity on a church or cloister, and was often the means of directing pilgrimages to the spot, the priests of the Middle Ages occasionally counterfeited an appearance which originally no doubt astonished them as much as it did their followers. Certain it is that in all the references to that period, the host is the object that furnished the *locale* for the development of the phenomenon. One of the stories cited by Ehrenberg is too good to be passed over. A certain castle in Valencia was beleaguered by the Saracens in 1239, and some of its defenders were disturbed in the very act of taking the sacrament. The priest hastily wrapped up the consecrated host in its linen envelop, and they all hurried to the battlements. The foe repulsed, on returning to the chapel the host and clean linen cloth enveloping it were found sprinkled with blood. Now came the question, to what monastery so precious a relic should be consigned; and the matter was thought weighty enough to invoke a supernatural guidance. A Saracen mule that had been captured, and was an entire stranger to the country, was laden with the holy burthen, and turned loose to go where he listed, the priests following him with tapers. He went straight to the birth-place of the priest who had consecrated the host, and having accomplished his task, forthwith died. Of the other cases mentioned by Ehrenberg, we will only allude to one which occurred in modern times (1821) at a mill situated on the Moselle at Enkirch. From the 22d of August to September 24th certain articles of food, especially meat, oatmeal, and cooked potatoes, after they had stood from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, became covered with bloodlike spots, which coalesced and penetrated their substance. A moss-covered stone in the mill-stream exhibiting some of these, the water of the mill in which the food had been cooked was supposed to be at fault; but careful observation showed this was not the case. In every room of the mill, in its cellars, granaries, and cupboards, even when the keyholes were stopped up, food became thus infected; so that every one left the mill, and nobody would eat bread made of the flour that came from it. A medical inquiry into the matter threw no light upon it, some observers believing the appearance due to a microscopic insect, others to a minute fungus.

A great number of the so-called bleeding hosts gave rise to cruel persecutions of the Jews, as we have already stated; this doubtless serving their oppressors as a very convenient pretext, appealing, as it did, to some of the strongest feelings of their instruments. But, according to a communication made by Dr Eckard, it would seem that a superstitious belief among the Jews may have had something to do with exciting this prejudice. He

says that the Jews are familiar with these bloodlike appearances on food, and that from the remotest times they have been declared by them to appear at the period known in the Jewish calendar as *Tekuphah*, which signifies 'revolutions of the months.' Landau, in his Rabbinical Dictionary of 1824, art. *Tekuphah*, quotes Fischer as stating it to be a belief among the Jews that on certain months, four times in the year, drops of blood fall on articles of food, whether covered or not; and that the only means of preventing this is the placing a piece of iron on the dish containing it. Aben Ezra treats the belief as a mere superstition, founded on no authority in the Rabbinical books. If such a superstition, however, even lingers to the present day, we can easily imagine how influential its operation may have been in inviting persecution during the Middle Ages.

Tradition takes us also to the East, and connects this bloodlike appearance with that of the bloody rains, and with the Mohammedan belief that man was produced from blood that fell from heaven.

THE IDIOT GIRL.

PIERRE LE ROUX's humble habitation was situated on the banks of the Meuse, just where it winds its way through a chasm in the chain of the Ardennes, between tall cliffs composed chiefly of slate, and crowned with forests of dark and gloomy pine. It was a lonely spot, yet had many charms for its inmates, some of whom had never known any other home.

Pierre had been a soldier of the Empire, and was still a young man when his military career was unexpectedly closed by the fall of Napoleon, whom, like most of his companions in arms, he regarded with unbounded veneration. For a while Pierre led an unsettled roving life; but when a few years were past, he married a village girl of that neighbourhood, and fixed himself, as he imagined, for life upon a small farm near the picturesque town of Fermany. Adèle was a guileless, merry-hearted girl, and withal a thrifty manager, so that Pierre had no cause to repent his choice; and never was there a happier countenance than his when, at the close of a long day's toil, he seated himself by the side of the blazing log which glowed upon his hearth, and saw his wife and children gathered around him. During these twilight hours Adèle's hand was ever busy with her distaff, while she listened to her Goodman's tales of glory, which he would recite with his snuff-box in hand, modelled after the *Petit Caporal's* cocked-hat, and upon which he usually bestowed an emphatic tap at the most striking parts of his story.

For a time all prospered with Pierre and Adèle. Their crops were good; their children handsome, healthy, and dutiful; and their later years had been blessed with the gift of a lovely boy, much younger than any of his ten brothers and sisters, of whom, as well as of his parents, he was the plaything and the darling. At the evening fireside the little André used to climb up on his father's knee, and listen with such glee to his recital of perilous adventures and daring exploits, that the father would sometimes clap him on the shoulder, saying, with a smile, 'Ah, *petit coquin*! my life on it, thou, too, wilt be a soldier. Yes, thou shalt fight for France—*La belle France! Vive la France!*'—and the boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure on hearing his father's words, although their meaning could be but dimly apprehended by his infant ears.

On these occasions Adèle was wont to shake her head gravely, and say, 'No, no, my child; thou shalt cultivate the soil like thy father, and stay at home and take care of us in our old days;' to which her husband would quickly rejoin, 'Thou dost forget, *ma petite femme*, that I was a soldier first.' And so the discussion ended.

Pierre and Adèle had no near neighbours except a fisherman's family, whose circumstances were poorer than their own, and to whom they were sometimes able to lend a kindly and a helpful hand. Among Louis

Bochart's children was one named Annette, whose intellect had during her early infancy been weakened by a violent attack of fever, which also affected her faculty of hearing as well as of speech, so that it was not without difficulty that she contrived to maintain any sort of communication with her fellow-creatures. Annette's countenance was but too plainly marked with the stamp of idiocy; yet it bore a shade of melancholy which left the beholder doubtful how far the inward stream of thought might be flowing on, while its outward manifestation had been checked and destroyed. Her large dark eyes, wandering and restless though they were, bore an expression of gentleness and love which called forth the kindly sympathies of those who knew her; and through her docile obedience, she contrived to lighten her mother's daily burthen by doing many little offices in the household; for Annette was the only daughter among a family of many sons. She delighted also in soothing those who were in trouble, and seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the approach of sorrow or of evil to those she loved; so that before any other eye could detect a rising cloud upon the brow of one who was dear to her, Annette would be seated on a low stool at their side, and by a silent kiss imprinted on their hand, would give assurance of her sympathy and love. Annette was a great favourite at Le Roux's farmhouse, and often of an evening would she glide into the kitchen just as they were assembled round the hearth, and take her seat near the old soldier, or rather near André, by whom she was so fondly beloved, that the little fellow, on observing her entrance, would slide off his father's knee, and climbing up to Annette's lap, would gently lay his little head on her bosom. It was an affecting sight at such moments to behold the idiot girl, heedless of the stirring tales which seemed to interest all others save herself, while her vacant eyes were lighted up with affection as they rested upon her little favourite André.

Thus passed on many days of peaceful yet busy life at the farmhouse of La Mettraye; but at length its tranquil course became troubled by one of those waves of sorrow which roll over the stillest surface of human life.

One evening Pierre came in, looking ruffled, and out of humour. Adèle, unused to see her Goodman return home in this sort of mood, inquired of him what was the matter.

'Matter enough to vex all the saints in heaven,' replied he gloomily. 'Some villains have robbed me, on my way home from market, of half the produce of my harvest; and though there were four of them, they were all so well disguised, that I could not get one look at their faces; so there is no chance of getting back a single sou of my property. But where is André?—let him come and cheer up his old father.'

'André! André!' cried out Adèle from the door of her dwelling; 'come in directly. It is too late for you to be rooting about the garden: your father wants you.' But no bounding footsteps were heard upon the pathway; no childish voice responded to her call. The elder brothers hastened to seek for their little darling; but nowhere was he to be found.

'He must be gone to neighbour Bochart's,' said the father: 'you will be sure to find him on Annette's lap.'

'Yes, doubtless,' replied Adèle, whose motherly tenderness gave wings to her feet, albeit her step was no longer so elastic as it had been at the time of her marriage twenty years before. Quickly had she crossed the strip of vineyard which lay between her home and the cottage, and darting through the door, cried out, 'André!—where is André?'

'We have not seen the child to-day,' replied at the same moment Bochart and his wife.

'Not seen him!' cried out Adèle, turning pale, and trembling from head to foot.

'No, indeed, neighbour, we have not.'

'Has Annette seen him?'

The idiot girl, on hearing this question, and seeing Adèle's emotion, started up from the corner where she

had been crouching near the fire, and gazed wildly around her. She shook her head with a low moan, rushed to the door, and looked out into the twilight, as if she would pierce through the gathering shades with her deep searching glance, and then returned with her hands clasped together in mute despair.

All this passed in a moment's time. Adèle hastened home to tell her husband the dreadful truth; and although for a moment he seemed paralysed with terror, yet he and his sons quickly dispersed along the banks of the river, and up the neighbouring heights, in quest of the missing child. Adèle, too, passed the night in groping about every spot where she thought it possible that her little one might have fallen asleep during his play; and the silent yet prayerful agony of that mother's heart, as she wandered along with a lantern in her hand, who may dare to portray?

Morning came, with its bright and gladdening influences; but sorrowful was the repast around which the inmates of the farmhouse assembled, for no tidings had been received of André, and they met but for a few moments, previous to the renewal of their search. Evening closed, without bringing one gleam of hope to cheer Adèle's sinking spirit. With that restlessness which accompanies undefined hope or fear, she turned her steps towards Bochart's cottage. The first words that greeted her on entering it were those of sorrow. 'My child! my child! Oh, where can my child be?' faintly murmured Bochart's wife, as she sat rocking on her chair with her face buried in her hands.

'What do you mean?' inquired Adèle, perplexed at her words.

'Do you not know that Annette is gone?'

'Gone!'

'Yes, gone; and her poor father, after a long day's search, cannot find her anywhere. Oh, what shall we do without our daughter—our only daughter!'

'And when did you miss her?'

'This morning, on going to her bedside, I found it all smooth and tidy, as her own dear hands had left it yesterday. The poor darling never lay down on it at all; and where she passed the cold, dark night, heaven only knows.'

So saying, the poor woman burst out anew into a torrent of grief. Adèle gazed on her in silence. She was stunned by this unexpected blow. At length, taking Madame Bochart's hand, and pressing it to her bosom, she said in a suppressed voice, 'May God have pity on us both!' After a few moments' delay, she returned to her own sorrowful home. The next day was one of deep and quiet grief both at the farm and at the cottage. It seemed idle to hope that either of the children could have escaped death; and the conclusion formed concerning them was, that in a moment of unguarded play André must have fallen into the river, and Annette, in despair at his loss, have sought death in the same impetuous current which had borne away her little favourite.

Another day had passed on—a day of fruitless search and of bitter sorrow. On the third evening after her loss, poor Adèle had seated herself mechanically in her accustomed corner by the fireside: her hands, usually so busy in blithesome labour, lay folded despairingly on her lap; nor did she even venture to look up, from a dread of beholding the silent agony of her husband's countenance. The door opened, but she stirred not, neither did she lift up her eyes. The common interests of life were dead within her heart—its petty incidents concerned her not. A light step approached her—a soft, warm kiss was imprinted on her cheek. The little André lay with his infant arms clasped around her neck, and Annette, who had borne him, like a guardian angel, to his home, fell prostrate at her feet, overcome by fatigue, hunger, and emotion. Vainly should we attempt to describe the mingled feelings of surprise, joy, and thankfulness which filled the mother's heart at that moment; but after one long, tender embrace, André turned round, and seeing Annette on the floor,

and his sisters gathered around her, he leaped to the ground, crying out, 'Annette, my darling Annette, speak to me!—speak to your own little André!'

The child's voice seemed to revive the poor exhausted girl more readily than any of the simple restoratives which had been used for that purpose. She opened her dark eyes, smiled a moment upon him, and then sank for a while to repose. After some rest and refreshment, the inmates of the cottage and the farmhouse gathered around the young wanderers, to make inquiries concerning their three days' eventful history. Where had André been? How did Annette contrive to trace him out? When did they meet? The poor girl's head was too weak and wandering to give much information on the subject. She could only utter a few simple monosyllables; then weep and smile, and embrace those around her. But André, in his childish way, talked of looking for nuts; and spoke about a hollow tree, and being frightened, and Annette wrapping him up in her cloak, and giving him bread out of her pocket. And this was all they could learn on the subject; but their darling was safe. Annette was almost idolised for her devotion to the child, and God devoutly thanked for His great goodness in this deliverance.

Within two years of this event Annette was an orphan; and on the death of her mother, who survived Bochart but a few months, she was received as an inmate at the farm, and became unto Pierre and Adèle as a beloved daughter.

About this time, the farmer, owing to some severe losses, had decided on joining a party of emigrants who were going to settle in Texas. Adèle was loth to leave the land of her fathers, and to live and die on a strange soil, and among strange people. In vain did Pierre represent to her the advantages accruing from emigration. 'Here we are poor,' said he; 'but in yon fine country we shall grow rich with our children.'

'But it will not be France—*notre belle France*!'

'I thought, Adèle, that wherever you had your husband and children—'

'Yes, yes,' said she, stopping his mouth with a kiss; 'wherever my Goodman and my children are, there will be France to me.'

'Now,' rejoined Pierre, 'you are my *bonne petite femme* again. Let us only set out with merry, cheerful hearts, and we shall get on famously.' So saying, he began to carol one of his old songs, whose burthen was love and glory; then clapping Annette on the shoulder, he added, 'And thou, too, shalt come with us, my girl, and thou shalt have the care of André on board ship.'

A tear stood in Annette's eye; but whether it had its source in the hidden springs of joy or of sorrow, no one knew. That evening she was absent for some time from the farmhouse, and on being sought for, was found weeping on the humble grave beneath which her parents slept. She had shed upon it tears and flowers—the only offerings which the orphan girl had to bestow.

A month later, and the whole family embarked for Texas, and after a prosperous voyage, landed at Galveston, together with a body of 115 other emigrants. It was a motley party; most of them well clothed, and all looking cheerful and happy: but among the various groups which clustered together on the wharf, none were more remarkable than the family party from the old farm of La Mettraye. Pierre, in his green old age, erect and vigorous, was clad in a blouse, with his fur *casquette* on his head, and a stout knotted stick in one hand; while in the other was the well-known snuff-box, out of which he offered a pinch to some strangers standing by, with that ease and courtesy which are so natural to a Frenchman. Adèle, now a middle-aged woman, stood by her husband's side, looking bright and healthy; while their sons and daughters were gathered around them, and the eldest youth carried his father's gun with evident pride, in the consciousness that he, too, was grown to be a man. Nor was the least striking one of this party the gentle Annette, who stood beside Adèle with the hand of the rosy-faced boy clasped within her

own, *his* eyes wandering about with undisguised curiosity and delight, while *hers* rested fondly and anxiously upon him. It was evident that she regarded him as her peculiar charge. At this time she was a tall, slight girl, whose appearance indicated an extreme attention to cleanliness and neatness of person; and in spite of the wandering vacuity of her glance, there was somewhat in her aspect which rendered her an object of interest even to the casual observer.

The destination of Pierre and his family was a district of Texas named Bexar; and on landing at Galveston, they fondly imagined that their journeyings were over, and that they had reached the site of their intended home. 'Is not this Bexar?' inquired one of the sons. But although they looked disappointed on learning that there were some hundreds of miles of difficult country yet to travel before they could arrive at the promised land, yet the cloud seemed to rest but for a moment upon their cheerful countenances. Soon did the spirit of hope and joy revive within them, and they set off for their new home with that earnest and trustful activity which forms the best pledge of success amid the difficulties of a settler's life.

The emigrants from the banks of the Meuse have now been out three years in Texas. May we not hope that ere now they have formed for themselves there a pleasant as well as a happy home, and that Annette's kind heart finds its full reward in the American wilderness, as it did on the favoured soil of *la belle France*?

LONDON GOSSIP.

Up to the time at which I write, there have been more than *ten thousand* deaths from cholera in the metropolis; and so grave a fact may well excuse—if excuse be necessary—my taking the epidemic as the initial topic of my gossip. I was talking to one of our leading physicians on the subject a few days since, and he declared that 'we know rather less about the cholera now than we did when it was among us eighteen years ago.' Seeing that theory and practice alike fail to control the destroyer, he had some show of reason for what he said; and yet you would hardly believe that remedial measures are more talked about than executed. The Registrar-General has some pointed remarks on the activity displayed, the men and machinery put into motion, to capture a couple of fugitive murderers, in contrast with the indifference displayed towards a visitation next akin to the Plague. It would seem that in our Anglo-Saxon eyes nothing is valuable or precious save 'property' or 'vested interests.'

As you may suppose, speculations as to causes of the pestilence have not been lacking: among others, M. Boubée has read a paper to the Paris Academy of Sciences 'On the Geological Progress of Cholera.' He attempts to show that the disease exhibits itself in greatest intensity and duration on tertiary and alluvial formations, on porous soils, which readily imbibe water, or part with it in hot and dry weather in the form of vapour; while on the older strata, or on rocky non-absorbent lands, it makes no stay, and is comparatively harmless. Admitting this theory to be true, it is difficult to see how the means of prevention are to be applied. Those who contend for aerial or meteorological causes are likely to be nearer the truth. It is well known that our atmosphere has not been in a sound normal condition for two or three years past—the numerous deaths among cattle, and the potato disease, were referable to it. And this year again, if you will turn to the weekly meteorological reports of the Greenwich Observatory, you will be struck by the deficiency of electricity. This has also been remarked on the continent. M. Quetelet of Brussels, a most careful observer, states that the intensity of electric force in the atmosphere has not been more than half the usual amount since January last. At St Petersburg, as well as at Paris, electric machines have become inactive: in fact, look where we will, we find certain mysterious agencies at work in producing a disease-creating condition of the atmosphere.

Certain it is, that during the greater part of August

our big city was wrapped in dense gloom; we scarcely saw the sun; and the lifelessness and oppressiveness of the atmosphere made existence almost burthensome. Perhaps the foolish prejudice which makes people insist on being buried in loathsome house-surrounded churchyards may have something to do with this. Mr Walker, who has devoted much attention to the subject of intramural graveyards, describes a remarkable phenomenon in connection with a burial-ground at Belfast:—'During several years,' he writes, 'I often noticed that a magnet, capable of sustaining fifty pounds with ease in other situations, could not for a moment suspend an iron of ten pounds in the habitations built on the devastating place of interment.'

Now, according to theory, the less of electricity, the less of that atmospheric element discovered by Schöenbein, and known as *ozone*; the one appears to be dependent on the other. Ozone possesses greater oxidising powers than any other of the elements with which we are acquainted, and its neutralising properties are of the most potent character. On this point Mr Robert Hunt offers some able remarks:—'An atmosphere,' he observes, 'artificially charged with ozone immediately deprives the most putrid solid or fluid bodies of all disagreeable smell, and sulphuretted hydrogen is instantly decomposed by it. In fact its action upon organic matter is far more energetic than that of chlorine.' Thus, on this theory, the exhalations arising from assemblages of human beings, more noxious than carbonic acid, have not been deprived of their deleterious properties for want of the grand neutraliser ozone. And it will be interesting to note whether the decline of the pestilence and the restoration of the atmosphere to its normal condition will be simultaneous and proportionate. Ozone is given off largely during combustion, and it is a question whether great fires in unhealthy neighbourhoods might not be attended with good effect. Physicists incline to believe that they are now on the right scent; and in the meteorological observations made and recorded daily in so many parts of Britain and in Belgium, they will have valuable data for more extensive investigations of atmospheric phenomena. Leaving this atmospheric curiosity to some future disquisition, I may here say with all truth that the suffering in London from the miasma of churchyards is really self-inflicted. What from apathy, vested interests, and the unwillingness of Londoners to spare time for any public movement, the burial-grounds, in spite of all that has been told and written on the subject, have continued, till within these few days, to be used without limit and without decency. Remedy only lies in the panic now unfortunately prevalent.

Let me now call your attention to a few interesting matters that have come before the French Academy of Sciences. One is 'a new system of locomotion by means of compressed air,' and a notification that electromagnetic clocks are now successfully used along some of the lines of railway in the neighbourhood of Paris. Then M. Martin de Lignac has described his newly-invented method for preserving milk, so that it may keep during long voyages without deterioration, whereby not only will travellers be benefited, but grazing districts, whose distance from a market prevents the sale of their milk in a fresh state, may hope to create a profitable trade for the preserved article. He says, describing his process, 'I evaporate the milk, first adding four ounces of sugar to the quart, in a large pan heated on a water-bath, at a temperature never exceeding 100 degrees, and stirring it continually with a spatula. The depth of the layer of milk should not exceed half an inch. When it becomes of the consistence of honey, or so that a quart of the original milk is reduced in weight to half a pound, it is to be put into tin cases, and boiled in a bath for ten minutes, and afterwards soldered up. When required for use, it is to be boiled with four times its weight of water.' This preparation, it is almost needless to say, will not suit for tea, boiled milk in that delicate beverage imparting an unpleasant taste. As boiling milk, however, is best for coffee, the preparation will be so far useful. Another discovery in France is that of two new

esculents: they are the *Psoralea esculenta* and the *Apiaa tuberosa*, both brought from North America. As reports on these roots have been sent to the heads of the several ministerial departments, we shall probably hear further of them.

The Academy have also held their annual public meeting, in which it is usual to confer honours in a substantial form. A poem on the 'Death of the Archbishop of Paris' obtained a prize: thirteen others, varying from 2500 francs to 500 francs—the Montyon Prizes—were awarded to individuals of both sexes for 'acts of virtue.' The number of female recipients was double that of males, as though the practice of virtue were more prevalent among women than among men. A prize of 300 francs was gained by M. Sudre for his book, 'History of Communism, or Refutation of Socialist Utopias.' The Academy evidently bent on disabusing the public mind of fallacious doctrines. A gold medal, value 2000 francs, is offered for next year for an *éloge* on Madame de Staël; and 10,000 francs for the best 'dramatic work, in five acts, and in verse, composed by a Frenchman, printed, represented, and published in France—which to literary merit shall unite the merit, not less great, of being beneficial to morals and the progress of reason.' There are several other—literary, virtuous, and artistic—but those I have enumerated are the most noteworthy. One more fact, however, just occurs to me as connected with the Academy—one that would have gladdened the heart of Lord Monboddo could he have heard of it. M. du Couret has communicated an account of an African people *with tails*! They are called Ghilânes, and are said to be at home somewhere beyond Senaar. Their numbers are about 40,000, and it is perhaps fortunate that they are not more numerous, for they prefer human flesh to any other kind of diet. M. du Couret describes the individual which he saw as 'very intelligent': his tail was about four inches long! What a chance this news will afford to enterprising showmen!

Many of your readers will be interested to know that the Ordnance Town Survey on the 60-inch scale is satisfactorily progressing. The plans constructed on such large dimensions will prove of great public utility. Twenty-six sheets are already published of the Liverpool survey; those of some other northern towns are complete; and here, in the south, Windsor and Southampton are ready for the engraver. The great survey of London, which is now being put on paper, will comprise 900 sheets, 3 feet by 2 feet; and we are assured that their completeness and accuracy will be such as to render them of great value to all parties engaged in building or other constructive works. There is a fact worth notice in connection with these Ordnance maps and plans; their cheapness is due to science—to the electrotype process, by which the original engraved plates are reproduced in any number.

The president of the Geographical Society gives us to understand that the publication of maps, plans, and charts, is going on in all the civilised countries of the globe, as well as England, with great activity. The spirit of travel, too, seems to have lost none of its energy. Six French gentlemen, about to set out for different parts of America, have applied to scientific societies for instructions in 'how to observe.' Something more than mere adventure is required of travellers now-a-days; philosophy, science, and art, are as greedy for facts from a foreign soil as our factories are for cotton, and hitherto the supply has pretty well kept pace with the demand.

Have you heard of Mr Aaron Palmer's project? This gentleman, a corresponding member of the National Institute at Washington, addressed a communication to the late president (Mr Polk) on 'the unknown countries of the East,' by which he meant those beyond China bordering on the North Pacific Ocean. He states that the great river Amur has a course of 2280 miles before discharging its waters into the Gulf of Saghalien, which those who take the trouble to look at a map will find within the Kurile Islands on the Sea of Okhotsk. Mr Palmer has an eye to business: he 'considers that there are no insurmountable obstacles to a direct communication be-

ing opened between the Pacific and the Baltic, and with the Caspian and Black Seas, by the route of this river and the navigable waters of Siberia.' An introduction by this means to countries so vast, and populations so numerous, presents truly a 'magnificent prospect' for trade, to say nothing of higher interests. And it is not amiss to notice, as a coincident fact, the recent discovery of good and workable coal in Vancouver's Island, the Straits of Magellan, in Borneo, Formosa, and several parts of the coast of India. The future development of trade and navigation depends perhaps more on coal than canvas.

Besides this, we have intelligence of mountains discovered in Central Africa, within two or three degrees of the equator, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow—a fact which, under the circumstances, rather surprises philosophers. Then, again, we hear of a tribe on the western coast of the same country who make use of a written language: extraordinary, if true, and may be turned to good account. And further, Mr Duncan is going again to Dahomey, to endeavour to push his researches in that quarter; another traveller is to make his way (if he can) from Natal to the south of Abyssinia. The East India Company, too, are about to send a party to explore 'the eastern angle of Africa': a region which once was the 'spice country' of the rest of the world; and there is a rumour of a steamboat exploration of the White Nile. While on the subject of Africa, I may mention that letters have been received from the officers of the 'Reynard' steamer, cruising on the western coast, which 'speak in the highest terms of Mr Grant's apparatus for converting salt-water into fresh. Reynard daily provides 160 gallons more than is wanted of excellent water, and the difficulties attendant on sickness, frequently arising on watering in boats from the shore, are by this invention avoided.' Not only in Africa, but in all other parts of the world, are explorations and surveys going on; and were I to write a simple catalogue of the whole, it would more than fill one of your pages.

We are to have a grand national exhibition of art and manufactures by the Society of Arts in 1851, such as have long been held annually in cities on the continent and in New York. Government, it is said, have promised to lend a suitable building on the occasion; and we may reasonably hope for the same good results as have attended similar *expositions* in other countries. The Society have just issued their prize list for 1850; among them are gold and silver medals for the best specimens of woven fabrics, silks, carpets, &c.; for 'ornamental basket-work;' for cartoons, models of portions of the human figure, and drawings; for improved domestic utensils, wood-carvings, and various other subjects in agriculture, chemistry, and mechanics. As prospectuses may be had gratis, no one who feels any desire to compete need be unacquainted with the regulations; and the hope of a prize may stimulate some to exertion who otherwise would never bestir themselves. Apropos of art and manufactures, a lady at Bristol has lately bequeathed £4000 to that city towards forming a School of Arts; and a new museum is about to be built at Oxford. Then a means of ventilating rooms and houses has just been patented, which promises great results. It is an application of the inverted syphon; the heated and bad air passes into the short leg, and escapes from the apartment by the long leg. Change of temperature, we are assured, does not alter its action; and if the instrument be generally available, we shall have obtained at last the long-desiderated possibility of breathing pure air within habitations. Talking of patents: I find in a list of those granted in the United States, comprising several hundreds, during a period of four months only, no less than three for 'door latches,' five for 'lamps,' others 'for putting boots and shoes on the last,' 'for teaching children arithmetic,' for 'digging potatoes,' and for one called 'the wife's protector.' What can this last mean? Is it a newly-invented husband?

But I am all at once reminded that I must not engross too much of your space with my gossip, and shall therefore throw my remaining items of news into as brief a miscellaneous paragraph as possible. The submarine electric telegraph is no longer to be 'a coming fact.' Mr

Brett has contracted to lay one down from Dover to Boulogne and Calais, and have it complete by September 1850. The Cunard line of Atlantic steamers have been pressed into the service of astronomy, to enable the Americans to determine exactly the latitude of Cambridge Observatory, Massachusetts, as compared with that of Greenwich. In accomplishing this, 116 chronometers have been carried backwards and forwards thirty-four times between the two countries. It will gratify the friends of cleanliness to learn that a project is on foot for baths and wash-houses at Chelmsford, and for an Artesian well at Romford. Sir John Barrow, of whom you gave a biographical notice some time ago, is to have a column erected to his memory on the top of a hill in the vicinity of his birthplace at Ulverstone: to which unconnected jottings, I may add that the new 'florin' is creeping slowly into circulation, and is welcomed by sensible people as the first move towards a decimal system; the best hitherto devised for public convenience, and which, it is greatly to be desired, may be ere long applied to weights and measures as well as coins.

Have you heard of Bernhard Cotta's book—'Letters on the Kosmos of Humboldt'? It is an attempt to elucidate and popularise the generalisations of the great master of philosophy, and will therefore be acceptable to the majority of readers. The first part has recently come from the press. Of a less immediately useful character is 'Celtic and Antediluvian Antiquities,' by Monsieur Boucher de Perthes, a learned Frenchman. This gentleman has for a long time believed that fossil human remains would one day be discovered, and insists that wherever fossils of the great mammifera are found, there also minute search will bring to light utensils, weapons, symbols, &c. all of stone—relics of human industry anterior to the Deluge. Persuaded that these remains are of that early date, he finds in them the type of the Dolmen, and other Druidical monuments; but notwithstanding the skill and earnestness with which the book is written, I doubt if the author will succeed in converting geologists and antiquaries to his theory. How different to these before-the-Flood speculations is Mr Buckingham's book, in which, among other subjects, he treats of 'Model Towns!' He proposes to establish a company to raise the necessary funds—£3,000,000—which sum would be sufficient to build and furnish a town for 10,000 inhabitants; and suggests that the first should be named Victoria, and built on the government lands of the New Forest, opposite the Isle of Wight. Lastly, the 'reading public' hereabouts is comforting itself with the hope of something good from Macaulay, having heard that he is, or was, lately in Ireland collecting materials for the Williamite campaign. Who amongst us does not remember Bunim's graphic descriptions of that event in the 'Boyne Water'?

There, whatever you may say of quality, you will hardly complain of quantity; so, for the present, farewell.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY-LIFE.

THE English university-man, who fancies he can form even a general notion of German university-life from his own experience of Oxford or Cambridge, labours under a delusion. At all events we found remarkably little at Heidelberg to suggest reminiscences of Granta. There, to be sure, are professors, students, and lectures, as with us; but the course and circumstances of German instruction differ essentially from what we are accustomed to.

At Heidelberg,* and, it is believed, at all the German universities, college-halls, with their associations, are unknown. Oxford and Cambridge consist principally of private foundations. They have but little connection with the state or the state government—these founda-

tions are self-governing, and possess in themselves the means of providing for meritorious members—they possess and dispose of their fellowships, tutorships, church-livings, &c. quite independently of state interference. The German universities, on the other hand, are creatures of the state; the authorities are appointees of the state government, receive titles from the government, and government situations stand in place of college fellowships. In the English universities, the students may be said to constitute part of a monastic system: they live as is prescribed for them, dine in the hall, and are amenable to a peculiar discipline. At German, as at Scotch universities, the students do pretty much as they like; live where they like; and their range of duties consists almost entirely of attending the lectures of the professors under whom they have enrolled themselves. The German university system, however, greatly excels the Scotch one. Any lad, no matter how ill-prepared by previous study, may attend the university of Edinburgh, provided he pays for his matriculation tickets; on the other hand, the student at Heidelberg, and, I believe, other German universities, must, before matriculating, pass a rather strict examination. It has been reserved for Scotland—chiefly from the necessities of poorly-paid professors—to degrade the education of a university to that of an elementary school; and hence the low state of erudition now so prevalent among us. In England, things are bad enough, but they have not gone this length. The prizes in the form of rich livings, not to speak of the rigorous examinations for degrees, will always maintain a tolerably high scholarship in connection with the English universities.

Learning is pursued at the universities of Germany with a hope of rising by professional distinction, or by government employment; for before a man is chosen as a servant by the state, he must show what he has done in the way of college studies. The hopes which are thus inspired, along with the moderate cost of living, induce a large attendance at the German universities. At Heidelberg, for example, a student may get capital lodgings for the whole semester, or half-yearly term, for seventy guildens, or about £5, 16s. 8d.—and tolerable ones for about forty guildens, or £3, 6s. 8d. He may dine gloriously at a *table-d'hôte* for eighteenpence, and scurvily for sixpence. At other universities he may, we understand, live cheaper; for Heidelberg is frequented by many strangers and people of fair means, and is, moreover, a town of that limited extent where everybody may know what everybody does, and where, if one ventures to live very 'cheap and nasty,' he may have to 'blush to find it fame.' But it was usual, if not necessary, for the student to study during part of his course at more than one university. The Vienna student might go possibly to Munich. The policy of Prince Metternich forbade him to visit Heidelberg. The climate of Baden might engender ideas too liberal for the requirements of the subject of so despotic a state as Austria.

Supposing the student to have obtained all his certificates [to have taken a degree, and got himself dubbed Herr Doctor*], he is in a position to offer himself to be examined for a post under the government of his native state. Suppose him successful, he gets a nomination; if not, he falls back on professional exertion.

Hitherto, the only sort of freedom in Germany has been enjoyed by the students. When grown to be men,

* The writer of these remarks has no personal experience of any other German university than Heidelberg. His remarks are intended to apply to the state of things before February 1848.

* The wife of the Herr Doctor becomes Frau Doctorin. The ladies in Germany take titles in this way from their husbands; and we do not know that a lady, on her husband being created Herr Appellationsgerichtsrath, or Mr Councillor of the Court of Appeal, would not be entitled to be addressed in society as Frau Appellationsgerichtsrathin, or Mrs Councillress of the Court of Appeal.

they have had to conform to the general deadness of political and social life; but so long as they were at a university, particularly that of Heidelberg, they might rant and sing about liberty to their heart's content. It need hardly be told that German students have taken care to make the most of these indulgences; and this brings us to the paltriest feature of the whole system. We allude to the union of students, or Burschen, into smoking, drinking, fighting-clubs—as if to smoke, drink, and fight, formed any part of a right education, or could serve any good end whatsoever. In Heidelberg, when we were there, the principal clubs were the Prussian, the Westphalian, and the Suabian. The members, however, do not necessarily belong to the states or districts designated by these titles. It has happened that the senior or chief of one of these corps has been a native of Great Britain; and we have been informed that the individual alluded to had attained this dignity of chief of a corps in more than one university. Each corps has its *kneipe*, where the members meet every night to drink beer, and sing, and talk from eight till eleven o'clock. The attendance of members a certain number of times in the week is enforced by fines; but as time must be killed, and as beer-drinking and singing are popular among Germans, no great difficulty is experienced in bringing the members together. After leaving the *kneipe*—and we rather imagine they are required to do so at eleven o'clock—the Burschen betake themselves occasionally to the streets: how they there amuse themselves may possibly be inferred from one of their songs:—

Farewell, ye streets, straight and crooked,
I shall make the round of ye no more—
Make ye resound no more with song,
No more with noise and clank of spurs!

It sometimes happens on these occasions that the 'Herr Bursch' allows himself more freedom than accords with the views of the guardians of the public peace. Upon this he becomes liable to be punished by confinement in the students' prison—a room belonging to the university, and at the top of the building. This confinement is not altogether close, as he is allowed to go out in the course of the day, on the understanding that he returns at the appointed time. The members of the different corps are distinguished by caps of peculiar shape and colour; and some of them we have seen bedizened with ribbons like the hats of Italian banditti—the whole of such nonsense only rendering the tamed, sleepy character of grown-up life in Germany the more inconsistent and ridiculous. But there is something more preposterous still—the fighting.

The student, after joining the university, provides himself with a *schläger*—his duelling-sword—and proceeds to take lessons in sword-exercise. After he has become sufficiently expert in the use of his weapon, opportunity is afforded him to exhibit his skill. He will find himself ere long engaged in a duel; and here no personal quarrel with, nor even previous personal knowledge of, his antagonist need be supposed. The Bursche fights by the appointment of the senior of the corps. The members, however, of the corps do not fight with their own men, nor with the members of any corps fraternising with their own. From what we collected, the following custom would appear to prevail:—On some evening during the semester, two or three antagonist corps meet by appointment at one of the *kneipes*. The evening commences socially with beer-drinking and singing. After some time an interruption occurs—possibly a sort of mock quarrel—and at the settlement a certain number of the men present will fling themselves in possession of papers, each inscribed with the name of a member of an antagonist corps; and it is then understood that between these parties respectively duels are to come off on some future occasion or occasions not then settled. We heard lately that a personal friend of ours is just recovering from a 'sehr starken Hieb über das Gesicht' received in a duel: whether this particular encounter took place

under the above circumstances we cannot say. At Heidelberg duels take place, or used to take place, in a room outside the town, appropriated to the purpose, on the opposite side of the Neckar, at a place called the *Hirschgasse*.

The students do not object to admit strangers to these affairs: we, however, never saw one of them. An uninitiated friend of ours was present on one occasion, and, to tell the truth, seemed but little gratified at the face-slashing he witnessed. A surgeon is always in attendance to take care of the wounded: the appointment to this office, though not sought by men of the first rank in the profession, is nevertheless enjoyed by a legitimate member of it. The body of the combatants is, we believe, tolerably protected, the face being left exposed; and it is on the face that wounds are most frequently received, and the scars left by the same most advantageously observed—that is, when these marks of heroism are not somewhat too dearly purchased, as has happened, with the permanent loss of a considerable portion of the nose. It is believed that the fight must last a certain fixed time, unless a tolerably severe wound be received before it is up: in that case the combat at once ceases; the surgeon sews up the wound, and the wounded man retires. He is tended by members of his corps, some of whom take it in turns to sit up with him at nights till he becomes convalescent. The duels are very seldom fatal; but we heard of one instance where a student was wounded in the body, and received some injury in one of his lungs. He was not a very favourable subject, being a man of intemperate habits, and died some time subsequently, not having recovered, as was supposed, the effects of his wound.

Sometimes members of the corps die from other causes: when this is the case, their funeral offers a spectacle which to an Englishman is of no every-day occurrence. A Suabian died while we were in Heidelberg; and we had then an opportunity of witnessing what we will now endeavour to describe. The funeral ceremony commenced about forty-eight hours after his decease. We stationed ourselves at a point of the *Hauptstrasse*, where the procession was to pass on its way to the cemetery. Presently sounds of music and the flaming of torches in the distance gave notice of its approach. It came slowly on; at the head a band of music, and men bearing torches; then what we will call the hearse; upon this was a large garland of flowers (these flowers are not uncommon at ordinary funerals), and we believe the cap and sword of the deceased; next, a carriage, or perhaps two carriages, containing the clergyman and some other persons; then came the members of the deceased's corps, walking, dressed in black, and wearing black hats; at the end of these some students, the heads of the corps possibly, wearing cocked-hats, with ornaments which looked like feathers, and in long boots, and carrying their swords reversed; then came the other corps in order, wearing their corps caps, and bearing flaming torches; the heads of these corps in uniform, with long boots and swords; and in this order the procession moved forward towards the cemetery, which is some distance from the town. At a point of the road beyond where we stood, the band, and all the corps, except the Suabians, still bearing their flaming torches, turned back, and proceeded by a different street, we think, to a large square in the town—the *Museums Platz*—where we stationed ourselves. The corps being here assembled with their torches, the band commenced playing, and the corps singing in chorus a funeral song: the song finished, away went torch after torch whizzing through the air, each being aimed towards a point in the square; and about this point they fell and lay in a flaring and smoking heap. After witnessing this, and braving the smoke for some time, the crowd dispersed, and this part of the ceremony was over; all to be repeated on an occasion of a similar kind. The Suabians followed to the cemetery, and several of them returned with a small artificial forget-me-not with green leaves, presented to them as a me-

mento of their deceased comrade. As mourning for him, the members of his corps put a small cockade on their brimless caps. And here having buried our student, we will leave him to rest in peace.

THE RAILWAYS.

VARIOUS inquiries have lately been put to us respecting property in railways, and it seems as if we were expected to afford counsel in matters of purchase and transfer which are out of our ordinary course of investigation. Any man, however, who reads, and keeps his eye on the columns of a newspaper, may be able to speak pretty distinctly on the present aspects of the railway interest. Our advice, summed up almost in a word, would be to all and sundry—'Do not venture a shilling on shares until the whole financial affairs of railways stand revealed to the country by the expositions of a public auditor.' Not that all railway managements have been marked by dishonourable acts; but the system, as a system, has been so exceedingly bad, that the public in the meanwhile would do well to pause before giving credit even to those statements which have the external appearance of integrity.

How humiliating to the character of the English the whole details connected with the projection and general management of railways during the last six or eight years! Rascality—a softer word cannot be employed—has been exemplified everywhere: in the conduct of the original projectors; in that of the purchasers of shares, who bought only to cheat; in the manoeuvres of engineers and directors; and not less, though more covertly, in the pitiful rapacity of the landed gentry, in requiring to have their opposition to the running of lines through their property—often a mere sham opposition—bought up. But the tricks or follies of directories have been more conspicuously active in ruining public confidence. We need not allude to the vulgar practice of 'gingering the lines'—imparting to the stock a bright upward tendency by some mean device in the share-market. The deceptions, or, as it may be, the stupidities, which have brought unmistakable damage upon finances otherwise sound, have been the leasing of bad lines by good ones, and the jobberies therewith connected. By this ingenious process of ruination, it has happened that it is better to have shares in a bad or non-paying line, than in one which, left to itself, would yield a handsome profit. The dead have by this means been yoked to the living: all the profits of a sound traffic are absorbed in paying a heavy interest on a lease which yields next to nothing. Yet there are things worse than this. A great company pretends to be on terms of arrangement for leasing a small line; the agreement is made; up go the shares of the small line—a vast number of them being held by the directors of the great line—and then, lo and behold, parliament refuse their sanction to the agreement—before which catastrophe the knowing ones have sold out, and hundreds of well-meaning people, who did not see behind the scenes, are left in the lurch with stock which was to have been guaranteed seven or eight per cent., but which is not guaranteed at all, and not saleable unless at an enormous loss! 'Again,' to adopt the language of a sharebroker's circular, 'a great company leases and purchases another line, the act of parliament is obtained, and all the provisions confirmed by both parties to the agreement. On an investigation, however, into the affairs of the leasing company, it is discovered that the resolution approving of the bill, though promulgated by the newspapers in the usual way, had been, by the carelessness of an official, omitted altogether from the minute-book of the corporation; and as this minute-book is held to be the true "legal evidence" of all the company's acts and deeds, the omission is made the basis of a recommendation to the shareholders to postpone for a period of six years the implement of their solemn obligation; and the sequel of this head in the Report, reminding one of the fable of the fox and the crane, contains a very significant warning to the opposite company, and failing their cheerful acceptance of this

offer, the validity of the entire contract will be questioned at law.' Can one read of such things without feeling ashamed of his country?

The end of all this, as a matter of course, has been the loss of public confidence in railway management, much individual suffering, and a depreciation of stock in many instances below what may ultimately prove to be its actual worth. Nor is this depreciation due exclusively to the deceptions we have noticed. In too many cases, with a view to keep up stock in the market, dividends have been paid out of capital instead of profits; that is to say, annual dividends on shares have been paid partly out of money got by fresh calls or by borrowing. Think of interest to shareholders being paid out of borrowed cash—cash procured on debenture to keep the concern afloat! In regard to one company, we perceive that in consequence of the cessation of this practice no interest at all is to be paid for some time, till profits work up the improperly-abstracted money. In railway jargon, this is called 'opening a suspense account.' In glancing over any list of dividends, it will be observed that, from one cause or other, they are, generally speaking, very much down. The rate per cent. of Great Western stock is down from 7 to 4; that of the London and South-Western from 6 to 3½; that of the Midland from 6 to 3; and that of the York and North Midland has sunk from 6 to nothing!

Passing over what may be termed the unpardonable vices of the English railway system, we arrive at another source of error. The country not only attempted to do too much within a limited space, but did that much on a monstrously-extravagant scale. All the railways have been executed in a style of splendour, and at a rate of outlay, most imprudent in the circumstances; and, after all, the country is not yet properly intersected with railways. The lines are for the most part huddled up in clusters at no great distance from each other, while large districts are left without any at all. How much more reasonable and remunerative would it have been to extend, in the very first instance, at least one railway the whole length of Great Britain, with certain main diverging lines into quarters commanding a considerable thoroughfare! How many instances are there of millions being squandered on double lines when single lines would have answered all the purpose—on making dead levels when moderate gradients would not have been objectionable! Look at the palatial grandeur of the Euston Square station; doubtless a fine thing, but useless as regards the facilitation of transit. Railways first, and Doric columns afterwards. Our friends in America have wisely eschewed these indiscretions. According to late accounts, there were already lines of railway upwards of twelve hundred miles long in the United States. These lines were single; the gradients and curves were less delicate than with us; the station-houses were generally plain wooden erections; the bridges were also of timber; and the rate of transit was seldom above fifteen or twenty miles an hour. There is a sort of common sense in this. The doctrine in America is, first give us a single line betwixt places at a great distance from each other, and then improve upon things afterwards, as we are able to afford it. We honour the Americans for their discretion. By adopting a directly contrary policy, we have thrown our financial system into disorder, paralysed trade, and ruined the happiness of thousands of families.

Surely, out of the stupendous blunders with which we are nationally chargeable some good will come! We may be instructed what errors to avoid—what more rational course we should follow. Railways are the highest achievement of science in the way of locomotion; and it is to be deplored that so grand a revelation should have been disgraced and degraded by moral infirmity. To develop and give fair-play to the whole structure, financial and mechanical, there must be instituted at the earliest opportunity a thorough process of public inspection and check. This will restore general confidence, and render railways a subject of regular and unequivocal investment. Robbed of all disguise and uncertainty, people will purchase shares in railways with as much deliberation and security as they would buy any

piece of property visible to their bodily eyes. When such a degree of confidence has come about, and the money market has been restored to its equilibrium, then will be the time for carrying out the mechanics of railways to their proper extent. A new course of engineering will probably be found available. Single, unexpensive lines, constructed with light rails, and suitable for light carriages and small locomotives travelling at a moderate speed, will be laid down as feeders to the great lines. Few routes, we apprehend, will be without these convenient means of traffic. Proprietors of land, usually the last to move in public improvements, will, in sheer self-defence, be obliged to take the initiative; they will help forward where they formerly retarded, because they will discover that lands unvisited by railways are of far inferior value, as respects agriculture, to those which possess these appliances. A tendency downward in the rent of farms unassisted by railway traffic will be a wonderful quickener to the 'agricultural mind.'

We can only live in hopes of these happy times. Meanwhile, we have the unpleasant duty of setting our house in order: without that, all will come to naught.

ST JOHN'S WOOD.

THE absentee for any length of time from town, who takes up a map of London in the hope of finding a complete plan of its ever-increasing suburbs, will be greatly disappointed. So rapidly are estates parcelled out, and roads run through them, and so quickly do houses line those roads, that, for any purpose of discovery, the chart of one year becomes almost useless the next. That which stood upon the outskirts last season has changed in this to the centre of a system, with an active, busy, restless population, constantly extending its borders in the direction of the country.

This, which is true of every side of England's vast metropolis, is particularly applicable to the north-western frontier. Here the district popularly known as St John's Wood stands conspicuous.

St John's Wood, which, by its name, still shows how far the limits extended of the estate belonging to the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell, has a character exclusively its own. It is, *par excellence*, the region of villas, which are as diversely tenanted as they are dissimilar to each other in construction. The multifarious callings which develop the energies of so many hundreds of thousands in the enormous city, have all their representatives in St John's Wood. It is not inhabited, like many other suburbs, by a particular class, whose avocations are special in a given quarter of the town, but is cosmopolitan: a residence of choice to many, a place of refuge to not a few, who in its mysterious depths enjoy a repose and a respite from intrusion which are vainly sought for by the dweller in the crowded street.

At an almost forgotten period—that is to say, some years before the district was known by the name it now bears—it furnished an abode for the royal exile who, for the second, and probably the last time, has sought an asylum in this country; and 'the oldest inhabitant,' who generally possesses in a high degree the faculty of forgetting the past, can distinctly recall the day when the Duke of Orleans occupied a sort of farm-house on the spot which is now nearly the centre of St John's Wood. The rumour also gains ground that royalty more closely twined with British affections is shortly to become a denizen of the unbragging retreat; but this, if it ever does come to pass, will be only an adventitious distinction. What which really gives character to St John's Wood arises out of a broader and more general principle—the variety it displays.

Thither repair, to grace its sylvan shades, many a foreign bird of song, warblers in muslin skirts and varnished boots, who, during the heats of the London summer (when the summer is what it ought to be), fancy themselves once more amid the leafy groves of their native Italy. St John's Wood is the cynosure of all

Frenchmen, who, fresh from the parched and dusty alleys of the Champs-Élysées, break out into raptures such as Englishmen never dream of when first their eyes behold this oasis; and a striking instance of the hyperbole of praise in which they indulge was given very recently in the 'Constitutionnel,' in a communication from M. Fiorentino, the musical correspondent of that journal. This gentleman says, *à propos* of St John's Wood: 'Here noise, smoke, and fog are unknown. An iron railing, artistically manufactured, surrounds these charming abodes, rather for the sake of ornament than defence. . . . You enter by small paths of soft and fine gravel, bordered by shrubs, and enclosed with a quick-set hedge or a low brick wall. A grass-plot of dark-green extends before the windows of the drawing-room, and rejoices the eye with its emerald tints. You can hardly believe with what religious care the English cultivate the smallest blade of grass, the most insignificant plant, and the commonest flower. It is the love, the worship of property carried to superstition—nay, to fanaticism. In St John's Wood, where the country is suddenly transformed into a multitude of the most enchanting houses, it was discovered, in laying out the new streets, that a certain tree broke the symmetry of the arrangements, and pushed itself arrogantly forward into the very midst of the pavement. In France, the tree would have been uprooted before sunset; here, however, all the landlords of the district dispute its possession, and it is watched by subscription: it is respected and tended with the same veneration that the ancient Druids paid to their sacred grove.'

It is a pity to disturb this pleasing little romance; but with regard to the watering by subscription, we fear that applies only to the high roads on which Mr Dark's water-carts are employed; nor do we quite believe, we are sorry to say, in the Druidical veneration which M. Fiorentino would ascribe to the tree-fanciers in St John's Wood. There are many of the inhabitants who recollect when long avenues of elms were standing in different parts of the wood; and this sacred tree—we should like to see it—must, we suspect, be like the last rose of summer—left standing alone.

In the bosky dells of St John—whose boskiness is contained within four walls—reside lawyers, artists, and bankers, men of pleasure, men of substance, and men of straw, the aristocracy of Regent Street, of Charing-Cross, and the Strand, lords of the Stock Exchange and the Docks, Christian and Hebrew, half-pay officers, professors of languages, government officials, and more than one of the anonymous potentates of the press. There, comfortable divines, comfortably housed, get up highly-decorated churches, which lack nothing but steeples to make them perfect models of ecclesiastical vanity; there rises many a mansion, now Gothic, now Elizabethan, now luxuriantly florid in style, now classically cold and severe, where the ingenious youth of both sexes are trained up in the way they should—or should not—go; there, at every frequent intersection, are seen the ruby and emerald beacons of rival surgeons, gleaming like fire-flies amongst the leaves—or, liker still, to humming-birds—even to their elongated bills. Occasionally, higher walls than are usually met with, and more elaborately garnished with broken bottles—the citizen's *chevaux de frise*—together with a denser foliage, revealing only the roof of some carefully-secluded abode, indicate that gentlemen of fortune, who are haunted by strange fancies, such as believing themselves to be made of *gutta serena*, and capable of being stretched to any extent—having claims upon the throne—being the Duke of Wellington and Jenny Lind at the same time—and such-like vagaries, are there under the friendliest surveillance. In the snugly-barred-up cages, with carefully-contrived wickets and close gratings, dwell seclusionists of another kind, who pay ready money (rarely are they guilty of such a weakness) to the compilers of Red-Books and Court-Guides to keep their names out instead of putting them in, and whose servants answer strangers only through the trap. Her-

mits they are, disgusted with the ways of the world, and particularly with that way which leads to the breeches pocket under the guidance of the law. Yet another class, and the list closes, which might be swelled to an almost indefinite length: the plausible and adventurous, who recognise Pistol's oyster in the world, but open and eat it rather by persuasion than force; smiles and subtlety their favourite weapons. To this number belong the specious tribe who are mysteriously familiar with high personages—whose interest is great at the Treasury, the Horse-Guards, and the India-house—who earn 'a thousand thanks' from advertising-victims in the 'Times,' dispose of commissions 'under the rose,' and sell cadetships in a corner—with a pleasant vista before them, and an edifice not unlike the Queen's Bench in the distance. And, bolder still in the practice of victimising, are hidden in nameless tenements, in roads yet unnamed, some who go down to the great waters of London, and live upon the chances of the day at the expense of the unwary tradesman, the credulous hotel-keeper, the too-confiding casual acquaintance; their prospect being even more extensive than that of the merely specious, and reaching across the ocean to the far-off shores of Australia.

In a word—from the gentleman of the swell mob, who wears false curls pinned into his hat, and who, for obvious reasons, lives everywhere but in a *cul-de-sac*, to the man of first-rate position, whose respectability is guaranteed by his shining bald head and portly figure, and whose loud-voiced discourse all the day is of how he lives, and where he lives; between these extremes, and compassing within them every grade of society—for there is a numerous population of the very lowest occupying a large section—the district of Portland Town, St John's Wood, is peopled. But besides the general character of the suburb, there are one or two features which are special to it: Lords' Cricket-Ground is one, and Frank Redmond's Swiss Tavern is another. The former is known to every cricket-player in the kingdom; the latter to every pigeon-fancier, or sportsman, of whatever denomination.

When the Duchess de Berry was at Dieppe one summer—now many years since—the English residents there gave her royal highness a *fil*, the chief attraction of which was a cricket-match à l'Anglaise. The duchess enjoyed the refreshments prepared in the principal marquee, where she was stationed to view the game; but the game itself was beyond her comprehension or that of any of her suite; and just as it was almost over, she sent an aide-de-camp to ask 'at messieurs' when it was their intention to begin. 'Car, vous dire la vérité,' said the envoy; 'son altesse royale commence horriblement à s'ennuyer.' We cannot tell what a foreigner's notion of the sport may be, even at 'Lords'; but for ourselves, there are few sights more exhilarating than a match on that level sward—say between 'the gentlemen' and 'the players,' or 'the married' and 'the single,' or 'Kent' against 'all England'—with the turf in good order, the sun not too bright, a light breeze blowing from the west, and the vast enclosure lined on three sides by hundreds—sometimes thousands—of eager spectators, watching with intense interest every phase of the game, and giving expression to the most uproarious applause at every good hit or fatally-delivered ball. The advantage which cricket possesses over the generality of games is, that it suffices for itself. There are as many chances attendant upon the result of a cricket-match as upon a horse-race or a game at billiards; but that which is a necessary adjunct to every other description of sport is almost entirely wanting here. Some few bets there may be amongst the clubmen and a few others; but no 'ring' is formed for the purpose; the 'odds' are not in everybody's mouth; and the issue is not watched with the same feverish anxiety that attends a contest where men's opinions are backed by heavy sums. The quickness, the intelligence, the activity of the players, form the principal objects of attraction; and the man who makes a good hit, a clever stop,

a bold catch, or who delivers a fatal ball, is as loudly applauded by the spectators as were the knights in the olden tournaments, without any reference to party considerations. Success, then, to cricket everywhere, and more especially at Lords', the head-quarters of the game!

To those who delight in 'the pomp and circumstance' of mimic war, the barracks in St John's Wood, with its well-appointed battalion of Guards, offer a perpetual source of amusement; while the presence of the troops, as they defile daily through the principal thoroughfares on their way to mount guard at St James's, to the sound of martial music, adds greatly to the liveliness of the locality. Very pleasant also is it when the summer's evening draws in, and the roar and tumult of London are only indicated by a sound that resembles the murmuring of the far-off sea, to hear the clear notes of the military bugles awaking the echoes with their long-drawn melancholy strains, or to listen to the last cadence of the loyal air, which, uniting his heavenly and his earthly ruler in the same prayer, reminds the true soldier of his duty to both. When that sound has ceased, all is silent for the night; but as soon as morning begins to dawn, a countless host of birds of song render the district once more worthy of its name; and the early riser, fresh with the hope of another day, recalls with pleasure the hour when he first became a denizen of St John's Wood.

A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

RENNES, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country-people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to Rennes on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Potier de la Germondaie, who was in such high repute, that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his house in Rue St Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. M. Potier de la Germondaie signed to him to be seated, then taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

'Why, Mr Lawyer,' said the farmer, twirling his hat, 'I have heard so much about you, that, as I have come to Rennes, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you.'

'I thank you for your confidence, my friend: you wish to bring an action, perhaps?'

'An action! oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any one.'

'Then is it a settlement—a division of property?'

'Excuse me, Mr Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we all draw from the same well, as they say.'

'Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?'

'Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell!'

'Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?' said the lawyer in surprise.

'Why, I have already told you, Mr Lawyer,' replied Bernard. 'I want your advice—for payment of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity.'

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

'Pierre Bernard,' replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

'Your age?'

'Thirty years, or very near it.'

'Your vocation?'

'My vocation! Oh, that means what I do? I am a farmer.'

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

'Is it finished already? Well and good. What is the price of that advice, Mr Lawyer?'

'Three francs!'

Bernard paid the money, and took his leave, delighted that he had taken advantage of his opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock: the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest himself the remainder of the day. In the meantime the hay had been two days cut, and was completely saved. One of the working-men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

'What, this evening?' exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come in to meet her husband. 'It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow without any inconvenience.' The man objected that the weather might change: that the horses were all ready, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter, and that night would set in before their work could be completed. Bernard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he suddenly recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

'Wait a minute,' he exclaimed; 'I have an advice—and a famous one too—that I paid three francs for: it ought to tell us what to do. Here, Theresa, see what it says: you can read written hand better than I.' The woman took the paper, and read this line—

'NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY!'

'That's it!' exclaimed Bernard, struck with a sudden ray of light. 'Come, be quick; get the carts, and away; boys, girls, all to the hayfield!'

His wife ventured a few more objections, but he declared that he had not bought a three-franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighbouring farmers were completely destroyed: Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of this first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became, by his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier de la Germondaie, to whom he ever afterwards carried a couple of his finest fowls every year as a token of gratitude.

INDELIBLE WRITING INK.

[We give the following in the form in which we received it from Bristol; and the more readily that we hear we were in error in applying the word 'indelible' to the ink prepared by Professor Trail. The use of that ink has been abandoned by the National Bank of Scotland, and various chemical substances have been found to not successfully against it:—]

IN No. 295 of your valuable periodical I noticed a paper entitled 'A Word on Ink,' in which you deplore the want of a good writing fluid, capable of resisting the action of mould or damp, and that of the reagents usually resorted to by fraudulent persons for the purposes of forgery. Although the public generally may not be acquainted with the fact, still chemists have for years been in the habit of employing in their laboratories an ink which not only possesses all the requisites you specify, but also many others of not less importance. The one to which I refer is that invented by my friend, Charles Thornton Coathupe, Esq.

of Wrexall House, near Bristol, who has described its composition and mode of preparation in the sixth number of the first volume of the 'Chemist' for June 1840. As the receipt may possibly prove of service to some of your numerous readers, I have taken the liberty of forwarding it to you; it is as follows:—

B. Shell-lac, 2 ounces.
Borax, 1 ounce.
Distilled, or rain water, 18 ounces.

Boil the whole in a closely-covered tin vessel, stirring it occasionally with a glass rod, or a small stick, until the mixture has become homogeneous. Filter, when cold, through a single sheet of blotting-paper. Mix the filtered solution (which will be about 19 fluid ounces) with 1 ounce of mucilage of gum acacia (prepared by dissolving 1 ounce of gum in 2 ounces of water), and add pulverised indigo and lampblack *ad libitum*. Boil the whole again in the covered vessel, and stir the fluid well, to effect the complete solution and admixture of the mucilage of gum acacia. Stir it occasionally while it is cooling; and after it has remained undisturbed for about two or three hours, that the excess of indigo and lampblack may subside, bottle it for use.*

The fluid thus prepared is admirably adapted for writing upon parchment, and, in fact, ought always to be employed for legal and other important documents, as, when dry, the erasure of the writing by chemical means almost amounts to an impossibility. It is not only incapable of being acted upon by oxalic acid, the diluted hydrochloric acid, and chlorine—the usual substances employed by forgers—but it is also left untouched after the long-continued action of water, alcohol, spirits of turpentine, the diluted sulphuric and nitric acids, and *liquor potassæ*. I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

THORNTON J. HERAPATH.

P.S.—The cost of preparing one gallon of the above-described ink, according to Mr Coathupe, does not exceed four shillings. T. J. H.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

We notice that a society is in progress of organisation having for its object the removal of all taxes on knowledge—an object next in importance to that of the removal of taxes on food. The taxes referred to are of course the direct taxes—such as the duty on foreign books, the duty on paper, the advertisement duty, the stamp duty, and, in the case of newspapers, the caution money. All these act as restrictions on the spread of intelligence and information in the country, and would be abolished at once by a government which looked only to the true welfare of the people. There is little hope, however, that anything of the kind will be done without agitation. It seems to have become a principle with our 'governing families' to move only in obedience to pressure from without. For twenty years or more no great step has been taken forward except on compulsion. Abolition of slavery, repeal of corn laws, emancipation of Catholics, reform of the House of Commons, reduction of the stamp duty—all have been passed out of doors. Parliament has become a mere court of registration: government has almost given up its legislative function. This is a new feature in the history of our 'glorious constitution.' But since the powers that be will have it so—since they will adopt the 'watch-and-wait' policy—they must be dealt with on their own conditions. If they ask for agitation, let them have it. It is a curious fact that the taxes on knowledge are felt more deeply, resented more profoundly, by the intelligent part of the working-classes than by those the next remove above them in a social sense. The reduction of the stamp duty was carried by an association of *artisans*—and many of the earnest men who conducted that agitation to a successful issue are now banded and banded together for the still larger and more difficult work referred to. To give an idea of the magnitude of the obstacles before them, we may state that they propose to invade the Chancellor of Exchequer's strong box, and reclaim more than a million and a quarter sterling of the annual black mail which he and his agents levy on knowledge! Last year the tax on foreign books yielded about L.7650—the duty on paper about L.745,800—that on advertisements, L.153,000—and the stamps on papers and

* As much of the colouring matter will even then be held in suspension, it will be prudent to agitate the bottle that contains this ink previous to its employment.

journals, L.360,270—altogether, L.1,266,720. In their attempt to get these taxes, or any portion of them, repealed, the association ought to be able to count upon the sympathy of every one interested in the education and gradual elevation of the people—be his political opinions what they may. Literature of some kind the masses have, and will have, in spite of all regulations: and if these impediments do not permit them to get at the higher, healthier kind, who can blame them for banqueting on such garbage as they can obtain? Hard-workers need mental stimulants: the newspaper would satisfy that need. The defence of Rome and the heroism of the Hungarians would be found more exciting than the most profligate story. But the halfpenny press cannot publish news: the government allows it to print only the most gross and tawdry licentiousness.—*Athenæum*.

THE POTTERS' EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

The Potters' Society is now in possession of three large estates in Western America. The first estate, comprising 1600 acres, is now peopled: it is named Pottersville. The second estate, comprising 2000 acres, and named Emancipation, is in the course of peopling. It is on the south bank of the Fox River, and is said to comprise a succession of 'oak openings,' and to be rich in minerals. The third estate, comprising the large quantity of 12,000 acres, is situated on the north bank of the Fox River, and runs parallel with Emancipation. Two hundred families are now located on the last purchase, and it would appear that the colonists are well satisfied with their change of country. The society appears to be in a progressive and prosperous state.—*Manchester Examiner*.

THE INDUSTRIAL SPIRIT.

What is it that profoundly separates ancient from modern civilisation? Two things—Christianity and the industrial spirit. Whatever is peculiar to modern times owes its existence to one of those two agents. Of course we do not deny that ancient society also had its industrial element; but the industrial element plays a part in modern Europe which has no counterpart in the ancient world. And here we do not refer to our mechanical superiority merely, to the obvious marvels of our industry. We refer to the rise of the industrial classes into power; to the transformation which they have effected in society, converting it from a state in which the military spirit was dominant, into a state in which the industrial spirit is dominant. Some traces of the ancient feeling still remain, and sneers at trade occasionally curl the lips of those who give themselves aristocratic airs. The notion of a gentleman is still essentially feudal: it is that of a man who does not labour, but for whom others labour. This feeling will not soon die out. Meanwhile, the fact of the whole spirit of society having ceased to be military, is indisputable. Labour of head or hand has come to be the necessity of gentlemen as of villagers. The warlike spirit has yielded to the pacific spirit. The much-ridiculed 'Peace Congress' is admitted, even by those who laugh at it, to be only somewhat premature; its object is desirable, though Europe may not be prepared to carry it out. But the existence of such a scheme is significant. Utopias, even in their extravagance, reveal the tendency of an age. Such a project as that of universal peace, which only excites a smile at its prematurity, would have seemed to our ancestors a buffoon's more extravagant than anything engendered by the combined genius of Pulci, Rabelais, and Swift.—*British Quarterly Review*.

MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA) THIEVES' ASSOCIATION.

While attending the supreme court in the capacity of juror, Mr F. Pittman was pounced upon by a member of the Melbourne Thieves' Association, who coolly eased him of his pocket-book, though within the sacred precincts of the temple of justice. Knowing the contents were utterly worthless to any one but himself, Mr Pittman thought he stood a chance of getting the stolen article back through the medium of an advertisement, and he accordingly inserted the following:—'To the Secretary of the Melbourne Thieves' Association. Perhaps you will request the member who picked my pocket of a green leathern book, whilst attending the supreme court as a juror on Friday, the 16th instant, to return the same to me after the committee have examined the contents, and find it of no value to the society. F. Pittman, Wharf.' Next day Mr Pittman received by an unknown hand his missing pocket-book, accompanied by the subjoined note, which is rather a

curiosity in its way:—'Sir, I am directed by the Committee of the Thieves' Association to return you your pocket-book, as, on examining its contents, we find them to be of little value to us. We are the more induced to do so from the handsome manner in which you were pleased to make our association known to the public, and to prove the truth of the old adage, "there is still honour amongst thieves." I have the honour to be, sir, &c. H—S—, Hon. Sec. P. S.—Please acknowledge the receipt of this in the newspapers.'

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Not in the sunshine, not by noisly day
Travel the magic coursers of the mind;
But when kind Sleep hath falld her wraith to bind
Of night-blown popples round the head, their way
Take they, those steeds whose common name is—Thought!
Then do they traverse climes they could not find,
Save when the Earth had donned her mantle gray,
And then they visit scenes and haunts remote
From visible life! Oh rare the powers that waken
Into a bold relief such things as scarce
We care to think upon save in the night!
The mind creates rich fields from wastes forsaken,
Fills with rude health the sickly funeral hearse,
And from surrounding darkness ushers light!

HOW TO NURSE OLD AGE.

The vital powers have drooped, and the enfeebled functions have sunk into a state resembling that of infancy; their imperfect action requires assistance, and, if duly afforded, they will go through a process of renewal for a time in imitation of the early development of the same process in childhood. But the pristine juices which aided that development are gone; the nutriment, therefore, of old age must possess those stimulating qualities which in the child were needless. An old man's milk must be wine; his pap must be succulent soups; and his diet must be rich and tender meats. The fires that sustained a young constitution are fled, and their place must be supplied by warm clothing; the soft couch and luxurious seat which would have too early promoted the physical capacities, are now essential to prolong their stay, and prevent them from becoming utterly extinct. The bracing cold bath must be exchanged for one of tepid temperature, that it may penetrate a system now being closed up, and those indulgences which would have weakened powers when immature, must likewise be had in subjection in their decay. Air, too, is as necessary now as then; but violent exercise would prove as dangerous as when the powers were immature: the arms of the nurse, or the little riding-chair, should therefore be replaced by an easy carriage; the body strengthened by frequent frictions of the skin; and the loss of natural moisture supplied by scented ointments and sweet unguents. The shocks of the nerves, the sudden inclemencies of weather, and all the other accidents which his mother so dreaded when he was a child, must now be equally guarded against by the nurse of his senility; and the same tranquillity and innocent pastimes which alternated the days of his early existence, must be resorted to for the purpose of warding off undue excitement from the hours of his second childhood. With treatment like this, an old man will live to the full end of his natural term. His mind, unobscured, will pour forth all the treasures of memory, and what he lacks in wisdom, will be supplied by the lessons of experience.—*The Science of Life*.

A WISE DISTINCTION.

When the Earl B— was brought before Lord Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him, 'How many legs has a sheep?' 'Does your lordship mean,' answered B—, 'a live sheep or a dead one?' 'Is it not the same thing?' said the chancellor. 'No, my lord,' said Lord B—, 'there is much difference: a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders.'

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CHEAPNESS.

CHEAPNESS, by universal confession, does not consist merely in lowness of price; for a thing may have a low price put upon it, but, being of bad or indifferent quality, it may not be worth even that sum, or would be dear at any. Every one understands this principle, but every one does not act upon it. Where desires are ever pressing beyond resources, there always will be a temptation to take inferior articles at low prices, if they only can be made to have a plausible appearance. The wise and the liberal alone both know that a low-priced article is not necessarily cheap, and systematically spend their money on things which stand at high or at fair prices.

It is, on the other hand, a great mistake to suppose that lowness of price necessarily implies inferiority of quality. There is a cheapness which arises from abundance, from glutted markets, from excessive competition of labour, and from facilities of production; this kind of cheapness is compatible with the highest possible quality. Let us set aside the undesirable cheapness which springs from deranged conditions in the fields of labour and capital, and there remains a kind which is very opposite in character; that is, exceedingly desirable; namely, the cheapness resulting from either the bounty of Providence, or from improvements effected by human ingenuity, or developed in our social relations. Here the stigma which some unreflectingly attach to the whole idea of cheapness vanishes, and we see results of the greatest importance to society.

The effect of an abundant harvest in promoting the welfare of a community is readily seen and admitted. There would be no greater difficulty in seeing similar effects from everything which tends to enable us to obtain two yards of cloth or two books for the same money which purchased one before—or, what is the same thing, enables us to get one of each of superior quality to what was formerly obtainable—were it not for the local and personal inconveniences which sometimes arise, or are complained of as arising, from these changes. The one benefit appears as the free gift of Providence; the other seems to come at the expense of some portion of our fellow-creatures. It is, however, the law of nature that the interests of the few must give way to those of the many. We may deplore the particular cases, but we cannot resist the operation of the principle. When we have learned to give a more enlightened submission to such laws, the cheapening of an article by improved modes of manufacture will appear to every one as a precisely kindred fact to the reaping of a good instead of a medium or bad harvest. And we shall sympathise as heartily in the gaiety produced in the mind of a country girl when, for the first time, she can, by its increasing cheapness, attain the glory of a gown

formerly beyond her means, as we do with the artisan's children when July suns make their rations a little more liberal, or allow of milk being added to pottage.

The actual course of things for many years in our country has been to cheapen numberless articles, and thus to enlarge to an immense extent the possibilities of enjoyment to all men. By the employment of machinery, the dresses of one grade of society in former days are sent down to those below; by railways, the poor man's journeys are accomplished as easily in all respects as the rich man's were thirty years since. That luxury, a book—truly the greatest of all, and often the most important purchase which a man can make—is now comparatively within the reach of all. It were vain, as well as tedious, to attempt to enumerate the articles which are now much cheaper than they were thirty years ago, or the new enjoyments which have thus been made attainable. But the sum of results certainly is, that life everywhere is, or may be, a superior thing to what it ever was before. God has made his world a fairer and more fertile field for his creatures through the means of those creatures themselves.

It may be questioned if, in such circumstances, the term cheapness is applicable. It is entirely a relative term: a thing is held to be cheap in comparison with some former price, or with some other article, or with the cost employed in the production of the article itself. When, however, the price of an article is lowered merely because less means are now required for its production, and other articles are reduced in proportion, the relation on which the term depends is destroyed, and however much more attainable than formerly, it is no longer properly cheap. For example, the literary matter conveyed in the present sheet is not strictly cheap, because it can as easily be furnished to the public for the sum demanded for it as the matter of any higher-priced sheet of former times. The comparative smallness of its price is owing to the ingenuity which constructed the paper-making and printing-machines, the improved social relations which allow of articles being diffused at little cost over an extensive country, and the increased national intelligence which has widened the circle of readers. We evidently have not here cheapness in the ordinary acceptance of the word: we have merely one of the advantages arising from a highly-civilised and exquisitely well-regulated state of society. For this reason the term cheap, as applied to a book or journal, is becoming a misnomer. If these are sold simply at the rate which improved means of production render possible, they may be said to be priced according to the standard in the case: they are a rule, not an exception. It only remains possible for other works to be, in comparison with this new standard, dear.

The bounty of God in giving good gifts is always seen to go before the aptitude of men to make a good use of them, or to be sensible of their value. His providence has been continually giving greater and greater cheapness, and thus placing it in the power of his creatures to lead more and more happy lives. They are everywhere seen to take advantage tardily and partially of His goodness. Even in our comparatively enlightened country, the benefits of cheapened production are not universally acknowledged. It appears to many as if it were laudable policy to put a hindrance on the process by which the Father of all mercies seeks to increase the general joy of his children. Amongst a vast multitude these benefits are but in a small degree turned to their just and true use. Vanity and depraved appetite misapply the bounty which, under rationality and pure tastes, might make the humblest homes blossom as the rose. Hence the very character of the principle which we aim at elucidating is rendered additionally obscure.

It cannot, however, continue so always. Barbarism can only have its day, and light must ever succeed darkness. The true character of cheapness, as a dispensation of heavenly generosity in favour of humanity, will in time be fully seen, and universally admitted. Every arrangement by which this can be advanced will be hailed with joy and gratitude by man. With a correct sense of the principle, his practice will improve; and when every saving which increased cheapness admits of is turned systematically, as it ought to be, to the attainment of some fresh addition to the beauty and the sanctity of life, his condition upon earth will be a spectacle which at present can only be faintly imagined.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER. CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the second year of my connection with the Northern Circuit, when even *junior* briefs were much less numerous than acceptable, I was agreeably surprised, as I sat musing on the evening of my arrival in the ancient city of York upon the capricious mode in which those powerful personages the attorneys distributed their valuable favours, by the entrance of one of the most eminent of the race practising in that part of the country, and the forthwith tender of a bulky brief in the Crown Court, on which, as my glance instinctively fell on the interesting figures, I perceived that the large fee, in criminal cases, of fifty guineas was marked. The local newspapers, from which I had occasionally seen extracts, had been for some time busy with the case; and I knew it therefore to be, relative to the condition in life of the principal person implicated, an important one. Rumour had assigned the conduct of the defence to an eminent leader on the circuit—since, one of our ablest judges; and on looking more closely at the brief, I perceived that that gentleman's name had been crossed out, and mine substituted. The fee also—a much less agreeable alteration—had been, I saw, considerably reduced; in accordance, doubtless, with the attorney's appreciation of the difference of value between a silk and a stuff gown.

'You are not, sir, I believe, retained for the prosecution in the crown against Everett?' said Mr Sharpe in his brief, business manner.

'I am not, Mr Sharpe.'

'In that case, I beg to tender you the leading-brief for the defence. It was intended, as you perceive, to place it in the hands of our great *visi prius* leader, but

he will be so completely occupied in that court, that he has been compelled to decline it. He mentioned you; and from what I have myself seen of you in several cases, I have no doubt my unfortunate client will have ample justice done him. Mr Kingston will be with you.'

I thanked Mr Sharpe for his compliment, and accepted his brief. As the commission would be opened on the following morning, I at once applied myself to a perusal of the bulky paper, aided as I read by the verbal explanations and commentaries of Mr Sharpe. Our conference lasted several hours; and it was arranged that another should be held early the next morning at Mr Sharpe's office, at which Mr Kingston would assist.

Dark, intricate, compassed with fearful mystery, was the case so suddenly submitted to my guidance; and the few faint gleams of light derived from the attorney's research, prescience, and sagacity, served but to render dimly visible a still profounder and blacker abyss of crime than that disclosed by the evidence for the crown. Young as I then was in the profession, no marvel that I felt oppressed by the weight of the responsibility cast upon me; or that, when wearied with thinking, and dizzy with profitless conjecture, I threw myself into bed, perplexing images and shapes of guilt and terror pursued me through my troubled sleep! Happily the next day was not that of trial; for I awoke with a throbbing pulse and burning brain, and should have been but poorly prepared for a struggle involving the issues of life and death. Extremely sensitive, as, under the circumstances, I must necessarily have been, to the arduous nature of the grave duties so unexpectedly devolved upon me, the following *résumé* of the chief incidents of the case, as confided to me by Mr Sharpe, will, I think, fully account to the reader for the nervous irritability under which I for the moment laboured:—

Mr Frederick Everett, the prisoner about to be arraigned before a jury of his countrymen for the frightful crime of murder, had, with his father, Captain Antony Everett, resided for several years past at Woodlands Manor-House, the seat of Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh, a rich, elderly maiden lady, aunt to the first, and sister by marriage to the last-named gentleman. A generous, pious, high-minded person Mrs Fitzhugh was represented to have been, but extremely sensitive withal on the score of 'family.' The Fitzhughs of Yorkshire, she was wont to boast, 'came in with the Conqueror;' and any branch of the glorious tree then firmly planted in the soil of England that degraded itself by an alliance with wealth, beauty, or worth, dwelling without the pale of her narrow prejudices, was inexorably cut off from her affections, and, as far as she was able, from her memory. One—the principal of these offenders—had been Mary Fitzhugh, her young, fair, gentle, and only sister. In utter disdain and slight of the dignity of ancestry, she had chosen to unite herself to a gentleman of the name of Mordaunt, who, though possessed of great talents, an unspotted name, and, for his age, high rank in the civil service of the East India Company, had—inexpiable misfortune—a trader for his grandfather! This crime against her 'house' Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh resolved never to forgive; and she steadily returned, unopened, the frequent letters addressed to her by her sister, who pined in her distant Indian home for a renewal of the old sisterly love which had watched over and gladdened her life from infancy to womanhood. A long silence—silence of many years—succeeded; broken at last by the sad announcement that the unforgiven one had long since found an early grave in a foreign land. The letter which brought the intelligence bore the London postmark, and was written by Captain Everett; to whom, it was stated, Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh's sister, early widowed, had been united in second nuptials, and by

whom she had borne a son, Frederick Everett, now nearly twenty years of age. The long-pent-up affection of Mrs Fitzhugh for her once idolised sister burst forth at this announcement of her death with uncontrollable violence; and, as some atonement for her past sinful obduracy, she immediately invited the husband and son of her long-lost Mary to Woodlands Manor-House, to be henceforth, she said, she hoped their home. Soon after their arrival, Mrs Fitzhugh made a will—the family property was entirely at her disposal—revoking a former one, which bequeathed the whole of the real and personal property to a distant relative whom she had never seen, and by which all was devised to her nephew, who was immediately proclaimed sole heir to the Fitzhugh estates, yielding a yearly rental of at least £10,000. Nay, so thoroughly was she softened towards the memory of her deceased sister, that the will—of which, as I have stated, no secret was made—provided, in the event of Frederick dying childless, that the property should pass to his father, Mary Fitzhugh's second husband.

No two persons could be more unlike than were the father and son—mentally, morally, physically. Frederick Everett was a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, of amiable, caressing manners, gentlest disposition, and ardent poetic temperament. His father, on the contrary, was a dark-featured, cold, haughty, repulsive man, ever apparently wrapped up in selfish and moody reveries. Between him and his son there appeared to exist but little of cordial intercourse, although the highly-sensitive and religious tone of mind of Frederick Everett caused him to treat his parent with unvarying deference and respect.

The poetic temperament of Frederick Everett brought him at last, as poetic temperaments are apt to do, into trouble. Youth, beauty, innocence, and grace, united in the person of Lucy Carrington—the only child of Mr Stephen Carrington, a respectable retired merchant of moderate means, residing within a few miles of Woodlands Manor-House—crossed his path; and spite of his shield of many quarterings, he was vanquished in an instant, and almost without resistance. The at least tacit consent and approval of Mr Carrington and his fair daughter secured, Mr Everett, junior—hasty, headstrong lover that he was—immediately disclosed his matrimonial projects to his father and aunt. Captain Everett received the announcement with a sarcastic smile, coldly remarking, that if Mrs Fitzhugh was satisfied, he had no objection to offer. But, alas! no sooner did her nephew, with much periphrastic eloquence, impart his passion for the daughter of a mere merchant to his aunt, than a vehement torrent of indignant rebuke broke from her lips. She would die rather than consent to so degrading a *mésalliance*; and should he persist in yielding to such gross infatuation, she would not only disinherit, but banish him her house, and cast him forth a beggar on the world. Language like this, one can easily understand, provoked language from the indignant young man which in less heated moments he would have disdained to utter; and the aunt and nephew parted in fierce anger, and after mutual denunciation of each other—he as a disobedient ingrate, she as an imperious, ungenerous tyrant. The quarrel was with some difficulty patched up by Captain Everett; and with the exception of the change which took place in the disappointed lover's demeanour—from light-hearted gaiety to gloom and sullenness—things, after a few days, went on pretty nearly as before.

The sudden rupture of the hopes Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh had reposed in her nephew as the restorer of the glories of her ancient 'house,' tarnished by Mary Fitzhugh's marriage, affected dangerously, it soon appeared, that lady's already failing health. A fortnight after the quarrel with her nephew, she became alarmingly ill. Unusual and baffling symptoms showed themselves; and after suffering during eight days from alternate acute pain, and heavy, unconquerable drowsiness, she expired in her nephew's arms. This sudden and fatal

illness of his relative appeared to reawaken all Frederick Everett's tenderness and affection for her. He was incessant in his close attendance in the sick-chamber, permitting no one else to administer to his aunt either aliment or medicine. On this latter point, indeed, he insisted, with strange fierceness, taking the medicine with his own hand from the man who brought it; and after administering the prescribed quantity, carefully locking up the remainder in a cabinet in his bedroom.

On the morning of the day that Mrs Fitzhugh died, her ordinary medical attendant, Mr Smith, terrified and perplexed by the urgency of the symptoms exhibited by his patient, called in the aid of a locally-eminent physician, Dr Archer, or Archford—the name is not very distinctly written in my memoranda of these occurrences; but we will call him Archer—who at once changed the treatment till then pursued, and ordered powerful emetics to be administered, without, however, as we have seen, producing any saving or sensible effect. The grief of Frederick Everett, when all hope was over, was unbounded. He threw himself, in a paroxysm of remorse or frenzy, upon the bed, accusing himself of having murdered her, with other strange and incoherent expressions, upon which an intimation soon afterwards made by Dr Archer threw startling light. That gentleman, conjointly with Mr Smith, requested an immediate interview with Captain Everett, and Mr Hardyman, the deceased lady's land-steward and solicitor, who happened to be in the house at the time. The request was of course complied with, and Dr Archer at once bluntly stated that, in his opinion, *poison* had been administered to the deceased lady, though of what precise kind he was somewhat at a loss to conjecture—opium essentially, he thought, though certainly not in any of its ordinary preparations—one of the alkaloids probably which chemical science had recently discovered. Be this as it may, a *post-mortem* examination of the body would clear up all doubts, and should take place as speedily as possible. Captain Everett at once acceded to Dr Archer's proposal, at the same time observing that he was quite sure the result would entirely disprove that gentleman's assumption. Mr Hardyman also fully concurred in the necessity of a rigid investigation; and the *post-mortem* examination should, it was arranged, take place early on the following morning.

'I have another and very painful duty to perform,' continued Dr Archer, addressing Captain Everett. 'I find that your son, Mr Frederick Everett, alone administered medicine and aliment to Mrs Fitzhugh during her illness. Strange, possibly wholly frenzied expressions, but which sounded vastly like cries of remorse, irrepressible by a person unused to crime, escaped him in my hearing just after the close of the final scene; and— But perhaps, Captain Everett, you had better retire: this is scarcely a subject'—

'Go on, sir,' said the captain, over whose countenance a strange expression—to use Dr Archer's own words—had *flushed*; 'go on: I am better now.'

'We all know,' resumed Dr Archer, 'how greatly Mr Frederick Everett gains in wealth by his aunt's death; and that her decease, moreover, will enable him to conclude the marriage to which she was so determinedly opposed. I think, therefore, that, under all the circumstances, we shall be fully justified in placing the young gentleman under such—I will not say custody, but *surveillance*, as will prevent him either from leaving the house, should he imagine himself suspected, or of destroying any evidence which may possibly exist of his guilt, if indeed he be guilty.'

'I entirely agree with you, Dr Archer,' exclaimed Mr Hardyman, who had listened with much excitement to the doctor's narrative; 'and will, upon my own responsibility, take the necessary steps for effecting the object you have in view.'

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Everett, rising from his chair, 'you will of course do your duty; but I can take no part, nor offer any counsel, in such a case: I must

leave you to your own devices.' He then left the apartment.

He had been gone but a few minutes, when Frederick Everett, still in a state of terrible excitement, entered the room, strode fiercely up to Dr Archer, and demanded how he dared propose, as the butler had just informed him he had done, a dissection of his aunt's body.

'I will not permit it,' continued the agitated young man: 'I am master here, and I say it shall not be done. What new horror would you evoke? Is it not enough that one of the kindest, best of God's creatures, has perished, but *another* sacrifice must—What do I say? Enough that I will not permit it. I have seen similar cases—very similar cases—in India!'

The gentlemen so strangely addressed had exchanged significant glances during the delivery of this incoherent speech; and, quite confirmed in their previous impression, Mr Hardyman, as their spokesman, interrupted the speaker, to inform him that *he* was the suspected assassin of his aunt! The accusing sentences had hardly passed the solicitor's lips, when the furious young man sprang towards him with the bound of a tiger, and at one blow prostrated him on the floor. He was immediately seized by the two medical gentlemen, and help having been summoned, he was with much difficulty secured, and placed in strict confinement, to await the result of the next day's inquiry.

The examination of the body disclosed the terrible fact, that the deceased lady had perished by *acetate of morphine*; thus verifying the sagacious guess of Dr Archer. A minute search was immediately made throughout Mr Frederick Everett's apartments, and behind one of the drawers of a cabinet in his bedroom—at the back of the shelf or partition upon which the drawer rested, and of course completely hidden by the drawer itself when in its place—was found a flat tin flask, fluted on the outside, and closed with a screw stopper: it was loosely enveloped in a sheet of brown paper, directed '—Everett, Esq., Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire;' and upon close examination, a small quantity of white powder, which proved to be *acetate of morphine*, was found in the flask. Suspicion of young Everett's guilt now became conviction; and, as if to confirm beyond all doubt the soundness of the chain of circumstantial evidence in which he was immeshed, the butler, John Darby, an aged and trusty servant of the late Mrs Fitzhugh, made on the next day the following deposition before the magistrates:—

'He had taken in, two days before his late mistress was seized with her fatal illness, a small brown paper parcel which had been brought by coach from London, and for which 2s. 10d. carriage was charged and paid. The paper found in Mr Frederick Everett's cabinet was, he could positively swear, from the date and figures marked on it, and the handwriting, the paper wrapper of that parcel. He had given it to young Mr Everett, who happened to be in the library at the time. About five minutes afterwards, he had occasion to return to the library, to inform him that some fishing-tackle he had ordered was sent home. The door was ajar; and Mr Frederick did not at first perceive his entrance, as he was standing with his back to the door. The paper parcel he, the butler, had just before delivered was lying open on the table, and Mr Everett held in one hand a flat tin flask—the witness had no doubt the same found in the cabinet—and in the other a note, which he was reading. He, the witness, coughed, to attract Mr Everett's attention, who hurriedly turned round, clapped down the flask and the note, shuffling them under the paper wrapper, as if to conceal them, and then, in a very confused manner, and his face as red as flame, asked witness what he wanted there? Witness thought this behaviour very strange at the time; but the incident soon passed from his mind, and he had thought no more of it till the finding of the paper and flask as described by the other witnesses.'

Mr Frederick Everett, who had manifested the strangest

impassibility, a calmness as of despair, throughout the inquiry, which perplexed and disheartened Mr Sharpe, whose services had been retained by Captain Everett, allowed even this mischievous evidence to pass without a word of comment or explanation; and he was, as a matter of course, fully committed for the wilful murder of his relative. The chain of circumstantial evidence, motive included, was, it was felt, complete—not a link was wanting.

These were the chief incidents disclosed to me by Mr Sharpe during our long and painful consultation. Of the precise nature of the terrible suspicions which haunted and disturbed me, I shall only in this place say that neither Mr Sharpe, nor, consequently, myself, would in all probability have guessed or glanced at them, but for the persistent assertions of Miss Carrington, that her lover was madly sacrificing himself from some chimerical motive of honour or duty.

'You do not know, Mr Sharpe, as I do,' she would frequently exclaim with tearful vehemence, 'the generous, childlike simplicity, the chivalric enthusiasm, of his character, his utter abnegation of self, and readiness on all occasions to sacrifice his own case, his own wishes, to forward the happiness of others; and, above all, his fantastic notions of honour—duty, if you will—which would, I feel assured, prompt him to incur any peril, death itself, to shield from danger any one who had claims upon him either of blood or of affection. You know to whom my suspicions point; and how dreadful to think that one so young, so brave, so pious, and so true, should be sacrificed for such a monster as I believe that man to be!'

To all these passionate expostulations the attorney could only reply that vague suspicions were not judicial proofs; and that if Mr Frederick Everett would persist in his obstinate reserve, a fatal result was inevitable. But Mr Sharpe readily consented to gratify the wishes of Mr Carrington and his daughter on one point: he returned the money, not a very large sum, which Captain Everett had sent him, and agreed that Mr Carrington should supply the funds necessary for the defence of the prisoner.

Our consultation the next day at Mr Sharpe's was a sad and hopeless one. Nowhere did a gleam of cheerful light break in. The case was overwhelmingly complete against the prisoner. The vague suspicions we entertained pointed to a crime so monstrous, so incredible, that we felt it could not be so much as hinted at upon such, legally considered, slight grounds. The prisoner was said to be an eloquent speaker, and I undertook to draw up the outline of a defence, impugning, with all the dialectic skill I was master of, the conclusiveness of the evidence for the crown. To this, and a host of testimony to character which we proposed to call, rested our faint hopes of 'a good deliverance!'

Business was over, and we were taking a glass of wine with Mr Sharpe, when his chief clerk entered to say that Sergeant Edwards, an old soldier—who had spoken to them some time before relative to a large claim which he asserted he had against Captain Everett, arising out of a legacy bequeathed to him in India, and the best mode of assuring its payment by an annuity, as proposed by the captain—had now called to say that the terms were at last finally arranged, and that he wished to know when Mr Sharpe would be at leisure to draw up the bond. 'He need not fear for his money!' exclaimed Sharpe tartly; 'the captain will, I fear, be rich enough before another week has passed over our heads. Tell him to call to-morrow evening; I will see him after I return from court.' A few minutes afterwards, Mr Kingston took our leave.

The Crown Court was thronged to suffocation on the following morning, and the excitement of the auditory appeared to be of the intensest kind. Miss Carrington, closely veiled, sat beside her father on one of the sidebenches. A true bill against the prisoner had been found on the previous afternoon; and the trial, it had been arranged, to suit the convenience of counsel, should

be first proceeded with. The court was presided over by Mr Justice Grose; and Mr Gurney—afterwards Mr Baron Gurney—with another gentleman appeared for the prosecution. As soon as the judge had taken his seat, the prisoner was ordered to be brought in, and a hush of expectation pervaded the assembly. In a few minutes he made his appearance in the dock. His aspect—calm, mournful, and full of patient resignation—spoke strongly to the feelings of the audience, and a low murmur of sympathy ran through the court. He bowed respectfully to the bench, and then his sad, proud eye wandered round the auditory, till it rested on the form of Lucy Carrington, who, overcome by sudden emotion, had hidden her weeping face in her father's bosom. Strong feeling, which he with difficulty mastered, shook his frame, and blanched to a still deeper pallor his fine intellectual countenance. He slowly withdrew his gaze from the agitating spectacle, and his troubled glance meeting that of Mr Sharpe, seemed to ask why proceedings, which *could* only have one termination, were delayed. He had not long to wait. The jury were sworn, and Mr Gurney rose to address them for the crown. Clear, terse, logical, powerful without the slightest pretence to what is called eloquence, his speech produced a tremendous impression upon all who heard it; and few persons mentally withheld their assent to his assertion, as he concluded what was evidently a painful task, 'that should he produce evidence substantiating the statement he had made, the man who could then refuse to believe in the prisoner's guilt, would equally refuse credence to actions witnessed by his own bodily eyes.'

The different witnesses were then called, and testified to the various facts I have before related. Vainly did Mr Kingston and I exert ourselves to invalidate the irresistible proofs of guilt so dispassionately detailed. 'It is useless,' whispered Mr Sharpe, as I sat down after the cross-examination of the aged butler. 'You have done all that could be done; but he is a doomed man, spite of his innocence, of which I feel, every moment that I look at him, the more and more convinced. God help us, we are poor, fallible creatures, with all our scientific machinery for getting at truth!'

The case for the crown was over, and the prisoner was told that now was the time for him to address the jury in answer to the charge preferred against him. He bowed courteously to the intimation, and drawing a paper from his pocket, spoke, after a few preliminary words of course, nearly as follows:—

'I hold in my hand a very acute and eloquent address prepared for me by one of the able and zealous gentlemen who appear to-day as my counsel, and which, but for the iniquitous law which prohibits the advocate of a presumed felon, but possibly quite innocent person, from addressing the jury, upon whose verdict his client's fate depends, would no doubt have formed the subject-matter of an appeal to you not to yield credence to the apparently irrefragable testimony arrayed against me. The substance of this defence you must have gathered from the tenor of the cross-examinations; but so little effect did it produce, I saw, in that form, however ably done, and so satisfied am I that though it were rendered with an angel's eloquence, it would prove utterly impotent to shake the strong conclusions of my guilt, which you, short-sighted, fallible mortals—short-sighted and fallible *because* mortal—I mean no disrespect—must have drawn from the body of evidence you have heard, that I will not weary you or myself by reading it. I will only observe that it points especially to the *over-proof*, so to speak, arrayed against me—to the folly of supposing that an intentional murderer would ostentatiously persist in administering the fatal poison to the victim with his own hands, carefully excluding all others from a chance of incurring suspicion. There are other points, but this is by far the most powerful one; and as I cannot believe that will induce you to return a verdict rescuing me from what the foolish world, judging from appearances, will call a shameful death, but which I, knowing my own heart, feel to be sanctified by

the highest motives which can influence man—it would be merely waste of time to repeat them. From the first moment, gentlemen, that this accusation was preferred against me, I felt that I had done with this world; and, young as I am, but for one beloved being whose presence lighted up and irradiated this else cold and barren earth, I should, with little reluctance, have accepted this gift of an apparently severe, but perhaps merciful fate. This life, gentlemen,' he continued after a short pause, 'it has been well said, is but a battle and a march. I have been struck down early in the combat; but of what moment is that, if it be found by Him who witnesses the world-unnoticed deeds of *all* his soldiers, that I have earned the victor's crown? Let it be your consolation, gentlemen, if hereafter you should discover that you have sent me to an undeserved death, that you at least will not have hurried a soul spotted with the awful crime of murder before its Maker. And oh,' he exclaimed in conclusion, with solemn earnestness, 'may *all* who have the guilt of blood upon them hasten, whilst life is still granted them, to cleanse themselves by repentance of that foul sin, so that not only the sacrifice of one poor life, but that most holy and tremendous one offered in the world's consummate hour, may not for them have been made in vain! My lord and gentlemen, I have no more to say. You will doubtless do your duty: I have done mine.'

I was about, a few minutes after the conclusion of this strange and unexpected address, to call our witnesses to character, when, to the surprise of the whole court, and the consternation of the prisoner, Miss Carrington started up, threw aside her veil, and addressing the judge, demanded to be heard.

Queenly, graceful, and of touching loveliness did she look in her vehemence of sorrow—radiant as sunlight in her days of joy she must have been—as she stood up, affection-prompted, regardless of self, of the world, to make one last effort to save her affianced husband.

'What would you say, young lady?' said Mr Justice Grose kindly. 'If you have anything to testify in favour of the prisoner, you had better communicate with his counsel.'

'Not that—not that,' she hurriedly replied, as if fearful that her strength would fail before she had enunciated her purpose. 'Put, my lord, put Frederick—the prisoner, I mean—on his oath. Bid him declare, as he shall answer at the bar of Almighty God, who is the murderer for whom he is about to madly sacrifice himself, and you will then find'—

'Your request is an absurd one,' interrupted the judge with some asperity. 'I have no power to question a prisoner.'

'Then,' shrieked the unfortunate lady, sinking back fainting and helpless in her father's arms, 'he is lost—lost!'

She was immediately carried out of court; and as soon as the sensation caused by so extraordinary and painful an incident had subsided, the trial proceeded. A cloud of witnesses to character were called; the judge summed up; the jury deliberated for a few minutes; and a verdict of 'guilty' was returned. Sentence to die on the day after the next followed, and all was over!

Yes; all was, we deemed, over; but happily a decree, reversing that of Mr Justice Grose, had gone forth in Heaven. I was sitting at home about an hour after the court had closed, painfully musing on the events of the day, when the door of the apartment suddenly flew open, and in rushed Mr Sharpe in a state of great excitement, accompanied by Sergeant Edwards, whom the reader will remember had called the previous day at that gentleman's house. In a few minutes I was in possession of the following important information, elicited by Mr Sharpe from the half-willing, half-reluctant sergeant, whom he had found waiting for him at his office:—

In the first place, Captain Everett was *not* the father of the prisoner! The young man was the son of Mary

Fitzhugh by her first marriage; and his name, consequently, was Mordaunt, not Everett. His mother had survived her second marriage barely six months. Everett, calculating doubtless upon the great pecuniary advantages which would be likely to result to himself as the reputed father of the heir to a splendid English estate, should the quarrel with Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh—as he nothing doubted—be ultimately made up, had brought his deceased wife's infant son up as his own. This was the secret of Edwards and his wife; and to purchase their silence, Captain Everett had agreed to give the bond for an annuity which Mr Sharpe was to draw up. The story of the legacy was a mere pretence. When Edwards was in Yorkshire before, Everett pacified him for the time with a sum of money, and a promise to do more for him as soon as his reputed son came into the property. He then hurried the *ci-devant* sergeant back to London: and at the last interview he had with him, gave him a note addressed to a person living in one of the streets—I forget which—leading out of the Haymarket, together with a five-pound note, which he was to pay the person to whom the letter was addressed for some very rare and valuable powder, which the captain wanted for scientific purposes, and which Edwards was to forward by coach to Woodlands Manor-House. Edwards obeyed his instructions, and delivered the message to the queer bushy-bearded foreigner to whom it was addressed, who told him that, if he brought him the sum of money mentioned in the note on the following day, he should have the article required. He also bade him bring a well-stopped bottle to put it in. As the bottle was to be sent by coach, Edwards purchased a tin flask, as affording a better security against breakage; and having obtained the powder, packed it nicely up, and told his niece, who was staying with him at the time, to direct it, as he was in a hurry to go out, to Squire Everett, Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire, and then take it to the book-keeper's office. He thought, of course, though he said *Squire* in a jocular way, that she would have directed it *Captain* Everett, as she knew him well; but it seemed she had not. Edwards had returned to Yorkshire only two days since, to get his annuity settled, and fortunately was present in court at the trial of Frederick Mordaunt, *alias* Everett, and at once recognised the tin flask as the one he had purchased and forwarded to Woodlands, where it must in due course have arrived on the day stated by the butler. Terrified and bewildered at the consequences of what he had done, or helped to do, Edwards hastened to Mr Sharpe, who, by dint of exhortations, threats, and promises, judiciously blended, induced him to make a clean breast of it.

As much astounded as elated by this unlooked-for information, it was some minutes before I could sufficiently concentrate my thoughts upon the proper course to be pursued. I was not, however, long in deciding. Leaving Mr Sharpe to draw up an affidavit of the facts disclosed by Edwards, and to take special care of that worthy, I hastened off to the jail, in order to obtain a thorough elucidation of all the mysteries connected with the affair before I waited upon Mr Justice Grose.

The revulsion of feeling in the prisoner's mind when he learned that the man for whom he had so recklessly sacrificed himself was not only *not* his father, but a cold-blooded villain, who, according to the testimony of Sergeant Edwards, had embittered, perhaps shortened, his mother's last hours, was immediate and excessive. 'I should have taken Lucy's advice!' he bitterly exclaimed, as he strode to and fro his cell; 'have told the truth at all hazards, and have left the rest to God.' His explanation of the incidents that had so puzzled us all was as simple as satisfactory. He had always, from his earliest days, stood much in awe of his father, who in the, to young Mordaunt, sacred character of parent, exercised an irresistible control over him; and when the butler entered the library, he believed for an instant it was his father who had surprised him in the act of reading his correspondence; an act which, however un-

intentional, would, he knew, excite Captain Everett's fiercest wrath. Hence arose the dismay and confusion which the butler had described. He rescaled the parcel, and placed it in his reputed father's dressing-room; and thought little more of the matter, till, on entering his aunt's bedroom on the first evening of her illness, he beheld Everett pour a small portion of white powder from the tin flask into the bottle containing his aunt's medicine. The terrible truth at once flashed upon him. A fierce altercation immediately ensued in the father's dressing-room, whither Frederick followed him. Everett persisted that the powder was a celebrated Eastern medicament, which would save, if anything could, his aunt's life. The young man was not of course deceived by this shallow falsehood, and from that moment administered the medicine to the patient with his own hands, and kept the bottles which contained it locked up in his cabinet. 'Fool that I was!' he exclaimed in conclusion, 'to trust to such a paltry precaution to defeat that accomplished master of vile and fraud! On the very morning of my aunt's death, I surprised him shutting and locking one of my cabinet drawers. So dumbfounded was I with horror and dismay at the sight, that he left the room by a side-door without observing me. You have now the key to my conduct. I loathed to look upon the murderer; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than attempt to save my own life by the sacrifice of a father's—how guilty soever he might be.'

Furnished with this explanation, and the affidavit of Edwards, I waited upon the judge, and obtained not only a respite for the prisoner, but a warrant for the arrest of Captain Everett.

It was a busy evening. Edwards was despatched to London in the friendly custody of an intelligent officer, to secure the person of the foreign-looking vendor of subtle poisons; and Mr Sharpe, with two constables, set off in a postchaise for Woodlands Manor-House. It was late when they arrived there, and the servants informed them that Captain Everett had already retired. They of course insisted upon seeing him; and he presently appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and haughtily demanded their business with him at such an hour. The answer smote him as with a thunderbolt, and he staggered backwards, till arrested by the wall of the apartment, and then sank feebly, nervelessly, into a chair. Eagerly, after a pause, he questioned the intruders upon the nature of the evidence against him. Mr Sharpe briefly replied that Edwards was in custody, and had revealed everything.

'Is it indeed so?' rejoined Everett, seeming to derive resolution and fortitude from the very extremity of despair. 'Then the game is unquestionably lost. It was, however, boldly and skilfully played, and I am not a man to whimper over a fatal turn of the dice. In a few minutes, gentlemen,' he added, 'I shall have changed my dress, and be ready to accompany you.'

'We cannot lose sight of you for an instant,' replied Mr Sharpe. 'One of the officers must accompany you.'

'Be it so; I shall not detain either him or you long.'

Captain Everett, followed by the officer, passed into his dressing-room. He pulled off his gown; and pointing to a coat suspended on a peg at the further extremity of the apartment, requested the constable to reach it for him. The man hastened to comply with his wish. Swiftly, Everett opened a dressing-case which stood on a table near him: the officer heard the sharp clicking of a pistol-lock, and turned swiftly round. Too late! A loud report rang through the house; the room was filled with smoke; and the wretched assassin and suicide lay extended on the floor a mangled corpse!

It would be useless to minutely recapitulate the final winding-up of this eventful drama. Suffice it to record, that the previously-recited facts were judiciously established, and that Mr Frederick Mordaunt was, after a slight delay, restored to freedom and a splendid position in society. After the lapse of a decent interval, he espoused Lucy Carrington. The union proved, I believe,

a very happy one; and they were blessed, I know, with a somewhat numerous progeny. Their eldest son represents in this present parliament one of the English boroughs, and is by no means an undistinguished member of the Commons House.

FAMILIAR ENTOMOLOGY.

THE BEETLE FAMILY.

THE beetles are a highly-important family. They are spread all over the globe. Even Greenland and Iceland, with their inhospitable climates, acknowledge their existence. Coming into noonday effulgence at the tropics, the smaller branches of the family shine with a less conspicuous brilliancy in the cooler climate of the temperate regions. Wherever they are, they are beautiful creatures,* and were it only for their exquisite tints, not to mention their extraordinary form, they deserve a conspicuous position in our home series. There is therefore much to be said about the beetles; more, probably, than any one who is a stranger to this interesting family will be disposed to admit at first sight.

Beetles belong to the natural family of *Coleoptera*—a term expressive of a peculiarity by which the order is distinguished; the two superior wings being hard, stiff, and horny in structure, often splendidly burnished, but altogether unsuited for the purposes of flight, and serving principally as *sheaths* and coverings for the delicate pair of real wings, which are placed beneath. These are thin membranes, finely veined, yet possessing considerable strength, and shining with a beautiful iridescence. When not in use, they are folded up, and carefully disposed beneath the horny wings, or *elytra*. A sort of envelop of a sinular corneous character to that of the wings, and containing the peculiar chemical principle *chitine*, covers the entire body of the insect, acting as a protection against external violence, and as a firm attachment to the muscles, thus resembling the osseous system of animals. If we were to consider the structure of a beetle anatomically, we should recognise in it three portions, which are very distinctly defined. These are the head, thorax, and abdomen. To speak of each shortly, and in order:—The head, somewhat triangular in shape, is furnished with two eyes, two antennæ, and a mouth, which consists of several parts. The antennæ are frequently of the most curious aspect: some are long, and threadlike; some are like a string of beads; some have strangely-shaped knobs on their ends; some are toothed; and the unhappy cockchafer, the immemorial victim of juvenile cruelty, is rendered remarkable by a pair of antennæ which are like a couple of fringed fans. The mouth is a very formidable part of the beetle anatomy. Without entering into detail, the following are its essential portions: the upper-lip, the mandibles, the under-jaws, and the under-lip and chin. We shall particularise only the jaws, which lend so much that is terrible to the aspect of this family. The upper-jaws, technically called 'mandibles,' from their function of chewing, are represented by two very powerful horny instruments placed on each side of the mouth. They are the masticating apparatus of the insect. A formidable variety of the mandibles occurs in the 'stag-beetle,' whose larvae some believe to have formed one of the most exquisite of the dishes which loaded the tables of epicurean Rome. The mandibles in this insect present a lively resemblance to the horns of a stag; whence the beetle's name. But those of a foreign species are still more singular: they have all the appearance of a pair of curved saws, the teeth very sharp, strong, and irregular. The use to which they are applied by the insect in the case in question is curious. It is an inhabitant of the dense forests of Brazil, and is called by the inhabitants the *Mouche scieur de long*, in consequence of a very extra-

ordinary act it is said to perform. Closing these powerful saws upon the projecting twig of a tree, the insect-sawyer begins to work—in what manner will it be supposed? By flying round and round until the twig is cut through, thus performing the work of a very ingenious kind of circular saw! Another unusual form of the mandibles is where they exceed in length the whole body of the insect. In the act of mastication, or in lacerating their food, the mandibles move in the contrary direction to the manducatory motions in carnivorous animals, their line of action being in the horizontal direction—somewhat, in fact, like a pair of scissors. The under-jaws, or *maxille*, also move horizontally, and vary much in size and form. Their principal use is subsidiary to the mandibles in the prehension, laceration, and mastication of food. It has been supposed that the hairs with which they are provided act as sieves, so as to permit only the liquid and very fine portions of the food to enter the stomach. It is considered unnecessary to add further to the anatomy of these insects, the above being sufficient to indicate its most prominent features; minutest information being readily acquired in the many excellent text-books on entomology.

Such is the insect in its perfect state. The larvae of the beetle family are soft, fleshy creatures, composed of a number of segments: including the head, generally about thirteen. They are chiefly interesting as conducting us to the consideration of some of the habits of this family: soft and fleshy though they are, without doubt, yet they comprise some of the most fierce and terrible slaughterers of any tribe. Some of these larvae are truly formidable to the insect community. Those of the tiger-beetle are to the full as voracious and sanguinary as their name implies—digging long holes in the sand, where they lie in ambush with wide-expanded jaws, ready to crush to death any unsuspecting insect-passenger, and without the smallest compunction snapping up relatives as well as born enemies. It has amused some sentimental writers to paint the horrors of the rooms, caves, and cells in which the Bluebeards of the earth have deposited their victims; but these must all yield to the narrow, dismal, dark den in which these ferocious larvae pursue their bloodthirsty propensities; where the crush of the terrible forceps, the scuffle of the struggling insects, and the tumbling down of clouds of earth, form a scene of conflict as horrible as the most rabid horror-painter could desire. Some, again, pursue their deadly occupation beneath the peaceful waters of our rivers and pools. Those of the *Dytiscus*, or 'divers,' may be particularly mentioned: hanging head downwards in the water, and breathing by an appendage at their tails, they seize their prey by means of a pair of powerful mandibles, and content themselves with sucking out the juices of the victims. Some of the larvae of the *Calosoma* are murderers by the gross; getting, unfortunately for the inhabitants, into the nests of caterpillars, the most awful havoc ensues. Heaps upon heaps fall down slain, the destroyer becoming so glutted with his banquet as to be unable to stir an inch; in which condition he very commonly is surprised by some relative, to whom he immediately falls a victim—the just reward of his excesses. Where—as in the case of the common cockchafer—the larvae are not insectivorous, they commit terrible devastation upon the roots of the grasses. These they sometimes so completely eat away, that the turf can be rolled off just as if it had been cut with a spade. The larvae of the cockchafer do incredible mischief by this means.

The larva state draws to its close: it has to prepare for its change; but it has previously undergone several times the interesting and extraordinary process called 'moulting.' Well did Swammerdam declare this process to be a 'specimen of nature's miracles,' adding, that not only, like serpents, do the larva cast off their outer skin, but the throat, and a part of the stomach and intestines; and even some hundreds of the minute pulmonary pipes

pervading the body cast theirs also. After this process, the larva becomes very weak and sickly: it then becomes a pupa: the most familiar instance is that of the cockchafer. It is soon to be on the wing. The perfect insect is born about the beginning of the fourth year from the period of its deposition as an egg, generally in January or February, in a little cavity underneath the turf. Let us quote Goldsmith's animated description of the further process:—'About the latter end of May these insects, having lived for four years under ground, burst from the earth when the first mild evening invites them abroad. They are at that time seen rising from their long imprisonment, from living only upon roots, and inhaling only the moisture of the earth, to visit the mildness of the summer air, to choose the sweetest vegetables for their banquet, and to drink the dew of the evening. Wherever the attentive observer then walks abroad, he will see them bursting up before him like ghosts in a theatre.' When thus emerged, they dash about in all directions, hitting themselves against every object, as if really blind, which the common proverb, 'blind as a beetle,' would make them to be. It is a legitimate part of Everyday Entomology to plead for the persecuted. It has lifted up its protest before against insect cruelties; therefore let the miserable cockchafer be pitied now. Let the crooked pin and string, its instruments of torture, vanish from schoolboy fingers; and if the unhappy creature must needs be destroyed, being done quickly, it will be well done. One could almost wish that the popular legend of Sweden, or at least the spirit of it, were current in our less gentle island—the belief that a meritorious act is done if one of these poor May-bugs is set on its legs.

Now let us cast off the restrictions of formal entomology, and wander at our will in search of the curious among the miscellanies of the natural history of this family. It is hard to know where to commence when so much that is singular is to be described. Certainly, of all remarkably-formed insects, the beetle family can boast of being the most extraordinary. Of these creatures, let us first notice the largest size; the huge beetle with the great name *Goliathus magnus*, a West African species. This enormous insect, the very giant of entomology, is as beautiful as it is huge, although, withal, of a very spectral and demoniac aspect. Its thorax is beautifully ribboned, and its wing-covers are of a dusky purple. It belongs to a species which, Mr Macleay says, belts the globe. Fortunately for the other inhabitants, however, the rest are not such giants of Gath as the specimen in question. Another such is the Hercules beetle, a terrible personage, with an enormously long and proportionably strong black horn, while he glitters behind with wing-covers of the most resplendent sea-green. Its body is a shining black: it is found in the Antilles. Another curiosity of form is the *Ateuchus sacer*, interesting also from its mythological associations. This beetle is commonly known as the *Scarabæus*. It is a solemn, dingy coloured, black-looking creature, glittering with a highly-burnished metallic lustre. It was worshipped by the Egyptians, consecrated to the sun, and, as is well known to the learned in Egyptian sculpture and antiquities, it is frequently represented upon their tombs and in their hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was held in such veneration also, as to be enclosed in the coffins of the dead, and its worship formed an important part of the idolatry of the people. The best general conception of these singularities of form is derived from the following account, the very charm of the style of which marks it to be drawn from Messrs Kirby and Spence's delightful work:—'Some resemble so many pigmy Atlases bearing on their backs a microcosm, and presenting to the eye of the beholder no inapt imitation of the rugged surface of the earth—now horrid with misshapen rocks, ridges, and precipices; now swelling into hills and mountains; and now sinking into valleys, glens, and caves.'

As to their appendages, some have been already enu-

merated; but as the great stag-beetle is an inhabitant of Great Britain, and one of its most curious ones, it deserves commemoration for its great horns, so to speak. This beetle occasionally is said to measure three inches in extreme length; its body is of a dark-brown colour, while its horns are red. Those who would search for it, must look in the months of June or July on ancient oaks or rotting willow-trees. It is a fierce creature, will pinch very hard, and is a desperate fighter. We are ignorant with what truth it is related that occasionally several heads of these creatures are found together, the trunks and abdomens being nowhere to be seen! What has become of them? The heads are all alive and active: the remainder of the bodies, therefore, must have once existed. It is supposed they have had a dreadful mutual conflict, and have destroyed one another all but their heads! Acquainted as we are with the ferocities of insect warfare, we cannot say there is anything incredible in this statement, but should be glad to see it confirmed. Mr Westwood, in the 'Entomological Magazine,' states that he tamed a stag-beetle, and that it was very fond of amusing itself by tossing a ball of cotton about with its horns!

Nothing but the palette can express the beauties of the beetle family. Even the dried cabinets of entomologists convey only a broken ray or two of their loveliness in the living state. We are altogether at a loss for a comparison in attempting to picture them to the eyes of the reader. Such liquid, living, lustrous colours are possessed by no earthly things besides. The splendours of the kaleidoscope, or its kindred invention the 'chromatope,' are outdone by a single beetle. Here are flying rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, diamonds, opals, and what more? Kempter, in his 'History of Japan,' speaks of a species of beetle kept by ladies as a curiosity on account of its extreme beauty.

The fire-flies themselves are true coleopterous insects. It is related by Mouffet, that when Sir T. Cavendish landed in the West Indies, as evening drew on, the party were much alarmed by the appearance of lights in the woods in all directions. Alarm was instantly taken; it was thought to be a party of Spaniards advancing to the attack by torchlight, and all rapidly fled to their ships. The attacking party turned out to be only a number of fire-flies! Their technical name is the *Elater noctiluca*. They are used as artificial lights by the Indians on their fishing and hunting excursions: a single insect emits sufficient light to enable print to be read. In the Havana they have been pressed into the service of the fair, and form the most brilliant evening ornaments of the head-dress, confined in gauze. We must select two members of this family as conferring essential benefits upon man. The first of these is the invaluable insect the Spanish blistering-fly, *Cantharis vesicatoria*. The appearance of this insect is well known. It abounds in parts of Spain, is gathered by beating the bushes, and is killed with vinegar fumes, after which it is dried and exported. The other is the indefatigable beetle called by the Americans the 'Tumble-dung' beetle, technically, the *Geotrupes stercorearius*. It belongs to the *Scarabæi*, and was with the other members of its family venerated in Egypt. Mr Catesby, an intelligent traveller in Carolina, gives a curious account of its habits. It is remarkably strong; it deposits its eggs in any excrementitious matter which the negligence of man allows to lie on the ground; it then rolls up pellets of this material, prepares a hole for its reception, and by indefatigable labour, by means of the tip of its abdomen and hind-legs, pushes the pellet, when sufficiently dry, into the hole. Mr Catesby calls it an admirable scavenger; and avers that these little insects, far larger than a cockchafer, by their incessant labours will keep a whole village clean! Akin to this singular feat is that of the 'burying beetles' mentioned in an article on 'Natural Sanitary Agencies' in a previous number of this Journal. The curious artillery of the Bombardier beetle, and other singularities connected with this family, have before appeared.

Let us say, in conclusion, that the 'death-watch,' as our superstitious friends call it, is merely the tap of a beetle; and that beetles attack our bacon, meat, timber, offal, biscuits, and farm products. Want of space forbids our proceeding, as it is felt that already the article is over-long for one subject. How imperfectly, however, does it justify the title! But some shelter may be taken under the fact, that the number of European species alone is estimated at 3760, and the total number is said to approximate to thirty thousand!

A NEW EMIGRATION FIELD.

THE letters received by the editors of a long-established periodical, circulating throughout all classes of the people, form a very clear index to the governing ideas of the time. From sources of information of this kind we ourselves can always tell what are the great thoughts stirring at the moment in the public mind. Indeed it is both curious and interesting to notice the sympathy which arises between a constant literary visitor and its readers. The Journal acts as a conductor from mind to mind; it establishes a kind of mesmeric rapport between the parties; and when circumstances of exigence arise—when men arrive at some turning in the road of life, where a single step in a new direction may determine their fortune for ever—they seek refuge in their perplexity where they have been accustomed to find instruction, and implore advice from one who may be really an abstraction, but whom their hearts have personified as a counsellor and friend.

We are not sure that this has ever taken place to such an extent as in the case of these humble pages; and we are quite sure that no other journal has ever taken such pains, while discharging a trust, to avoid a responsibility. This, we know, is far from being agreeable to our readers. Unable to determine for themselves, they would fain throw the *onus* somewhere else. They would implicitly follow advice if they could only obtain it from a quarter where they had been accustomed to repose confidence; and if disappointment was the result, they would find consolation in being able to cast the blame upon another. It is not of the blame, however, we are afraid, but we shrink from the moral burthen which the exercise of such an influence would lay upon our minds. We prefer enabling our clients to determine in important matters for themselves; and this we do by putting them in possession of the facts on which our own opinion, if we ventured to give it, would be founded.

The subject which at this moment has the strongest hold on the spirit of the community is—emigration; and on that subject even he who dares not advise, must still feel it to be his duty to warn. Society in this country has reached a point where some change *must* take place. Every trade, every profession, is overcrowded. That is the true cause of most of the evils, both moral and physical, of which the present generation complain; and even the purblind patriots and mawkish sentimentalists who attribute 'starvation wages' to the tyranny of capital, are beginning to shrink from the questionings of common sense. Capital buys labour, just as labour buys bread—as cheaply as it can; and the price of both articles must depend upon the supply. Labour of all kinds, intellectual as well as mechanical, is superabundant in England; and so long as that continues to be the case, so long will endure the strongly-marked difference between the position of the capitalist and that of the worker of every description—a difference which every now and then excites such a storm of ignorant indignation. Workers of more than ordinary talent, or more than ordinary adaptation for their peculiar employment, will still command the market; but the multitude must obey it. Of these the average in usefulness must be satisfied with a bare subsistence, while those under the average will range from 'starvation wages' down to actual destitution. Such is the dispensation under which we live—such are the economical conditions of our present social system;

and all those schemes of amelioration which do not directly apply to them are a mere waste of mind.

These ideas are not only old in a certain class of books, but they begin to be felt, like an instinct, by all classes of the people; and the remedy that commonly presents itself is simply the removal of supernumerary hands to a new field. Whether this will really stop the morbid tendency is an open question; but in point of fact it is a question which persons who deliberate on emigration neither know nor care anything about. They do not contemplate abandoning their old home to make room for those who remain, but to seek a better one for themselves; and on avowedly selfish and personal grounds they put the anxious question, 'Whether to go, and whither?' Government has a different duty—namely, to see that the emigration is beneficial both to the adventurers themselves and to the country they leave. But how often does it perform this duty? How often does it comprehend it? It is waste of time to reason on the nature of government in the abstract. Practically, at least in this country, it is a non-intelligent machine, moving by external agency, and standing still when that is withdrawn. It encourages or discourages emigration, not from motives of national, but of party interest; it plants a colony when circumstances render the step compulsory; and it leaves the pioneers of its empire to their fate till the nation cries shame! The governing rule of its colonial policy is momentary expedience; and the wild contradictions into which it is thus betrayed exhibit not only a remarkable deficiency in statesmanship, but infer an utter want of public virtue.

This, then, is a fit subject for warning. Warning will do no harm either to the people or the government. It will excite inquiry; it will call reason into play; and it will enable intending emigrants to cast themselves upon their fortune with open eyes. As an illustration of what we mean, we shall now mention a topic of the day of great interest and importance—no less than the proposed opening of a new emigration field.

On the north-east of the Cape of Good Hope there is a territory about the size of Scotland, marked out for a separate country by well-defined boundaries, consisting of mountains, rivers, and the ocean. The climate, we are told, is the most salubrious in the world. 'Uniformly mild, subject to no extremes of temperature, with all the equability, and none of the atmospherical moisture, of New Zealand, it is nearly as abundantly watered, of far richer soil, and within half the distance of Europe. Its productions, indeed, of coffee, rice, cotton, indigo, sugar, aniseed, indicate a somewhat warmer temperature than the former; but it is conceded on all hands that the heat is never excessive, or calculated to render field-labour very oppressive. Pulmonary and scrofulous diseases are quickly cured by a residence in the district, and ague is entirely unknown. The soil is capable of producing most of the vegetable treasures of the tropics, and all those of the temperate zone in abundance, and of the finest quality, particularly the cereals which flourish best in Egypt. Grass is so thick and luxuriant, that it fattens cattle rapidly, and grows up to the horse's shoulder. In the numerous clefts of the mountain streams and gullies fine timber is to be had. It produces cotton of the best quality, and its cultivation is accompanied with unrivalled success. In short, it seems to combine every advantage of New Zealand and Australasia, with much greater proximity to England. The government surveyor-general becomes perfectly eloquent in describing its character and excellencies. The successive governors of the Cape are equally emphatic in their praises; public companies, both in England and Germany, endorse these favourable opinions; and, to sum up all, merchants have largely ventured their money in establishing settlers in its most eligible localities, and promoting its culture of cotton.'

* From a useful and extremely well-written shilling pamphlet by Mr Sidney Smith, entitled 'Whether to Go, and Whither? or, the Cape and the Great South Land.'

In this paradise 'a fat ox costs L.2, 10s.; working bullocks and milch cows from L.2 to L.4; horses, L.10; sheep, 6s.; and provisions are at all times remarkably abundant and cheap.' It is only ten days' sail from Mauritius, which could readily absorb its agricultural produce; and the neighbouring sea-banks afford an extensive and promising field for cod-fishing. Thus the country is adapted in a very remarkable degree both for land and marine enterprise; and, to make all complete, it is supposed that the bowels of the earth teem with that material now indispensable to high civilisation—coal.

Why, then, is Natal a wilderness, with so much to attract the capital and industry of Europe? So far from being a discovery of the present moment, it has already been settled by the Dutch boers, those warlike farmers of the Cape, who, retreating in wrath and indignation before the irresistible power of the English, carried their families, and flocks, and herds across the frontiers. Here they found themselves in a far superior location both as regards climate and production, and their agricultural tastes and knowledge would have led them to adopt it as their permanent home, but that the hated supremacy of the English reached them even there. It was vain to struggle. Robust and herculean of frame, ignorant, proud, daring, and high-fed as they were, still they could not withstand the tactics of Europe: they were beaten from point to point; and when the conflict became hopeless, they once more began their march of emigration, and once more retreated across the frontiers. Such are the neighbours, then, of Natal; they hang upon its boundaries, like a thunder-cloud charged with the elements of destruction.

But the English were not the only enemies of the gallant Dutch in Natal. This rich territory is surrounded by the tribes of the African wilderness, against whom, just as against the wild beasts of the country, they waged a constant and deadly war, and who carried off their property, and burned their dwellings, as often as opportunity occurred. When the Dutch at length abandoned the unequal contest, the ground was taken possession of by a new class of emigrants. The savages of the interior, flying from the tyranny of their native chiefs, took refuge within the deserted circle; and these Koolah and Kaffir refugees are now supposed to amount to 200,000. So much the better, it will be said, for here we have the rudiments of a labouring population; and this would be true in the case of a strong colony, with ample means of military defence against both external and internal force. But if the mistake should be committed of throwing a handful of Europeans into the arena, to grapple at once with Dutch, savages, and wild beasts, what will be the result? 'The Colonial Commissioners report that "the universal character of the natives is at once superstitious and warlike; their estimate of the value of human life is very low; war and bloodshed are engagements with which their circumstances have rendered them familiar from their childhood, and from which they can be restrained only by the strong arm of power; their passions are easily inflamed, while, from their servile obedience to despotic rulers, they show ready obedience to constituted authority." Sir Peregrine Maitland, indeed, states that "they are generally of a docile character;" but the significant fact, that Sir Harry Smith has ordered the removal of the coloured population from intermixture with the white occupants of the land, "so that a distinct line may be established between the different races of her majesty's subjects," is a pretty clear indication of his sense of the danger of employing savage labour, and of permitting the proximity of the natives to the settlers.'

Now, from all this it will be perceived that if Natal is to be settled, it can only be so by means of a colony on a respectable scale as to numbers and force; but at this moment the whole strength of England in a country as large as Scotland is two thousand! Mr Smith goes into some calculations as to the cheapness of sending out our

military pensioners and workhouse drones; but with that subject we desire to have nothing to do, further than expressing our disapprobation of pauper colonies in general, and of this one in particular, where there are already 200,000 labourers who must be either servants or outlaws. We do not urge the government to colonise in any way; but we demand to know on what principle of policy or humanity it invites, seduces, and entraps its countrymen—before efficient colonisation has taken place—into emigrating to such a field? Here is a specimen of the allurements to which we allude, and which are now flaunted in every widely-circulated newspaper:—'Persons of moderate means, or small farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers, if approved of by her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, can obtain a steerage passage, with provisions and *twenty acres of land*, for the sum of L.10; or an intermediate passage, with the same quantity of land, for the sum of L.19; cabin passage, L.35.' Another advertisement, in allusion to this, assures us that the golden offer is by no means illusory—nay, that we have nothing to do but accept it, and be off in a trice. 'The government forms for passing emigrants to Natal are very simple, and cause neither trouble nor delay: these, with circulars containing a map, and extracts from official and other documents on the climate, soil, and capabilities of Natal, and all other information desired, will be furnished to intending emigrants *free of expense* on application either personally or by letter.'

This, we submit, is a very pointed illustration of our strictures on the character of government as a non-intelligent machine. A fine wilderness falls into its hands at a time when the spirit of foreign enterprise is astir among the people; and planting in that wilderness a nominal colony, it opens the sluices of emigration. What more could we expect? A colony first, then emigration—that is the natural sequence; and with almost a free passage, a snug farm for nothing, and black fellows to cultivate it for a mere song, what more could we desire? Government being a material automaton, wound up and set going by external agency, having no moral sense, and no eyes for the future, cannot be supposed to consider anything but these obvious points. It does not perceive, and does not care, that the pathfinders of its new domain, as poor almost as the savages they employed, after passing the life of a wild beast, rending and being rended, would degenerate into a barbarism as profound as that by which they were surrounded.

But although we consider it worse than injudicious to invite miscellaneous emigration, and more especially the emigration of the very poor to such a country, Natal appears to be a good field for commercial experiment carried on by united bodies. The Manchester Commercial Association has already brought home samples of cotton worth from 4½d. to 6d. per pound; and a paper of that town remarks that the 'capabilities of Port Natal for the growth of cotton and other agricultural produce, without the expenditure of a heavy amount of capital and labour, may be judged of from the fact, that Mr Peel had several hundred acres (we believe *two* might say thousands) of virgin land, through which the plough could be run without removing the stump; and the whole is but thinly wooded.' This company relies upon the labour of those German boers who have remained within the colony, amounting to 4000; but another company announced depends more upon the Zoolahs. At anyrate, the cotton soils are near the sea, the true country of Europeans; and there being little jungle to clear, the experiment can receive a fair trial.

This applies, however, only to wealthy capitalists, who can take care of themselves. Our warning is for the poor, to whom L.10 and their outfit form a prodigious speculation—for the small shopkeeper, and saving hard-working servant, whose L.19 and a little parcel of merchandise would be their all—and for the reduced gentleman, who would be glad to purchase an estate on

which he could kill his own mutton, together with the means of getting out to it in comfort and gentility, for L.35—to these persons we would recommend to look for information from other quarters as well as the advertisers; and, above all, they would do well to shut their eyes to any prestige that may seem to them to accompany the sanction of government. The touch of government is fatal to emigrants; and when a colony thrives, it is not by the assistance of government, but in spite of it. Labourers, as we have shown, are not wanted in Natal; and to convey property thither, in the present state of our information, would be madness. Those who are wanted are the pioneers and path-finders, whose ruined huts and solitary graves serve as landmarks to guide in after-years the gradual march of civilisation!

FRENCH PEDLARS IN ITALY.

THERE is in Northern Italy a peculiar branch of trade carried on almost exclusively through the instrumentality of Frenchmen. These individuals, chiefly from Languedoc and Provence, repair at a particular season of the year to Genoa, sometimes with a small capital, but much oftener without. They find, however, no difficulty in obtaining credit. In the first place, those who have been long known, and established their character for honesty, readily become security for the newcomers; and if this were not the case, still the incipient pedlars belong to a class of men so remarkable for punctuality and uprightness in their dealings, that even the most suspicious merchants would think they ran no risk in trusting them. Our prejudices may at first perhaps render us a little incredulous; but the fact nevertheless is, that French people engaged in trade are generally well-principled; at least they have been fortunate enough to achieve an honourable reputation, and in whatever foreign country they settle, are looked upon as perfectly safe in all matters of business. The shopkeepers of Bahia, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and other cities of South America, are nearly all French, who, through their honesty and good conduct, generally realise small fortunes, with which they in most cases return to spend their latter days in their own country, their attachment to home being stronger than that of any other European nation.

Genoa is the principal resort of the French pedlars who have taken the place of princely merchants, and help to keep alive the remnant of a commerce which once accumulated opulence in the city, and extended its ramifications over half the world. When you walk through it, melancholy seizes you at every turn. Streets and palaces without inhabitants, warehouses without goods, a customhouse where almost no duties are paid, and a mole which has now too frequently no ships to shelter from the weather. Such is Genoa! But wherever men are congregated, they must discover some means of earning a livelihood. Pomp and grandeur have no other basis than industry, as the owners of the immense fortunes once found in Genoa have proved to their cost. They went on spending, supposing their revenues would last for ever. But time by degrees brought them to the end of their treasures, and the descendants of grandes with pompous titles, and of merchants, each of whom possessed a little navy of his own, now in many cases subsist by supplying goods to French pedlars, who have intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance.

We have been unable to ascertain the number of persons engaged in carrying on this obscure department of the trade of Genoa; they must, however, be numerous. When preparing to start on their toilsome and not unperilous enterprise, they go to the warehouse of the merchant with whom they deal always in pairs, with capacious knapsacks on their backs. As might

be expected, they bestow much care on the selection of their goods, which necessarily consist of small articles, or things that will pack close—such as handkerchiefs, shawls, dresses, cheap lace, ribbons, reels of cotton, needles, &c. To these they add a quantity of Genoese silver jewellery, remarkable for its tastefulness and elegance.

Did these men possess the art of communicating their experience to the world, no travels would perhaps be so interesting as theirs. They pass over, two in company, from Genoa to the north of Corsica, where they part company—the one taking the eastern, the other the western side of the island, agreeing to meet on a given day at the port whence they embarked for Sardinia. They then traverse together this boisterous channel, and on reaching the larger island, separate again, fixing for their rendezvous on another port, whence they usually sail for the coast of Spain, unless they have in the meanwhile disposed of the whole of their goods.

It might at first be supposed that the contents of two knapsacks would not enable men to proceed thus far. Nor do they always, or even perhaps generally. But sometimes it happens that our Corsican and Sardinian villages are not in the humour to buy, or have no money, or have just made their purchases of other pedlars. In this case the wandering merchant must trudge on to the next village or hamlet, to meet perhaps the same ill-luck there. By these means a small stock goes a great way. Besides, as progress is made in civilisation, and villages grow up, through trade or otherwise, into towns, the shop takes the place of the pedlar's pack, and people grow ashamed of owing their finery to the enterprise of wanderers so humble.

Of course it is, as a rule, desirable that civilisation, with all its processes, should replace barbarism. But it may be doubted whether, in many parts of Southern Europe, society has yet arrived at that stage in which it ought to dispense with pedlars. It is, however, a mere question of economy. The rent of shops, and the wages of an establishment, greatly, when trade is dull, augment the price of commodities, because the weight of such charges falls upon a few customers. When the demand is brisk, when money changes hands rapidly, when people throng to shops in crowds, it is possible to be content with a smaller profit, and society becomes a gainer perhaps for the suppression of nomadic traders.

Frenchmen, even in their own country, are accustomed, when in poor circumstances, to subsist on a very homely and economical diet. Bread, a few onions, and a sip of sour wine, they almost regard as luxuries. The same habit and theory of living follow them into other countries, especially when, like our pedlars, their sole object is to save money, to provide for the comforts of their old age, or, if practicable, to enable them to marry in middle life, and undertake the responsibilities of a family. Of one luxury the pedlar is careful not to deprive himself—we mean of a little provision of cigars—which he carries about with him, carefully wrapt in a bit of oil-skin, to protect them from the weather; and on the bleak, rocky mountains of Corsica and Sardinia, smoking is indeed a luxury. In civilised countries, in large cities, in capacious, comfortable, well-ventilated apartments, it may be a mere piece of extravagance to expend money on Havanas. It would seem to be otherwise in the cases under consideration. The pedlar, on quitting his humble *cabaret*, or still more comfortable cottage, in the chill damp morning, his teeth chattering, his whole frame half-shrunk by the night's cold, experiences an agreeable elevation of spirits the moment he takes out his flint and steel, and kindles his cigar. It serves him also as a companion: as he puffs away, he fancies himself in friendly society, especially when the smoke wreathes lovingly around him in some sheltered nook or hollow in the way. Ease and opulence know nothing of such pleasures: everything with them is comfort and regularity; but the wild wayfarer, with all his earthly possessions on his back, who carries at the

same time his purse and his life in his hands—who has to face the storms of winter and the heats of summer—who is always lonely, often sad, sometimes oppressed, dejected, and miserable—derives gratification from small, and, it may be, equivocal pleasures, if smoking indeed be one of these.

Sometimes the track of the pedlar lies through districts so desolate, that he can find at night no habitation, however humble, in which to take shelter, but must betake himself to some cavern or hollow among the rocks. Here his flint and steel come into requisition. He gathers dry leaves and bits of decayed wood, and kindles himself a fire, close to which he lies down, and enjoys the semblance at least of a summer dwelling; by the light of it also he eats his humble supper—a little bread, hard and dry crust of cheese, or a piece of antiquated sausage, with, it may be, an onion or two, or a clove of garlic. Water from the neighbouring well or stream quenches his thirst; and then he betakes himself to sleep on the hard rock, with the infinite air breathing around him, and the stars raining their influences upon his head from the sky.

It may be matter of wonder that the property these men carry about with them—which, though not great, must still be a temptation to dishonesty—would not constantly expose them to the assaults of robbers. The explanation perhaps is, that the state of society which requires pedlars nourishes those prejudices and feelings that operate as their protection. There is in Corsica and Sardinia, and indeed in all other countries similarly circumstanced, a sort of superstition attached to the pedlar's character, which prevents even very desperate persons from attempting his life. He makes his appearance among them trustingly and fearlessly—for pedlars never carry arms—and wherever he comes, excites mirth and gaiety in young and old. He adorns the persons of their wives and daughters, makes their children look gay, and diffuses an air of cheerfulness and contentment through a whole village. Experience of kindness from others makes him gentle and kind in his turn. He is polished by rubbing against the world, and learns at the same time resolution and modesty. Full of stories and anecdotes of adventures of hair-breadth escapes, he has a perpetual fund of entertainment; and the cottage in which he passes the night is generally crowded with as many neighbours as it will hold, who sit in a circle around him, to listen to his narratives.

Occasionally, though not often, the pedlar condescends to become the messenger of love, and bears from hamlet to hamlet tender epistles which he himself perhaps has indited at the request of lover or mistress. At times he assumes the character of umpire and peacemaker, terminates quarrels, crushes the germs of lawsuits, and by a timely present of no great value, makes up matches, and diffuses happiness through a whole class.

Once in Sardinia, at a village high up in the mountains, a pedlar, whom we afterwards met in Genoa, arrived about Christmas during very severe weather. A farmer, whose daughter was about to be married, kindly invited him to make some stay at his house. The pedlar accepted the invitation, and remained eight or ten days, kept a prisoner, as it were, by the hospitality of his host and a perpetual succession of snow-storms. He was present at the wedding, and at the merry-making given by the family in the evening, where he noticed among the guests a young man of rather handsome appearance, who attracted much attention by the gloomy fierceness of his manner. Towards most persons he preserved a sullen silence; but he relaxed with the pedlar, laughed, and talked a great deal; inquired what route he meant to take, and how long it was likely to be before he would be among them again.

In due time the pedlar quitted the farmhouse, and proceeded on his way. The country just there was very thinly inhabited, the woods frequent, and of considerable extent, and here and there were caverns of various dimensions. In one of these the pedlar one

snowy night found himself compelled to take refuge. He had had the precaution to take some food with him; and the cold being piercing, he collected a quantity of wood, kindled a fire, and sat down to enjoy his supper beside it. He had not taken many mouthfuls before he observed a man enter the cavern covered with snow, which he shook from him as he advanced. There was an immediate recognition: it was no other than the farmer's wedding-guest! He accosted the pedlar with a strange constrained civility—saying he was come to sup, and spend the night with him.

'You are welcome,' said the Frenchman with as much self-command as he could assume.

'Perhaps, however,' replied the Sardinian, 'I shall not continue to be so when I shall have explained my errand.'

'We shall see: explain yourself.'

'Listen, then.'

'I listen: proceed. But allow me first to offer you a little supper. Here, pray take a slice of German sausage and a little of this wine, which I have luckily brought along with me. Taste it: it is very good.'

'No,' answered the Sardinian: 'I will neither eat nor drink with you until I find whether it will be necessary to kill you or not!'

'Kill me?'

'Yes, you; unless you accede to the request I am about to make. Listen: I am in love with a girl whose father will not give her to me unless I can prove myself to be in possession of one hundred dollars. Now I wish you to lend me that sum, which I will faithfully repay to you: not at any stated time, observe, for I may be unfortunate; but I swear to you here on this dagger that I will repay it sooner or later.' And he held up the glittering weapon in the light of the flames, ready to press it to his lips should the pedlar accede to his request.

The Frenchman naturally felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for, from the savage aspect of his guest, he did not doubt he had reason to dread the worst.

The Sardinian continued: 'Should you be so foolish as to refuse me, I shall kill you, take all your property, marry, and make use of it. But because I am an honest man, I wish you in that case to tell me who is your nearest of kin in France, since it will be my most earnest endeavour to repay him the money as soon as Providence shall have put it in my power.'

Here he paused, to observe what effect his words had produced on the pedlar, who for some time was too much terrified to reply.

'Well,' resumed the guest, 'you are undecided? It is just what I expected: it is very natural. However, I will stay all night with you, that you may have time for reflection; because I would rather not kill you if I could help it. Still, I have made up my mind to be married next week, and I would kill fifty pedlars rather than postpone the ceremony.'

'Under these circumstances,' replied the Frenchman, 'I must lend you the money, since I have no choice.'

'You resolve wisely: you have no choice. One observation more, however, I must make, and then we will sit down comfortably to supper. It is this: when you next come to our village, you will of course see me and my wife, and you will take up your residence with us in preference to any other person's. You will say nothing, however, of the present transaction, neither to her nor to any one else. You will not seem afraid of me, as indeed you need not be, but will be merry, and reckon confidently of being repaid the sum with which you now accommodate me.'

All this the pedlar promised.

'Now,' exclaimed the young man, 'give me your hand: we are friends: let us sit down to supper. Afterwards you can reckon me out the money; we will keep up a good fire, and chat by it all night; and in the morning we will separate, each to pursue his own way.'

In the morning, as they were about to bid each other

adieu, the Sardinian took out his dagger, and cutting off one of the buttons from his coat, handed it to the Frenchman, saying, 'Take that, and keep it till I restore you your money. Observe it is of silver, and has been handed down in my family for many generations. I would not part with it for all you possess; and when I intend to repay you the hundred dollars, this is the course I shall pursue: I will say I have lost my button, and will offer a hundred dollars to any one who shall find and bring it to me. You will present yourself: you will produce the button; and I, as in honour bound, will give you the sum agreed on. Do we part friends?'

The pedlar, who, notwithstanding his loss, could not but be amused by the strange character and ideas of the Sardinian, gave him his hand, and they parted friends.

Next year he passed the same way again, and sure enough found his friend married to a very pretty woman, who had already brought him a son. He seemed very happy; but coming up to the Frenchman, he said, 'Now I have lost a button: I am not yet rich enough to buy one to replace it: I may be more lucky next year.'

The pedlar understood; and after having been made very welcome at his house, went his way.

A second and a third year he returned, and every time found a young son or daughter added to the family. At length—pleased with his reception, with the constant hospitality shown him, with the pleasant wife and cheerful increasing family—he took the Sardinian aside, and presenting him with his button: 'Allow me to restore you this article of yours, which I have found.'

'No, no,' replied his host; 'keep it another year: by that time I shall be able to redeem it, and at the same time to spend a very merry evening with you. Come this way next winter, and you shall see.'

The months rolled round: the pedlar, regular as the season, came again; and the Sardinian invited him to supper. All the children had been sent to bed, and he and his wife only remained with their guest.

'Agatha,' said he to her, 'do you know that it is to your friend here that you are indebted for a husband?'

His wife looked surprised.

'I beg your pardon, dear Agatha,' said he; 'that is not what I ought to have said. I mean I am indebted to him for a wife, as it was he who supplied me with the hundred dollars, without which your father would have refused you to me.'

'Oh how heartily I thank you!' exclaimed the wife; 'for he is a good husband and a good father.'

'But I robbed him,' said the husband. He then related the whole circumstance, remarking at the conclusion, 'I intrust my secret to you, Agatha, because my honour is as dear to you as my life. Here, friend,' exclaimed he, placing a little bag on the table, 'here are your hundred dollars; so now restore me my button, which you have doubtlessly kept carefully.'

'Yes, here it is!' exclaimed the Frenchman, taking it from his purse; 'and now we are even, except that I owe you much, very much, for the constant hospitality you have shown me.'

'Nay,' replied the husband; 'it is to you that I am indebted for my wife and children: you have been in some sort a father to us all; and therefore, so long as I have a house over my head, pray consider it yours.'

Pedlars are sometimes generous. Taking up the bag of dollars, and turning to the wife, the Frenchman said, 'Allow me, madam, to present this to your youngest child as a birthday present. I am in a condition to afford it. I have made much money in your country, and intend next year to marry, and retire to Provence, my native land.'

The present was accepted; but the farmer, not to be outdone in generosity, forced on him next morning a handsome horse of considerably greater value. The same pedlar had been engaged in many other little adventures, which he used to relate with that ease and

naïveté so characteristic of the French. We fell in with him just as he was about returning to Provence, where we daresay he still enjoys the property which he amassed with so much toil, honesty, and perseverance. The English merchants who supply this class of men are less prudent and economical, and commonly spend their whole gains in what is technically called 'making an appearance.' They, moreover, marry Italian women, settle at Genoa, and soon lose all desire to return to England. Thus, deprived of the chief spur to economy, they contract indolent habits, and devote themselves to amusement and pleasure; and while the men whose knapsacks they supply rise to independence, and often even to opulence, contract debts and embarrassments, and terminate their lives in poverty. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. But it is the rule, we fear, in Northern Italy, where, through a superior agency, a much larger amount of British goods might be annually distributed, especially if our manufacturers could study the taste of the people, and supply them with the colours and patterns most agreeable to them. On the coast of Spain the operations of the French knapsack-men are encountered and checked by smugglers from Gibraltar. Still, in both cases, the goods are chiefly English; so that, as a people, it is immaterial to us through which of these channels they find their way into the Spanish market.

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

AFTER being pent up the whole winter, in the great cotton metropolis of Scotland, where sunlight seems frequently to suffer an eclipse, and the loaded atmosphere is inhaled with difficulty, with what buoyancy of spirit does the citizen make his first trip of the season by steamer, and behold, after the long interval, his beloved Clyde flowing as peacefully as ever; its blue waters sparkling in the sun, and all nature looking fresh and happy! It is a mental as well as corporeal recreation, and combines the excellencies of both.

The trips down the Clyde from Glasgow are numerous and varied; the whole scenery of the river and its contiguous lochs being highly picturesque and striking. The excursion by steam to Bute is a great favourite, but the trip that may be made to the island of Arran, which lies immediately beyond Bute, excels it in point of geological and general interest. Arran may be said to form in itself an epitome of the Scottish Highlands, not only in their beautiful and picturesque, but in their grand and sublime features. A specimen is to be found here of everything for which the scenery of our country is renowned, whether in the form of mountain, rock, glen, or lonely lake. There are vales, too, of pastoral beauty, deep-wooded dells, and quiet nooks; and surrounding the whole are the waters of the magnificent firth, tumbling upon shores of every description, from the bed of silvery sand to the bulwark of rocky cliff.

In approaching in the steamer the blue mountains of Arran, their rugged peaks softened by distance, or lost in the clouds, an undefined feeling steals over the traveller, who fancies himself leaving the territories subdued by man, and about to enter the undisputed domain of nature. A stern grandeur characterises the scene before him; the associations of the city melt away from his mind; and he finds himself, unconsciously of the process, in a world of dreams. But the effect of Arran, be it said, is owing in some degree to adventitious circumstances. The noble proprietor, with more taste than philanthropy, is determined that it shall remain a show only to the few. He refuses to let his ground on building leases, or to construct, or permit to be constructed, a convenient landing-place; and in the finely-situated village of Brodick there is but little accommodation for the ordinary visitors of the salt water. Sometimes, it is true, a rush is made in despite of difficulties, and a holiday at Glasgow sends its swarms to the stern and lonely island. But this has not the dreaded effect

of vulgarising the place. There is no house-room, and no food, and happily no drink, for one-third of the unbidden guests; and they locate themselves, gipsy fashion, in the surrounding woods and glens, and, wrapped in their plaids and cloaks, pass the night under the trees.

The passage between Cumbrac and Brodick is frequently rough and unpleasant, a heavy sea running in the wide channel; but all inconveniences are forgotten as you approach the beautiful bay, with Goatfell for its gigantic watch-tower. It is probable that at some antehistoric epoch the sea penetrated to the base of the mountains; but there is now much cultivated land, which finely contrasts with the barren grandeur of the background. A residence of the Hamilton family, which has recently been enlarged and improved, is superbly situated on the rising ground to the right; and in front, and to the left, but concealed from view, is the little row of cottages forming the village of Brodick, in most of which a bed is fitted up for the accommodation of visitors who cannot find room in the inn. On the other side of the bay, called Invercloy, there are a few more comfortable houses for letting to summer visitors.

On a fine clear autumn morning, after enjoying a delightful bath in the pleasant waters of the bay, and despatching a breakfast of somewhat alarming magnitude, we prepared for the ascent of Goatfell. Striking up the road which leads behind the inn of Brodick, and passing through a wood, we soon found ourselves, as it were, in the presence-chamber of the monarch of the island. One feels as if he were now alone in the presence of Goatfell; for the village is lost to view, and the wood half encircles the gradually-ascending ground which leads to the base of the mountain. Even the tyro in geology has here an opportunity of observing phenomena of great interest, and on a scale of such magnitude as makes observation easy, and the impression distinct and lasting. The ground we were now treading might appear to an inexperienced eye as forming the lower part of the mighty mass of Goatfell; but in reality it is not so: it belongs to formations altogether different, and which, strange to say, are older than Goatfell itself.

Nearest the wood the Old Red Sandstone forms the surface strata; and higher up, the slate, which underlies the sandstone, rises above it, and comes into immediate contact with the mass of granite of which Goatfell is composed. These phenomena may be best observed in the bed of the torrent which descends the hill, and which we were led to examine at the recommendation of Mr Ramsay in his excellent Guide-Book, which we had in our hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, we do not begin to ascend Goatfell till we reach the granite formation, which is first observed in the neighbourhood of a small mill-dam at the base of the cone. Several points of contact between the granite and slate may here be noticed; and though we should probably never have discovered them but for Mr Ramsay's directions, we cannot describe the intense delight with which, after diligent search, we gazed on these beautiful phenomena. One of them, and the most easy of discovery, occurs on the west side of the torrent or stream alluded to, and a few yards below the wall of the mill-dam. A vein of granite, not unlike a stripe of yellow paint, is seen traversing the slate, and may be traced more or less distinctly for several yards. The granite, of course, when it penetrated the slate, must have been in a state of fusion, and the intense heat caused those contortions in the stratified rock which are still plainly visible. Phenomena of the same kind appear a little to the left of the dam, near the top of the descent into Glen Rosa; veins of granite being there also seen crossing some slate rocks, which appear at short intervals peeping above the soil. Considerably farther down the descent into Glen Rosa, a large rock may be observed, which appears partly composed of slate and partly of granite. Geologists hold, we believe unanimously, that the granitic range,

of which Goatfell is a prominent feature, emerged from the abyss long subsequent to the deposition of the stratified formations, such as sandstone and slate. These strata recline against the body of the mountain, just in the position they would have assumed had it protruded itself through while they were yet lying horizontally. Another strong proof of the comparatively recent origin of Goatfell is to be found in the fact, that while at the present day the sand of the seashore is in great measure composed of particles of granite, and while the whole district is impregnated with such particles, no semblance of granite is to be found in those puddingstones or conglomerates which abound throughout what is now the granitic region. The irresistible conclusion is, that when these conglomerates were formed, the granite still lay in the depths of the globe.

It may be imagined that with such objects of interest, which, so far as personal observation went, were absolutely new to us, our progress up the mountain was none of the most expeditious; and we observed several parties whose single object was to perform the feat of making the ascent, keeping far to the right of our favourite mill-dam, as being the more direct road up the mountain. We now began to skirt its base, in order to gain the right shoulder, and to follow the usual track. The weather was splendid; a magnificent view was to reward our toil; there were parties in advance of us, and some in the rear: we were to be in the midst of a crowd on the top of Goatfell. The thought disturbed the harmony and the repose of our ideas; but after all, man is a social animal, and we reconciled ourselves to intercourse with our kind. Near the top the ascent becomes steep and rugged: you leap from one mass of rock to another; you gasp for breath; and although, perchance, a teetotaller on the earth, you suspect the orthodoxy of the doctrine at the height of 3000 feet. A gentleman whom you have never before seen fortunately carries a flask; he obligingly offers you a sip; you taste, and are invigorated. The effort proves evanescent, but the summit is near. One effort more: you succeed; but instead of standing on the top of Goatfell to enjoy the glorious prospect, you lay yourself flat on your back. But the view from the summit amply compensates for any trifling fatigue. On one side stand the neighbouring mountains, with their rugged and precipitous sides, inspiring a feeling of awe; while, by simply turning round, this emotion is dispelled, and a scene of beauty, such as probably you have never before seen, is spread out beneath you. Much of course depends on the weather; but as we saw it, the magnificent Firth of Clyde was reposing in glassy stillness under a bright and cloudless sky, and the islands resting on its bosom we could have fancied the abodes of the blessed. Beyond the firth the eye may be carried to the broad Atlantic; but we could only distinguish in that direction a range of hills belonging to the Western Islands.

The descent of Goatfell, though accomplished in a short time, requires some little dexterity. We saw a gentleman who, in the dread of being left behind by the steamer, descended with such headlong speed, that if he had mislaid his footing, he would in all probability have been severely injured, if not killed outright. At an ordinary speed there is no danger whatever.

When we regained the base of the mountain, instead of returning by the morning's route, we turned to the right, and descended into Glen Rosa. We traced with much interest the slate and the granite, and would no doubt have made many original discoveries, if Mr Ramsay had not unluckily been before us. We take our revenge by stating boldly that we did not always succeed in discovering the geological phenomena mentioned by him. We searched a wood, for instance, for upwards of an hour in quest of an old quarry, but without finding it, though we afterwards discovered the appearance we were in search of in one of the stones forming the enclosure of the wood. Glen Rosa is a beautiful valley, lonely and peaceful enough to make

you forget, as you pluck its blooming heather, or stretch yourself on its grassy knolls, the great world you have left with all its toils and cares.

We now wended our way out of the valley, and returning to Brodick, took the steamer for Lamlash, every nerve of our body tingling with pleasurable excitement, arising from physical exertion and intellectual enjoyment. Lamlash Bay, though affording a secure shelter for vessels, is inferior in grandeur to that of Brodick; for there the Goatfell range is wanting, and the Holy Isle scarcely supplies the want. Next day was the Sabbath, and instead of remaining at Lamlash, we chose rather to take our place among the worshippers at Brodick, induced partly by the fineness of the weather, and partly because we understood that the Communion was to be celebrated at the latter place. The walk from Lamlash to Brodick is one of extraordinary beauty, and we enjoyed it to the full. After ascending a hill, you see, on looking back, the Holy Isle, like a towering rampart defending the noble bay that lies at your feet from the tempests that rage without, against which it often affords a secure retreat to hundreds of distressed vessels. Resuming your journey, you pass through a tract bearing a few patches of very imperfect cultivation. The sloping ground on the left becomes gradually covered with shrubbery, and is intersected by a winding stream; but the scene receives its character from the magnificent range of Goatfell, which, in solemn and lonely grandeur, is now seen shooting its rugged peaks into the sky. The wonted solitude of the way was interrupted by many 'going up to the east;' and from circumstances arising out of the Disruption of the Scottish church, the Word was preached that day beneath the open canopy of heaven, and the festival celebrated under a few boards which formed the roof of a sawpit.

On Monday morning we prepared to follow out the plan of operations which we had previously determined on. Its leading features were—to make the tour of the east side of the island, keeping along the shore as far as Loch Ranza, and then to proceed down the west coast by Dugarry and Blackwater Foot, returning home from the latter place across the island. This plan we were prevented from carrying wholly into effect, although the compulsory variation proved as agreeable as the original design. An unceremonious steamboat-bell hurried us from breakfast, which we had scarcely tasted; and in rather an unsatisfactory humour we proceeded on board. The captain, with a little coaxing, agreed to land us at Corrie, a hamlet about four miles north of Brodick; and as we were rowed ashore, we made the acquaintance of a most intelligent man, the lessee of the limestone quarry in the immediate neighbourhood. This quarry consists of beds of lime and shale alternately: it abounds in fossils; and an inspection of it with an intelligent guide cannot fail to prove instructive to the young geologist. We were obligingly presented with some specimens of the fossils—we believe the *Producta Scotica*. After leaving Corrie, we found the walk along the shore extremely beautiful: on the one hand there was a range of picturesque cliffs, richly wooded, and at one time evidently washed by the sea; and on the other several immense granite boulders, which at some remote period must have been detached from the hills above. At Sannox, about a mile beyond Corrie, we diverged into the celebrated glen, where, instead of the beauty and softness of Glen Rosa, we gazed on terrible mountains and precipices, and felt the littleness of man in the presence of these stupendous works of Deity. Glen Sannox is a ravine of considerable magnitude, rendered still more so in appearance by the clouds that usually rest on the mountain ridges at its further extremity. The darkness, almost blackness, of its prevailing hue—its great depth, and the uncertainty of its outline, lost in perpetual mists and shadows—impress a character of mysterious grandeur upon the picture, such as is rarely met with even in the wildest scenery

of the north. Here the cry of the eagle is not unfrequently heard in a domain which seems peculiarly his own; and a glimpse of the red-deer is still sometimes caught, as he looks down the glen from its Alpine barriers, and snuffing for a moment the breath of approaching civilisation, turns away in terror, and plunges into the wilds beyond.

Sulphate of barytes is found in Glen Sannox, and is at present wrought, a mill being erected near the pit for the manufacture. The manager, whose dwelling-house is also here, obligingly explained to us the process, and showed us some magnificent specimens of the mineral, which is white in colour, and very heavy, and is extensively used in the composition of paint. But this is a dreary place to live in; the gusts which sometimes sweep down the glen are terrific, and the soil hardly acknowledges the labour of man. Glen Sannox, however, in imitation of the civilised world, has its railway, serving as a 'grand junction line' between the pit and the mill.

Leaving the glen, we crossed the Sannox Water, having a long journey before us. There is no shore-road from hence to Loch Ranza, the highway taking a much shorter cut across the country; and we were given to understand that our proposed route, though not absolutely perilous, was at least full of difficulty, and seldom ventured on by strangers. The idea, however, of doing what casual visitants to Arran rarely do, as well as of seeing several objects of interest, determined us to persevere in threading our way through the intricacies of a confused and rocky shore. We were not long in discovering what our valued guide had taught us to look for—the 'anticlinal axis': a term of formidable sound, but meaning simply the point where the strata, which had been dipping in a southerly direction, but continually decreasing the angle, become horizontal. This horizontal position the strata maintain for some little distance along the coast, till at length they begin gradually to dip towards the north. The Old Red Sandstone—a formation greatly indebted for its notoriety to Mr Hugh Miller—here runs along the coast, swelling gradually into considerable hills. We found the shore free from stones of any magnitude, and easily traversed, though a very different scene awaited us as we presently came in sight of what are commonly called 'the Fallen Rocks.' Here prodigious fragments of rock, in all imaginable positions, cover the whole shore, and form a sort of barrier to nearly the summit of the hill. An immense overhanging portion of the hill appears at some unknown period to have given way, and to have been precipitated in these huge masses on the shore. The effect is impressive; and it seems singular that, of the many strangers who visit Glen Sannox, only a very few have seen the Fallen Rocks, not more than two miles distant.

Our familiar friend, the Old Red Sandstone, now deserted us, and we had more difficulty in deciphering the succeeding formations. The geologist, however, detects the beds of the carboniferous series, intermingled with numerous trap dikes. Rain now began to fall heavily, and we felt the less disposition to loiter by the way, as we expected soon to reach the veins of the salt-pans and the old coal-pits. We at length found several of the latter, filled with water; but we had no opportunity of examining the seams of coal which were at one time wrought (but very unprofitably) in connection with the salt-pans in the immediate vicinity. The shore is here considerably elevated, and the ruins stand on a grassy plot, the more inviting after the rugged road we had just been traversing. These ruins, without either antiquity, or architectural beauty, or associations of any kind to boast of, are nevertheless felt to be interesting. They remind us that a spot where the genius of solitude now seems to have taken up his abode, was once the scene of busy industry, and resounded no doubt with the sounds of joy and love. On reaching a quarry about a mile farther north, we found a temporary shed erected to serve as dwellings for the men; the stone they were

quarrying was the New Red Sandstone, and the blocks were lying ready for shipment. The appearance of two travellers in this solitary place was probably so unusual, that one of the men, addressing us, expressed very civilly his concern that we had not known that there was a good road to Loch Ranza across the country, 'by taking which we should have avoided all the difficulties of the shore.' We could hardly persuade him that, with the knowledge of both routes, we had given the shore a preference. We speedily reached what is called the Cock of Arran, a large rock on the shore, and which is seen at a considerable distance at sea. Passing it, we began to encounter the roughest part of our journey. We had reached the Scriden, a repetition of the Fallen Rocks, but on a far more extensive scale. The entire side of the hill seems to have been broken up, and certainly the masses of rock, which strew the whole shore and the slope of the hill, form a scene of most admired confusion. We were told that, except at low-water, we could not pass the Scriden unless by partly ascending the hill. By the aid of a little ingenuity, however, and some friendly sheep-tracks, we managed to thread our way through the mazes of rock, till we emerged again on the open shore. The evening was now drawing on, and being both tired and hungry, we made the best of our way to our journey's end. At about two miles beyond the Scriden we began to round Newton Point, and to our great satisfaction came at length in sight of the sweet and quiet Loch Ranza. It seems probable, in respect of Loch Ranza, as well as of Brodick Bay, that the sea at some remote period penetrated to the base of the mountains. It is now displaced to a great extent by alluvial soil, the process of whose formation does not yet seem complete. A stream from the mountains pursues a serpentine course through the vale, which is terminated by an old castle standing on the beach, and overlooking the calm waters of the loch. Besides the inn, there is a church, in which, however, service is but seldom performed; and a few cottages, the wants of whose inhabitants are probably bounded by their native hills. The hill forming the background of Loch Ranza is famous among geologists as affording an example of the junction of granite and glate.

Immediately after our arrival, the rain began to descend in torrents; and we were kept prisoners in the inn for the greater part of the following day, and were at last obliged to forego our intention of proceeding down the west coast. We therefore returned to Brodick by the high road, remarking, in passing, some magnificent specimens of conglomerate before reaching North Sannox.

Next day, the weather having cleared up, we proceeded to Lamlash, determined to make up for our disappointment; and taking there the high road leading in a westerly direction, we walked to Burrican Farm, nearly six miles distant; and thence striking direct across the open country, we steered for Blackwater Foot, on the south-west of the island. Having arrived without adventure, we set off for Drummedoon Point, a promontory about a mile north of the Blackwater. Drummedoon is of basaltic formation, the rocks imperfectly columnar, and presenting from the sea a picturesque appearance; although, from our position being immediately under the cliffs, the effect was no doubt lessened. Proceeding northward along the shore, we soon reached the celebrated caves, the largest of which, called King's Cove, has a legendary history reaching back to the time of Fingal, of whom, it seems, there are still sculptured traces on the walls. In later times, the cave is said to have occasionally sheltered Robert Bruce. We had no sooner entered it than a thunder-storm began to rage; and during the elemental conflict we remained, in this abode of the heroes of the past. The caves in the neighbourhood were no doubt formed by the action of the sea on the sandstone during long ages; but the tide does not now reach them. The pitchstone veins are a few hundred yards

north of King's Cove. The stone is dark-green, and easily fractured; and the veins seem to rise from the sea, and to lose themselves in the neighbouring cliffs. A vein of pitchstone, more acceptable to the generality of tourists, may be seen crossing the old road between Lamlash and Brodick, not very far from its junction with the new. Having satisfied our curiosity, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense Arran mist, which means fog and thick drizzling rain combined. We now mounted King's Hill, and struck direct across the country for Shedog, whence we found our way back to Brodick.

This is no doubt a meagre account of what was in reality a very interesting tour; but it at least catalogues the chief points of interest presented by the island, and may be the means of directing to the scene some better-qualified pilgrims of nature. The peculiarity of the island, as we have hinted, is, that it combines within a comparatively trifling circle, and in an easily-accessible quarter, an example of each of the natural features, from the grandest to the loveliest, for which the scenery of Scotland is famous. Besides this, it presents, in a striking and intelligible form, an epitome of the physical history of the globe, and is thus an admirable practical school for the student of geology.

THE DEAD.

'Soll the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that time had given'

FORGET not the dead who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life and the low-whispered prayer?
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no remembrances there.
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us:
Forget not the dead—oh, forget not the dead!

Boston, U. S. A.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE BANKER'S PARLOUR.

In the morning the banker looks into his 'cash-book,' and observes the amount with which he 'locked up' the preceding night. He then looks at the 'diary,' which contains his receipts and payments for that day as far as he is then advised. He then opens the letters, and notices the remittances they contain, and the payments he is instructed to make. He will learn from these items whether he 'wants money,' or has 'money to spare.' If he wants money, he will 'take in' any loans that may be falling due that day; or he may 'call in' any loans he may have out on demand; or he may go farther, and borrow money for a few days on stock or exchequer bills. Should he have money to spare, he will, peradventure, discount brokers' bills, or lodge money on demand with the bill-brokers, or lend it for fixed periods on stock or exchequer bills. There are some bill-brokers who usually make their rounds every morning, first calling on the parties who supply them with bills, and then calling on the bankers who supply them with money. The stock-brokers, too, will call after 'the market is open,' to inform the banker how 'things are going' on the Stock Exchange, what operations are taking place, and whether money is abundant or scarce 'in the house,' also what rumours are afloat that are likely to affect the price of funds. It is thus that a banker regulates his investments, and finds employment for his surplus funds.—*Gilbert's Treatise on Banking.*

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EXPERIENCE.

LIFE is often described as an uncertain and weary pilgrimage—a dim, bewildering road, whereon a man wanders more or less under the guidance of chance, meeting occasionally with adventures. The similitude is in many respects appropriate. At our entrance into life, its purposes, contingencies, and ulterior results are imperfectly discerned and apprehended, even as the material and social aspects of a country as yet unvisited are but vaguely and inadequately prefigured in the consciousness by such descriptions and reports as we may have read, or gathered in conversation from previous adventurers. The existing experience of mankind is of comparatively small advantage to any one who is as yet without experience of his own, inasmuch as its uses are unintelligible till the want of it has been demonstrated, and, under one or another shape, personally felt, and perceived to be desirable. Thus it is that so few young persons benefit by the advices of their seniors, even when those are really sound, and practically available. Life, indeed, is a new experiment to every one who is born into the world. No man can become the fac-simile of his father or his schoolmaster. The problem of his existence, as we have elsewhere asserted, is to a very considerable extent *original*; every man is a new variation of the nature which he individually personifies.

This fact appears to be demonstrated by the inveterate propensity of each to deviate more or less from the forms and methods of procedure which he finds established. Well contemplated, perhaps this very tendency might disclose itself as the predetermining impulse of human progress. Prone as men are to imitation, no one ever proposes to reduce himself to an exact copy of any of his predecessors or contemporaries. A close examination of his tendencies might enable us to perceive that, even in imitating, he is disposed to introduce novelties of his own, and inclines always to reproduce his model in a modified and unexampled shape. The son who succeeds, or enters into co-operation with, his father in any kind of enterprise, rarely or never is contented to abide strictly by the rules and formalities of practice which the father instituted, and found to be in all respects satisfactory and effectual; accidentally, or by deliberate intent, he strikes out modes of doing business which the other nowise contemplated. To the senior it will most likely appear that the junior is apt to go too fast, or to run insecurely in questionable directions; while, in the opinion of the junior, the senior is a lumbering 'slow coach,' which nullifies and overbalances, through tardiness and joltings, whatever advantages of safety and sure transit it may gain by means of circumspection and precaution. In like manner, in all departments, the apparent in-

compatibility of the old with the new—the untried and experimental with the steadfastly-established—is a well-known and readily-comprehended circumstance; a circumstance, indeed, which is sometimes lamentable in results, but which, nevertheless, we conceive to be naturally explained by the notion of progressive originality previously indicated.

One of the consequences of this ever-prevailing tendency is, as we have hinted, the signal insufficiency of other people's experience to further us with much effect in our personal course of life. What avails it that venerable and far-experienced persons continually affirm, with greatest emphasis, that what is called the 'world,' for instance, is altogether treacherous and unstable, and not to be depended on?—the multitude of dupes and disappointed men and women is not a whit diminished. The little boy who remonstrated with his mother because she refused to allow him to go to the play, under pretence that she herself had 'seen the folly of it,' spoke precisely the universal sentiment, and unquenchable propensity of mankind, when he replied that he, too, desired, more than anything, 'to see the folly of it.' The young man listens gravely to old men's counsels, but nevertheless profits little by them when he comes into actual contact with the difficulties or temptations against which he had been forewarned, because of his inability, in the first instance, to conceive himself in the circumstances predicated, and further, because of a latent, dimly-felt conviction of the inapplicability of the sage advices to his own concerns. As the daylight is of no avail in seeing till the eye has become accustomed to it, so neither does it appear that other men's experiences can be turned to much account before we have attained to some experience of our own. Hence, in spite of the testimony of countless persons of accredited practical knowledge touching the vanity of certain kinds of pleasure—the folly of ambition, the infelicities of lofty station, and the like—there are never wanting inexperienced people who pursue these things with as much avidity as though they had been utterly untried, confidently expecting to realise, by means of them, the highest gratifications. The number of recorded failures never daunts the new aspirant. He advances full of hope, and with the utmost assurances of success, counting little of all obstructions which are reported to beset the path of his endeavours, and addressing himself complacently to the accomplishment of the impossible. It seems necessary that he should learn 'the folly of it' for himself, before he can be dissuaded from its further prosecution. How many of the best years of human life are wasted in merely ascertaining how we really ought to live! Nay, there are many who never become acquainted with even this, persons on whom experience is entirely thrown away.

Overlooking these, and restricting the consideration

to such as really draw advantage from their own experiences, it may yet be well to ask, Whence comes it that so little of the experience of the forefathers descends upon the children? How is it that, in the words of poet Tennyson—

'Others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
But most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches?'

The present writer will not undertake to say definitively how it is, but, as a rude suggestion, submits that it may possibly lie here: All men being, as we say, original, a new course is inevitable to every man who is to succeed in adequately unfolding his true character. He cannot be an incarnate imitation, and therefore is continually impelled to experiment on his own account, and to try whatever possibilities may lie within himself, and thus, through action, speculation, and manifold successive modes of personal development, produce finally that realisation of humanity which exists already as an idea in his specific attributes. Thus it is that the best exemplars can really aid him little, and are of next to no avail, except in as far as they may guide him towards a more perfect understanding of his own personality, and by showing him what things have been hitherto achieved, and what are actually unattainable, lead him thereby to a clearer apprehension of what is possible to human nature. Any attempt to transfer the exact experience of another to his own consciousness must prove utterly abortive, and even if it were successful, would be to the prejudice of his individual integrity. He must in all cases take himself, as people entering into wedlock agree to take each other, 'for better for worse,' exactly as he is, and nowise hope to change his nature, otherwise than as he may be enabled to improve it by diligent and wholesome culture. So only can he attain to the dignity and blessedness of a right activity; so only successfully fulfil the special purpose for which he was called into existence.

Now the tendency we are here considering appears to foreshadow, for most part in deep unconsciousness, some fundamental necessity for relying upon the faculties and capabilities of the personal nature. A man's inherent disposition to slight the hard-bought experiences and conclusions of his predecessors, alike in action and in speculation, and to advance with headlong impetuosity to try whether he cannot really extract, out of a similar set of circumstances or contemplations, results somewhat more satisfactory and significant—such a disposition seems to indicate a certain natural requirement which cannot otherwise be answered. It cannot spring out of any obstinate inclination to close his eyes or his reason to the truth; for we find that, in some men at least, there is a readiness to profit by what is true, whenever it is sufficiently demonstrated by an actual experience of their own. It must belong to a deeper law—some inward requisition, some tyrannous demand of the constitution—for such a cultivation as is promoted by the act of acquiring experience. Not otherwise, surely, would men incessantly distrust the realised endeavours of their fellow-men; not otherwise would they tend continually to reproduce the very follies and shortcomings which others have already found to be inevitable, from such and such particular courses and experiments of conduct. It may be said, indeed, that the authenticated experiences of men are not theoretically distrusted by the generality, however much their practices may seem to overlook them: men will often recognise the perfect truth of the demonstration, and yet

shape their actions in total disregard of the principles whose validity they acknowledge. This, unhappily, cannot be disputed: but admitting this, we have yet to ascertain why any man should manifest an innate disinclination to accept the just conclusions which others have discovered, instead of straightway employing them to the advantage of his own affairs. Why should he not receive the conclusions which have been established as a foundation for himself, and build higher thereupon? Why must each man painfully construct, on a foundation of his own, some new fabric out of the old materials? It lies, doubtless, in the necessity which there is in every man for building. *All his serviceable knowledge is derived through his own activity*; his very failures and his follies are an apprenticeship to truth; he learns by them what no precepts could so effectually teach him—the generic unprofitableness and destructive tendencies of vice, the beauty and the majesty of virtue. But is there not, it may be asked, a danger of prolonging the apprenticeship? Undoubtedly there is; and yet it is commonly admitted that experience is, upon the whole, the most successful teacher, though apt to take considerable, and often enormous fees. Men, under most circumstances, do really learn something by experience, if by nothing else; or, if they fail to do so, they are not likely to acquire anything to greatly profit them under any other teaching. Anyway, it is incontestable that a certain culture of the character is derived through the process of acquiring experience. The effort 'to prove all things,' which a wise man enforced as a bounden and indispensable duty, does unquestionably enhance the vigour of the faculties, and qualifies them for the readier and more certain apprehension of the truth. The implicit admission of other men's conclusions tends, on the contrary, to foster a passive imbecility, and to detract from the proper growth and free expansion of our own essential powers. Every man is born to gather fruits for his own behoof from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and by the new discernment thus obtained, shape out the possibilities of his life. Neither by action nor by thought can any one supersede the need of thought or action in another. All the treasury of renowned experiences is insufficient to equip the unpractised character with the wisdom and requisite ability for the right accomplishment of his destiny here in time. By action and passion, by conquest and defeat, through the range of sufferance and endeavour, he must advance in his own strength—valiantly achieve the indispensable dominion over his own weaknesses and lusts, and rule the empire of his inclinations in the supremacy of his own might. The possessions or attainments of another, in whatsoever way appropriated, can nowise yield him such rich results as spontaneously accrue from an independent acquisition of his own. In this sense, more especially than any, a man must be the daring architect of his own fortunes. His own experience, whatsoever he has learnt, or is in the way of learning, as the outcome of his failures and successes, is the main thing which he has really to rely upon for the day that is passing over him, or for any day thereafter.

Of what advantage, then, are the accumulated experiences of the foregone generations, the heroic doings and endurances of faithful men, who have fallen dead in the conflict with evil and calamity? The advantage remains first of all with them; but also in a secondary, and still considerable degree, with us, and all survivors and successors. But the benefit is not derivable in the

way of immediate imitation; not in regarding past achievements as actions which, being once accomplished, can be made to serve ourselves, without the need of further action. The new generation must also learn its possibilities. The man of to-day has a character of his own to represent, institutions and modes of living to devise, suitable to the altered circumstances of the world, just as the geological transformations are accompanied by successive and original developments of sensitive existence. The past is a noble and beneficent possession; in it are planted deeply the roots of the perennial tree of human life: the flowering and fruitful manifestations of the hour as they appear in social forms, or the shape of manly culture, are all substantially sprung from the accumulated vigour of the past, each season or particular era yielding its contribution of new and expansive influences. The present is united indissolubly with all the days that went before. The net result of other men's activity is never really lost. But let us understand in what way it can truly serve us. Very evidently the instinct of humanity inclines to try over again every problem of existence; each inexperienced novice, in the face of the multiplied experience of fore-runners, venturing on the very courses which have been seen to lead to naught; gathering thereby, nevertheless, the fixed assurance of the fact, and after manifold disasters and perplexities, finding at length, in some few instances at least, a true and effectual path whereon to walk, and attain to a measure of well-being. What is the rightful inference for man and for society? Is it not that each must attain to an independent and appropriate experience?—that every man must learn his limits, every society its peculiar needs? There is no progress, individually or socially, until the progressive agent has attained to some adequate comprehension of what is befitting to his nature. He can learn only by trial, by the visible success of the right action, by visible failure of the wrong, through progressive elevation and degradation, throughout the entire circuit of his capabilities. All things conspire to prosper the right action: all things are in conspiracy to frustrate and overturn the wrong. Wait only the result, and the true endeavour will appear uppermost, 'shaped to some perfect end.' It is needless to regret the loss of years which we have spent in working folly; if they are gone, we can never again reconquer them from the reluctant grasp of Time. The folly was possibly indispensable to the growth of after-wisdom. Man, as we said, learns little save by action or by suffering. In the light of a hard personal experience many a thing will gradually appear clear. We have surveyed the land, sustained vexations and weariness enough in the vain pastime of exploring it in quest of pleasant places; let us here begin to work. Having gained a little experience of our own, we are now perhaps in a condition to avail ourselves, to some extent, of the experiences of others, which we could not formerly appreciate. Out of that so disregarded store of wise conclusions we may now, being once aware, of their undoubted genuineness, draw here and there a matter for one's own occasions. We had to test by experiment whether they were genuine or not, before we could become acquainted with their worth. Doubtless we lost abundant time in doing so, but we have thereby at least acquired an experter faculty for using them. Having attained to a more intimate conception of the precise conditions under which we were pre-ordained to live, and to a sounder estimate of the capabilities that are in us, we may at length succeed in working out some satisfactory sort of life. Thus man, after a round of error, comes homeward to the truth. Undoubtedly he may lose himself in the confusions of the journey, but there is at least a way by which he can return. Society, too, has its 'wild oats' to sow—its vain philosophies and profitless economies, of which also it will do well to take good heed, lest they grow to

mere thistles and offensive jungle. The opening days and years of every successive era is a kind of social youthtime, wherein society more or less repeats the follies which are incident to all incipient developments; but here also, after a sufficiency of harsh experiences, there comes a better understanding of the wants and possibilities of the time; and the admirable teachings of preceding ages are then to some extent accepted, and the new phoenix-born society springs visibly into being. Perilous, not the less, is the process of renovation, wherein the new reality has to take its shape out of ashes and decay. It may even chance, as more than once has happened, that in that wondrous world-regeneration through the agony of change, instead of new resplendent life, there may be absolute destruction. It all depends upon the uses which we make of our experience. The life or death of the very soul—whether of a man or of society—is entirely contingent upon the manner in which it profits, or fails to profit, by experience.

FIRST QUARRELS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I AM one of the many from whom Heaven has seen fit to take away the individual interests of life, that, perchance they might become universal. Sometimes I could almost liken myself to a mirror, which receives on its silent, solitary breast the fleeting images that pass it by, and so takes them, for the time being, as companions to its own void heart, while it makes of them life-pictures to be reflected abroad. These passing interests I create for myself continually. They seem, too, to meet me voluntarily on every side, not merely in society, but in chance encounters along the waysides of life. I rarely journey five miles from my home without discovering, or, if you will, *manufacturing*, some pleasant and useful passage in human life, which makes me feel one with my fellow-creatures, as though the world stretched out lovingly its hand to the solitary one, and called her 'Sister!'

The other day I took my way homeward. Reader, I may as well tell the truth, that I am a little, old maid, living in London, and *working* hard that I may live at all; also that, in order to add a small mite to my slender modicum of health, I had abided for a brief space at that paradise of Cockneys—Southend. A very respectable paradise it is too, with its lovely green lanes extending close to the shore of what is all but the sea; its pleasant cliffs feathered with rich underwood, which the tide almost kisses at high-water; making the whole neighbourhood as pretty a compound of seaside and rural scenery as the lovers of both would wish. When my 'fairie barque' (the London steamboat Dryad, please, reader) wafted me from thence, I felt a slight pain at my heart. One suffers many such on quitting earth's pleasant nooks. 'I ought to have got used to "good-by" by this time,' thought I to myself, half patiently, half sadly, and began to divert my attention by noticing the various groups on deck. I always do so on principle, and it is hard if I do not find some 'bit' of human nature to study, or some form of outward beauty in man, woman, or child to fall in love with. Travelling alone (as I ever do travel—what should I fear, with my quiet face and my forty years!), I had plenty of opportunity to look around, and soon my eye fell on two persons, meet subjects to awaken interest.

They were a young couple who sat opposite to me—so close, that I could hear every word above a whisper. But whispering with them seemed pleasantest, at least for a long time. I should have taken them for lovers, save for a certain air of cheerful unreserve which lovers never have, and an occasional undisguised 'my dear' falling from both their lips. At last, keeping a watch over the girl's left hand, I saw it ungloved, and thereon the wedding-ring! It rested with a sort of new importance, as though the hand were unused to its weight. Unconsciously she played and fidgeted with its shining circlet, and then recollected herself with a smile and blush. It was quite clear my new pets were a bridegroom and bride.

Here, then, was a page in human life open before me: I tried to read it line by line, romancing where I could not read. Full opportunity I had, for they took no notice of me: they saw nothing in the world but their own two selves. Happy blindness! I believe much in physiognomy, so I amused myself with deciphering theirs. The girl's face was strikingly pretty. There was the high brow, showing little talent, but much sense; the candid, loving, and yet half-wicked dark eyes; the straight nose, and short curled upper lip; but there the face changed, as faces sometimes do, from beauty into positive ugliness. The lower lip was full—pouting—showing that it could look both sulky and sensual; and the chin retreated—in fact, positively ‘ran away!’ I said to myself, ‘If the under half of the character matches the under half of the face, the young husband there will find a few more difficulties with the wife he has married than with the “lassie” he wooed.’ So I turned to his countenance, and speculated thereon. It was decidedly handsome—Greek in its outline; in expression so sweet, as to be almost feeble: at least so I thought at first when he was smiling, as he ever did when he looked at her. But in a few minutes of silence I saw the mouth settle into firm horizontal lines, indicating that with its gentleness was united that resolute will and clear decision without which no man can be the worthy head of a household—respected, loved, and obeyed. For in all households one must rule; and we be to that family wherein its proper head is either a potty tyrant, or, through his own weakness, a dethroned and contemned slave!

Therefore, when I noticed the pretty, wilful ways, and sometimes half-silly remarks of the bride, I felt that this young, thoughtless creature might yet have cause to thank Heaven that she had married a man who knew to rule as well as to cherish her.

Until now, I had not speculated on their station or calling: it was enough for me that they belonged to the wide family of humanity. But as my musings wandered idly on into their future life, I took this also into consideration. Both had a certain grace and ease in mien and speech, though, through the wife's tones, I distinguished the vague drawl which infects most classes of Londoners. But the husband looked and spoke like a gentleman. I felt sure he was such, even though he might stand behind a counter. A third individual broke their tête-à-tête—a middle-aged Cockney, *père de famille*,—evidently some beach acquaintance made at Southend. His chance question produced an answer to my inward wondering.

‘Oh,’ said the bride, ‘we could only stay at Southend a few days, because of my’—She paused a moment, and then changed the word *husband* into ‘Mr Goodriche. He cannot be longer away from business.’

The young bridegroom, then, was ‘in business’—one of those worthy, labouring bees who furnish the community with honey. I thought how hard he must have toiled by counter or in shop to have gained so early in life a home and a wife. I respected him accordingly.

My ‘interesting couple’ began a lively chat with their new companion: at least the wife did. She put forth all her smiles, all that battery of fascination with which she had probably before her marriage won her spurs on the field of conquest, and been dubbed ‘a most shocking flirt.’ And in the shadow that gathered over the quiet husband's face, I saw the reflection of that thick must often have bitterly troubled the peace of the still more retiring lover. True, the girl was doing nothing wrong—her new friend was old enough to have been her father, so no jealousy could be aroused; but still she was taking her attention and conversation from her husband to give it to a perfect stranger. She would not have done so had he been only her lover still. Alas! that women should take so much pains to win love, and so little to keep it!

Each minute the young husband spoke less, and his countenance grew darker. She only laughed, and chattered the more. Foolish—foolish one! There came on a heavy shower, and there was a rush below. ‘Come with us to the further end; I will find a place for you,’ kindly said the blithe young wife, turning back to the

little old maid. I thanked her, but declined. For the world, I would not have prevented the chance that, in the solitude of a crowd, some word or look might pass between husband and wife to take away his gloom. Yet when I left the cabin, I saw her sitting—bounnetless, and laughing with a childish gaiety—between her silent, grave husband and the disagreeable old man.

I went to my quiet place at the stern of the boat, and turned away so that I could see only the turbid river and the dull gray sky. It was as complete solitude as though I had been on Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific. I pondered over life and its mysteries, as one does who is used to loneliness—who is accustomed to dwell, as it were, on a mountain top, seeing the world and its inhabitants move below like puppets in a show. And herein does fate half atone for ties riven, and ties never formed—that in such a life one learns to forget self; and all individual joys and griefs, loves and hatreds, are swallowed up in universal sympathies.

I pondered much on the two young creatures I had left below; and, woman-like, I thought chiefly of the woman. She seemed to me like a child toying with a precious jewel, little knowing what a fearful thing it is to throw away love, or to play lightly, mockingly, with those feelings on which must rest the joy or woe of two human souls for a lifetime. And passing from this individual case, I thought solemnly, almost painfully, of the strange mysteries of human life, which seem often to bestow the priceless boon of love where it is unvalued and cast away. Unconsciously I repeated the well-known words, ‘To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.’ But my soul answered meekly, ‘Only on earth, and life is not long—not long!’

And turning once more to the group of my fellow-voyagers, I saw the two in whom I took such an interest. They were standing together a little apart, leaning on the vessel's side. He was talking to her, not angrily, but gravely—earnestly. In the expression of his face I scarce recognised the man who had borne smilingly all her idle jests, sportive contradictions, and caprices an hour ago. She tried them again for a few minutes: but in vain. Then she hung her head, and pouted. Soon quick, wilful answers came. I heard them not; but I was sure of the fact from her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as she disengaged her arm from his. Man's patience is never eternal, not even in the honeymoon; he spoke to her firmly, while his face darkened into positive anger, and then there was a sullen silence between them.

The time passed, and still they remained in the same position together; but oh what a sea of sullen anger was between them! Neither saw the other's face; but I saw both. He stood gazing up into the leaden clouds, his mouth firmly set, and yet twitching every now and then with suppressed feeling. Was it, perchance, the bitter disappointment, almost agony, of the man who has with pain and toil built for himself a household hearth, and finds it trodden into ruins by the very idol whom he hoped to place there for ever? A foolish girl! wishing to try your power, and keep the honoured husband a tyrannised lover still. Do you think what it is you do? When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees you as you are!

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness. But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river. There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he sud-

denly drew her away, though formally, and without any sign of wishing for reconciliation. But this one slight act showed the thoughtfulness, the love—oh, if she had only answered it by one kind look, one word of atonement! But no; there she stood—immovable. Neither would yield. I would have given the world could I have whispered in the wife's ear, 'For the love of Heaven—for the love of him—for the peace of your whole life, be the first to say, forgive me! Right or wrong, never mind. Whichever have erred, it is your place—as weakest and most-loving—to yield first. Oh, did you but know the joy, the blessedness of creeping close to your husband's wounded, perchance angry heart, and saying—'Take me in there again; let us not be divided more! And he would take you, ay, at once; and love you the more for the forbearance which never even asked of his pride the concession that he was also wrong!'

Perhaps this long speech was partly written in his eyes; for when, by chance, they met the young wife's, she turned away, colouring crimson: and at that moment up came the enemy once more, in the shape of the intrusive elderly gentleman; but the husband's lecture, whatever it was, had its effect in the girl's demeanour. She drew back with a quiet womanly reserve, strongly contrasted with her former coquettish forwardness, and left 'Mr Good-riche' in possession of the field. And I liked the husband ten times better for the gentlemanly dignity with which he shook off all trace of ill-humour, and conversed with the intruder. The boyish lover seemed changed into the firm, self-dependent man. And when the wife timidly crept up, and put her arm through his, he turned round and smiled upon her. Oh how gladly, yet how shyly, she answered the slight token of peace! And I said to myself, 'That man will have a just, and firm, yet tender sway; he will make a first-rate head of a family!'

I saw little more of them until near the journey's end. They were then sitting in the half-empty cabin alone together; for to my delight, and perhaps theirs, the obnoxious individual of middle age had landed at Black-wall. Very quiet they seemed: all the exuberant happiness which at first had found vent in almost childish frolic was passed away. The girl no longer laughed and jested with her young husband; but she drew close to his side, her head bending toward his shoulder, as though, but for the presence of a stranger, it would fain droop there, heavy with its weight of penitence and love. Yet as I watched the restless look in her eyes, and the faint shadow that still lingered on the young man's face, I thought how much had been perilled, and how happy—ay, ten times happier—would both have felt had the first quarrel never been!

In the confusion of departure I lost my young friends, as I thought, for ever; but on penetrating the mysterious depths of an omnibus, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me—'So you are again our fellow-passenger to—?'

But I will not say where, lest the young couple should 'speer' for me, and demand why I dared to 'put them in print.' And yet they would scarce be wroth did they know the many chords they touched, and the warm interests they awakened in a poor withered heart which has so few.

It was the dreariest of wet nights in London—Heaven knows how dreary that is!—but they did not seem to feel it at all. They were quite happy—quite gay. I wondered whether for them was prepared the deepest bliss of earth—the first 'coming home;' and I felt almost sure of it when the husband called out to the conductor, 'Set us down at —;' naming a quiet, unobtrusive, new-built square. He said it with the half-conscious importance of one who gives a new address, thinking the world must notice what is of so much interest to himself; and then the young people looked at one another, and smiled.

I said to the wife—drawing the bow at a venture—'What a miserable night!—Is it not pleasant coming home?'

She looked first at her husband, and then turned to me, her whole face beaming and glowing with happiness, 'Oh, it is—it is!'

They bade me good-night, and disappeared. I leant back in my dark corner, my heart very full: it had just strength to give them a silent blessing, and no more. I remembered only that I had been young once, and that I was now an old maid of forty years.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICATORS.

BIRDS.

In most countries the procedures of birds and other animals have been frequently considered as indicative of changes of weather, or of the character of coming seasons; and a learned German naturalist, Professor Brehm, has recently communicated to Oken's 'Isis' an interesting paper upon the subject. He directs attention chiefly to the actions of birds—these animals, both from their delicate organisation and migratory habits, seeming especially susceptible to changes of weather and of season.

When inclement weather is impending, many birds, such as crows, chaffinches, yellow hammers, &c. &c. collect in large or small flocks, and deport themselves contrary to their wont. The crows are perched with drooping wings and dull aspect, seeming to have lost all their habitual vivacity. The smaller birds are, however, extremely restless, flying here and there, remaining nowhere long, and becoming unusually shy, so that even those of them that are not generally very circumspect in their procedures are now shot with difficulty. The German bird-catchers at these times close their nets in despair, declaring that they can do no good, as 'the weather has got into the birds' heads.' The sea-birds, on the approach of storms, seek the coasts, especially holes in the cliffs, and sometimes even fall on the decks of vessels.

It is also just before a storm that the song-birds send forth their loudest and most beautiful strains, the entire bird-world exhibiting a state of unusual excitement, as if bent upon expressing the intensity of its enjoyment of the existing weather prior to the coming change. Several birds, too, utter peculiar cries on the approach of rain; and the common cock crows away more vigorously than ever, especially in the night. It is generally said that the hens with cock's plumage (that is, hens who have ceased to lay eggs have feathers resembling the males, and can crow like them) only crow when fine weather is about to change. Certain birds, too, indicate an approaching thaw in winter. The crows, jackdaws, and magpies become calmer, and all the crow-tribes look plumed and pleased. The juniper-thrushes and blackbirds lose much of their shyness, and are hence much more easily taken.

In assisting to predict the nature of the coming season, the exact observation of the breeding-time of birds is very instrumental. If pairing takes place very early, we may with certainty predict a fine and early spring. Several birds, as the starlings, may breed twice in the same year. When this occurs early in April, we may expect a fine May; for the numerous insects necessary for the nourishment of the young are not met with in a cold and rainy May: in this case the eggs are not laid until the end of April or beginning of May, so that the bringing up of the young takes place in June, when nourishment will hardly be wanting. In this last case there is but one breeding. Sometimes the pairing of domestic birds takes place remarkably early. Thus Dr Brehm observed it in respect to pigeons and ducks in 1848 as early as January, and even saw young pigeons in that month. He immediately concluded a very mild winter would result, which proved to be the case. Again, the late breeding of birds announces a mild autumn. The house-swallow has been observed breeding during harvest-time, and the quail at the beginning of September; but so warm was the season on these occasions, that the young were not only sufficiently nourished, but strong enough to accompany the parents in their migratory flight. The same has been observed in some wild species of pigeon, as the *Columba*

palumbus and *Cenas*, the latter having been found breeding in September in a very warm year. On many occasions partridges have been found breeding in August, so that their young were very small in September; but the weather on such occasions has always proved so fine, that they were easily-bred, while during the very inclement June and July of 1845 thousands perished. The spring of the year 1846 is well worthy of attention. Hares and rabbits bore young remarkably early. The first *Motacilla alba* was seen as early as the 16th February, and redstarts on the 2d March; nay, the white storks and starlings wintered even in the northern parts of Germany. They were seen both at Wittenberg and at Wolkenberg. The crows, magpies, and partridges were observed pairing in January; and seeing the beautiful weather, every one expected a very early breeding season. This did not occur, however; for in the middle of April many crows, magpies, jackdaws, and other early nest-building birds, had either laid no eggs at all, or very few of them. They had, therefore, a presentiment of the bitter cold April which was to ensue, and showed how much more securely they had been directed by this than many of the inhabitants of the localities, who, having commenced the culture of their gardens and fields during the warm winter and early spring, sustained great damage by the subsequent cold.

But not only is it important to note the time of breeding, but the places wherein the eggs are deposited. Many of the waterfowl are so limited in their choice of situation, that they can make but little change; and the consequence is, that on the occurrence of great inundations, as that of June 1845, thousands of their eggs are destroyed. Other birds, however, have more choice in the selection of their nesting-places, and are guided much by their presentiments of the weather. Among these, in the author's vicinity at Renthendorf, he has observed the kingfisher and the plover. The first of these birds, in the spring-time, when the coming rains would render the deeper brooks too turbid for it to discern and catch the little fish for its young, frequents the clearer ponds much nearer the source. This was especially the case in 1816, 1817, and 1835, in which years large quantities of rain fell in May and June. As respects the plovers, they usually do not form their nests in the vicinity of Renthendorf, this lying too high and dry for their purposes. In April 1843, however, several pair fixed their residence on a farm situated on a hill; and the spring and summer of that year proved extremely wet. Again, in April 1845, the author was apprised that the same occurrence had taken place, and he at once prophesied a wet season; and so abundant did the floods prove, that, had the plovers' eggs been deposited in their usual places, they must all have been destroyed. The hilly places they had chosen proved, in such a season, sufficiently moist for their purposes. Similar conclusions may be drawn from the procedures of the landrails (*Orex pratensis*). If these birds, on their arrival, take up their abodes in or near large fens, then may we be certain a dry summer will follow; for then will the marshes become so much dried up, that the birds will be able to find dry and grassy places sufficient for their support and security. If neither a very wet nor very dry summer is impending, then they resort to meadows producing the *carex*, which, growing very high, answers all their purposes. But if, in the spring, they resort to neither such meadows nor to marshy districts, but repair to fields in which peas, clover, barley, &c. are grown, then may we be certain of a wet summer. A great variety of waterfowl frequent the large collections of water at Ahlsdorf near Herzberg; and if they remain there to breed, it is certain that the season will not prove a very dry one, so that the marshes will not be dried up. In other years, however, although these are still full of water, the whole of the birds quit the vicinity; and it is then always found that the summer proves a very dry one, and that the marshes become dried up. The celebrated Naumann relates a similar fact:—A gray goose had

bred in a large pond of water, and had succeeded in bringing up her young; when one night the whole family disappeared, and were found in a much smaller pond. The summer proved exceedingly hot, and the large pond which the goose (here certainly no goose) had quitted when full of water, became entirely dried up, whereas the one she had migrated to continued to retain its water. In the same manner Dr Brehm has remarked that when the sandmarten (*Hirundo riparia*) quits the banks she has been accustomed to for water surrounded with steeper banks, floods may be certainly reckoned upon.

The manner of breeding also furnishes its indications. Thus in the scarce years (expressively called in German 'hunger-years') 1816 and 1817, many of the insectivorous birds laid far fewer eggs than ordinary. In the nest of a *Muscioapa grisola* two eggs only were found; and the cold and rainy weather which followed would have prevented the nourishment of a greater number of young. Dr Brehm, in 1843, observed within a small space seven pair of tower-hawks, which kept together, and were very lively, but, with the exception of two pair, bred not. The nests of these two pair were observed. In the one the little ones died of hunger while quite young; the others were fed by their parents with the greatest difficulty for a longer period, but were at last found dead under the nest. It proved fortunate for the other five pair that they had not bred also; for so scarce did their food become in 1843, that even the old birds could hardly sustain their own lives. It was different in the spring of 1845, for then the whole of these hawks bred; for although there were enormous rains, yet as the temperature of the air was high, an abundance of insect food offered itself for the young; and founding his opinion upon the greater number breeding, Dr Brehm had foretold that the temperature of 1845 would prove far higher than that of 1843.

Finally, the migration of birds is of importance in the point of view we are now considering. It is evidently not the present want of food that impels them to flight—for that may exist in abundance when they leave us—but an instinctive apprehension of coming scarcity. The time of departure, however, undergoes great changes, the observation of which is important in prognosticating the weather. Is the autumnal flight insignificant?—that is, the number of birds quitting our shores less than usual, and these seeming in no haste to quit—we may be then certain that neither an early nor severe winter is in prospect; but if the contrary is the case—if the birds desert us soon, and take with them strangers who in other years do not accompany them—then cold weather is surely in store for us. This was seen remarkably in Germany in the years 1844 and 1845. In the autumn of the first of these years all Germany was overspread with such numbers of the different species of the nuthatch (*Nucifraga*), that the like had not been seen for half a century. Other birds, such as the *Lestrus parasitica* and *Timosa meyeri*, had not been seen for thirty years. Somewhat later came the coloured jays, various species of the rish and wild-ducks, and other aquatic birds. The attentive ornithologist could only conclude from such a migration that a severe winter was at hand; and so it proved. Next year the case was altered. The nuthatch and jays appeared not to migrate; the starlings were still observed at Renthendorf at the end of November: these, as well as the white storks, frequenting the banks of the Elbe and the Mulde during all the winter. Under these circumstances, to have expected a cold winter would have been ridiculous; and none such came. The appearance of various individual birds quite early in 1848 would have led to the conclusion that a very early spring was at hand; but the arrest of their arrival in March, and their tardy nest-building, foretold the uncoöperative weather that occurred in April. An unusual duration of the stay of northern birds in southern regions is always a very unwelcome sign, as portending a late spring. Thousands of the *Fringilla montifringilla* remained in Central Germany as

late as April in 1816, in which unfortunate year bad weather continued even until June. Popular credulity often attributes the production of unfavourable weather to the presence of unusual varieties of birds; and the naturalist, while scouting so foolish an idea, is well able, when these have appeared in large numbers, or continued for a long time, to explain its origin.

A few words may be added on the actions of other animals. Every housewife knows the restlessness which oats and young animals frequently betray on the approach of wet; and the shepherd will tell you, when flies and fleas prove more than usually tormenting to man and animals in the forenoon, that the afternoon will not pass without rain. The hunter knows that when the roe betakes herself early to the wood, she does so to keep her form dry against approaching rain. If the marmot buries himself early, so must we expect an early winter. A close observation of insect life would teach us much about the weather. If the bees kill their drones early, we may count upon a bad autumn; while, if they allow them to live longer than usual, then will fine summer weather long continue. If great numbers of wasps build on the ground, or in underwood, a dry summer may be expected; while, if they build under roofs, or other places affording shelter from the rain, there is every probability of a damp, if even not of a very rainy summer. Worms burrowing very deeply into the ground in autumn show that a cold winter and sharp frost will follow; while, if they lie just under the surface, we may be certain of a degree of cold that will not penetrate deeply.

Dr Brehm concludes his paper by requesting the co-operation of zoologists, especially those residing near the coasts, and possessed of opportunities of watching the procedures of waterfowl. He believes that by collecting and publishing the observations of numerous naturalists, results may be arrived at of the highest importance to the gardener, the farmer, and the vine-grower.

Many of the observations contained in the paper we have now abridged have been also made by others in our own country; but their acceptance by so distinguished a naturalist as Dr Brehm invests them with a higher authority than we had been accustomed to attach to them.

COUNTRY LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

I LOVE the quiet, solitary life passed in their country-houses by the old-fashioned inhabitants of Lower Russia. I fancy now that I can see the mansion, surrounded by a gallery, supported on slender columns of dark wood, thus affording a sheltered promenade on the outside. Behind, and at each side of the house, stretched long rows of mulberry, cherry, and plum-trees; in front was a green, smooth lawn, shadowed by some fine old beech-trees. Two narrow paths led, one to the kitchen, the other to the sitting-rooms; and in a clear pool of water near the gate swam a snowy goose, with her soft, yellow offspring. Along the hedge were suspended long strings of dried apples and pears, intermingled with mats and carpets put out in the air; and a cart, loaded with melons, stood at the barn door.

All these objects have a charm for me: they recall the memory of a kind old couple, whom it was the delight of my childhood to visit. Athanasius Ivanovitch Tovstogoub was the name of the husband, and Pulcheria Ivanovna Tovstogoubitska of the wife. The former was a tall man of sixty years, with a smiling, benevolent countenance, and he constantly wore a camlet pelisse lined with sheepskin. Pulcheria seldom laughed, but the expression of her face was soft and kind; and she took the utmost pleasure in welcoming her guests, and pressing them to partake of her good cheer. They had never had a child, so that their mutual affection was completely centered in each other.

The apartments in their house were small and low,

and each was heated by an immense stove; for Athanasius and Pulcheria loved warmth, and kept the fire-places constantly replenished with straw, which in Lower Russia is used instead of wood. The walls of the principal room were decorated with a variety of old paintings and engravings, and amongst them a portrait of Peter III., and another representing the Duchess de la Vallière. The floors were all of baked clay, but so smooth, and kept so scrupulously clean, that I always preferred them to boards. Pulcheria's own room was filled with old odd-looking chests and boxes, while the walls were covered with bags of flower-seeds, dried cucumbers, and other vegetables. She was a great manager, and loved to lay up a variety of useless garments, and superannuated articles of furniture. The chairs were of dark massive wood, with high backs and narrow seats, neither stuffed nor varnished; the tables were small and square; and the carpet woven in a pattern of birds and flowers, not always easily distinguishable from each other. The servants' hall was filled with women and girls dressed in coarse striped gowns. Their mistress gave them needle-work to do, and fruits to pick and prepare for drying; but half their time was passed in dozing by the fire.

Athanasius Ivanovitch troubled himself very little about his affairs, save that he used to walk about his fields, and look idly at the operations of his reapers and mowers. All the weight of the domestic administration, therefore, rested on Pulcheria Ivanovna; and her duties principally consisted in opening and shutting her store-rooms, curing, drying, or salting all sorts of meat, fruit, and vegetables. During the summer a large fire was kept perpetually lighted beneath an apple-tree in the garden: over it an iron tripod supported a deep stove-pan, in which were cooked incessantly preserves, jellies, and *pustilas*—a sweetmeat composed of sugar and honey. Under another tree a man-servant was busy distilling brandy from peach and mulberry leaves and cherry kernels. In short, such a quantity of good things were annually prepared, that the store-rooms and cellars would scarcely have sufficed to contain them, had it not happened that the greater portion of these provisions was secretly devoured by the domestics. The steward, in league with the *starosta* (chief of the serfs), robbed their mistress without mercy. They used to cut down the fine old oaks, and dispose of them at the neighbouring fairs. One day Pulcheria Ivanovna expressed a wish to inspect her woods. Accordingly a *droschki*, enveloped in enormous leathern aprons, was brought out; and the old coachman moved his lips, and produced a series of discordant sounds, in order to inspirit his old horses. The machine began to move, and in so doing, emitted such a screaming noise, that the whole neighbourhood became cognisant of the fact, that the lady was leaving her mansion for a drive. Pulcheria Ivanovna failed not to perceive the extermination of her ancient oaks.

'How is it, Nitchipor,' she said to her steward, who accompanied her, 'that the oaks, like your own hairs, have become so few and scattered?'

'Few and scattered?' replied the steward: 'they have all disappeared! Lightning has struck down some, the worms have eaten others; in short, they are gone, madam—all gone!'

Pulcheria Ivanovna returned home, quite satisfied with this reply, and gave orders to her people to look well after the Spanish cherry-trees and large winter pear-trees. Her worthy ministers, the steward and the *starosta*, discovered that it was quite useless to store up all the flour in their master's granary, and that he must be content with half. Yet despite the wholesale speculation carried on by every member of the household—from the lady's-maid, who fingered the choice preserves, to the pigs, who swallowed incredible heaps of apples and plums—despite also the liberal presents made to friends and visitors—the grounds were so vast and fertile, and produced everything in such abundance, that the diminution

of their stores was never perceived by Athanasius or Pulcheria.

The old couple were fond of good living. They rose early, and had their coffee; then Athanasius strolled out about his grounds, and conversed with his steward, who, old fox that he was, knew well how to flatter his master into the belief that everything went on right. When Athanasius went in, he would say, 'Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't you think 'tis time to eat something?'

'I don't know what you can eat now, Athanasius Ivanovitch, except the little pork patties, or those seasoned with poppy seeds, or else a dish of salted mushrooms.'

'Let us have the mushrooms and the patties too, my heart.'

An hour before dinner, Athanasius usually drank a portion of brandy from an ancient silver cup, seasoning it with a few small dried fish. At noon they dined. Besides the dishes and sauce-boats, the table was usually covered with a number of little jars, hermetically sealed, in order that the aroma of their highly-seasoned contents might not escape. The conversation generally turned on the business of the hour.

'I think this flummery is a little burnt. What do you think of it, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'No, Athanasius Ivanovitch. Pour some more melted butter over it, and some mushroom sauce, and then you won't think it burnt.'

After dinner, the old man usually slept for an hour; afterwards his wife would bring in a cut water-melon, saying, 'Will you taste this beautiful melon, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'Ah, Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't depend on its red colour,' said her husband, helping himself, however, to a huge slice: 'there are some fine rosy-looking melons that are good for nothing.'

The melon, however, soon disappeared. Then Athanasius Ivanovitch ate some pears, and went to take a turn in the garden with his wife. When they returned to the house, the good lady occupied herself with her household affairs, while her husband, seated in an easy-chair, looked idly on, watching the constant opening and shutting of the store-room, and the servants bringing sieves and baskets backwards and forwards. After a time, he would say, 'What shall we eat, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'Would you like some gooseberry puffs?'

'Very much.'

'Perhaps you'd prefer a little *kissel*?'

'Let us try both.'

Before supper, Athanasius Ivanovitch generally ate a few other trifles. At nine o'clock supper was served. Then they retired for the night, and the busy household became still. Their room was so hot, that few persons could have supported its temperature; but Athanasius, in order to be warmer still, had his bed made on the top of a stove, the heat of which, however, sometimes became so great, that he was forced to rise in the middle of the night, and walk about the room, groaning occasionally.

'Why do you groan?' Pulcheria would ask.

'Because I feel my stomach uneasy.'

'Would you like to eat something, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'I daresay it would do me good, Pulcheria Ivanovna: what would you recommend?'

'Curds and whey, or some dried pears.'

'Well, let us have them;' and a servant, only half-awake, was sent to rummage the larder.

Then Athanasius, after eating a good plateful, would say, 'I feel much better now,' and returning to bed, he would sleep tranquilly till morning.

These good people appeared to most advantage when they received guests. Then they seemed but to live for the comfort of their friends. The best of everything that their house could produce was offered with the

utmost cordiality; and there was nothing affected in this display of hospitality: you saw in their countenances the pleasure they felt when their dainties were duly accepted. Never was any visitor allowed to depart on the day of his arrival: he must always remain to sleep.

'You must not think of going,' Athanasius would say: 'who knows but that robbers may attack you.'

'Yes,' would add Pulcheria; 'and then the night is dark, and the road bad, and your coachman, besides, being a weak little man, is half-asleep in the kitchen by this time.' So the visitor was forced to remain, and spend a pleasant, tranquil evening. I fancy now that I can see the figure of Athanasius Ivanovitch bent forward in his arm-chair, listening with his perpetual placid smile to his friend's discourse. The visitor, who himself seldom left his country-house, hazarded a number of political conjectures—related in a mysterious tone how the French and English had secretly combined to send Bonaparte again to Russia; or else he discussed the war which was then convulsing Europe.

Then Athanasius, affecting not to see Pulcheria, would say, 'I intend myself to go to the wars: why should not I be a soldier?'

'Just hear him,' cried Pulcheria: 'don't mind a word he says. How could he, in his old age, set out for the wars. Why, the first soldier he met would kill him.'

'Not at all,' replied Athanasius; 'I would kill him.'

'Listen to him!' resumed Pulcheria. 'How could he go to the wars? His pistols and his sword are lying in the lumber-room covered with rust. If you only saw them! They would surely explode and cut his face: my poor old man would be disfigured for the rest of his days!'

'Well,' retorted Athanasius, 'I'll buy new arms: I'll get a sabre and a Cossack lance.'

'What folly you talk!' cried Pulcheria Ivanovna. 'I know well you are jesting; but such jokes always make me feel uncomfortable.' And Athanasius Ivanovitch, satisfied with having frightened his wife a little, smiled, and was silent.

It was pleasant to hear Pulcheria pressing a guest to breakfast.

'Here,' she would say, taking the stopper out of a bottle, 'is brandy made with mint, an excellent thing for a pain in the back. And here is some more made with centery, most efficacious against singing in the ears or pimples on the face. Here is another bottle flavoured with peach kernels: just try a small glassful. If you happen, when rising in the morning, to strike your forehead against the sharp corner of the bedpost, so that a swelling is produced, you have only to take a little of this before dinner, and the mark will soon disappear!'

Then she would conduct her guest to a table covered with a number of small plates.

'Here are mushrooms stewed with pepper, and some others done with gillyflower water. These are preserved walnuts. I learned a peculiar mode of doing them from a Turkish woman, at the time when there were Turkish prisoners in the country. Here is a preserve which I learned to make from Father Ivan. You take a small barrel, and put in first a layer of oak-leaves, then pepper and saltpetre, then mushrooms, and cover them over with the flowers of the *nitcheuimeter*.* Here are cheese patties, and some others made of cabbage and black corn, which Athanasius Ivanovitch likes very much.'

I loved to visit these good people, although I generally returned with a fit of indigestion. Certainly the air of Lower Russia aids the functions of the stomach, else its hospitable inhabitants would soon find themselves in their coffins.

At length a change came over this peaceful household: the health of Pulcheria Ivanovna began to decline. Gradually she grew weaker and thinner; and one day she said to her husband, 'Athanasius Ivanovitch, when

* A sort of fruit-jelly.

* An odoriferous plant which grows on the steppes.

I die, will you have me dressed in my gray spotted robe? Don't waste my red striped satin one, but have it made into a dressing-gown for yourself: it will be very handsome for you to receive visitors in.'

'How you talk, Pulcheria Ivanovna. God only knows when death will come to any of us; and here you frighten me with such words!'

'My heart, I feel that I must soon die; but don't grieve too much. I am old, and you are old yourself: we shall soon meet again in a better world.'

Athanasius Ivanovitch sobbed like a child.

'Don't cry, my husband: don't make God angry by resisting his will. All I regret in dying is, that I know not to whom I can intrust you. Who will take care of you when I am gone? Who will love you as I do?' And calling her own confidential servant, she said to her, 'Listen, Tsvdoka: when I am dead, you must take care of your master as if he were the apple of your eye or your own only child. Mind that his favourite dishes are prepared in the way he likes, and that his clothes and linen are clean and well-aired. Watch him continually, Tsvdoka, and God will reward you. You are old yourself, and must soon go to your account; don't, then, have the sin on your soul of neglecting your master for a moment.'

Poor old woman! notwithstanding her increasing weakness, she regulated all her domestic affairs, so that her husband should not suffer from her loss. Soon afterwards she was confined to her bed, and her appetite totally failed. Athanasius Ivanovitch never left her side.

'Won't you try to eat something, Pulcheria Ivanovna?' he repeated incessantly.

But his wife could not reply. At length her lips moved, as if she tried in vain to speak, and with one sigh her spirit departed.

Athanasius Ivanovitch was stunned. He wept not, but stared at the dead with dull, fixed eyes. They placed Pulcheria on a table, dressed her in the robe she had chosen, crossed her arms on her breast, and placed a lighted taper between the stiffened fingers. He watched the whole operation with an air of insensibility. A crowd of people assembled on the day of the interment. In front of the house were ranged long tables, covered with *kontia*,* baked meats, pasties, and flasks of brandy. The guests conversed, wept, looked at the dead, spoke of her good qualities, and watched Athanasius Ivanovitch. He walked to and fro among his friends with an air of stupefaction, not noticing any one. At length the procession was formed; the body was raised on its open bier; and the crowd moved after it, following the priests, wearing gold-embroidered robes. On arriving at the cemetery, the corpse was laid down near the grave prepared for it, and Athanasius Ivanovitch was invited to approach, and give his wife a last embrace. He obeyed mechanically: tears flowed from his eyes, but he felt them not. Then the coffin was lowered; the priest threw the first shovelful of clay on it; the attendant choristers began to chant the *velichania pamiat* (eternal memory) in a low monotonous tone. In a few moments the grave was filled up, and sods placed over it. Then advanced Athanasius Ivanovitch: he first looked round with a bewildered air, then at the tomb, and said, 'Why have you buried her?—why?' But he did not finish the sentence.

But when he returned to the house, when he saw Pulcheria Ivanovna's room empty, and even the arm-chair she used to occupy removed, he sobbed bitterly, and the tears flowed like rivers from his darkened eyes.

Five years* had elapsed since the death of Pulcheria Ivanovna, when, happening to be in the neighbourhood of his demesne, I went to visit Athanasius Ivanovitch. The old place showed evident marks of neglect and decay; the paling round the court was broken down, the trees and shrubs were overgrown and straggling—

even the old-dogs looked starved and miserable. The master of the house came out to meet me; he was bent nearly double, but the habitual smile was on his drawn lips. I followed him within doors, and we sat down to table; but the repast, though sufficiently abundant, was not prepared with the same care as formerly. A servant fastened a napkin beneath his master's chin, to prevent his soiling his dress while eating. I tried to amuse him by recounting different anecdotes; and apparently he listened, but I saw that his thoughts were far away. Once he threw down a decanter, while trying to help himself to wild-fowl; and his attendant was obliged to guide his hand towards his mouth. A plate of little cakes called *muichkis* was brought in, and his lip trembled, and his eyes filled as he said, 'These were the cakes that—that—my late'—and bursting into tears, he let the plate fall from his hand. A few days after, Athanasius Ivanovitch was walking in his garden; he paced the alleys feebly and slowly, his head, as usual, bent down. Suddenly he stopped, and said to his attendant, 'Did you hear that voice?'

'No, sir, I heard nothing.'

'Pulcheria Ivanovna called me.' And possessed by this idea, that he had been summoned by his dead wife, the old man gradually pined away. Faithful to the end, his last words were, 'Lay me beside Pulcheria Ivanovna.' His wish was fulfilled, and now the old couple sleep peacefully side by side.

Their lands became the property of a young spendthrift, who took no pains to preserve the old mansion; and the last time I visited the spot, a few roofless walls and straggling fruit-trees were all that remained to mark where had stood the once hospitable dwelling of Athanasius Ivanovitch and Pulcheria Ivanovna.

THE LIVERPOOL OBSERVATORY.

It was upon a May morning in the present year (1849), when the sun was shedding upon the ground his cheering rays, and the dews of night were dissolving into an unseen, though material existence, that we left the verdant fields and richly-wooded hedgerows of our English home to pay a visit to modern Tyre—

'Nos patrie fines et dulcia linguimus arva.'

Our business required that we should spend a week in that bustling town. The first thing we did, and we recommend it to all who visit towns of such gigantic size, was to acquire the geographical relations of the place, and the bearings of the leading streets, leaving the minor ones imperceptibly to root themselves in the memory. We mingled with the rich and the gay in fashionable resorts, and we dived into the squalid abodes of poverty, wretchedness, and wickedness. We trod the miles of docks, and surveyed with no little interest those ships which, ere long, would be careering on the waves: now were they gathered together, and closely packed; then would they be widely separated, as they scattered themselves over the ocean world.

It was at the southern end of a fine parade that we found the building which we now propose to describe. Upon the pier-head, between the Waterloo and Prince's Docks, occupying a place which commands a full view of the river, the Liverpool Observatory is erected. This is a noble building, of new red sandstone, worthy the corporation of the second seaport in the empire. We had heard of its superb equatorial, recently constructed, and we panted for the enjoyment of beholding it: we had been told that the observer was 'no ordinary man'—one of those hard-working men of science rarely met with—and we longed to make his acquaintance. Provided with an introduction, with which a member of the council had kindly presented us, we found ready access, and the astronomer led us through the building.

The first apartment into which we were shown was the chronometer-room; and there, conveniently arranged, was a large number of those time-keepers, the regulation of which forms one of the most arduous and important

* A sweetmeat composed of rice, sugar, and raisins; and especially used at funeral feasts.

duties of the director of the Observatory, and for which the building was chiefly constructed. Since our visit, we have learnt that a searching examination is now being made, by the comparison of chronometers brought from America by the mail steamer, with the view of determining, with the greatest possible exactness, the longitude of certain parts of the United States. In this apartment there is a good astronomical clock, and a hot-air case, for exposing chronometers to the various temperatures of our globe, and ascertaining thereby their corrections on that account. In this room there are also contained a remarkably fine standard barometer, and a Rutherford's register thermometer.

In the adjoining apartment, which is the transit-room, there is a fine telescope by Troughton and Simms, five feet focal length, and four inches aperture, with the other means required for making meridian observations. When the last report was printed (a few months ago), the director of the Observatory mentioned that the astronomical clock had been checked 965 times in a period of five years, or once in about every forty-six hours, by this transit instrument—no small testimony to the zeal of Mr Hartnup. In connection with these meridional observations, Greenwich time is published to the shipping by means of a ball somewhat similar to that used at the Royal Observatory on the Thames.

The rest of the meteorological instruments are contained in the transit-room, conveniently placed for observation; and carefully protected, by their position and laticework, from those external influences which might tend to produce erroneous results. The indications of moisture in the atmosphere are taken by the simple dry and wet-bulb hygrometer. These, with the amount of rain which has fallen in a given time, the direction and force of the wind, the character of clouds floating in the air, and all other meteorological observations, are recorded daily at two o'clock, Gottingen mean solar time—'one of the hours fixed upon for recording such observations in all public meteorological and magnetic observatories.' These, after reduction, are forwarded to the Registrar-General; and the astronomical observations to the Royal Astronomical Society.

We now arrived at the great room under the revolving dome, where the equatorial telescope is fixed. This superb instrument is one twelve feet focal length, and eight and a-half inches aperture. The object-glass is by Merz of Munich, a celebrated maker; and the graduated circles are four feet in diameter. The micrometers, graduations, and the more delicate mountings, are by Troughton and Simms, the famous opticians in London; and the heavy parts of the mounting are by Maudeley and Field, engineers. The clockwork, which communicates a constant and regular hourly motion to this ponderous instrument, is moved by hydraulic power—one of the most interesting features in the mounting of this telescope. The whole instrument, which cost, we believe, somewhere about two thousand pounds, was constructed under the direction of the astronomer-royal; and by the happy combination of the skill of the astronomical instrument-maker and the engineer, a telescope has been produced which, in the words of Mr Hartnup, it is 'no exaggeration to say, is not to be equalled in the whole world for strength and firmness,' two of the most essential requirements in equatorials.

With such a noble instrument, the observer is unweariedly turning it to good account—not as a sky-sweeper, but for the means of perfecting the measurements of the observed and theoretical positions of the stars; and we scarcely know a more laborious occupation, particularly as the observations are all reduced or freed from errors arising from circumstances over which we have no control. The result has hitherto been most satisfactory, as regards establishing for the instrument extreme accuracy even in *very oblique* positions; and those are such as try an equatorial. Delicate observations were made upon Encke's and Petersen's two comets; and in viewing two which were recently visible—one in the constellation Bootes, the other in Crater—such was their exact resemblance to one another, that it was impossible

to distinguish them in the field of the telescope except by their position. The Observatory contains, besides, a computing-room, and apartments for the director's residence.

We left, delighted and instructed. Liverpool possesses a telescope of which she may be proud; and she has been most fortunate in securing the services of a director so able and indefatigable. Commanding as her position is through the extent of her commerce, she is destined to occupy no mean place in the world of science. The observatory described is the property of the corporation; but it is not the only one which opens its windows in the dead of night to the contemplation of those glorious bodies which bespangle the azure vault. Separated from it by the breadth of the town is another observatory, the private property of William Lassell, Esq. Through the mechanical ingenuity and scientific knowledge of this gentleman, he is possessed of a reflector of extraordinary magnitude; and already has he raised for himself imperishable fame in the discovery of a satellite of Neptune, and another attendant upon Saturn.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MORE ABOUT CHICORY.

THE information we published on the subject of the supposed adulteration of coffee with chicory was derived chiefly from one of the most extensive dealers in the kingdom; and it is with surprise, therefore, that we now receive a communication from another extensive dealer, assuring us that our theory is totally wrong.

Mixing chicory with coffee, he tells us, from the beginning of the practice up to the present time, is all a trick of the trade, and deteriorates the quality just in proportion to the quantity of chicory. There is no such thing used on the continent with a view to improve the quality of coffee, but solely to lessen the price. Our correspondent, a dealer in coffee for more than a quarter of a century, having paid much attention to the subject, and having had opportunities of seeing how the best coffee is made all over the continent, assures us that the whole secret consists in *roasting high*. The rule is, to roast as high as possible without burning; and the higher roasting which the bean will stand, the better will be the coffee. When the beans are too ripe, the fine pale-green colour has vanished, and they are sooner burnt; and likewise, when unequal in size, one portion will burn before the other is highly enough roasted. To make the beverage good, a large quantity of ground-coffee must be used, and the pot must never by any means be allowed to boil. Abundance of sugar he considers likewise necessary; and this is certainly consistent with the practice on the continent, where many large pieces of snowy crystals are put into a single cup of coffee, that looks like brandy, and tastes as strong.

To test his theory, our correspondent demands merely that an experiment be tried with a single handful of good beans. Let them, by some means or other, be roasted to the verge—but not beyond it—of burning; and he pledges himself that the strength and *goût* which are intended to be conveyed by the chicory will be found in the coffee itself. Thus the qualities of the aromatic berry will be retained in all their perfection, without being deteriorated by the admixture of a plant which has confessedly no analogous virtues. The roasting-machine is of course the grand point. Those in common use, to which the air is freely admitted, burn the berry before it is thoroughly done; and to avoid this, the custom in our country is, to leave it half raw. Our correspondent does not describe the apparatus he recommends; but in France we cannot pass through a street without seeing one or more at work. There it is a small, close, circular barrel made of iron, and revolving over a fire in the open air. A door, which can be opened at pleasure, enables the operator to watch the progress of the roasting, and at the same time gives the whole quarter the benefit of the rich aroma. This is the breakfast smoke of the French: and pleasant it is,

when strolling through a country town, to witness, with more senses than one, this preparation for the morning meal.

Coffee is roasted in France by those who understand and can appreciate the luxury, just before the beverage is to be made; but at any rate this is always done on at least the same day. In England, on the contrary, our ground-coffee is hawked about the country in tinfoil packages for months, and, for aught we know, for years! This is an absurdity; for although the powder may retain its *smell* for a long time, its *flavour* is very evanescent. Our correspondent admits that chicory makes a harmless beverage for those who like it; and as it assuredly brings out both the body and flavour of the coffee, we would not abandon it without due consideration; the only real error consists in imposing chicory at the price of coffee. Our correspondent at any rate cannot deny that where there is no opportunity for highly roasting, the use of chicory may be a good substitute; although, on the other hand, if the desired effect can really be obtained without the admixture of a foreign body, it is a great point gained.

VENO BENO.

There is a substance advertised as adding powerfully to the strength and flavour of tea, which promises to come gradually into the repute of chicory in coffee. This substance is called *veno beno*, and is described as the 'leaf of a tree'; but we are informed (whether correctly or not, we cannot tell) that it is the leaf of a climbing-plant well known in the farther East by its name of *paua*. We know nothing about the effect of the adulteration ourselves; but with a consumption of thirty or forty million pounds of tea in the year, the *veno beno*—supposing it to be *paua*—if it comes even into comparatively moderate use in this country, may have a sensible effect upon the commerce of the Indian Archipelago.

The *paua* is one of the pepperworts; and though a native of the Archipelago, and the adjacent parts of the continent, has become naturalised in India. There the better kind of it, called *costa*, receives very careful treatment, being grown under a thin covering of reeds, sprinkled frequently with water; while in the Archipelago, the slender plant (there named *sirce*) is allowed to climb the palms at its own will, rejoicing in the sea-breezes, and in the moisture of an eternal spring. It is described by Lindley as producing intoxicating effects, stimulating powerfully the salivary glands and digestive organs, and diminishing the perspiration of the skin. To this we may add, that in India it is prescribed by the native doctors as a tonic, to be taken immediately after dinner in cases of weak digestion. Having a pungent aroma, and being of a warm stimulating nature, something like our mint, and other herbs of the kind, it is also given in conjunction with pills and other medicines. The leaf is likewise placed not unfrequently, after being warmed at the fire, on the head of a newly-born infant, for the purpose of giving it *shape*, and absorbing the superfluous humours of its brain!

The *paua*, however, is better known as forming a part—some think the most important part—of the Oriental luxury, *betel*, so called from the nut which is the most solid ingredient. The *betel-nut* is the fruit of *Areca catechu*, and is said to possess a narcotic or intoxicating power, although the probability is, that this power resides rather in the *paua* leaf in which it is wrapped. The other ingredients are gambier—extracted from the *Uncaria gambir*, to give sweetness and astringency—and slaked lime, which brings out a bright colouring-matter from the leaf, and transfers it to the lips of the consumer. This is an important point in the ceremony of chewing *betel*. The lips of both sexes are constantly daubed with the sanguine juice; and a Malay lover compares the mouth of his mistress to a break in the side of a ripe pomegranate! The opulent add to the ingredients already named such spices as

cinnamon, cloves, aniseed, coriander, &c., and a few a portion of tobacco, to increase the stimulus. Habit renders the *betel* still more a necessary than a luxury. The Asiatic nations would rather forego meat and drink than this savoury mouthful, which occasions a gentle excitement to those accustomed to it, and to novices stupefaction. Blume considers the practice to be favourable to health in the damp regions where it prevails, and where the natives live upon a spare, and frequently miserable diet. Even the *paua* they are obliged to economise; a dose two or three times a day, generally after a meal, being all the poorer classes can obtain, although a couple of leaves are enough for what may be termed the quid. The wealthy chew it at all hours and seasons; and it is among the articles introduced—such as attar of roses and other perfumes—as a signal for a guest to take his leave, after partaking of the hospitality of a Hindoo gentleman.

Paua being an article of universal consumption, it may be seen, in great parcels, displayed in the bazaars, more especially on market-days. It is kept in moist leaves, and the whole covered with folds of the plantain leaf; and the purchaser buys it in little packets of from twelve to sixteen leaves, according to size, and to the plentifulness or otherwise of the crop, which is greatly affected by drought. The confectioner having bought his *paua*, makes it up, with the other materials for *betel*-chewing, in little cones resembling the paper in which our grocer vends his pennyworths of sugar. These are fastened neatly with a thorn, and displayed on trays.

The *betel*-box, it may be supposed, is a very important article both of ornament and use. It is made either of earthenware, stained and painted, or of various metals, according to the means of the individual; and a Hindoo or Malay lady would as soon want her mirror as her *paua*-ku-buttah. In the middle of the box a large compartment holds the leaf, wrapped in a bit of wet muslin; and on one side a long division contains an instrument resembling our nut-cracker, to cut the *betel-nut*. This is highly ornamented, being usually surmounted with eagles, lions, or snakes' heads. Other portions are devoted to the different ingredients; and one has a pot of lime, with a small spatula. It will be curious if the *paua*, in which the belles of the farther East take such a pride, as well as pleasure, should come into common use in this country, as a means of adding strength, flavour, and exhilaration to the beverage, *par excellence*, of our English women!

While treating of Oriental productions, we may mention that we are assured that the '*ervolenta*,' or '*revolenta Arabica*,' sold in this country for about 3s. a pound, is nothing more than the meal of a kind of pulse very common in Bengal, and which might be imported for as many pence. We mention this, as the article forms a wholesome, and, when well prepared, a very savoury article of food. Our informer states that the Indian name is *moong-ke-dal*; but we have searched the common botanical authorities in vain for any such plant.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, travelled with Sir Walter Scott in the Blucher Coach from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits:—'We had performed half the journey,' writes our informant, 'when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming, "Oh, my friend G—, I have forgotten you till this moment!" A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a postchaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick, and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then, much to my regret, he changed his route, and returned to the Scottish capital.

'The following month I was again called to Edin-

burgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G— apostrophised by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honour to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:— He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory (a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories) until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr G— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night.

The kindness of Sir Walter's nature procured him friends—his literary genius only admirers, although certainly the warmest admirers ever author possessed. Admiration, however, was sometimes in his case not freely bestowed, and perhaps not consciously felt. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, the 'Mighty Minstrel' called on the late Mrs Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. 'The old lady opened on me thus,' to use his own words—"Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees? Oh dear me, dear me! I canna believe't yet; but for a' that, I ken I hae seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, oh she's a bonny, weel-behaved lassie yon; but Jeannie Deans I like the best!" 'There,' said the pleased baronet, 'call ye that a common compliment?'

FRENCH POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE ears of the public have lately been so filled with French Fourierism, Communism, and Socialism, with the projects and plans of Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and their associates, each offering, if he is permitted, to rule the whole world, at a moment's notice, without the possibility of going wrong, that we begin to forget that there is in France, as elsewhere, some common-sense literature on social economy. It is perhaps pretty well known that Thiers, Faucher, Bastiat, Chevalier, and others, came manfully forward in defence of freedom, and against the tyrannous interference of Socialism, even when it was in that high and palmy state to which so strange a series of incidents had for a moment raised it. These works are strictly controversial, and are limited to demonstrations of the futility of those artificial arrangements which a presumptuous school devised for superseding the effect of the natural impulses with which men are, to wise purposes, imbued. But besides these works, necessarily addressed to those who are in danger of being led astray by the artificial glitter of Communism, there are fortunately other works dispassionately directed to an investigation of those social evils, the existence of which has given the Socialists and Communists the audience and sympathy they have heretofore obtained, as well as to the practicability of ameliorating them, without incurring the awful risk of taking existing society to pieces, and reconstructing it on the plan of some one who, like Louis Blanc, professes himself to be an architect competent to the task. We have now before us a set of tracts, issued by the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, or, as it may better be termed in our idiom, of moral and political knowledge. They are neat, well-printed pamphlets; and in their price, which is only forty centimes, or about fourpence each, do credit to the taste and zeal of the Academy.

A person brought up under the social system of this country, is apt to see its total difference from that of

France more in the views of the reasonable and conscientious men of that country, than in the rhapsodies of their charlatans, or the projects of their enthusiasts. It would be unsafe to measure the practical sense of the two countries by comparing Owen and Louis Blanc—indeed we have a lurking suspicion that, were there such a trial, the little French dictator might turn out the more practical man of the two, as he certainly has been the more efficaciously mischievous. But when we see the reasonable, calm-minded men of France, we can calculate on more secure data the extent to which our country differs from theirs in the method of fighting with social evils.

It is impossible to overlook, in the calmest and gentlest of the reforms proposed to the French, the predominance of those rapid despotic military operations to which—whether it be a King, an Emperor, a Committee of Public Safety, a Directory, a Consulate, a Provisional Government, or a President—they have always been accustomed. We have a monarchy and a central government in this country, and we know the value of the arrangement. We see the central system in each department organising and economising, settling the differences between local authorities, and checking abuses, but seldom coming into actual conflict with the citizen. In France, the central power, if it find him doing wrong, immediately seizes him, as it were, by the throat, and puts him in the right way. We have a sufficiency of complex laws connected with the press, all directed to this end, that when an offence is committed—whether it be against the state, or an individual through means of the press—the person who commits the offence may be found and punished. In France they take a shorter way, and put the press under the control of the police. When there is a probability of disturbance, we bring out our constables, special or stipendiary, all carefully sworn in, and our military must act under the direct instructions of civil magistrates, otherwise they are as punishable for attacking a mob as the mob is for attacking an inoffensive citizen. In France, the bayonet and the cannon are at once set in motion, however republican may be the government; and a general would as soon think of consulting a magistrate before a battle, as a dictator or president of the Republic would think of taking the advice of such a person when there is a revolt in Paris.

This kind of prompt, sharp practice is derived from the method of military operations to which it seems absolutely necessary; but the people of this country cannot understand, and probably would not be got to submit to it in matters for which the more lazy, but more satisfactory, mechanism of our constitution is sufficient. Hence propositions by the most cautious of the French social reformers, which are simple enough to themselves, seem harsh and despotic to us. We have just been reading one of the series of French tracts to which we have referred—'An Essay on the Working-Classes,' by M. Blanqui, a gentleman who must not be confounded with another of the same name. He makes very sensible and moderate remarks on Communism and Socialism. He tells his readers that no human genius will be able, by the organisation of labour, to increase its fruitfulness, or the demand for its produce; and that all the promises of continuous work and pay through such an instrumentality are fallacious promises to divide a fund that cannot exist. He draws a just distinction between the projects based on an exterminating war against capital, for the purpose of substituting organisation for it, and the views of those more fair and reasonable speculators who only call on the working-classes to unite their efforts, by partnership and otherwise, and show the force of union. But at the same time he shows that too much is expected of such associations of the working-classes; and to those who say it will put an end to the evils of competition by which people undersell and ruin each other, he shows that the very vitality of such associations will consist in the keenness of their competition, and their success in thus

commanding the market. Nor does he seem less sound when he proclaims that all restrictions and protections are inimical to the working-classes as a body; that their true and sure dependence is in the market price of their labour and the value of its produce; and 'that the restrictive system is one of the most direct causes of the exaggeration of competition, of the close accumulation of workmen in the towns, and of the pauperism by which they are alternately depressed and excited to turbulence;' and yet when he comes to practicable measures for relief, M. Blanqui shows that he is not one of a practical race. In this country we look upon the progress of great cities as an inevitable fact. Instead of trying to stop the accumulation of human beings, we set up schoolmasters, clergy, and police, to organise them; and we are now busily forwarding sanitary improvements, which scientific men say will make the town as healthy as the country. M. Blanqui, on the other hand, tells us that the only means of checking the gradual degradation of the French people by their agglomeration in unhealthy masses in the cities, is to direct the whole efforts of the state to the perfection of agriculture, to combine manufacturing and agricultural labour, and to gradually shift (*éconduire*) the chief manufactures out of the great towns, that they may be established in the country. As a counterpart, he proposes the prohibition of new works within towns of a certain size, or in the centre of a certain area of population.

M. Blanqui finds the abuse of tobacco a great degenerator of the working-people. You may know, he says, those who use it in excess by their besotted aspect, and the fixed stare of their fishy eyes. What is his remedy? 'The use of tobacco,' he says, 'ought to be rigorously interdicted to women and young people.' We presume the authority of the gendarmerie would be the only one by which this interdict could be accomplished; and while they are at it, it is difficult to see why their prohibition should not extend to the whole population. This was the quick and simple means by which the Chinese government thought to put down the use of opium; but it was not effective. If our working-classes sometimes form false notions of the effectiveness with which government can interpose in their behalf, those of France, even when they are not Socialists or Communists, have always a disposition to look still more for such exterior aid—to trust still less in themselves. A working-man of Lyons is referred to by M. Blanqui as remarkable for his discretion and sagacity. He proposed a plan by which governments, instead of taking contracts for public works, should incorporate bodies of workmen for their accomplishment, making the pay the security for the works being performed. Thus, as we have already a force of soldiers and sailors, and a certain number of workmen attached to the government docks and other public works, at the command of the government, there would be a vast additional body of army tailors and shoemakers, of shipwrights for building vessels, and of paper-makers for supplying the Stationery Office. The power which such a system would throw into the hands of a government—the intriguing, the injustice, the oppression it would necessarily create—would be inconceivable. The French must learn to manage matters for themselves. 'Doubtless,' says M. Chevalier in his pamphlet on the labour question, 'some day France will not yield to Scotland, where an honest workman can obtain, with the guarantee of a friend, a credit open to his honour, in order that he too may become a master workman in his turn.' This is written with reference to our system of cash-credits, the excellent services of which, however, have not fallen so much in the way of the working-classes as the French economist seems to suppose. When he contemplates its extension to France, he may perhaps be surprised to find that it owes its existence entirely to the common-sense ingenuity of individuals, and that it never was embodied in the *projet de loi* of any influential statesman.

Such are specimens of the fallacies into which even the best of the French political economists have fallen: they see great evils in the aggregation of people in towns, in intemperance, and other matters, and their remedy is—*force*! In this respect they are scarcely in advance of our James I., who, terrified with the increase of London, proposed to stop the entrance into, and settlement of strangers in, the metropolis. In Great Britain we have seen the folly of all such plans—perhaps with the single exception of trying to make people sober by violent attacks on the sellers of spirits, under colour of law. Without disparaging the value of a good police, it is undeniable that mankind are not to be improved in things moral by act of parliament—not to be dragooned or tortured into good behaviour. The humbler classes—sinking lower and lower, and cherishing in their ignorance and degradation all sorts of prejudices, fallacies, and erroneous methods of action—are clearly improvable only as the classes above them have been improved—by education, by a taste for reading, and by the self-respect and moral and religious impressions which a sound education can alone properly inspire.

POETICAL REVEALINGS.*

THE world has rarely any mercy on its new poets. They spring up like daisies on the highway, only to be trodden under foot. We cannot understand that the man with whom we walk or dine, whose hand we clasp, whose faults and peculiarities we laugh at, should suddenly appear, through the magic transformation of print, as—a poet. We will not believe that the name which has been to us such a common familiar sound, should ever be ranked among those combinations of letters which fame has exalted into immortality. To us the appellation is still as ordinary as the man himself; until years have perfected the yet immature genius, and the common name becomes a watchword, the unnoticed household friend starts up as one of the great poets of the world.

For this reason—remembering that the grandest oak of the forest was a young acorn once—we have a great propensity for hunting out stray poets—new poets—young seedlings who have only put forth a few leaves—or trees of riper growth, who have lingered year after year in an obscurity so dense, that possibly one-half the world is scarcely conscious of their existence. There are many poets such as these, some of whom, through misfortune or imperfect powers, may never lift their heads so high as to be distinguished above the multitude of petty rhymers. Yet they have the true life in them after all; and perhaps, if critics and readers would not so blindly follow the general cry, but exercise independence, kindliness, and honest judgment, there would not be so wide a line of demarcation between the much-lauded poet-idols of a past age—many of them mere wood and stone—and the living and breathing minstrels of our day. Good ordinary men, who see your friend's soul only in its work-a-day dress, how do you know that there is not in him a spark of living fire? And you, sorely-tried critics, who cast from your burthened desk whole heaps of worthless trash, take care that you do not likewise pass over some new unknown name which may make the world ring yet.

Reader, wilt thou arm thyself with kindly appreciation, patience, and charity, and go with us on the chivalrous achievement of seeking out poets?

We will not date our search very far back, but will choose, *par hazard*, among the many volumes of poetry, or rather rhyme, that have issued from the press during the past year. 'Each minute turns a new one.' The two writers on whom we thus light are types of two orders of poets: one long struggling against the feeble, imperfect, and unpopular utterance of that which is

* *Revelations of Life*. By John Edmund Reade. London: Parker.

Harebell Chimes. By A. J. Symington. London: Houlston and Stoneham.

his soul—the other putting forth his powers only sufficiently to indicate the undeveloped strength which it evidently possesses.

The author of 'Revelations of Life' has published several works of poetry and prose; yet we dare say that nine out of ten of general readers are unacquainted with the name of John Edmund Reade. Even we ourselves know little of his former productions; but his present one is a little volume full of the truest poetry—the poetry of thought.

The great characteristic of Mr Reade's style is its intense earnestness. The motto on the title-page is the key to the whole book—'*Vitam impendere vero.*' In every page the author puts forward truths and opinions which are evidently the workings of a strong, ardent mind, throughout the various phases of a life. That this life has neither been short nor unmarked with change, its 'revelations' undeniably show. But there are in this volume few traces of human passion or emotion; Mr Reade arrays his muse in the grave, severe garb of philosophy, and his poems are throughout far too didactic ever to become popular. Those readers who shake their heads drearily over Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' will probably do the same over Mr Reade's principal poem, 'The Fatalist,' which is conceived in a similar style. This resemblance in the mere mechanical outline of his plan can scarcely expose the author to a charge of plagiarism. The model and imitator stand certainly on an equality. Mr Reade's poem is a record and an unfolding of three lives—not of outward, but inner lives—those of the Enthusiast, the Fatalist, and the Fanatic. These human souls are laid bare, with all their temptations, yearnings, and aspirations. The poet depicts the struggle through darkness unto light—as only a poet can—one who feels, echoed in his own heart, every pulse that throbs in the wide heart of humanity. The martyred Titan who stole fire from heaven is but a type of genius, the creator—which must itself suffer reflectively the pangs of all mankind.

So much for the idea—the soul of the poem. Its bodily dress hampers it considerably. Mr Reade's style is laboured, and frequently marred with obscurities that degenerate into affectations. Strange words—certainly not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, and manufactured quite contrary to the genius of our English tongue—sometimes startle the eye. At times the rugged severity of the blank verse becomes positively inharmonious; but, on the other hand, it is altogether free from the overlaid prettinesses in which common poets veil their paucity of ideas. There are some charming word-pictures scattered throughout, of which here is one:—

'Above the luminiferous ether spread
On the horizon-line the far-off waves—
Glittering in light, bannered with glorious clouds,
On coming, like some multitudinous host,
Foam-crested, rolling on blue, flashing lines—
Broke in reverberating thunders! I
Knew down and heard the mighty coming—filled
With inspiration of the priests of old,
The reverential awe of the great deep!
I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power
In-rushing on my soul. I stood before
Nature, and felt her heaving life: I heard
The innermost pulses throbbing at her heart.
..... I beheld
The Spirit of Joy cleave through the rushing waves:
I heard them shouting through their rocky halls
Innumerable laughers, as they came
From their long wanderings rejoicing home.'

And another:—

'From the gorge's lowest depths
Ascending midway upwards, plumbing woods
In leafest magnificence arose:
Patrician ranks of poplar, pine, and oak—
A solemn senate! bearded dignities,
Beguiled by gray autumn with sear hues of age.
A mist floated o'er them, veiling depths
Of village indistinct: sun-glinting tints
Shed lights thereon, or dimpled shadows, fading
Into far distance. From the filmy air
A green vale slowly opened to the eye,
Child-like unfolded from its mother's breast,

While a note told its life and quiet joy,
The live brook murmuring there a plaintive tone;
Orchestral voices of the Dart—afar
On pilgrimaging to his ocean shrine:
So still the air, each note was audible,
Making the silence felt in that low sound.'

Here and there a passage comes indicating the true poet, who in a few lines or words can express that power, even as the great artist's genius shines out in three strokes on the canvas. We take these passages at random:—

'Great heaven in its majestic march moved o'er:
Stars, hidden with their crowns of light, behind
Cloud-congregations solemnly rolled on:
Eternal motion and eternal rest.'

— 'The form of beauty
She walked in fano-like, lit with holy fire.'

'In our denial Thou art most revealed:
Ideal harmonies and discords ours;
Unaffected motions of one life-hymn raising
Ocean-like voices, unisoned by thee.'

'In whose deep eyes a deeper thought laid buried.'

And here is a very garland of flowers:—

— 'Thou the rose
Languidly her dew-dripping cheek declined;
Her name a blessing, sanctified by love
And child-remembrances: the marigold
Opened her beauty, sunlike, to the sun,
O'er veiling when he sets, to be looked on
By no inferior eye. There, radiate, shone,
Through cloudiest green, the star-like jessamine:
Irises, drooping in the luxury
Of a fine sorrow, their blue orbs half closed:
The azalea leaned against the soft gray wall:
There faded the delicate anemone,
Turning away her sweet head from the wind:
And there the humbler wallflower shed a breath
That realised Elvslum.

..... I have gazed on them
With eyes suffused—these chaplets on earth's brow,
God-crowned, when she stood up to be made
Angel-like, reverent, with folded wings!

Of Mr Reade's minor poems, the two entitled 'Lines written on Doulting Sheepslate,' and 'Final Lines on Doulting,' are the best. Perhaps the secret of this will be found in the saying, 'What comes from the heart goes to the heart.' Here the individual reality of the man raises the poet into an intensity which constitutes real power:—

'I might have lived alone in solitude:
A passionless animal—a savage; rude
As the brutes round me, knowing ill nor good:
And, swine-like, thus have perished in my den.
No! rather action's stormiest life again,
Feeling my heart-pulse throbbing among men—
Folled, baffled, overthrown: yet, though in vain,
Contesting; spurning sloth's inglorious chain,
For virtue's strife, self-dignifying pain.

The storm has passed away: the human tree,
Shaken, but fixed, again looks tranquilly
In the unruffled stream of memory.'

These lines comprise the spirit of the whole volume. It is the chronicle of a soul. Whether its author possesses the highest order of genius, so as to attain either the doubtful tribute of present fame, or the more sure guerdon of a poet's immortality, Mr Reade's after-works alone can decide. But even failing that eminence, he has put forth the life that is in him with power, truth, and beauty. Surely this is a mission fulfilled, an existence not thrown away?

Our next author is the very opposite of Mr John Edmund Reade; and yet A. J. Symington, to whose unpretending volume we now pass on, gives promise of being a poet too. We say *gives* promise, because these 'Harebell Chimes' contain rather the indications of genius than its realisation. In the first place, the title savours of an affectation, which at once declares the extreme youth of the writer. He has not yet passed through that enchanted region of sentimental romance when the outward forms of the beautiful are mistaken for the deep truth that lies beneath them. He looks

on poetry as a juvenile colourist regards the brilliant, graceful folds which envelop his model: ere long, he will see that the clearly-defined human form, with its strong life thrilling in every nerve and muscle, is more lovely than all these meretricious adornments. Dazzled with a redundancy of poetic images, enchanted with the possession of rhythmical facility, a young writer does not at first find out that thoughts, not language, make the poet. It is because we have in this volume, through much feeble-strained commonplace, a current of original ideas, that we augur the future success of Mr Symington. For instance, a poem within a poem — 'The Dream' — contains a thought exquisite of its kind, though worked out so imperfectly, that its beauty is almost entirely lost.

A lover and his beloved are wandering together:—

'I gazed on Rosabelle,
Pure and angel fair,
The wind stirred not a single tress;
Of her glossy silken hair,
When wicked spirit came to me
Whispering to my soul—
"Lo, what angel loveliness,
Pure delight, and honied bliss!
Can Heaven itself be more than this?
Heaven, tell me if it be?"

Thus with glozing plausible
My listening ear the tempter stole,
And o'er my senses hung
Spell of darkness, while I sung,
"Rosabelle—Rosabelle!
In this shady spot,
By clear, cooling crystal well,
Hearing woodland music float,
Past and future all forgot,
With thee I would ever dwell:
Thou art Heaven, sweet Rosabelle!"

Thus I sung, when, well-a-day!
The ladye, young and fair to see,
All trembling waxed wan;
Copious flood of briny tears
Adown her pale face ran:
Idly, dew-beapent seemed she,
Oh, piteously she looked on me!
Then gazing on the skies
With fixed eyes,
She moved her lips, as if to pray,
And swooned away.

* * * * *
A thickening mist, diffusing, spread
O'er vale and mountain high,
With a dreary gloom it hung
In the darkling sky.
The sickening flowers aweary droop,
Pining for the golden sun:
Velvet-soft leaves shrivel up,
Falling every one.
The flowers, all dead, alas!
Soon were buried 'neath a mass
Of forest leaves, that lay
Withering on the grass.
The very brook now flowed
With languid scanty stream,
Nor voice of any bird was heard
Save the famished vulture's scream.

The lover watched in dull despair by the dead form of Rosabelle throughout the night. But when

'Sunrise seemed to herald in
A tranquil day,
Memento-like, my stony heart,
Touched, began to pray.'

The prayer awakens the dead, and the earth's charms are renewed with the love that first made it beautiful. But the dream warns the lover that

—'Were any one
To love the golden sun,
Twinkling star, or lowly flower,
Brook or bowen,
Skylark sweetly carolling,
OR ANY EARTHLY THING
FOR ITSELF ALONE,
Its beauty soon would fade away,
Yielding to decay.'

Now life is a charming poetic myth, one that Shelley would have gloried in, except for the great mystery that it unfolds—a truth beyond even him—that all love

must fall when the human comes between us and the divine. And this beautiful idea, which would make a grand poem, is clothed in language that rarely rises above sarcasm prettiness. But the mere power of conception implies the undeveloped capability of execution. The poem in which this 'Dream' is inserted—'A Summer Ramble'—contains some passages where the thought and the forms of expression are equally good. Witness the following:—

'The universe, said Amy, everywhere
Is full of spirit-meanings; only we,
Too gross, too worldly, seldom dream of them:
Yet who examines deeply, eye perceives
A perfect harmony—a unity
Pervading all things. . . . That the arts
Of music, sculpture, painting, poetry,
Are but exponents of the inner soul,
And various mediums to translate one thought.
Here is a little, clear pellucid pool,
Where water lies upon the mossy grass,
Thin covering it, as glass a picture. He
Who chooses proper light can gaze far down
Into the deep-blue sky, and plainly see
Sun, moon, or stars, with every leaf and spray
Of tall o'er-arching tree that intervenes,
There clearly mirrored. Others, looking down,
See only grass. And so with the ideal:
Yet when the worlds are dimmed and passed away,
Then the ideal shall be the only real.'

Mr Symington has, in common with all young enthusiasts in rhyme, a great love for revelling in the visible forms of nature. Descriptive landscape poetry, wherein no deeper thought lies brooding, has always a charm for those writers who stand at the entrance of life. The unwinding of all the tortuous links of human passion and human feeling belongs more to the maturer poet. Some of Mr Symington's pictures are exquisite transcripts of nature. Here are two twilight scenes, which show how much of the true poet-artist's feeling he possesses:—

'On thymy slope reclining all alone
By murmuring stream amid the golden broom,
I watched the sun, a globe of crimson fire,
Sink slowly in the west: with glow intense
Shot through each orifice, the castle seemed
As it were lit up by a thousand lamps.
Trees on the summit of the hill displayed
Their fentherly tops against the amber sky;
While silently the gentle roseate eve
In hazy glimmer blushing, hid herself
From gaze of stars.

The moon is hid, and yet it is not dark;
For, from the horizon in the ruddy west
Beyond Orion, glowing round the verge,
A wailing light burns slowly to the north:
The roseate amber blush suffused on high,
Far as the zenith, fades among the stars.'

In this writer, too, are the same indications of genius that we remarked in Mr Reade; namely, the power of giving expression to a beautiful thought in a few words. As, for instance—

'Day shows us earth; night—heaven!'
'The keen stars brightening in the passing wind.'
'Joy wantons in the sun:
Grief is his constant shadow.'
'The sun comes forth in dazzling glorious sheen,
Smiting the stormy ridges of the mist,
Which, mouldering away in golden dust,
Are calmed to rippling light.'

These extracts are sufficient to show that Mr Symington's mind contains the materials of a fine poet: the statue is within the marble, but it is only half formed. Careless rhymes, and equally careless rhythm, leaning more to prettiness and melody than terse purity of style, and many affectations of language—these are our young poet's faults. But he is a poet, nevertheless: there is the right metal in him, if he will only work it out. And in all he writes, one can trace the man shining through the author: furnishing indications of a nature alive not merely to the beautiful, but also to the good. Such qualities are the root, and the best nourishment of genius.

We will take leave of Mr Symington with a lyric—one of his best—which is quite a fireside picture:—

STANZAS ON ———

Rare to find friend true and faithful,
Whom no paltry gold can buy;
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:
Such a friend have I.
Gentle-hearted, unassuming,
Dowered with mental vision clear;
Highly valued is the counsel
Of a friend so dear.

After weary hours of business,
You might see him, snug at home,
Poring over new-cut volume,
Or an ancient tome:
Dancing now a little urchin
On his knee—an only boy,
Whose light prattle, quips, and laughter,
Are his parents' joy.

Should I drop in of an evening—
No one there but our two selves—
Commune we with bards and sages,
Ranged upon the shelves.
Now romances, in black-letter,
Blazoned gold, with armed knights;
Chaucer, with old quaint initials,
Or the "Arabian Nights."

Many a device and curious volume
Scattered o'er the table lies:
Dipping here and there into them,
How an evening flies!
Charles Lamb, we cannot want him;
Gonial Hunt, he must appear;
Shelley, Keats, and wondrous Coleridge,
Aye are lying near.

Busts of mighty ones gaze on us,
Here, a statuette of Scott;
Picture there, of Ben's "Alochymist,"
Furnace glowing hot.
Round, book-aplits seem to hover
In a charmed atmosphere,
Bringing distant climes and ages
In bright vision near.

Hark! "Gong" calls to mind the present—
Hands are pressed—I homeward wend:
'Neath the starry orb, in silence,
Thinking of my friend.
Rare to find one true and faithful,
Whom no paltry gold can buy;
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:
Such a friend have I.

VALUE OF GAME.

We are inclined to believe that the real value of game in this country is not in general fully understood. It is usually looked upon as kept chiefly for amusement, and its commercial importance is little thought of. Yet its direct value, as a marketable commodity, is very considerable; and its indirect value, as enhancing landed property, is so great, that it is not easy to form a just estimate of it. The prices of ordinary game are pretty well known in Scotland; in England they are still higher, and there is always a ready demand. The value of a brace of grouse is, on an average, 6s. in England; pheasants, 6s.; partridges, 3s.; hares, 2s. each; woodcocks, from 6s. to 10s. a pair. The average value of a Highland red deer is not less than £5. So much for the direct value of game; and when we consider its importance indirectly, we are first led to think of the Highland moors which it has rendered so profitable. For the following facts on this portion of the subject we are indebted to an able letter on the game-laws by Lord Malmesbury. A vast number of moors are now let for £400 or £500 a year, which formerly brought nothing to the proprietor, as they are unfit even for sheep. Large tracts, which formerly let as sheep-farms, are now converted into deer-forests, and pay at least one-third, and even one-half, more than they did formerly. Five hundred deer may be kept on a space of ground that will feed 1200 sheep. Valuing these sheep at the average price of 18s. each, these would be worth £1080; but the deer would realise nearly double the sum—namely, £2000; for the average price of stags in summer and hinds in winter is fully £4. From a long and accurate knowledge of the Highland moors, Lord Malmesbury is of opinion that they are yearly advancing in price, and becoming a more important kind of property. He saw a list last year of 106 moors let for shootings, the rent of which could not be averaged at less than £300,

which makes a total of £31,800. There were twice as many more let at an average of £100, and a third portion unlet, whose value may be fairly stated at £17,000, the whole making together a rental of £50,000 on the Highland shootings. He adds that this may be looked upon as a clear gain, as far as respects the grouse-moors, and an increase of two-fifths on deer-ground, called "forest."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

EFFECTS OF MESMERISM ON A BEAR.

A gentleman residing at Oxford had in his possession a young Syrian bear from Mount Lebanon, about a year old. This bear was generally good-humoured, playful, and tractable. One morning the bear, from the attentions of some visitors, became savage and irritable; and the owner, in despair, tied him up in his usual abode, and went away to attend to his guests. In a few minutes he was hastily recalled to see his bear. He found him rolling about on his haunches, faintly moving his paws, and gradually sinking into a state of quiescence and repose. Above him stood a gentleman, well known in the mesmerism world, making the usual passes with his hands. The poor bear, though evidently unwilling to yield to this new influence, gradually sunk to the ground, closed his eyes, became motionless and insensible to all means used to rouse him. He remained in this state for some minutes, when he awoke, as it were, from a deep sleep, shook himself, and tottered about the court, as though labouring under the effects of a strong narcotic. He exhibited evident signs of drowsiness for some hours afterwards. This interesting scene took place in the presence of many distinguished members of the British Association when last held in the university of Oxford.—*F. T. Buckland.*

A HINT FOR AUTHORS.

Willis, who was once a typo, thinks that all authors should serve a year in a newspaper office. There is no such effectual analysis of style as the process of type-setting. As he takes up letter by letter of a long or complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of where the sentence might have been shortened to save his labour. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognises a careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon acquires a habit of putting an admiring value on clearness and brevity. We have said nothing of the art of nice punctuation, which is also acquired in a printing-office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne is by effervescing. Journeymen printers are necessarily well instructed and intelligent men. It is a part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a "query" against any passage in a new book which he does not clearly comprehend. Authors who know what is valuable, profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point that would have ruined a literary reputation, if left uncorrected for the reviewers to handle, has been noiselessly put right by a proof-reader's unobtrusive "qu?"—*American paper.*

READING AND THINKING.

Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In an early number of the Journal will appear the first of a series of articles descriptive of a tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, by Mr Robert Chambers.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

VOYAGE TO COPENHAGEN.

EVER since the end of a very pleasant excursion in Rhineland and Switzerland in 1848, I had set apart the summer of the present year for a more extended tour, which should embrace the principal German cities and Italy. When the time came, however, those parts of the continent were in such a volcanic state, that unless I had had a decided taste for walking over hot cinders and lava (*'incedere per ignes'*), there was no chance of getting along with any degree of comfort. In these circumstances, I turned my thoughts to a part of Europe which is not perhaps possessed of so many attractions, but which at least had the merit of being sufficiently cool for the foot of the English traveller—namely, the group of countries which rank under the general appellation of Scandinavia. In England these countries are generally regarded as only too cool—which is not altogether true either—and they are accordingly little visited. But here, again, lay a reconciling consideration; for, if neglected, they were just so much the more *recherchés* to the person who should make his way into them. I also reflected on the singular social condition of Norway as a curious study for such a wanderer as myself: it would, I thought, be deeply interesting to try and ascertain if a democratic constitution, and the absence of a law of primogeniture, really did render that country the paradise which it appears to be in the pages of Samuel Laing. Then there were some curious geological and archaeological studies to be pursued in Scandinavia. One large lump of it is supposed to be playing a sort of game of see-saw, to the great inconvenience of mariners in the adjacent seas; while another, though now steady, appears to have at some former period been engaged in the same strange procedure. According to some philosophers, there had been a time when a sheet of ice had passed athwart the whole country, rubbing away every asperity from its craggy surface, excepting only the peaks of the highest mountains. Its wild fords were still as curious for their natural phenomena as for the lonely grandeur of their aspect. And the remains of the early inhabitants of these remote regions, whether in the form of literature, or that of their arms, personal ornaments, and domestic utensils, were, I knew, a treasure of the richest kind to any one taking the least interest in the past history of his species.

Having, for these reasons, determined on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, I left Edinburgh in the latter part of June. The readiest course for one proposing such a tour is, in general, either by the steamers which leave London, Hull, and Leith for Hamburg, or those which proceed from the two first of these ports to Copenhagen. At the time of my proposed jour-

ney, the Elbe was under blockade by the Danish navy, in consequence of the Sleswig-Holstein war. Copenhagen was therefore the only access. It is much to be regretted that there is no steamer direct from England to any port of Sweden and Norway. There was one to Gottenburg a few years ago; it was discontinued because it did not pay. According to Swedish report, an endeavour to revive it has been obstructed by a demand of the English government that only English steamers shall be employed; apparently a most unreasonable demand, and one not characteristic of the present policy. It would surely be much to be lamented if anything so advantageous to the two countries as a direct intercourse be really prevented by such petty difficulties. Let us hope that not another summer shall elapse without the revival of the Gottenburg steamer.

A railway train conducted me from Edinburgh to Hull in the interval between breakfast and supper, allowing me three hours of pause at York, which I employed in a visit to the Minster. The consequences of the second conflagration of this superb building are now repaired, and the edifice is probably in a state of completeness, both as to building and decoration, which it never knew in Catholic times. I was led to reflect how strange it was that so much zeal had been expended in the reconstruction of this theatre of an extinct drama—for the Gothic church of the middle ages was strictly a theatre in which to present daily to mankind, under suitably impressive circumstances, the spectacle of a divine sacrifice which had been made for them. Under modern Christianity, this object exists no longer. The ancient church, accordingly, when too large to be rendered into an ordinary place of worship—as is the case with the English cathedrals—becomes, over and above the corner devoted to the reading of a liturgy, a mere antiquarian curiosity. It is strange that what was done in the twelfth century under the impulse of a powerful religious feeling, can now be done, and done more promptly and quickly, under a feeling almost purely romantic. We must of course rejoice that so beautiful a building as York Minster has been redeemed from the ruin into which it was accidentally thrown, and once more made worthy of the homage of the highest taste. Yet we cannot well forget that such works amongst us can only be something simulative or imitative—what the Eglintoun tournament was to real chivalry. The paroxysm of public feeling in which such noble structures originated was a true thing, and one of the finest true things of its era. It is past—it can never be reproduced. The feelings and energies which took that direction are now expended on totally different objects. It is from a different and secondary source that Gothic renovations proceed.

At this time there were in Hull 8000 people out of employment, in consequence of the interruption to the

Hamburg trade, and it was said that much misery existed in the town. One would have expected, in such circumstances, that any little job to one of the hangers-on of the streets would have been keenly relished, and the remuneration, if decent in amount, thankfully received. Nevertheless, when I handed a shilling to two men who had, at one turn of three minutes, carried my few packages from the cab on the quay into the vessel, it was contemptuously rejected, and only accepted after it became clear that I would not accede to their demand of half-a-crown. What would a foreigner, in such circumstances, have thought of the state of things which had been described to him as appertaining to Hull? He could scarcely have resisted a supposition that bad times in England are something better than the best times on the continent.

Usually, the passport grievance does not commence till one has set his foot on a foreign soil. On this occasion it began before I left the harbour. At the earnest solicitation of the owners of the steamer, I went to the Danish consul to have my passport *visé*, for the sake of establishing that I had come from a district unaffected by cholera. For this a fee of five shillings was exacted from myself and some other passengers. It was hoped, by such means, that no interruption would occur in the landing of passengers at Copenhagen, and the subsequent proceeding of the vessel to St Petersburg. It will be found that in this object we were disappointed, and that the exaction was to us virtually an act of spoliation. When will states be above the meanness of imposing these petty taxes on travellers, whom one might suppose they would see it to be for their interest to encourage, by every possible act of civility and generosity, to visit their lands?

On rising early next morning, I found the vessel ploughing its way out of the Humber, with the new works of Great Grimsby on the right. This is designed as a new port for the east of England, in connection with certain lines of railway. It is to enclose a hundred and thirty-five acres of the sea-beach, and within this space there will be an entrance basin, accessible at all times to every kind of vessel, besides large docks, piers, and wharfs. The scheme is a magnificent example of English enterprise, and promises to be attended with success. In this event, Hull must fall into a secondary place among British ports. If I am rightly informed—but I only speak upon report—those privileges which have hitherto appeared as her strength will have had no small concern in bringing about the result.

A sea-voyage seems as if it could never be a comfortable thing. The sickness from the motion of the vessel is the first and greatest drawback; but the lesser evils of straitened accommodations, imperfect ventilation, the odious smell inherent in the vessel, and the monotony of the daily life, are scarcely less felt. Prostrated under a sense of nausea, afraid to rise, and afraid or unable to eat, unable to exert the mind in reading or discourse, one sinks down into a state of mere stupid endurance, almost the most hapless in which one can well be in the course of ordinary existence.

After suffering thus for four-and-twenty hours, I ventured upon deck, and finding the weather not unpleasant, walked about for an hour or two. Here the want of objects on which to exert the mind beset me, and I became surprised at the interest which the slightest change of circumstances or sights occasioned. We eagerly scanned the dim horizon for vessels, and reckoned them up with the greatest care. We marked every variation in the direction of the wind, and in the ship's course. But all was insufficient to give an agreeable stimulus to the craving mind, and passiveness always appeared; after all, as the best resource. Seeing two vessels at a distance, sailing different ways under one wind, I amused myself by comparing them to two speculative philosophers driving to opposite conclusions from one set of facts.

On the third morning there were some symptoms of our coming near the land, though it was still beyond the ken of vision. One of these symptoms was a couple of small boats. Finding afterwards that we sailed seven hours, or as much as seventy miles, without approaching the land, I wondered that two small boats should be met so far out at sea. Supposing they were fishing-boats, it was the more surprising that it was on a Sunday morning, though this, a passenger explained, might be from an anxiety to make as much as possible of the short season during which fishing can be carried on in these seas. As we approached the opening of the Sound, vessels became more frequent, and at length one happy passenger was able to announce that he saw the "loom of the land." It was, as expected, a portion of the north of Jutland, a low tract of sandy downs, presenting scarcely an object for many miles besides a lighthouse and a solitary country church. We soon passed the Skaw Point, amidst a crowd of vessels of all sizes, calling for almost as much care in steering as is necessary in conducting a drosky through the Strand. Then the young moon appeared setting in a cloudless summer sky, and it became delightful to walk along the elevated deck, watching her slow descent into the gleaming wave, interchanging a word of remark now and then with a companion, and mentally speculating on the new scenes which must meet our eyes under the next sun. We were all by this time fully restored to our usual healthy sensations, and each meal, as it came upon the board, was heartily done justice to.

I was awakened next morning at five with the intelligence that we were just about to pass through the Sound. I ascended to the deck in a provisional dress, and soon saw that assemblage of objects which has been made so generally familiar by means of pictures—a low point, fronted with mounds bristling with cannon, and an old pinnacled palace starting up from within a few yards of the water's edge, while the narrow sea in front bears a crowd of vessels of all sizes. We had now an opportunity of examining the coast on either hand, but found nothing worthy of special observation, beyond the smiling character imparted to the landscape by pleasant woods, cottages, and gardens, such as one sees on the coast of England. Behind Elsinore, however, there is a lofty bank, of which I shall afterwards take some notice.

After passing a few miles of the low coast of Seeland—for such is the name of this insulated part of the kingdom of Denmark—we were told that the vessel was near Copenhagen, which, however, shows itself in this direction only by a few traces of steeples and dock-yards, with a screen of green mounds serving as batteries in front. We were quickly brought to a pause in the mouth of the harbour. Every passenger had prepared for immediate landing. The offer of breakfast by the steward was treated disdainfully, as visions of the *Hôtel Royal* rose before us. The captain had gone ashore with our passports, and his return with permission for our landing was instantly expected; when a rumour began to spread that we were to be detained a couple of days in quarantine. It proved to be too true, the government having received intelligence of the revival of cholera in London, which had determined it to subject all vessels coming from England to a quarantine which should interpose five full days between their leaving port and their landing passengers and goods in Denmark. Then all was dismay, though at first we could scarcely perceive or believe in the extent of our misfortune. The magical five-shillings affidavit of the consul at Hull was reverted to. We had paid our money for being certified clear of infection, and clear of infection we must be: otherwise, what were we to think of that transaction? Our chafing was of course unavailing. The Danish government is unusually tenacious and pedantic about quarantine regulations, to which it sapiently attributes the remarkable fact, that Denmark has never yet had a visit of the Asiatic scourge. There was no chance that it would relent on the present occasion. Slowly, and with a bad

grace, did we address ourselves to the formerly-despised breakfast. Our friend the steward no doubt viewed the case in a light peculiar to himself.

Two days were spent in perfect inaction, and consequently with much tedium and dissatisfaction. For my part there is something which makes me placid under such troubles. It is perhaps a negative satisfaction in considering that I cannot be blamed for *this* evil, as I must be for most others which befall me. I grieved to think that there must be two days of tame, unvaried life, before I could step into the new city before me; but meanwhile the circumstances were not positively uncomfortable in any great degree; the company was not marred by any bad element in itself; there were books to read and memoranda to arrange; finally, it could not be helped. I therefore submitted with tolerable cheerfulness.

After all, we were comparatively well dealt with, for we heard of many persons who were obliged to lie for longer periods in quarantine, and to spend their time of duration at a station arranged for the purpose on a part of the coast a few miles off, where life was very much that of a prison. Persons coming from Germany would have to stay there five days. If I am not mistaken, travellers from England by the continental route had at this time to pass a previous quarantine at Hamburg, so that a journey to Denmark by that route could not occupy less than a fortnight. I have since heard of a Scottish merchant having lost a vessel on the south coast of Sweden, and going out there, by way of Copenhagen, to see after his property. From the exigencies of business at home, he had only twelve days in all to give to the excursion. On reaching Copenhagen, he would not be allowed to land till that time had nearly expired, and he would consequently be obliged to return to Scotland without accomplishing his object.

By way of a favour, a party of our passengers (in which I was included) was allowed to go in a boat to bathe at a place in front of one of the batteries, an emissary of the quarantine station hovering near us as a watch, lest we should break rules. Two boys, returning from an English school to St Petersburg for the holidays, were full of frolic. We soon had a riotous scene of ducking and splashing, accompanied by shouts of (I must say) very foolish merriment, and thus would probably help in no small degree to confirm our guard in an impression which is said to be very prevalent in Denmark regarding the English—that they are all a little mad. A companion remarked to me, that certainly men will condescend in some circumstances to a surprising degree of puerility, or rather childishness of conduct: here, for instance, said he, there is scarcely the least difference to be observed between the conduct of the schoolboys and their seniors. Take away the pressure of our ordinary immediate circumstances, and how all our usual habits are dissolved! But this is a theme as trite as it is tempting, and I must cut it short. A lunch after the bath was attended by jocularly nearly as outrageous, and we did not return to the ship till near the dinner hour.

Our company was small, but it was sufficiently various. There were two specimens of the idle English gentleman, if such a term may be applied to the character. They were men in the prime of life, unmarried, handsome, moustached, with an air of high society, yet perfectly affable, and even agreeable, in their intercourse with their fellow-travellers. I hesitate in applying the term *idle* to these men, as they appear to be far from exemplifying true inactivity. They speak of having travelled and sported in many parts of the world. One is as familiar with the granitic wilds of Finland as with Donegal and Inverness. He spends whole summers of wild hardy life in the deserts near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, shooting bears and hunting deer, lost to wheaten bread and every luxury for weeks at a time. His frame is sinewy and firmly knit; his habits in eating and drinking are as simple as possible. The other gentleman has been with his ship through every sea in

the East and West. He has left England at the height of the gay season, to perform a journey of four months, commencing with Copenhagen, St Petersburg, and Stockholm, to terminate on the coasts of the Levant. Another of our party is a New Englander, with an air of quiet confidence as remarkable as that of the Englishmen; yet of a totally different character. He is a little of a humorist, and not at all offensive. A fourth is an elderly Lincolnshire farmer, homely, simple, good-natured, full of quaint remark, and not unwilling to be smiled at by his companions on account of his little peculiarities of manners and discourse. We have also a young English student, evidently not of the university caste, deficient in figure, of gentle manners, and possessed of considerable intelligence. Of females we have few, only one being of the genus *lady*, the sister of our best-hungry friend; the rest are more practical in their character. One is a mother with a charge of young children, whom she is sadly ill-qualified for regulating or keeping in order. Incessantly these juveniles are chattering about something, or else crying and squalling. The mother goes about with a broken-hearted air, and a voice worn down to its lowest and saddest tones, either taking her children's querulousness resignedly, or obiding them crossly for what is chiefly her own blame. To attend even thus imperfectly to the group of little ones, takes the whole time and energy of this poor mother, and of an equally broken-spirited maid; for never does a minute pass when there is not something to be done for them, either in the way of attending to their personal necessities, or preventing them from clapperclawing each other, and saving them from the effects of their own recklessness. The thought occurred to me twenty times a day—verily the *storye* is a most marvellous endowment of the mother's heart, enabling her, as it does, to submit placidly to what every other person would feel to be intolerable misery.

We received a great alarm on the second day of our enforced leisure. A party had gone off in a boat to row about and bathe, without the attendance of a quarantine officer. No harm was meant, but it was imprudent. By and by it was whispered that word had come that, owing to this breach of regulations, we should all be detained a week longer, or else have to pay a heavy fine—perhaps both. This was dire intelligence to our good-natured captain, and not less so to a mercantile person, who had sixteen first-class English horses on board, which he was taking out on speculation to Russia. These animals had to stand in cribs on deck during the whole voyage from Hull to St Petersburg. While the vessel was sailing, it was comparatively well with them, for the motion gave them a certain amount of exercise: but the unexpected stoppage of two days told sorely upon them: it was already remarked that their legs were beginning to swell. The owner declared that a week more of inaction would utterly ruin them. While we were gloomily speculating on all the evils we had to dread, the peccant boat-party returned, and relieved us so far, by declaring that they had scrupulously abstained from approaching the shore or any other vessel. They immediately despatched an assurance to this effect to the quarantine station. Notwithstanding a defying tone on the part of some of the defaulters, we passed the evening in a state of serious apprehension, no one knowing what extent of penalty might be imposed by an authority notoriously ruled by any considerations rather than those of rationality. It was thought, on the strength of former instances, not impossible that each of the grown gentlemen of the party might have to pay twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. One more confident than the rest offered four sovereigns to another as an insurance to cover his own risk, or, as an alternative, proposed to undertake that gentleman's risk for three; and the latter arrangement was actually entered into. Early next morning, when we were all on the *qui vive* to learn our fate, a boat came up, and the magical term so well understood in England, 'All right,' soon spread a general smile over the company.

The authorities, by an amazing stretch of generosity and common sense, had agreed to overlook the delinquency, on condition that certain expenses should be paid, amounting to something less than two pounds. The passengers for Copenhagen were therefore permitted to land immediately with their luggage, and the vessel was allowed to commence discharge of cargo, preparatory to proceeding to St Petersburg. R. C.

THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

A SWISS TALE.

THE early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard day's toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his arm-chair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready? Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a companion' (journeyman), said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants?'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the Compagnon's Inn at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamour was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be?'

'Daniel?'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter?'

'Neither of these to-night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the Compagnon."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:—

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had begun to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for their food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage; the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the labourers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Switzerland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a companion carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy, the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its golden fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with people for whom the

middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labour or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts, and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss companion has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of his northern sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform colour of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mother's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God, for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where I used to play so joyfully! Ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have laboured so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and basking her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu, Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, "Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy."'

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced, he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely 'and fro as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognised Rodolphe, his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco-smoke behind him. Poor companion! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he

was, moreover, Gertrude's father. 'Ha,' said he, 'if Rodolphe so soon forgets the faces of his friends, my old master will recollect me,' and so saying, he approached him respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired whether he could obtain work for him. The old man looked at him a while before replying; and Herman's heart beat so quickly, that he could scarce conceal his feelings. 'Come to me to-morrow,' at last said the old man; 'I will then examine your certificates: work is not scarce for good hands;' and turning towards his men, resumed his occupations. 'What!' exclaimed the poor companion to himself as he turned away, 'am I so changed that my features are not recognised by my old master? What if Gertrude herself— But no, that is impossible! She who could distinguish me in a crowd a hundred paces off, will surely know her Herman again, in spite of his sunburnt face: besides, if her eyes failed her, her heart would prompt her of my presence!' So thinking, he rapidly traversed the little town. There was the old lime-tree, with the rustic seat beneath it; there the fountain, where many women were washing; and there stood the neat little cottage, upon which the young man's eyes now became rivetted. The blue curtain and pots of carnations were there, as they ever had been; and oh, joy, there sat a young woman spinning! Herman's heart bounded with joy; he rushed forward, and then stopped opposite the window, a few steps only separating him from Gertrude. He remained immovable, so powerful were his emotions, and admired the ripening of her charms which had taken place during his absence: no longer the slender girl of fifteen, but a young woman in all the fulness of her beauty; her whole appearance denoting strength, health, and freshness. 'How beautiful she is!' exclaimed Herman in a low voice. Gertrude did not catch the words, but the voice struck her ear; and seeing a traveller but poorly clad with his eyes fixed on her, said to herself with a sigh, 'Poor fellow, he looks in want;' and throwing him a coin with Heaven's blessing, she shut the window, and disappeared. Alas! the sun of the south has too long shone on the face of the companion; his best friends know him not, and his beloved regards him as a stranger! Had she remained at the window, Gertrude must have remarked the expression of the poignant grief Herman endured; and her heart would have divined, that under those toilworn clothes and sunburnt face was concealed him for whose advent she had so often prayed. After long remaining on the same spot, as if his feet were rivetted to the ground, the companion tore himself away, and turned towards his home. But how changed in appearance! That buoyant step which, a few moments before, had trod the ground so lightly, was now slow and heavy; excessive fatigue overcame him. 'The weight of the bag he carried—not felt before—now seemed excessive; his head hung down on his chest, his hopes seemed blasted, and that native land which, a few hours since, he saluted with such joy, now seemed indifferent to him. In vain did the old lime-tree, with its majestic foliage, meet his eyes; in vain did the antique fountain, with its grotesque figures, that should have called to his mind so many childish recollections, stand before him. He saw nothing; his wounded heart felt nothing but sorrow. However, he still advanced towards his home, and a few steps only separated him from the old churchyard wall, near which he had passed so many happy days of boyhood, when he saw an aged woman come tottering down the steps of the portico of the church, supported by a stick. It was his mother returning from offering her daily prayer for his return. 'Oh, how altered is she!' he sorrowfully exclaimed: 'how can I hope her feeble eyes should know her child, when mine can scarcely recognise her timeworn frame!' But no sooner had she approached him, and raised her head, than she fell into his arms, sobbing through her tears, 'My son, my beloved son!' Herman pressed her closely to his breast, and falteringly exclaimed, 'My mother, thou at least hast not forgotten me. Years of absence, the

scorching sun, and toilsome labour, conceal me not from you!'

Yes, if the sun of the south had rendered the face of the companion a stranger to his dearest friends and his beloved, but one look sufficed to make his mother exclaim, 'My son—my Herman! God be praised that he has restored him to me!'

The narrator here seemed to have concluded his story, and remained lost in the emotion he had depicted. Such a conclusion, however, did not satisfy his listeners.

'But what became of the companion?' they demanded.

'Oh,' said the father, recollecting himself, 'he went home with his mother, and said to her, "Here, mother, take what I have earned, and live happily the rest of your days with your child," and to the last breath the old woman blessed the return of her only son.' So saying, he sorrowfully cast his eyes towards the corner of the room where hung a distaff, surmounted by a crown of everlasting flowers. The children followed their father's eyes, and long maintained a respectful silence.

'So,' Frank at last suddenly exclaimed, 'Gertrude did not love the beautiful things he brought for her?'

'Why did she shut the window then?' said another child.

'Perhaps,' added Catherine, 'she opened it again?'

'Yes, my Catherine,' said the carpenter smiling, 'she did open it again: and it was with the companion and his Gertrude that their old mother passed her days, blessing them both until she left this world for a better.' At this moment his wife Gertrude, still in the prime of life, entered with their homely supper.

THE ALBATROSS.

Of all the interesting objects which present themselves to the eye of the voyager in the southern hemisphere, the albatross is among the most noteworthy. Apart from its relieving the monotony of the watery expanse, this bird, by its extraordinary characteristics, seldom fails of exciting a lively degree of astonishment in the spectator—for what can be thought of a bird which apparently requires neither rest nor sleep? It is perhaps owing to this peculiarity that sailors and others have regarded the albatross with mingled feelings of awe and wonder: its presence was an omen, but rather of good than evil. The weary crew of Bartholomew Diaz doubtless looked on the swift air-cleaving creature as an appropriate scout from the Cape of Storms, while Vasco de Gama may have hailed it as the herald of his hope and success. Coleridge has very happily availed himself of these different aspects in his 'Ancient Mariner,' where he makes the aged seaman, with 'long gray beard and glittering eye,' relate how, from out the dismal mists—

'At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew;

* * * * *
And a good south wind sprang up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!'

And then the disasters which ensued when

— 'With his cross-bow
He shot the albatross.'

Whatever delight might be experienced in contemplating the bird under the mysterious point of view suggested by the poet, would be rather heightened than diminished by a knowledge of its real natural character; and this we may obtain from that valuable and highly-meritorious work, 'The Birds of Australia,' by Mr Gould. According to this enterprising naturalist—

'The *Diomedea exulans* (wandering albatross) is by far the largest and most powerful species of its tribe; and,

from its great strength and ferocious disposition, is held in terror by every other bird with which it is surrounded. It is even said that it will fearlessly attack and tear out the eyes of a drowning man, a feat, from what I have observed of it, I can readily imagine it would attempt. It is most abundant between the 30th and 60th degrees of south latitude, and appears to be equally numerous in all parts of the ocean bounded by those degrees; and I feel assured that it is confined to no one part, but is constantly engaged in making a circuit of the globe in that particular zone allotted by nature for its habitation. The open sea is in fact its natural home; and this it never leaves, except for the purpose of breeding, when it usually resorts to rocky islands the most difficult of access.

'The powers of flight of the wandering albatross are much greater than those of any other bird that has come under my observation. Although, during calm or moderate weather, it sometimes rests on the surface of the water, it is almost constantly on the wing, and is equally at ease while passing over the glassy surface during the stillest calm, or sweeping, with arrow-like swiftness, before the most furious gale; and the way in which it just tops the raging billows, and sweeps between the gulfy waves, has a hundred times called forth my wonder and admiration. Although a vessel running before the wind frequently sails more than 200 miles in the twenty-four hours, and that for days together, still the albatross has not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the ship, but also performs circles of many miles in extent, returning again to hunt up the wake of the vessel for any substances thrown overboard.

'Like the other species of the genus, it is nocturnal as well as diurnal, and no bird with which I am acquainted takes so little repose. It appears to be perpetually on the wing, scanning the surface of the ocean for molluscs and medusae, and the other marine animals that constitute its food. So frequently does the boldness of this species cost it its life, that hundreds are annually killed, without, however, its numbers being apparently in any degree lessened. It readily seizes a hook baited with fat of any kind; and if a boat be lowered, its attention is immediately attracted, and while flying round, it is easily shot.' It is not surprising that a poetical imagination should have been excited by such a subject, and Coleridge is not the only bard who has shaped it into verse. Another writes—

'Now upon Australian seas,
Wafted by the tropic breeze,
We salute the southern cross—
Watch the wondrous albatross—
Circling round in orbits vast,
Pausing now above the mast,
Laving now his snowy breast
Where the billows sleeping rest.

'Now he skirts the surface o'er,
Rising, falling evermore;
Floating high on stillest wine,
Now he seems a guardian thing,
Now a messenger of wrath,
Cleaving swift his airy path;
Hearing o'er the liquid plain
Warning of the hurricane.'

Mr Gould's description of the *Diomedea melanophrys*, black-eyebrowed albatross, exhibits other characteristics:—'Of all the species,' he observes, 'with which I am acquainted, this is the most fearless of man, and it often approaches many yards nearer the vessel than any other. I have even observed it approach so near, that the tips of its pinions were not more than two arms' length from the taffarel. It is very easily captured with a hook and line; and as this operation gives not the least pain to the bird, the point of the hook merely taking hold in the horny and insensible tip of the bill, I frequently amused myself in capturing it in this way, and after detaining it sufficiently long to afford me an opportunity for investigating any particular point respecting which I wished to satisfy myself, setting it at liberty again. I also caught numerous examples, marked, and

gave them their liberty, in order to ascertain whether the individuals which were flying round the ship at nightfall were the same that were similarly engaged at daylight in the morning, after a night's run of 120 miles, and which, in nearly every instance, proved to be the case.'

Angling for albatrosses is no modern art, as appears from the narrative of Sir Richard Hawkins' voyage to the South Sea in 1593, in which it is pretty certain that these birds are spoken of. 'Certaine great fowles,' says the narrator, 'as bigge as swannes, soared about us, and the winde calming, settled themselves in the sea, and fed upon the sweepings of our ship; which I perceiving, and desirous to see of them, because they seemed farre greater than in truth they were, I caused a hooke and line to be brought me, and with a peece of pilchard I bated the hooke, and a foot from it tied a peece of cork, that it might not sinke deepe, and threw it into the sea, which, our ship driving with the sea, in a little time was a good space from us, and one of the fowles beeing hungry, presently seized upon it, and the hooke in his upper beake. It is like to a falcon's bill, but that the point is more crooked, in that manner, as by no means hee could cleere himselfe, except that the line brake, or the hooke righted: plucking him towards the ship, with the waving of his wings he eased the weight of his body, and being brought to the sterne of our ship, two of our company went downe by the ladder of the poope, and seized on his neck and wings; but such were the blows he gave them with his pinions, as both left their hand-fast, beeing beaten blacke and blue; we cast a snare about his necke, and so triced him into the ship. By the same manner of fishing we caught so many of them, as refreshed and recreated all my people for that day. Their bodies were great, but of little flesh and tender; in taste answerable to the food whereon they feed. They were of two colours—some white, some gray; they had three joyntes in each wing; and from the pointe of one wing to the pointe of the other, both stretched out, was above two fathoms.'

Similar instances are recorded, though not in language quaint and tedious as the above, in Cook's Voyages. The great circumnavigator's crew were glad to regale themselves on albatross roast and boiled, after having been many weeks at sea, and confined to salt food. Sir James Ross, too, after stating that when off the Aguilhas bank, 'the gigantic albatross was seen in great numbers, and many of them taken by means of a fishing-line,' remarks—'these birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region.'

Most marvellous accounts have been given of the spread of wing of the albatross, rivalling the wonderful roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' Mr Gould took pains to verify the facts. The largest specimen seen by him measured 10 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of the outspread wings, and weighed 17 pounds. But Dr Mc Cormick, surgeon of the 'Erebus,' in the Antarctic exploring voyage met with one weighing 20 pounds, and 12 feet stretch of wing. The Auckland Islands, about to become the head-quarters of our southern whale-fishery, are a much-frequented breeding-place for the birds; the others as yet known to naturalists are the Campbell Island—some lonely rocks off the southernmost extremity of Van Diemen's Land—and the islands of Tristan d'Acunha. While at the Auckland, Dr Mc Cormick made himself acquainted with what may be called the bird's domestic habits:—'The albatross,' he writes, 'during the period of incubation, is frequently found asleep with its head under its wings: its beautiful white head and neck appearing above the grass, betray its situation at a considerable distance off. On the approach of an intruder, it resolutely defends its egg, refusing to quit the nest until forced off, when it slowly waddles away in an awkward manner to a short distance, without attempting to take wing. Its greatest enemy is a fierce species of *Lestris*, always on the watch

for the albatross quitting its nest, when the rapacious pirate instantly pounces down and devours the egg. So well is the poor bird aware of the propensity of its foe, that it snaps the mandibles of its beak violently together whenever it observes the lestris flying overhead.

Mr Earle, whose observations were made on the almost inaccessible heights of Tristan d'Acunha, remarks:—"The huge albatross here appeared to dread no interloper or enemy, for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. They lay but one egg, on the ground, where they make a kind of nest by scraping the earth around it: the young is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached, they snapped their beaks with a very quick motion, making a great noise: this, and the throwing up of the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence which they seem to possess." It was at one time believed that the head of the female became of a scarlet colour while she was sitting, and afterwards resumed its original hue. Be this as it may, the male is very attentive to her during the time she keeps the nest, and is constantly on the wing in search of food, which, as before observed, consists of small marine animals, mucilaginous zoophytes, and the spawn of fish. When opportunity offers, however, they attack more solid fare. Commander Remphorne relates, that while on a voyage in 1836, in search of the lost crew of the 'Charles Eaton,' he fell in with the half-putrid carcass of a whale, surrounded by a host of fishes and birds, albatrosses among the latter; 'and so occupied were they, that even the approach of our boat did not disturb them, or put them to flight: many albatrosses allowed us to attack them with our oars and the boat-hooks, and several were consequently knocked down and killed.' The egg of the albatross is about 4 inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end: although good to eat, the albumen or white does not solidify in the boiling. The penguin is said to take possession of the nests when vacated. The albatross is a constant attendant on fishing parties, and if in low condition from scarcity of food or other causes, soon regains its flesh and fat, so voraciously does it devour. It is no uncommon occurrence for one of these birds to take a fish of several pounds' weight into its mouth, and having swallowed one extremity, to wait, like the boa-constrictor, digesting and gulping until the whole is consumed. Towards the end of June, in anticipation of the fishing season, albatrosses arrive in thousands on the coasts of Kamtschatka, and are captured in great numbers, for food and other purposes, by the natives. With the hollow bones of the wing they make pipe-stems, sheaths, needle-cases, and combs, the latter being used in the preparation of flax: they also make use of the inflated intestines as floats for their nets.

Notwithstanding its large size, the albatross does not appear to be a quarrelsome bird; and when attacked by its enemy the skua gull, it endeavours to save itself by flight. Captain Cook once saw a contest between two of these gulls and an albatross; the sole object of the latter appeared to be to defend its breast and the softer portions of its body from the fierce assaults of its antagonists: loss of liberty, however, is said to irritate the bird greatly. Its voice, according to Sourrini, resembles that of the pelican, with a cry approaching the bray of an ass. This author further observes with regard to the flight of the albatross:—"The manner of these birds' flying is very astonishing; the beating of their wings is perceived only at the moment of taking wing, and often they make use at the same time of their feet, which, being webbed, enable them to rise by striking the water. This impulse once given, they have no longer need to beat their wings; they keep them widely extended, and seek their prey, balancing themselves alternately from right to left, skimming with rapid flight the surface of the sea. This balancing serves doubtless to accelerate their course, but it would seem

scarcely sufficient to support them in the air. Perhaps an imperceptible fluttering of their feathers is the principal cause of this extraordinary movement. In this respect they would require to have muscles especially adapted, and for this reason I consider that the anatomy of these birds merits the greatest attention."

By the Germans the albatross is named 'der wandernde schiffsvogel' (the wandering ship-bird); the Dutch term it 'Jean de Jenten'; English sailors, looking to its bulky appearance, call it 'the Cape sheep'; and with them also the sooty albatross is 'the Quaker-bird.' There are seven species particularised by naturalists: the technical description, however, of the *Diomedea exulans*, given by Mr Gould, will apply in general terms to the whole. 'The wandering albatross,' he observes, 'varies much in colour at different ages: very old birds are entirely white, with the exception of the pinions, which are black; and they are to be met with in every stage, from pure white, white freckled, and barred with dark-brown, to dark chocolate-brown approaching to black, the latter colouring being always accompanied by a white face, which in some specimens is washed with buff; beneath the true feathers they are abundantly supplied with a fine white down; the bill is delicate pinky-white, inclining to yellow at the tip; irides very dark-brown; eyelash bare, fleshy, and of a pale-green; legs, feet, and webs, pinky-white. The young are at first clothed in a pure white down, which gives place to the dark-brown colouring.' The 'cautious albatross,' as its name indicates, is very shy, seldom approaches the land, and is not easily captured: the yellow-billed species, when in pursuit of its prey, will dive and swim for several yards under water.

Mr Bennet, in his 'Wanderings,' has some interesting passages on the subject of the albatross. 'It is pleasing,' he writes, 'to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly excited by some invisible power, for there is scarcely any movement of the wings seen after the first and frequent impulses are given, when the creature elevates itself in the air; rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own, and then descending, sweeps the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were "monarch of all it surveyed." It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose. . . . When seizing on an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water, while devouring their food; then they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against the wind, seeming the "gayest of the gay" in the midst of the howling and foaming waves.' In another passage, the author makes some further remarks as to this bird's powers of flight. 'I remarked,' he says, 'that the albatross would lower himself even to the water's edge, and elevate himself again without any apparent impulse; nor could I observe any percussion of the wings when the flight was directed against the wind, but then, of course, its progress was tardy. Many, however, have differed with me in considering that the birds never fly "dead against the wind," but in that manner which sailors term "close to the wind," and thus make progress, aided by, when seemingly flying against, the wind. This bird is evidently aided by its long wings, as well as tall, in directing its flight; it is never seen to soar to any great height; and is often observed to change its course by turning the wings and body in a lateral direction, and oftentimes, when raising itself, to bend the last joint of the wings downwards.'

From our extracts it is evident that for those who possess the 'art of seeing,' a voyage across the wide ocean is not necessarily a scene of monotonous weariness: there is food for instruction and inspiration everywhere; and here, with some further lines from the

poem already quoted, we may appropriately bring our article to a close :—

'Oh thou wild and wondrous bird,
Viewing thee, my thought is stirred.
Round and round the world thou goest,
Ocean solitudes thou knowest—
Into trackless wastes hast flown,
Which no eye save thine hath known :
Ever tireless,—day or night ;
Calm or tempest—ceaseless flight.

Albatross, I envy thee
Oft thy soaring pinions free ;
For we deem the realms of air
Too ethereal for care.
Gladness as of endless springs
Seems to me is born with wing.
Thou canst rise and see the sun,
When his course to us is done ;
A moral here may us engage,
Thou the teacher—albatross !'

THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE Elysée National, which has been appropriated as the residence of Louis Napoleon, is an edifice which has gone through many changes of masters. Situated in the Rue Fauxbourg St Honoré, with a façade behind towards the far-famed Champs-Elysées, it enjoys one of the most agreeable localities in Paris. Externally it makes no great appearance, being shut in by a lofty wall in front; but in internal arrangements the house is elegant, with suites of hand apartments, common to the palaces of France. The builder and first proprietor of the Elysée was the wealthy Count d'Evreux, in the era of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this it became crown property, but for no long time.

One day, in the year 1748, Madame de Pompadour entered Louis XV.'s apartments, complaining of a dreadful headache. The king had made her a marchioness and a lady-in-waiting; he had laden her with honours and wealth. But this did not satisfy her, for unworthy favourites are never content: they were the revolutionists of those days.

'Is anything the matter with you, madame?' inquired the king anxiously, observing her downcast looks.

'Alas! I have no hôtel!' replied Madame de Pompadour.

'Is that all?' exclaimed the sovereign; and the same day the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased for her: it need hardly be added, at the king's cost. A little while after, Madame de Pompadour was again severely incommoded by a distracting headache. Like questions from the monarch, and new complaints from the favourite.

'My hôtel is but a citizen's dwelling in comparison with Choisy and Trianon. Its interior is so antique and formal! I really seem to exist among the ghosts of a past century. In short, I am dying there of languor and ennui.

'Live, fair lady! and let your abode be the temple of fashion.'

This was quite enough for La Pompadour, who, being a connoisseur in painting, sent next day for Boucher and Vanloo, and installed them in the Hôtel d'Evreux. The ceilings and panels were quickly peopled with rosy Cupids playing amid shepherds and shepherdesses: the gilt cornices were wreathed in flowers. The talents of the architect, L'Assurance, were also put into requisition, and the building greatly enlarged. Once more the king's purse was obliged to meet all the consequent demands for these improvements. L'Assurance, being this controller, took care to exercise no control whatever over the whims of the favourite. From thenceforth Madame de Pompadour held her court at the Hôtel d'Evreux. Courtly equipages began to crowd around it: balls and petits-soupers enlivened its halls.

On one occasion the queen of the place assumed the part of an actress, and after rehearsing her part with the Dukes de Chartres and Duras, and Madames de Brancas and d'Estrades, in her own saloon, they all set off in great

style, and performed a little piece in the king's cabinet of medals. Another day, Crébillon, Voltaire, and all those *belux-esprits* who sported on the brink of a volcano, were gathered around the marquise, to whom they addressed epigrams and madrigals. Voltaire, whose paw of velvet concealed a tearing claw, combined the madrigal and the epigram in the following verses :—

Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes ;
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis.
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

Madame de Pompadour felt only the velvet; but the king felt the claw; and Voltaire became an exile, and lost his office of gentleman of the bedchamber. From that day forth the cat-like genius of Voltaire scratched those whom he had hitherto caressed: so easy is the transition from a flatterer to a foe!

But who is this other original who appears at the Hôtel d'Evreux? He is young and handsome, or at least he appears to be so, for his age is a problem. He pretends to have existed during the days of the *Fronde*, which would make him a centenarian. His friends declare that he has found the Philosopher's Stone; that he can renew his youth when he pleases; that he can read the past, the present, and the future. The fact is, that his origin is unknown; and so is his fortune. His wealth seems to be unbounded and exhaustless: his prodigality is carried to excess: he speaks every language, understands every science, cultivates every art: his wit is so lively, his eloquence so full of captivation, that he is able to make falsehood assume the air of truth: his whole life is, in fact, but a fable in action. Some people regard him as a demi-god, some take him for a devil; one affirms that he is a sorcerer, another that he is a magnetiser. It may easily be conceived that he becomes an idol in the frivolous and wonder-loving court of Louis XV.; nor is it less to be expected that La Pompadour should attract him to her magic circle. There he creates as great a sensation as at Versailles. One day the king comes purposely for the sake of having a private conversation with him. He interrogates him closely, hoping to win from him his secret: but all in vain. The Proteus escapes through a thousand windings, and charms Louis XV. without betraying himself to him. This wonderful, this inexplicable man, was the famous Count de St Germain.

Another day the favourite expresses her suspicion that the diamonds he wears are all false. Just at that moment he enters her saloon, sparkling from head to foot. His lace ruffles are fastened with rubies; his fingers are covered with rings; his shoe-buckles are valued at 200,000 livres. Madame de Pompadour, quite dazzled by this sparkling magnificence, asks if he is not afraid of risking so much wealth by wearing it about his person. St Germain guesses the suspicion, and answers it by taking out of his pocket a box. This box is full of jewels. The count intreats of Madame du Hainset (the favourite's *dame de compagnie*) to accept a small diamond cross. At length she is prevailed on to do so. It is immediately shown to the court jeweller, who values it at a hundred louis. Soon afterwards this strange personage disappears. His exit from the fashionable world is as mysterious as had been his *entrée* into it.

On Madame de Pompadour's death, the Hôtel d'Evreux reverted to Louis XV., and became first the residence of ambassadors extraordinary, and was afterwards used as the wardrobe of the crown, until in 1773, when it was purchased by Monsieur de Beaujon. M. de Beaujon was the Croesus of that time, but a Croesus who devoted his wealth to the encouragement of art, and to the succour of the indigent. The Hôtel d'Evreux became in his hands a depository of all that was choice and beautiful in the fine-arts. The marbles of Tassant, of Guyard, of Pajou; the tapestries of the Gobelins; the paintings of Vanloo, of Rubens, Teniers, Poussin, Guido, Murillo, &c. besides innumerable articles of *virtù*, were to be found in his saloons; and in one of the alcoves was placed a large mirror, so situated as to reflect the Champs-Elysées as in a beautiful landscape.

M. de Beaujon died in peace at his charming hôtel; but he had previously sold it to Louis XVI. This price parted with it to Madame de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe's friend. Brief, however, was this lady's enjoyment of her charming residence. The Revolution approached, and she fled from France: so it passed into the hands of a certain Sieur Hovyn, who made it a place of public amusement, and all Paris danced, and played, and sang within its precincts, as they did at a later time at Tivoli.

One day these noisy gaieties were disturbed by sounds of a sadder and yet ruder nature. On the Place Louis XV., now become the Place de la Révolution, large bodies of troops were assembled; cries of savage fury echoed on every side; one voice of peace alone uttered its gentle tones, 'Son of St Louis, ascend to Heaven!' Then came shouts of 'Vive la République!' It was Louis XVI., who had been immolated on the altar of Terror. Unhappily, for a time such scenes were but too common in Paris: every heart was filled with either rage or terror, and the voice of joy was no longer heard among the people. There was neither music nor dancing at the Hôtel d'Evreux.

After Thermidor, however, it was re-opened to the public by some speculators, who had purchased it of the nation. In the time of the Directory and Consulate, the waltz and the quadrille flourished within its princely walls. Every victory of Bonaparte's was celebrated at the hamlet of Chantilly, for so was the newly-opened garden now called. But the Empire approaches, raising up some crowns, and creating others. In 1805, a handsome hussar becomes the purchaser of L'Elysée. He enters it on horseback, orders it to be repaired and richly decorated; and beneath the influence of his magic wand it quickly becomes once more a palace. That wand, unfortunately, is a sabre, and it is not swayed by the hand of taste. Luxury reappears, without elegance: the graceful fancies of Pompadour and of Beaujon are replaced by the heavy splendour of the Empire: the grand saloon alone is spared by the new master. This new master is Joachim Murat.

Madame Murat—the beautiful Marie Bonaparte—celebrated the victories of her husband and her brother by brilliant fêtes at the Elysée. It was there that she received the bulletins of Austerlitz and Jena; it was there she received the tidings of her being the queen of Naples. She resigned herself to her fate, and without a sigh, abandoned her Parisian hôtel for the Neapolitan throne.

L'Elysée, now restored to the domain of the crown, soon saw beneath its roof a little spare man, of lively disposition, and yet brusque and pensive by nature. With booted spurs, and his hand wrapped within his gray *capote*, he paced up and down its shady walks. This little man was the Emperor Napoleon. L'Elysée was a favourite residence of his, and he often dwelt there. There was but one thing he regretted in the garden—a straight and well-covered avenue, where he could walk on, engrossed in his own thoughts, without looking before him. These were some of his happiest days. He had still his guardian angel by his side—his Josephine. L'Elysée was for a long while their paradise. But a day came in which Josephine entered it alone bathed in tears. She was no longer empress, but it was not for this she wept: it was for the lost love of her husband, who cast her off with the hope of obtaining from another consort the long-desired heir to his vast dominions. In her retreat at L'Elysée, Josephine was consoled by the tender affection of her daughter, the Queen Hortense, and a few friends who clung to her in the hour of her adverse fortune.

In 1814, Napoleon quitted both L'Elysée and France. Another emperor, victorious in his turn, entered his cabinet, and exclaimed aloud, 'How many gigantic enterprises have been conceived in this unpretending apartment! And how wonderful was that intellect which could at once direct so many plans!' This emperor was Alexander of Russia. The following year Napoleon reappeared for a moment at L'Elysée. It was there that, on the 22d of June 1815, the Eagle, wounded at Waterloo, received its deathblow. It was seized by England, in

the name of all Europe, and, by a stern necessity, cast upon the far-off rock of St Helena.

Inhabited under the Restoration by the Duke de Berri until his murder by Louvel, then by the Infant Don Miguel, and by the king of Naples: appropriated during Louis-Philippe's reign to the use of divers illustrious visitors, amongst whom were Ibrahim Pacha, the Bey of Tunis, and the Infanta of Spain, L'Elysée Bourbon was at length reserved as a dowry-palace for the Queen Marie-Amelia, in the contemplated possibility of her widowhood; but its future hostess having been obliged, like some of its former owners, to fly from her country, its portals were opened to a new master in December 1848, when, under the name of L'Elysée National, it became the residence of the President of the Republic—of a nephew of that Emperor who had said on leaving that very palace thirty-three years before, 'It is only with my name that France can hope to become free, happy, and independent.' Such have been the fortunes of L'Elysée National! Who can presume to say what destiny may yet be in store for it?

JUVENILE CRIME AND DESTITUTION.

THE increase of juvenile delinquency has become alarming. The criminal statistics of the country show that one-eighth of the offences which occupy our courts of justice are committed by mere children, and one-fourth by transgressors under twenty years of age. The depredations daily and daringly committed, especially in towns, and the destitution continually exhibited by crowds of young persons, have, during the current year, caused the public to manifest a very general anxiety to inquire into causes of so great and augmenting an evil. The inquiry cannot proceed far without eliciting the mournful fact, that the mode of dealing with crime in its earlier stages is not only seriously defective, but tends to foster and increase rather than to diminish it. Not hundreds, but thousands, of children are daily seen in London, and in every other large town, without the means of moral or intellectual culture, except that which has recently been provided by private benevolence. Abandoned by their parents, unrestrained, uncared-for by the law; hungry, and without food; cold, without clothing; weary, and without whereon to lay their heads; existing amidst every kind of suffering, and consequently influenced by the strongest temptations, they embrace crime as the only means of escape from want. Then, and not till then, does the law condescend to notice them; not to succour or reform, but to punish.

In this respect we are immeasurably behind the legislatures of other countries, not only modern, but ancient. The laws of Greece placed children of tender years in a state of pupilage, and made their teachers and pastors responsible for their conduct. Orphans who had no natural protectors were apportioned to 'patrons,' who were charged with, and made accountable for, their wellbeing. In modern France, and in other continental countries, children under sixteen years of age are not held responsible for the crimes they may commit, but their parents are; and if they have no parents, the state provides for them in its own fashion. The sixty-sixth article of the French penal code stands in English thus:—

'When the accused shall be under sixteen years of age, if it has been decided that he has acted without discernment, he shall be acquitted; but he must be, according to circumstances, returned to his parents, or sent to a House of Correction, there to be "brought up" (*élevé*), and detained during such a number of years as the judgment shall specify, and which in no case must

extend beyond the time when the accused shall have attained his twentieth year.*

By another article of the same code (the 67th), all children found by the authorities who have neither parents nor homes are taken to the House of Correction: nor is this plan confined to France. The boldly-benevolent sheriff of Aberdeen, imitating this law, formed his most efficient school, by causing all the destitute and friendless children in the bounds of his jurisdiction to be 'taken up' and housed in his miscellaneous but admirable academy. The law of France, by this sort of procedure, exercises a protective influence over the friendless and forlorn. The law of England, on the contrary, only condescends to notice children when they have become criminals. Here the 'eye of the law' is shut against neglected and wretched outcasts from tainted homes, or the offspring of vicious parents; but opens them wide, and darts its fiery glare, to bring these young victims to punishment, when they have committed crimes for which, as we shall presently prove, they ought scarcely to be held accountable. The sternest moralist will not deny that in a majority of cases offenders under, say fourteen years of age, ought not to be deemed criminals in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders who, having acquired a knowledge of the duties of civilised life, have violated them: the fact being, that the very possibility of acquiring such knowledge the law denies; whilst, on the other hand, every incentive and temptation to dishonesty is working within them. These wretched young creatures are either homeless orphans, committing petty thefts to keep life in them, or the offspring of infamous parents, who urge them to pilfer, as a means of support in their own profligacy, or are hired and taught by practised ruffian employers to plunder for their benefit. How, then, can a child of tender years, for whom the legislature has provided no means of instruction, religious or moral, who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal—caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky; or, more frequently, a being who has been cast loose upon the world, without a friend in it—form any just notion of his duties to society? Yet, because he has not done so, the law, when it detects him in the consequences of such ignorance, sends him to the treadmill or to jail. And even there our criminal code affords no means of reformation, nor always of employment; * while, on the contrary, every sort of instruction in depravity, and every means of acquiring proficiency in thieving, are supplied by his prison associates. 'Prisons,' says the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison in the last report from that establishment, 'as they are throughout the country, generally speaking, are schools in which everything wicked, deceitful, impious, and abominable is practised, taught, and propagated at a great expense of public money and public morals.'

To illustrate vividly the condition of the juvenile criminal, the bearing the law has upon his career and ultimate destiny, and, finally, to render intelligible the best remedies it is in the power of the country to apply to this worst of social diseases, it is only necessary to trace the private history of at least one-half of the unfortunate young beings who now infest our streets.

Before us lie two documents, from which it is easy to glean the birth and parentage of a vast number of these wretched young creatures. The first is the Report of the Parkhurst Prison, and the second that of the Philanthropic Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile

Offenders; both for the year 1848. Against the lists of 'admissions' into the latter establishment are placed short notes of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year. The most frequently-recurring entries against the initials of those inmates who have been convicted more than once are such as:—'Father dead; mother remarried; deserted by his friends.' 'Turned out of doors by a stepfather.' 'Illegitimate; father unknown.' 'Father of dissolute habits; deserted his wife.' 'An orphan, both parents dead;' or 'Parents unknown,' occurs frequently. 'Mother dead, father remarried, and turned out of doors,' and 'Utterly friendless,' are also repeated in several instances. 'Mother separated from her husband: she is of drunken habits: the boy led into evil by discomforts of home.' 'Father of drunken habits,' are occasional entries. Those boys who were admitted into the school upon one conviction only, seem, in a majority of instances, to have been led away by evil companions. We select the following from this category as examples:—'The parents poor; father in bad health.' 'Father dead; mother respectable.' 'Enticed to theft by bad companions,' &c.

Imagine the life of a young outcast belonging to the first class of the cases above cited. His earliest endeavours may be towards honest employment. This he seeks far and near—day after day—till, worn out with fruitless solicitation, and nearly starved, he takes to begging. With any charity-money he may obtain he abates the pangs of hunger. In the casual wards of workhouses, to which the young wanderer is often driven for a night's rest, he has to associate with practised depredators; * but when more successful, his sleeping companions in the low lodging-houses we have previously adverted to in this Journal are chiefly young thieves, whose occasional affluence he envies. He does not see their more frequent privations, because at these places of meeting no one can appear who has not been able to get money, the prompt payment of the admission fee being indispensable. He has no moral principles to fortify him against the jaunty, clever, convincing persuasions of his new friends. They seem, so far as he can judge, happy, and even joyous, which, to his perceptions, speak not only of sufficient for subsistence, but of superfluity. He contrasts his own condition and hopeless despondency with their evanescent happiness, and longs to acquire such depraved knowledge as will enable him to increase his quantum of food, and put him on a par with his neighbours. In short, he soon becomes a thief—not an occasional depredator, driven to dishonesty by the urgent demands of nature, but a regular, practised, professional pilferer. Fraud is his trade; and as it is by no means an easy one, he takes very great pains, and runs great risks, to learn it. When he has been 'lucky,' his gains are to him great, and he spends them in a way which debauches him still more, but which, for the time, affords him a sort of enjoyment. There are, however, long intervals between these saturnalia; and the want and misery he experiences meantime are sharp and severe. But they teach him no lesson, for with him it is 'either a hunger or a burst;' and when plenty comes, past privation is drowned in present enjoyment.

But this is a bright view of a juvenile outcast's career. A specimen of the miseries he has to endure was afforded by Lord Ashley in his speech on the reformation of juvenile offenders in the House of Commons towards the end of last session. His lordship was anxious to ascertain from personal inspection what was the actual condition of those persons; and he therefore, in company with two or three others, perambulated the city of London. He found these persons lying under

* No less than 26 per cent. of our prisoners are unemployed, according to the last Report of the Inspectors of Prisons.

* Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons, that of 150 thieves he once met, 42 confessed that it was to casual wards that they traced the commencement of their crimes.

dry arches, on the steps of doors, and in outhouses; but by far the majority of them lying in the dry arches of houses in course of erection. Those arches were quite inaccessible in any ordinary way, being blocked up with masonry; and the only mode of ascertaining whether any one was inside, was by thrusting in a lantern. When lanterns were thrust in, however, a great many were discovered, of whom he caused 33 to undergo an examination. Their ages varied from twelve to eighteen. Of those, 24 had no parents, 6 had one parent, and 3 had stepmothers; 9 had no shoes; 12 had been once in prison, 3 four times, 1 eight times; and 1, only fourteen years of age, had been twelve times in prison! The physical condition of those children was melancholy beyond belief. The whole of them, without exception, were the prey of vermin, a large proportion were covered with itch, a few of them were suffering sickness, and in two or three days afterwards died from exhaustion. Of these 33 he had himself privately examined some eight or ten; and from the way in which their answers were given, he was certain that they told the truth. He asked them how often they had slept in a bed during the last three years. One of them said, 'Perhaps as many as twelve times in the three years;' another, three times; and another said that he could not remember that he had ever slept in a bed. He then asked them how they passed the time in winter, and whether they did not suffer from the cold. They replied that they lay eight or ten together in these cellars, in order to keep themselves warm. They fairly confessed that they had no other means of subsistence than begging or stealing, and that the only mode by which they could 'turn a penny,' as they termed it, in a legitimate way, was by picking up bones, and selling them to marine-store dealers. Let it be observed that a large proportion of those young persons were at the most dangerous age for society; many of them were from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty, which was by far the most perilous age for every purpose of fraud, and certainly of violence.

A well-authenticated anecdote gives an even more powerful illustration of the excessive wretchedness to which young persons without friends or protectors are, in thousands and tens of thousands, reduced. The master of a Ragged School having occasion to lecture a boy of this class, pointed out to him the consequences of a perseverance in the career of crime he was pursuing; and to enforce his precepts the stronger, painted in strong colours the punishments he was earning in this life, and the torments in that to come. 'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't think it can be worse than the torments in this life.'

It is melancholy to know that it is chiefly the novices in crime who have to endure the sharpest privations and miseries. As youths grow more dexterous in their illicit calling, they have, as a matter of course, better success. In lodging-houses and casual wards they learn the elements of their illicit vocation; and it is not till they have passed a few months in one of our prisons that their education in crime is complete. Despite the 'silent-system,' and the palatial accommodation of our modern prisons, detention in them is still productive of the worst results. Although, by a recent act, the power of summary conviction has been much extended to police magistrates, so as to obviate the evil of long detention, other and greater evils, which need not be specified here, have sprung up. To show what efficient instruction in infamy those already prepared to receive its lessons is afforded in prisons, we need only instance a fact, related in the Pentonville Prison Report by the chaplain, relative to a child of decent parentage, and not, as one may suppose, so open as many to bad impressions:—'A very young boy, seven years of age, was brought in, charged, in company with other two boys somewhat older, with stealing some iron-piping from the street. The little fellow—it was the first time he had ever been in such a place—cried bitterly all the afternoon of the Saturday; but by the

Monday morning, the exhortations of his companions, and their sneers at his softness, had reconciled him to his situation; and the eldest of the three was teaching him to pick pockets, practising his skill on almost all the other prisoners. His mother came to see him in the forenoon, and the boy was again overwhelmed with grief. Again his companions jeered him, calling him by certain opprobrious epithets in use amongst such characters, and in a short time the boy was pacified, and romping merrily with his associates.'

In the same report we find the following account given by a thoroughly-reformed prisoner, who spoke from what he had himself witnessed:—'In the assize-yard there was a considerable number of what are called first-offenders, nine or ten including myself, the remainder forming an overwhelming majority; two of them murderers, both of whom were subsequently condemned to death. I cannot reflect without pain on the reckless conduct of these two unhappy men during the few weeks I was with them. As regarded themselves, they appeared indifferent to the probable result of their coming trial. They even went so far as to have a mock trial in the day-room, when, one of the prisoners sitting as judge, some others acting as witnesses, and others as counsel, all the proceedings of the court of justice were gone through, the sentence pronounced, and mockingly carried into execution. I shall not soon forget that day when one of these murderers was placed in the cell amongst us, beneath the assize-court, a few moments after the doom of death had been passed upon him. Prisoners on these occasions eagerly inquire, "What is the sentence?" Coolly pointing the forefinger of his right hand to his neck, he said, "I am to hang." He then broke into a fit of cursing the judge, and mimicked the manner in which he had delivered the sentence. The length of his trial was then discussed: all the circumstances that had been elicited during its progress were detailed and dwelt upon; the crowded state of the court, the eagerness of the individuals present to get a sight of him, the grand speech of his counsel—all were elements that seemed to have greatly gratified his vanity, and to have dragged him into a forgetfulness of the bitterness of his doom. He then dwelt upon the speech he should make on the scaffold; was sure there would be an immense concourse of people at his execution, as it was a holiday-week; and from these and numerous other considerations, drew nourishment to that vanity and love of distinction which had in no small degree determined perhaps the commission of his crime. To minds in the depths of ignorance, and already contaminated by vicious and criminal courses of life, such a man becomes an object of admiration. They obtain from him some slight memorial—such as a lock of his hair, or some small part of his dress—which they cherish with a sentiment for which veneration is the most appropriate term; while the notoriety he has obtained may incite them to the perpetration of some act equally atrocious.'

Mr Cloy of the Manchester Jail also reports that there the prisoners form themselves into regular judge-and-jury societies, and go through the whole form of a trial and conviction. They also practise stealing from one another—less for the misappropriation of the articles stolen, than for acquiring proficiency in the art of picking pockets, and other degrading and immoral arts.

A constant supply of masters in the arts of dishonesty is kept up by the systematic short imprisonment. The author of 'Old-Bailey Experience' says that thieves regard not imprisonment if it be only for a short time. Indeed, in the winter-time, they rather prefer it to liberty; for in jail they can insure protection from the inclemencies of that season: but even at other times, so ductile is nature to circumstances, that these men think themselves fortunate if, out of twelve, they can have four months' 'run,' as they call it. 'I have no hesitation in affirming,' says the above-quoted author, 'that they would continue to go the same round of imprisonment and crime for an unlimited period if

the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career of crime was stopped by transportation. In each of these imprisonments, this practised ruffian mixed with the youngest prisoners, and doubtless imparted to them lessons in crime which made them ten times worse after they had left than before they entered the prison.

Although numbers of these unfriended *pariahs* of both sexes die in their probation, yet some, by dint of deprivation and subsistence at the public expense in jail, grow up to adolescence. Let us hear, in concluding this miserable history, Lord Ashley's experience of the grown-up thief:—'Last year he received a paper signed by 150 of the most notorious thieves in London, asking him to meet them at some place in the Minories, and to give them the best counsel he could as to the mode in which they should extricate themselves from their difficult position. Lord Ashley went to their appointment, and, instead of 150, he found 250 thieves assembled. They made no secret of their mode of life. A number of addresses were delivered, and he proceeded to examine them. They said, "We are tired to death of the life we lead—we are beset by every misery—our lives are a burthen to us, for we never know from sunrise to sunset whether we shall have a full meal or any meal at all: can you give us any counsel as to how we may extricate ourselves from our present difficulties?" He told them that that was a most difficult question to determine under any circumstances in the present day, when competition was so great, and when no situation became vacant but there were at least three applicants for it; more especially was it difficult to determine when men whose characters were tainted came in competition with others upon whose character there was no stain. To that they replied, "What you say is most true: we have tried to get honest employment, but we cannot—we find that our tainted character meets us everywhere." In their efforts to escape from their miserable condition, these poor creatures were constantly failed, and driven back to their old courses.'

Thus it is that an action and reaction are continually kept up; and from this short sketch it may be readily seen how crime, and especially that of young persons, increases, and will increase, until some comprehensive remedy is earnestly applied. We repeat, that in our present official system no machinery exists for helping the helpless: the iron hand of the law does not hold out the tip of its little finger to aid the orphan out of the gulf of ignorance and crime which yawns for him at the very threshold of his existence. This is the root of the evil—the radical defect in our system; for it has been ascertained that not one in fifty ever becomes a depredator after the age of twenty. Crime, therefore, can only be checked by removing pollution from its source.

Before we take a glance at the beneficial efforts towards this result which have been made by private benevolence, by means of Ragged Schools, and other reformatory establishments, we must point out one more trait of the infirmity of the law, by showing the enormous expense to which the country is put by keeping the cumbrous and clumsy legal machinery in operation.

A child indicted for a petty theft is often honoured with as lengthy an indictment, occupies as much of the time of a grand jury, and when brought into court, has as great an array of witnesses brought against him—all involving draughts on the county rates—as a capital offender. A petition was presented to parliament last year by the Liverpool magistrates on this subject, in which Mr Rushton gave the criminal biography of fourteen lads, whose career of wickedness and misery had cost, in their innumerable trials and convictions, about £1,100 a-piece. This is only a single instance; but a more comprehensive calculation shows that the total amount we pay for punishing, or, more correctly, for fostering crime, is two millions per annum; and it has

been computed that from two to three millions more are lost in plunder. In the year 1846, the cost of each prisoner in England and Wales averaged £26, 17s. 7½d.

Laying aside the higher aspects in which the duties of the community towards their misguided and neglected fellow-beings may be seen, and lowering our view to the merely fiscal expediency of the question, it is easily shown that prevention—and reformation when prevention is past hope—would be much cheaper than the mischievous cure which is now attempted. At from one penny to twopence a week, nearly 10,000 children are at this time being taught reading and writing in the Ragged Schools; and although reading and writing are by no means of themselves preventives to crime, yet the moral instruction which is given along with them to a certain extent is. Then as to reformation, the Philanthropic School reforms juvenile offenders at £16 per head; and even if we add this sum to the £26 odds which the conviction of each prisoner is said to cost (for reformation can only be complete after punishment), there would be a great saving to the country; for the reformed youth would be withdrawn from the ranks of depredators, and cease to be a burthen on the country.

In endeavouring, however, to provide for destitute criminal juvenality, the danger presents itself of placing them in a better position than the offspring of poor but honest parents, who have no such advantages for their children. From the absolute necessity of the case we could get over this: but there is another and more peremptory objection. Anything like a wholesale sweeping-up of juvenile vagrants, and providing for them, no matter how, would most probably tend to a demoralisation of the lower class of parents, who would be only too thankful to get rid of their offspring on any terms. Plans of this nature must inevitably be accompanied by an enforcement of parental responsibility. The wretch who neglects his child, must be taught, even if by the whip to his back, that he has no right or title to turn over his duties to the philanthropist or to the public.

Another difficulty presents itself even after the reformation of the more hardened offenders has been effected. How are they to find employment? The 250 depredators who told Lord Ashley that they could not get honest employment, only mentioned the case of every one of their crime-fellows. Some manage to obtain an honest livelihood by concealing their past history, but even in such a case the 'authorities' do not always leave them alone. One young man told Lord Ashley that he had contrived to get a good situation, and after some trial, his employer was as well pleased with him as he was with his employer. One day, however, there came a policeman, who said to his master, 'Are you aware that you are employing a convicted felon?' The master, upon ascertaining that such was the case, turned the young man at once out of his service, and he had no alternative but starvation or a recurrence to the evil courses from which he had so nearly extricated himself.

In such cases emigration meets the difficulty, and has hitherto succeeded. Several batches of reformed juvenile criminals have already been sent out from Parkhurst Prison, from the Philanthropic School, and other reformatories, and the emigrants have, upon the whole, given satisfaction to the employers.

We have laid the evil bare before our readers, and hinted at remedies, not more for the importance of the facts set forth, than to prepare them for a description we shall next attempt of the interesting experiment now being tried by the Philanthropic Society at their Farm-School at Red Hill in Surrey. Its object has been to see how far a modification of the Mettray system is likely to answer in this country. The results which have arisen up to this time are of the most encouraging nature. What we saw during our visit has led us to hope that at least a beginning has been made towards removing much of the stigma which rests

upon Great Britain for suffering the existence, and allowing the increase, of more crime and destitution among persons of tender years than exists in any other country.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

LETTERS of introduction are like lottery-tickets, turning out sometimes a blank, and sometimes a prize, just as accident directs. It has frequently happened, however, that those presented at the wrong address have been the most fortunate. We know of at least one instance in which a gentleman came by a wife in consequence of a blunder of this kind; and another occurred recently in the place in which we write, 'killing two birds with one stone'—that is, the letter-bearer making two acquaintances instead of one—by a series of odd and perplexing *contre-temps*.

The missive in question was given to an English gentleman in London, who was about to indulge his wife and himself with a trip to Edinburgh. The writer was the brother-in-law of the individual to whom it was addressed—Mr Archibald; and the fortunate possessor was a certain Mr Smith, of the Smiths of Middlesex.

Soon after Mr Smith reached Edinburgh, where he had not a single acquaintance, he set out to deliver his letter of introduction. He found his way to Drummond Place easily enough, and then inquired for the street he was in search of—Duncan Street; but the native he applied to could not well make out his southern tongue, and directed him instead to Dublin Street, which all men know is at the opposite angle of the Place. When our letter-bearer reached his number, he was surprised to find, instead of the respectable 'main-door' he had been taught to expect—a green-grocer's shop. He was puzzled: but after comparing carefully the number of the house and of the note, he concluded that his London friend had made a mistake; and in this idea he was confirmed by the green-grocer, to whom he applied.

'Hoot, sir,' said the man of cabbages, 'it's nae mistake to speak o'—it's just ae side of the street for the ither,' and pointing to a house almost immediately opposite, he informed him that there Mr Archibald resided. Mr Smith crossed over to the number indicated, and finding no knocker—for we do not like noise in Edinburgh—pulled the bell.

'Is Mr Archibald at home?' demanded he of the serving-maiden who came to the door.

'Yes, sir.'

'Can I see him?'

'He's no in, sir.'

'No in! Will you direct me to his office?'

'He has nae office.'

'No! What does he do? Where does he go?'

'He aye gangs to the kirk.'

'To the kirk! What is he?'

'He's a minister.'

Mr Smith was puzzled again. He had a strong impression that his man was a merchant—nay, he had even some floating idea that he was a wine-merchant; but still—here were the street and the name, and not a particularly common name—a conjunction which formed a stubborn fact. He asked if he could see Mrs Archibald, and was at once shown into that lady's presence. Mrs Archibald received him with the ease and politeness of one accustomed to the visits of strangers, and on being told that he had a letter of introduction for her husband, entered freely into conversation.

'I saw Mr Archibald's last communication to my friend in London,' said Mr Smith, determined to feel his way: 'it was on the subject of schools.'

'That is a subject in which Mr Archibald is much interested, and so likewise am I.'

'He mentioned, more especially, Mrs So-and-so's school in George Street.'

'Doubtless.'

'Then you are more nearly concerned in that school than in any other.'

'It is natural that we should be so, for our children are there.'

'I thought so!'

There was now no longer any doubt that Mr Smith had hit upon the right Mr Archibald; and taking the letter of introduction from his pocket, he handed it to the lady, politely extricating it, before doing so, from its envelop. Mrs Archibald read the letter calmly, and then laid it upon the table without remark. This disturbed in some degree the good opinion the stranger had been rapidly forming of the lady; and the odd circumstance of her omitting to inquire after her own nearest blood-relations threw him into a train of philosophical reflections. Mr Smith—like all the rest of the Smiths—kept a journal; and a vision of a 'mem.' flitted before him: 'Curious National Characteristic—Scotch women civil, polite, kindly—especially clergymen's wives—but calm, cold, reserved; never by any chance ask strangers about their family, even when distant hundreds of miles.'

Mr Smith, however, was an agreeable good-humoured man. He spoke both well and fluently, and Mrs Archibald both listened and talked; and the end of it was, that they were mutually pleased, and that when Mr Smith was at length obliged to get up to take his leave, she invited him, with the simple hospitality of a minister's wife, to return to tea, to meet her husband. Mr Smith was much obliged, would be very happy; but—the fact was, his wife was in town with him. So much the better! Mrs Archibald would be delighted to be introduced to Mrs Smith; he must do her the favour to wave ceremony, and bring her in the evening exactly at seven. And so it was settled.

When the evening came, the weather had changed. It was bitterly cold; the wind blew as the wind only blows in Edinburgh; and it rained—to speak technically, it rained dogs and cats! Mr and Mrs Smith differed in opinion as to the necessity of keeping the engagement on such an evening. Mrs Smith was decidedly adverse to the idea of encountering the Scotch elements on a dark, cold, wet, tempestuous night, and all for the purpose of drinking an unpremeditated cup of tea. Mr Smith, on the other hand, considered that an engagement was an engagement; that the Archibalds were an excellent family to be acquainted with; and that, by keeping their word, in spite of difficulties, they would set out by commanding their respect. Mr Smith had the best of the argument; and he prevailed. A cab was ordered; and shivering and shrinking, they picked their steps across the *trottoir*, and commenced their journey. This time, however, Mr Smith's southern tongue was understood; and he was driven, not to Dublin Street, where he had been in the morning, but to Duncan Street, where he had desired to go—although of course he took care to give the coachman the corrected number this time, as it was not his intention to drink tea with the green-grocer.

When they arrived at the house, the coachman dismounted and rung the bell; and Mr Smith, seeing the door open, let down the window of the coach, although half-choked with the wind and rain that entered, and prepared to make a rush with his wife across the tempest-swept *trottoir*.

'Nae Mr Archibald at number so-and-so!' bawled the coachman.

'I say he is there,' cried Mr Smith in a rage: 'the servant has deceived you—ring again!'

'It's nae use ringing,' said the coachman, speaking against the storm; 'there's nae Mr Archibald there—I ken mysel!'

'Is it possible that I can have made a mistake in the number? Hark ye, friend, try somewhere else. I know of my own knowledge that Mr Archibald is in this street, and you must find him!'—and he shut down the window exhausted.

It was not difficult to find Mr Archibald, for his house was almost directly opposite; and the tea-drinkers at length, to their great satisfaction, found them-

selves on a landing-place, with an open door before them.

As Mr Smith paused for an instant on the threshold, he threw a strange searching glance round the hall, and then, turning to the servant, asked her if she had actually said that Mr Archibald lived there? The girl repeated the statement.

'Then come along, my dear,' said he to his wife; 'places look so different in the gaslight!' And striding through the hall, the servant in surprise walking backwards before them, they went into the drawing-room at the further end. The girl had opened the door of the room for them by the instinct of habit; but no sooner did she see them seated, than she ran at full speed to her mistress.

'Come ben, mem,' said she; 'come ben, I tell you, this moment! There are two strange folks who ha'e marched in out o' the street into the very drawing-room, without either with your leave or by your leave, and satten themselves doon on the sophy, as if the house was their ain!' Mrs Archibald got up in surprise, and even some little trepidation.

'Did they not mention who they were, or what was their pleasure?'

'Not a word, mem: they didna even speer if the maister or you was at hame, but tramped in the moment they saw the door open.'

Mrs Archibald, who was a newly-married lady, wondered who such visitors could be on such a night, and wished her husband was at home; but telling the girl to keep close behind her, she at length set forth to encounter them.

Mr and Mrs Smith in the meantime were speculating in a low voice, in the fashion of man and wife, on their adventure.

'This is doubtless the drawing-room, my dear,' said Mr Smith, looking round: 'it must have been the dining-room I saw in the forenoon.'

'I wish we saw a fire in the meantime, my dear,' replied Mrs Smith—'that I do! Do these people think it is not cold enough for one? And such a night!—wind, rain, and utter darkness! A clergyman forsooth! and a clergyman's wife!'

'It is a great neglect, I admit—for it is really cold; but we must consider that the natives of a country are not so sensible of the rigour of their climate as strangers. Mr and Mrs Archibald, you know, are Scotch.'

'Yes, Scotch,' said Mrs Smith with a sardonic smile—'excessively Scotch!' And drawing her shawl over her chin, she sat, looking like an incarnation of Discomfort, till Mrs Archibald entered the room.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said Mr Smith, getting up and shaking hands. 'You see I have brought my wife to drink tea with you. My dear, let me introduce you to Mrs Archibald—Mrs Archibald, Mrs Smith. The two ladies exchanged bows, the one sulkily, the other stiffly; and even Mr Smith, though not a particularly observant man, thought their hostess did not look so pleasant as in the forenoon.

'How is Mr Archibald?' said he after a pause.

'My husband is pretty well, sir.'

'Not at church again, eh?'

'Sir!' Here Mrs Archibald looked anxiously to the half-open door, where the girl was waiting concealed in the shadow, in readiness to reinforce her mistress in case of necessity.

'A very windy, dismal evening—and cold. Don't you find it cold, ma'am?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps we have come too soon?'

'Really, sir—I hope you will not think it ill-bred—but I have been expecting to hear why you have come at all!'

'Mrs Archibald! Is it possible that you have forgotten me already?'

'I must confess you have the advantage of me.'

'You do not remember seeing me this forenoon, when your husband was at church?'

'I really have no recollection of any such circumstance; nor am I aware of anything that could take my husband to church to-day.'

'And you cannot call to mind that you asked me to tea, and intreated me to bring my wife with me?'

'Surely not, since I was ignorant, till a few minutes ago, that such individuals were in existence.'

'Mrs Archibald! I of course cannot, as a gentleman, refuse to credit those assertions; but I take leave to tell you that I by no means admire the *memory* of the wives of the Scottish clergy! Come, my dear. Our friend will be surprised to hear of the hospitable reception obtained for us by his letter of introduction; although perhaps Mrs Archibald!—and here Mr Smith wheeled round as he reached the door, and fixed his eye upon the culprit—'although perhaps Mrs Archibald is not disposed to admit having received Mr —'s letter at all!'

'Oh, that is my brother-in-law!' cried Mrs Archibald: 'do you come from him? How is my dear sister? Pray, sit down!' A few words sufficed to clear the whole *imbroglio*; and the true Mr Archibald making his appearance immediately after, threw still more light upon the subject by explaining that a namesake of his, a clergyman, lived in the street at the opposite angle of the Place. They learnt afterwards from this gentleman, that on seeing the letter of introduction, he perceived at once it was not intended for him, and went to call on Mr Smith to explain the mistake. The Fates, however, were determined that the *contre-temps* should run its course, for Mrs Archibald had taken down the wrong number!

In another room the party found a cheerful fire, and the much-desiderated tea; and before separating that night, Mr Archibald placed collateral evidence of a highly-satisfactory nature upon the table that Mr Smith's original conjecture was correct, and that he was indeed no minister—but a Wine-merchant.

JOTTINGS ON BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

'The history of books,' it has often been said, 'is as curious and instructive as that of men. It is therein that we have to seek for the moral life of a people.' This remark has very much the character of a truism, and more especially at the present period. The ever-circling course of time brings phenomena in literature as well as astronomy: from the no-book era the world passed into the too-many-book era; from that of reading nothing but what pleased a few, to that in which everybody read what they pleased; from that of being punished for reading, to that in which the punishment was for not reading. Nodier says, 'Printed books have existed but little more than four hundred years, and yet, in certain countries, they have already accumulated to such a degree as to peril the old equilibrium of the globe. Civilisation has reached the most unexpected of its periods—the Age of Paper.'

We have had the Golden Age, and the Age of Brass, and of Iron; but the Age of Paper!—was such a wonder ever dreamt of by philosophy? What does it bode? Is it synonymous with *flimsy* age? Do the centuries degenerate? According to M. Victor Hugo they do not. In his reception-speech made to the Académie in 1840, he declared, 'Nothing has degenerated; France is always the torch of nations. The epoch is great—great by its science, its eloquence, its industry, great by its poetry and its art. At the present hour, there is but one enlightened and living literature in the whole universe—and it is the literature of France.' It is not easy to account for differences of opinion, but only three short years earlier—namely, in 1837—Monsieur Guizot affirmed, in addressing another learned academy, 'The true and disinterested worship of science has worn itself out among us; we seek for noise or for profit, for a prompt satisfaction of self-love, or for a material advantage.'

Contrast this with the period when pen, ink, and

fingers did the work now done by type and power-presses—the no-book era. Not the least noteworthy among patient subscribers were the Benedictines. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal.

We read of Claude Estienne, who was procurator of the Benedictines at Rome during the papacy of Innocent XI., that 'within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom le Cerf, "réflexions très sensées et judicieuses"—"very sensible and judicious reflections." Forty-five volumes in eleven years! Perhaps this was a commendable result in the eighth century, but the old-fashioned hand-press in the village of Dunmidge would beat it now-a-days, barring probably the 'judicious reflections.' We have before us a statement of the books and pamphlets printed in France in fifteen years—1830-1845—including reprints, but omitting periodicals, the number was 5862 annually, or a total of 87,930. Estimating each work as two volumes and a-half, they amount to 220,000; and reckoning 1200 copies of each work (a moderate calculation), the grand total is 264,000,000 of volumes.

Nodier might well say the earth's equilibrium is imperilled: and if we add to the above the typographical labours of other countries! In the matter of Bibles alone, the British Societies have distributed 20,000,000 copies since 1827. A house in Paris published the Scriptures in three quarto volumes, price seventy-five francs, in twelve years—1824-1836; by dint of canvassing, and offering the work from house to house, they sold 65,000 copies, value 4,875,000 francs. Nor are we without monuments of individual effort: Daniel Kieffer, a celebrated Protestant and learned Orientalist of Strasbourg, translated the Old Testament into Turkish; and in one year, 1832, distributed at his sole charge 160,000 of the volumes. The best Bohemian dictionary yet published is the work of a M. Jungmann, who prepared and brought it out at his own cost, and sold a vineyard to defray the expense. According to Mr Kohl, Bibles are smuggled into Bohemia, Scripture is contraband, and yet, contradictory as it may seem, Bibles may be sold in that country, although they may not be printed there or imported. The copies which do find an entrance are sent mostly from Berlin and England. A few years since, two wagon-loads fell into the hands of customhouse officers, who have ever since kept the prize safely under lock and key. In the public library at Linz, the above-named traveller saw an old edition of Luther's works thickly coated with dust, and was informed by the attendant that the volumes had not once been disturbed for thirty years.

Even in the days when oligarchs prescribed the popular reading, Pasquin dared to say what he thought of their proceedings. Father Germain, who accompanied Mabillon to Rome in 1685, relates an incident:—"He found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His

account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals; while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome? and answers, "He who speaks is sent to the galleys; he who writes is hanged; he who remains quiet goes to the Holy Office." Marforio had good cause for his heresy; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "broke the priest's neck" was merely his having said that the "mare had knocked the snail out of its shell," in allusion to the fact of the Pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding, observes the reverend looker-on."

'Many men, many minds,' so runs the adage. About the year 1839, a work, 'Le mariage au point de vue chrétien' was published by Madame Gasparin. The French Academy awarded a prize to the authoress for her book, but at the very same time it was inscribed by the church in the Index Expurgatorius as a prohibited treatise: such being one among the innumerable instances of difference of opinion. The disappointment of writers, too, would fill a long catalogue: there are extravagant expectations in literature as well as in mines and railways. In 1836, one M. Châtel published the 'Code de l'humanité,' which was to regenerate society. He announced himself as Primate of the Gauls, drew around him a few disciples, who remained faithful during fifteen years, when the delusion came suddenly to an end—the primate had become a postmaster.

Some books, like human beings, come into the world with fortune for their nurse, others encounter difficulties at the very outset, and barely escape strangulation. According to Pliny, several thousand men were placed at the service of Aristotle during the time that his great work was in preparation, to furnish him with information and observations on all sorts of natural objects—men whose business it was to take care of cattle, fishing-grounds, and apiaries. The monarch under whose auspices it was composed gave him 800 talents (1,79,000) towards the expenses. Was ever a book brought out under more favourable circumstances?

When Amari wrote his history of Sicily, he submitted it to the censorship at Palermo, and obtained leave to publish. The permission from some cause was, however, revoked before the work appeared, and the author received orders to send the whole of the copies to the police. Unwilling to make such a sacrifice, he packed the books in a case, and shipped them on board a French vessel, and at the same time sent a similar case to the authorities filled with vegetables and rubbish. He then, with a false passport, sailed for Marseilles, and eventually published his book at Paris with the imprint 'Palermo' on the title-page. It has since gone through a second edition.

Some writers have said the inventing of a title, or composing of a preface, cost them more trouble or thought than any other part of their work; it might not be unfair to suppose that the subject-matter was very indifferent, or the preface very good. True it is, however, that many books do exhibit strange freaks of invention on the part of their authors, as a few specimens will exemplify. In 'The Arte of Vulgar Arithmetic,' published in 1600 by Thomas Hylles, we find 'the partition of a shilling into his aliquot parts' thus exhibited:—

'A farthing first findes fortie-eight,
An halfe penny hopes for twentie-four,
Three farthings seekes out 16 stright,
A peny pule a dozen lower;
Dicke dandiprat drewe 8 out deade,
Two-pence took 6 and went his way,
Tom trip and goe with 4 is fled,
But Goodman grote on 3 doth stay;
A testerne only 2 doth take,
Moe parts a shilling cannot make.'

Schoolboys of the present day often chant a quatrain without a suspicion that young scholars vented their discontent in the same doggerel in the days when the invincible Armada was approaching our shores. Professor De Morgan mentions a manuscript, date 1570, in which these lines occur:—

'Multiplication is mie vexation,
And Division is quite as bad,
The Golden Rule is mie stumbling-stulo,
And Practice drives me mad.'

In 1688, a teacher of arithmetic, W. Leybourn, doubtless thought he had made a hit by his title-page, which is thus fancifully arranged:—

A		
Platform	{ for }	Purchasers.
Guide		Builders.
Mate		Measurers.

Another, of the same date, thought he had discovered an original method for obtaining the square and cube roots, and says—

'Now Logarithms lower your sail,
And Algebra give place,
For here is found, that ne'er doth fail,
A nearer way to your disgrace.'

There was a struggle to live even a hundred years ago; we do not find that being a century nearer to the Golden Age than we are made much essential difference in men's characters:—The author of 'Arithmetick in Epitome,' published in 1740, entertains a professional jealousy of interlopers, for he observes, 'When a man has tried all Shifts, and still failed, if he can but scratch out anything like a fair *Character*, though never so stiff and unnatural, and has got but *Arithmetick* enough in his Head to compute the Minutes in a Year, or the Inches in a Mile, he makes his last Recourse to a Garret, and, with the Painter's Help, sets up for a Teacher of *Writing* and *Arithmetick*; where, by the Bait of low Prices, he perhaps gathers a Number of Scholars.'

Another, named Chappell, indulges in a little political illustration in his book, published in 1798—was he a disappointed place-hunter? He tells us in his versified tables—

'So 5 times 8 were 40 Beets,
Who came from Abideen,
And 5 times 9 were 45,
Which gave them all the spleen.'

The latter being an allusion to Wilkes' notorious No. 45 of the North Briton.

Some curious facts with respect to old systems of arithmetic were published at a meeting of the Schlesische Gesellschaft in Breslau in 1846. On that occasion Herr Löschke gave an account to the learned assembly of an old arithmetical work, 'Rechnen auf der Linie,' by the 'old Reckon-master,' Adam Rise. Adam was born about 1492; of his education nothing is known; he lived at Annaberg, and had three sons, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His first 'Reckon-book,' in which he explained his peculiar method, appeared in 1518. It was somewhat on the principle of the calculating frame of the Chinese; a series of lines were drawn across a sheet of paper, on which, by the position of counters, numbers could be reckoned up to hundreds of thousands. The first line of the series was for units, the second for tens, the third for hundreds, the fourth for thousands, the fifth for ten thousands, and so on. It is remarkable that the highest counting-limit at that time was a thousand. The word 'million' was as yet unknown to the great body of calculators. Every number was counted, specified, and limited by thousands. The numeration of large numbers was thus expressed: the sum was divided into threes from right to left; a dot was placed over the first, and a second dot over the third of the following three, and so continued along the whole, until at last a dot stood over every fourth figure from the right. For example, 6432798642102791527462, which were read, six thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thou-

sand times thousand, 432 thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 798 thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 642 thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 102 thousand thousand times thousand, 791 thousand times thousand, 527 thousand and 462. With this curiosity of arithmetic we close our Jottings for the present.

THE LITTLE WOODLAND GLEANER.

'Art thou weary, Dove Annette—say, hast thou been roaming far?
Seeking flowers fresh and wild, watching for the evening star?
Heavily thy basket weighs; 'tis a cruel load for thee;
Shades of night are stealing o'er; thou at home, fair child,
shouldst be.'

Dove Annette laughed merrily as she op'd her basket lid;
There no hyacinthine bell or sweet eglantine was hid:
Pine cones, and fallen leaves, and slender twigs were gathered there;

Far more precious these to her than the woodland treasures fair.

'My old grandam she is cold, for the autumn nights are chill;
So I search the golden woods over dale and over hill;
Sticks, leaves, and cones together, make a warm and blazing fire,
Shame 'twould be if Dove Annette on this errand e'er could the.'

'My old grandam she is blind, but our scholars are a score;
And she tells them how to spell, and the blessed Bible lore;
At A B C I toll all day—alas, they are not quick to learn!
Little 'tis that we are paid—poor the living thus we earn.'

'Forest glades are dusk and drear, save when pretty deer skip by;
Evening stars I cannot see, trees arch overhead so high;
Safely sleep the birds around: He who numbers them each one
Cares, I know, for Dove Annette in the wild wood all alone.'

'So I fill my basket full—sure it is a heavy load;
But I sing a pleasant song all along my homeward road;
And within our cabin walls, gleaming with the ruddy blaze,
Grandam teaches Dove Annette hymns of thankfulness and praise.'

C. A. M. W.

BRIAN BOROTHME'S HARP.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Borothme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Telge, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanciarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the Do Burgh family into that of M'Mallon of Glenaghi, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counsellor Macnamara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is 32 inches high, and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost.—*Tipperrary Free Press*.

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APPEARANCES.

It is considered a sound rule not to sacrifice reality for appearances. To be good is held as better than only to seem good. Appearances, in as far as they may serve, and often do serve, as a means of cloaking some evil reality, are not, upon the whole, in good esteem among mankind. It is a word seldom mentioned without some expression of contempt or reprobation. Yet it may be questioned if we could, in this world, quite dispense with appearances.

To lead a life free of gross improprieties is undoubtedly the first requisite. If, however, while doing this, we allow much of our conduct to be interpretable into something opposite, is the result a matter of indifference to society? The thoughtless lady who flirts, or, as the common phrase is, allows herself latitudes, and who is yet studious to be substantially correct, answers, Yes; or perhaps she goes no farther than to say, Being in my own mind conscious of perfect rectitude, I have nothing to say to society on the subject, and it has no title to interfere, so long as I commit no actual transgression. This is specious, and seems to exclude reply. Most people give way to its force, yet do not act or speak as if they felt it to be quite right. It is wrong in this way: such conduct tends to become a screen to actual error; for if the virtuous appear to act exactly as the vicious do, how can we know where vice exists? It is our duty even to appear pure and irreproachable, because, when all that are pure present only the symptoms of purity in their external behaviour, it is the more difficult for the erring to conceal their guilt. They are forced into hypocrisy, which is not merely a homage to virtue, but a means of recruiting her ranks from the bands of vice, seeing that there is an additional pain and trouble in being wicked. All hypocrites would be, or have the advantages attendant on being, what they pretend to be. Can we doubt that, under a system of perfect freedom, they would be something worse than they are?

It thus appears that there is a philosophy in those little decorums of society which minds of a bold and sprightly character are so apt to deride, and which many persons, without the least ill intention, are so often seen to disregard. Every great cause must have its banner. Under every banner there will be a few rogues and cowards. But how much worse would it be, with an army to have no ensign at all? It might then have the whole force of the enemy mingling in its ranks, and unresistably hewing it in pieces.

When we hear of people keeping up appearances, we usually either condemn or laugh. Very often the condemnation, or the ridicule is just, but not always so. There is much to object to in endeavours to attain or keep up a style of living different from that which is

suitable to our actual means or our actual place in society. Let this error be abandoned to the unparing satire of those who delight in exposing human weakness and frailty. But all keeping up of appearances is not of this nature. A family is often invested with a rank which its income will scarcely support in proper style, yet which it must support, or forfeit that rank altogether. Even in particular professions there is this hard necessity. The style is part of the very profession itself, something without which it cannot be practised. There is also such a thing as a decline of worldly prosperity, where to appear poor would be to become so even more rapidly than is strictly unavoidable. In such cases, if a family does not basely, by incurring debt, throw the actual suffering upon others—if it only pinches itself at one time, that it may make a decent show at another—if it only spares in its own grosser necessities, that it may appear on a footing of equality with those of its own nominal social rank, or escape the pity which it is heavenly to give, but bitter to receive, there surely is no offence committed. I must own I never could exactly see grounds for the mirth which prosperous citizens will sometimes indulge in regarding the 'appearances' of the struggling professional man, or the fallen-off family of rank. Such efforts, seeing that they involve much self-denial, that they tend to what is elegant, rather than to what is gross, to what is elevated rather than to what is low, seem to me more creditable than otherwise. In our external life, observances become habits, and habits become principles. We all of us live not merely for and in ourselves, but partly for and in others. To be threatened with a fall from our sphere or special field of life, is to anticipate one of the greatest of evils, a sort of half death. It is not wonderful that men and women should make such a struggle to avoid it. But in fact efforts of this kind are connected with some of the best properties of our nature. The father eager to give his family the benefits of his own rank—the children willing to submit to any sacrifice, rather than see their parents lowered in the eyes of their equals: the whole resolvable into that sense of decency and sensibility to public esteem, without which this social scene would be a howling wilderness. No, there is surely no proper subject of merriment or of reprobation in these things.

There are in this empire two kinds of cities and towns—those which are passing through a career of mercantile prosperity, and those which rest at one point of prosperity, or are perhaps slowly falling off. It is not uncommon to hear the denizens of the parvenu town indulging in mirth at the expense of the meagre and ill-supported gentility which they observe in their ancient neighbour. Perhaps this neighbour has only a cathedral, or the county courts, to look to as a source of income: it keeps up a brave spirit, but cannot give

anything better than tea-drinkings. Its better class are formal and refined in their manners, and even its poor have a clean delicate air about them, dressing much better than they eat or drink. All this is matter of mirth to the unthinking members of the more thriving community, who feel that, if they are less refined, they have at least more of the substantialities of life at their command. It seems to be a great prize to them that the genteel town is only a town of 'appearances.' But is there in this any true ground for so much self-congratulating merriment? I will admit there is, when it is established that the material is superior to the spiritual—that gross, full-feeding habits are more laudable than a taste for neat apparel—that a profuse, and often ostentatious expenditure, unregulated by taste, is better than a tasteful moderate expenditure, in which a sacrifice of immediate appetites is made for the sake of some ultimate gratification in the esteem of our fellow-creatures. It is a point of ambition with a Scottish artisan to have a suit of superfine black clothes in which to go to church and attend funerals. It may be said that this is keeping up an appearance beyond his station; but if he only saves for this appearance what a less intellectual operative of some other country would spend on excesses in meat and drink, enjoyed out of sight, is he not rather to be admired than condemned? I have known something of country towns, where there is considerable poverty within doors and in reality, while at the same time the bulk of the population make a principle of appearing as well dressed as possible; and my feeling on the subject is, that to laugh at such things is to laugh at virtue itself. The whole moral being of the individual anchors perhaps in some frail remains of well-saved clothes, or in the possession of some tolerable house handed down from some more comfortable ancestor. Take away this poor fiction from them, and their self-respect is diminished. They feel that they are regarded as falling into a lower category, and into that lower category they fall accordingly. No one, having a just sense of human frailty, would wantonly remove, or wish removed, even such slight edifications as these, but, on the contrary, rejoice to see them carefully maintained.

To sum up—It will always be proper to exercise the greatest care in discriminating between what is good and what is bad in appearances. Their being necessary to the support of morality, will not make them more amiable in those who lack the reality of goodness. Their being respectable in persons to whom loss of external grade or the failure to support it is social death, will not justify the ambitious citizen in forfeiting the real comfort of his family in an effort to live in the manner of those who possess better means. But, after the possibility of such abuses is admitted, and the fact itself deprecated, we must still keep in view that one of the essentials of a good life is a regard to Appearances.

R. C.

TAFFY LEWIN'S GREENERIE.

THOUGH nearly threescore years have intervened, the remembrance is still fresh on my memory of a certain spot which excelled all others I have since looked upon in its bright emerald hue and verdant freshness. It was on the outskirts of a village, which was only redeemed from positive ugliness by most of its tenements being ancient, though stretching away in a long straight line, and without either water or trees to vary the monotonous aspect of the turnpike-road. Turning abruptly from this road into a narrow lane, seemingly never-ending, and sloping gently downwards, a pleasing surprise was afforded on emerging into a deep valley, where the interminable winding of many sparkling tiny rivulets kept up a continual murmur, enchanting to listen to on a hot summer's day. Here were many fine old walnut-trees also, beneath whose thick-spreading boughs the rays of

a burning sun never penetrated. Innumerable rows of osier-willows were planted on the banks, used in the art of basket-making, the osiers being of the finest and whitest kind, while everywhere and all around extended beds of watercresses. Yet it was not altogether the streamlets or the beautiful trees which made this spot so peculiarly refreshing: nowhere did grass appear so rich and green as in this quiet valley; it looked always as if it had just rained, the earth sending up the delicious perfume, and the thrush singing meanwhile, as it does after a shower in summer weather. Yet was there nothing indicative of damp or marsh land; all was healthy and hilarious-looking, and no plants thrived here indigenous to unhealthy soils. Narrow planks of rough wood were thrown across the bright waters, which had to be crossed many times before reaching the dwelling-place of Taffy Lewin, the presiding genius of the place. This dwelling-place was a thatched cottage, containing three rooms; and Taffy herself, when I first saw her, almost realised my idea of the superannuated or dowager-queen of the fairies: she was then seventy years of age, and one of the least specimens of perfectly-formed humanity that I have ever beheld. So agile and quick was she in all her movements, that a nervous person would have been frequently startled; while her little, black, bead-like eyes sparkled in a most unearthly manner when her ire was aroused. She always wore a green skirt and a white calico jacket, her gray hair being tucked back beneath her mob-cap: she was, in short, the prettiest little old fairy it is possible to imagine; and as neat, clean, and bright-looking in her exterior, as if an enchanter's wand had just conjured her up from amid the crystal streams and watercress beds.

'And so it is from hence the fine watercresses come that I have enjoyed so much each morning at breakfast?' said I to the friend who accompanied me on my first introduction to Springhead, for so the valley was named.

'Yes,' she answered; 'and Taffy Lewin is the sole proprietress and gatherer of the cresses, for which she finds a ready sale in the immediate neighbourhood, her musical but clear and piercing cry of "Watercress fresh gathered—fine cress," being as well recognised, and duly attended to, as the chimes of our venerable church clock.'

'And has the old dame no other means of support?' quoth I; for the glimpse I had obtained of the interior of the cottage in the midst of this 'greenerie' certainly hinted that the trade of gathering this simple root was a most lucrative one; not only order and neatness, but comfort apparently reigning within.

'She disposes of the produce of these fine walnut-trees,' answered my friend; 'and she has also a companion residing with her, who manufactures the most beautiful baskets from these delicate osiers, which always fetch a high price. Taffy pays a very low rent to the gentleman who owns this valley and the adjacent lands; and excepting, I believe, a small sum in the savings' bank, to which she only resorts on emergencies, I do not know that she has any other means of support either for herself or her companion. Her story is a singular one, and I think you would like to hear it after we have made our purchases of baskets from poor Miss Clari.'

Miss Clari, as she was called, was a middle-aged female of plain appearance; and my interest and pity were excited on observing, from her lustrous eyes, that she was an imbecile. She was, however, animated with the spirit of industry. Her long and thin fingers rapidly and dexterously plied their task: she took no notice of us, but continued chanting in a low sad voice the words of a quaint French ditty. When Taffy ap-

proached her, she looked up and smiled: such a smile it was; I have never forgotten it.

'We have only these two baskets left, ladies,' said Taffy Lewin; 'for Miss Clari cannot make them fast enough for the sale they have; and yet, poor dear soul! she never ceases, save when she sleeps, for her fingers go on even when she is eating.'

'And are you not afraid that such close application may injure her health?' said I.

'La, miss, try and take it from her, and see how she wanders about with the tears silently coursing down her cheeks, and her fingers at work all the same. Bless her dear heart! if it hurt her, Taffy Lewin wouldn't let her do it.'

'Is she your daughter, Taffy?' inquired I.

'My daughter!' cried the little dame, her black beads twinkling ominously. 'No, she is no daughter of mine; there is gentle blood flows in her veins, and she was not born what you see her now. But take your baskets, ladies; Miss Clari is no gossip, as ye see, and I have work to do; for we eat not the bread of idleness here.'

I paid for the exquisitely-wrought baskets, and we quickly took our departure. On our homeward route my friend imparted the following particulars:—

When Taffy Lewin was a young woman, she had entered the service of a family named Drelincourt as assistant nursery-maid; but the head nurse soon after giving up her place, Taffy was promoted to it. This situation was by no means a pleasant one, as Taffy soon found out, the children being spoilt, and unruly to the greatest degree; but the wages were high, and Taffy was a friendless orphan, and so she thought it wisest to persevere. There were eight children, six girls and two boys. Mrs Drelincourt was in very delicate health, and the squire himself devoted to field-sports and boon companions. Drelincourt Hall was indeed nearly always full of company, the lady not being able to exist without the excitement of society suited to her taste any more than her husband could. Extravagance and recklessness were visible in all the domestic arrangements; and report said that not for many years longer was it possible to carry on this game.

A few years witnessed great changes, however, at the old hall: Mrs Drelincourt was gathered to her fathers, and five out of the eight children were carried off; a boy and two girls only being left; these three children seeming to concentrate in their own persons all the unmanageable propensities of their departed brothers and sisters.

Mr Drelincourt was stunned by the overwhelming force of the bereavement he had sustained, and he found his only present consolation and contentment in lavishing redoubled affection on his remaining children, and in gratifying their childish whims; much to their own detriment, poor things! He was not an ill-meaning, though a weak man, and idly disposed; avoiding trouble of all kinds, and determinately blind to anything that promised to occasion it; so he spoiled his children, and lived beyond his income, because it was pleasant to do so, and he hated to be bored! After establishing a gentleman at Drelincourt in the capacity of tutor to his son, Mr Drelincourt betook himself to the continent, whither his physician recommended him for change of scene, and more complete restoration of his shattered spirits.

Mr Drelincourt returned home, after some months' absence, with a second wife, having espoused a widow lady. This lady had one child by her first marriage, a little girl of ten or twelve years old, who accompanied her mother to the new home provided for them. This second union greatly displeased and surprised Mr Drelincourt's family and connections; for the lady, though suitable in point of years, and of a most gentle disposition, was altogether penniless; the small stipend she had enjoyed in right of her deceased husband ceasing on her marrying again. Thus Mr Drelincourt had not only a wife added to his already heavy encumbrances,

but a wife's child also on his hands; when, in truth, he had not wherewithal to make provision for his own two daughters. The Drelincourt estates were strictly entailed in the male line; but should Mr Drelincourt not leave a son to inherit the burthened landed property, it passed into strange hands; and fearful was the contemplation of such a contingency with a helpless family of females, and aught but debts and disgrace for their inheritance!

However, the two Misses Drelincourt were brought up as if they were heiresses; and with dispositions full of pride and arrogance unchecked, it may easily be supposed that the introduction of a stepmother and a new sister was highly disagreeable; they having been told all the circumstances.

Clari St Eude, Mrs Drelincourt's daughter, was a plain, timid girl. Having been nurtured in retirement and comparative poverty, she shrank from the display of wealth around her now; but doubly she shrank from the cold demeanour of her new associates, who took no pains to conceal their contempt and aversion for the interloper. The Misses Drelincourt and their brother Henry found that open impertinence would not be tolerated, even by their doting father, when offered to his wife; but in venting all their jealousy and petty spleen on the poor unoffending Clari, who never resented and never complained, the case was far different. Ah, it is not in open warfare or unkindness that the heaviest cross is to be borne: it is hypocrisy and concealment we need dread.

This young girl, Clari St Eude, had little outwardly to prepossess the stranger in her favour: she was of a nervous temperament, easily alarmed, and chilled by an unkind word or look; but she had a clinging affectionate heart, and a forgiving temper. Her mother's position was a trying one, and Clari knew this, child as she was; nor would she for worlds have increased it by a hint that she had cause of sorrow or repining. Mrs Drelincourt struggled for peace, preserved and fostered it by every means in her power; nor was it probable that, even had she been otherwise disposed, Mr Drelincourt would have listened to or credited complaints against his own spoiled offspring.

Although Taffy Lewin's services as a nurse had for some time been dispensed with, she retained her comfortable chair in the commodious nursery, where the tiny woman got through oceans of needlework. Now, though Taffy certainly did feel a species of regard for Blanch and Laura Drelincourt, and also for Master Henry—nurslings spared out of a fine flock—she was by no means blind to their many defects and unamiable qualities, though she had long found all remonstrance useless. To this cheerful, sunny nursery of bygone days, often crept the pale and sickly stranger, Clari St Eude; hour after hour she would sit in silence by Taffy's side, until the kind-hearted little nurse began to pity, and then to love her, and finally won the confidence of the nervous, sensitive girl, who wept on her motherly bosom, and told her 'she wished mamma had not married the rich English gentleman, for she loved their Provence home better far than this.'

Clari inhabited a large sombre apartment all alone, and quite away from the rest of the family. 'This was a sore trial to the timid girl, though she never confessed her nameless fears, and struggled hard to master them; and as it was 'convenient' that she should occupy this chamber, her mother disliked to offer objections, nor was she, indeed, fully aware of her daughter's nervous sufferings. Clari tried to step sedately and composedly into that huge dark bed, with its black, hearse-like plumes, after she had extinguished her candle, and the darkness and silence were absolute: she tried to reason with herself, and to analyse the cause of her trepidation, for she was not aware that her physical debility accounted in a great degree for such mental weakness. Henry Drelincourt, with boyish mischief, had soon found out that 'Miss Whyface' was a great coward; and it was one of his favourite amusements to play off

practical jokes, and try to frighten her; while she, on her part, tried by all means in her power not to let the cruel boy know that he but too often succeeded.

At this juncture Mr and Mrs Drelincourt were absent from home for a few days, when, one morning, Miss Norman, the governess, who presided at the breakfast-table, remarked how singular it was that Miss St Eude, usually the first to make her appearance, had not yet come down. The brother and sisters looked at each other, and began to titter, and there was evidently a joke of some kind amongst them, which they exceedingly enjoyed. But as their hilarity and free-masonry increased, so did Miss Norman's indefinable apprehensions—Clari not coming, and mischief mysteriously brewing!

At length Miss Norman sought Clari's chamber; but it was fastened, and no answer was returned to her repeated summons; but a low, moaning noise proceeded from within. After consulting Taffy Lewin, the door was burst open, and poor Clari was found in the agonies of a brain-fever. Taffy, from former experience, well knowing the imminent danger of the hapless sufferer, medical advice was summoned, and Mrs Drelincourt was instantly recalled. The doctors spoke of some sudden shock the nerves of their patient had sustained, but of what kind, or under what physical influence, it was impossible to say: the room was a dreary one, the young girl was of a highly-nervous, excitable temperament, and nervous disorders often took strange turns—frightful dreams, or ill-arranged reading, sometimes produced distressing effects. Clari St Eude recovered rapidly from the fever; but the brain was irretrievably injured. 'The light of reason was never re-illuminated: all efforts were useless; there was hopeless darkness within.

But how came all this about?—what had happened? The chamber-door was well secured within, therefore no trick could have been played off, said Mr Drelincourt, even had any one had the mind to do so. It was very mysterious. Miss Norman had her suspicions, and she named them to Mr Drelincourt; but he dismissed her from his home and service: Taffy Lewin kept hers within her own bosom, and watched and waited. When the young Drelincourts were questioned, they answered with bravado, 'What!—are we invisible, or fairies, to fly through the keyhole?' It did indeed appear foolish to think that any one could have entered the chamber, it being well known that Miss St Eude always slept with her door locked; so that it was at length considered an extraordinary natural visitation, and poor Clari's affliction ceased to be the topic of conversation.

The Misses Drelincourt and their brother became much subdued after this sad event, and never willingly approached or saw the unfortunate girl. She lived now entirely with Taffy Lewin in the nursery. Taffy's compassion and devotion to her charge were without limits. Whatever Taffy Lewin's thoughts were on the subject of Miss St Eude's sudden attack, she never divulged them, even to Mrs Drelincourt. That exemplary lady's patience and resignation were fully shown forth by her piety and submission under this heavy and bitter affliction; for Clari was her only child, and a most beloved one. It was Taffy who suggested an occupation being found for Miss Clari, seconded by medical advice. It was indeed a long time before it took a useful or tangible form; but with perseverance, and kindness, and judicious treatment, at length there appeared hope that the incessantly-working fingers of the poor young lady might be moulded so as to benefit herself by creating amusement. At that time probably they had little thought of the future blessing this might prove to the bereaved.

Years passed on, and the old mouldering hall of the Drelincourts still reposed amid its dark pine-woods—unchanged without: within, all was not as it had been. The haughty and beautiful Blanch Drelincourt had married, without the knowledge of her friends, a person who supposed her to be the daughter of a wealthy

man, and that a fortune must be forthcoming. He was undeceived too late, and found that he had to support a vain and penniless wife with an increasing family. Henry Drelincourt's education had been an expensive one, and his ruinous and profligate habits were more expensive still. It seemed clear to every one that the debts and disgrace so rapidly accumulating would leave to the heir of Drelincourt little more than the name. This young man came to pass a few weeks at his father's, to recruit his health, which had been shattered by a course of dissipation and recklessness. His sister Laura was now his only companion; and frivolous and unamiable as Laura Drelincourt was, she possessed one redeeming point, rendering her less selfish and domineering; and this was, a devoted affection for her brother.

She was never wearied of tending and studying his whims and caprices, which were not a few; and when an alarming infectious fever made its appearance in the village, and from thence spread to the hall—her brother and father being simultaneously attacked—Laura fearlessly devoted herself to the duties required in her brother's sick chamber; Mrs Drelincourt's whole time and attention being taken up with her husband. Mr Drelincourt fell the first victim to the ravages of the fearful epidemic, while death among the retainers was busy in several cases. Henry was only pronounced out of danger when his sister Laura was attacked, and her life despaired of for many days. Mrs Drelincourt, now released from attendance on her husband, nursed the suffering Laura as if she had been her own child, and with the same feelings of maternal anxiety and solicitude. Laura's life was spared; and she seemed deeply penetrated with the unselfish and tender care she had experienced from her stepmother. There was a sense of shame and deep self-abasement in her manner, which seemed to say even more forcibly than the circumstances demanded—'I have done you wrong; you are heaping coals of fire on my head!'

When the brother and sister were permitted to see each other again, the fatal truth flashed across Laura's mind for the first time, that Henry, although spared from the violence of the fever, had received a mortal blow, from which he never would recover; his constitution, already prematurely broken, was sinking rapidly: it was too evident that he had not many weeks to live. Nor did Mrs Drelincourt endeavour to raise false hopes in the sister's bosom, but rather to strengthen and enable her to bear the inevitable doom approaching. She supported, she tended and fostered, the dying man with Christian love and motherly compassion; and he writhed in agony beneath her kindness—the secret weighing on his mind being evidently unsupportable, while he, too, murmured, 'This is indeed heaping coals of fire on my head.'

It was after a long private conference between the brother and sister, wherein recent agitation had left the invalid more weakened than usual, that Henry, faintly requesting his gentle nurse to come beside him, murmured, 'Mother'—it was the first time he had ever called her so—'I wish you to bring poor Clari here; I wish to see her.' Clari—almost forgotten during the late scenes of sorrow enacting in the hall—left wholly to Taffy's care, had entirely escaped contagion; and in the quiet distant nursery plied her simple amusement of weaving osiers, by degrees promising to become an expert basket-manufacturer. Clari came with her afflicted mother to Henry Drelincourt's side; and with her pale face, and vacant smile, and expressionless eyes, gazed on the dying man, taking up one of his thin wasted hands, and twining the fingers round her own, muttering, 'Oh, pretty—pretty!'

Henry, in his turn, gazed on the hapless girl with a prolonged and agonized look: the big round tears coursed down his sunken cheeks—blessed tears!—as he turned towards Mrs Drelincourt, and with clasped hands and streaming eye ejaculated, 'Can you forgive me?' She seemed not to understand his meaning, and returned

an inquiring and astonished look, evidently thinking, poor lady, that her patient was light-headed.

'Do you not understand me? Look at her: I did it!' he added in hollow whispers, sinking back pale and exhausted. The truth now for the first time flashed on the unhappy mother's mind; speech was denied her; and she could only fold her child in her arms, and again and again embrace her with low, pitying moans. But the poor girl had caught the sound of Henry's words, 'forgive;' and with smiles disengaging herself from her mother's arms, she knelt down beside him; and passing her long slender fingers caressingly over his wan face, she looked up at her mother, and repeated gently, 'Forgive—mother—forgive!'

Before another day had flown, Henry Drelincourt was no more: he died in his sister Laura's arms, with one of his hands clasped in his stepmother's. He had heard her words of forgiveness; and there was another present who tremblingly besought pardon too—and unfolded a tale which Henry had not power to do—and this was the weeping Laura, from whom Mrs Drelincourt heard the following sad confession of heedless, unprincipled folly:—

It seemed that when they were children, during inclement weather they had had access to a large room, unused, and filled with lumber of various descriptions—antique dresses, ancient pictures, &c. &c. They delighted to rummage the huge closets and cabinets, and one day, in removing an oak chest, which their united strength scarcely sufficed to do, they struck against the panelling of the chamber, which gave way, and discovered an opening: this opening proved to be a narrow passage between the walls, and terminated in a hitherto unknown entrance to the room occupied by Clari St Eude. What a discovery for these mischief, trick-loving imps! They found the panel in this room could easily be pushed aside, closed again, and no suspicion, no trace left of intruders. Breathless with excitement and delight, they restored the oak chest to its place; and big with their wonderful secret, the young conspirators frequently met in the 'rubbish chamber' to organise their plans, which were no less than a determination to play off some 'real good trick' on that 'obstinate minx Clari,' the very first opportunity that offered.

Too soon the opportunity presented itself: the fatal trick was played off—some ghastly tableau represented with the aid of phosphorus lights. The simple, weak-minded sleeper awakened to this scene of apparent horror with the perfect remembrance of her well-secured chamber-door; and the frightful sequel ensued which has been already narrated. Henry Drelincourt had indeed powerful reasons for preserving their dreadful secret, nor had his cautions been lost on his weaker and more talkative sisters. Taffy Lewin's suspicions had indeed been powerfully aroused, although they of course took no tangible form; but she watched and waited, nor was she surprised when the repentant and sorrowing Laura repeated the sad tale to her.

But now the heir of Drelincourt was dead, and the estates must pass away into stranger hands; and what was to become of Mrs Drelincourt, her helpless daughter, and the equally helpless Laura? There was no provision whatever for them; they knew not where to turn, or where to seek shelter or daily bread. The gentleman who succeeded to the Drelincourt property was an impoverished man, with a large expensive family; he was good-natured, and felt for their destitute condition, but frankly confessed that it was not in his power to do much for them. On visiting the hall, he had several interviews with Taffy Lewin; and having young children, he earnestly desired to retain her in the capacity of nurse, the commendations he received from Mrs Drelincourt being of so high a nature.

But Taffy Lewin's decision was already made: she had related to the new owner the sad history attached to Clari St Eude, and expressed her firm determination never to desert this helpless being: 'For she will soon,

very soon, have only me; her mother is not long for this world, sir.' Taffy went on to say that she had saved a little money, and meant to return to her native village, and establish herself there, where, by needlework, and Clari's basket-making, she hoped to earn a decent livelihood.

'And what is to become of Mrs Drelincourt in the meantime, my good Taffy?' asked Colonel Howard, the new proprietor, 'and of Miss Laura also?'

'As to my lady,' answered Taffy Lewin, 'have a little patience, sir. Poor thing! let her rest her bones in the old church at Drelincourt; it won't be for long she needs this shelter, that is awaiting her full soon. She has failed rapidly since master departed and Master Henry; the shock altogether was too much for her. As to Miss Laura, she must go out a-governessing, or something of that kind: young ladies often do—and she can play music, and draw trees, and work most beautifully all sorts of fancy kickshaws.'

'Ah, my worthy Taffy,' answered the colonel smiling, 'I fear much that no one will be inclined to receive Miss Laura Drelincourt in the capacity you suggest. But should your fears prove true with respect to Mrs Drelincourt, which I sincerely trust they may not—Taffy shook her head—why, then, all we can do is this; it is the only plan I can suggest or follow out:—My brother is the proprietor of land in the close vicinage of your native place, and I know of a little spot that you can retire to; at my representation he will let you have it cheap, for he is a kind fellow. I must give what I can towards assisting you to maintain these two helpless girls, though it seems to me Miss Clari is the most likely one to help herself.'

This, and a great deal more, said Colonel Howard, to all of which Taffy Lewin thankfully acceded. Sooner even than the tiny woman had anticipated, poor Mrs Drelincourt sank into her grave; and Taffy, accompanied by her two charges, bade adieu for ever to the gray venerable walls which had witnessed such chequered scenes. At Springhead Taffy established herself forthwith; her quick little eyes saw its wonderful 'capabilities;' and 'What a God-send were the osiers!' said she; and what with needlework, and watercresses, and basket-making, Taffy had need to dip but lightly into her hoard of savings.

Laura Drelincourt did not long continue to reside with her faithful nurse: her sister Blanch was left a widow, with no means of supporting her family. Taffy Lewin appealed to Colonel Howard, intreating him to permit Laura to share with her destitute sister the stipend he had originally intended for the use of the former and Clari. Taffy said that Clari and she could support themselves well; Laura was miserable at Springhead; Blanch and her children were starving; and it was far better and happier for them all that the sisters lived together, and managed for themselves. Colonel Howard immediately agreed to Taffy's request; and thus poor Clari was left solely dependent on the good little soul, who is indeed her only friend and earthly stay.

'As to Miss Drelincourt and her sister,' continued my friend, 'they set up a boarding-school for young ladies; but it did not answer; and when Taffy last heard of them, they were living at a cheap village in Wales on Colonel Howard's bounty—a sad fall for these proud, arrogant ladies. Taffy's sole anxiety is respecting the future fate of her unfortunate charge, should it please Providence to remove herself first from this transitory scene. The Misses Howard not long ago paid a visit to Springhead, and assured the tiny woman that she might set her heart at rest on that score, for Miss Clari should be their care if death deprived her of her present faithful protectress. They will not prove false to their promise; they are my most valued friends; and when I pay my annual visit to Drelincourt Hall, I inhabit the chamber formerly occupied by poor Miss Clari, still known as "Miss Clari's Room." Taffy refuses all pecuniary aid; she is in want of nothing, she says, but a

thankful heart. And it offends the honest pride of the Fairy Queen to offer assistance.'

Thus my friend concluded her reminiscences; and I never since then see watercresses on the table, or beautiful basket-work, without associating them in my mind with the memories I retain of the good Taffy Lewin and her 'greenerie.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

COPENHAGEN.

HAVING passed with little trouble or difficulty through the customhouse formalities, we entered the city, and soon found ourselves established in comfortable apartments in the Hôtel Royal. This is a house on the usual large scale of the continental hotels, being a quadrangle surrounding a courtyard, and accessible from the street by a *port-cocher*. It is conducted by a gentleman—the term is in no respect inapplicable—named Leobel, who speaks English, and seems indefatigable in his friendly exertions for the benefit of his guests. I believe there are other good hotels in Copenhagen, but I have heard Mr Leobel's always admitted to be the best.

The first plunge into a large city is confusing. In our perfect ignorance of the relative situations of the streets and public buildings, we know not which way to turn without guidance. It is a good plan in such circumstances to go at the very first to the top of some height, natural or artificial, from which a view of the whole may be obtained. In Copenhagen there is a certain Trinity Church, situated obscurely in the densest part of the town, but furnished with a singular tower of great altitude, and so spacious, that the ascent is not by a stair, but by a spiral carriage-way, up which, it is said, Peter the Great of Russia used to drive a coach-and-six. Our little party immediately proceeded thither, and, ascending to the top—where, by the way, there is an observatory—were gratified with a comprehensive survey of the city and its environs. We soon ascertained that Copenhagen is built on a flat piece of ground, with no hills near it; that towards the sea, on the south and east, it is a congeries of batteries, docks, stores, and arsenals; that its west end, contrary to a flimsy theory on the subject, is the meaner and more ancient part; and that it is chiefly confined within a line of fortifications, but that these are now formed into public walks, here and there enlivened with windmills. The only arresting object beyond the bounds of the city is a slightly-rising ground, about two miles to the westward, crowned by a palace (Fredericksberg). The chalk formation, which prevails here, as over Denmark generally, is usually tumescent and tame of surface; hence there are few points in the environs of Copenhagen calculated to arrest attention.

A large irregular space in the centre of the town—called *Kongens Nye Torv*; that is, the King's New Market—gives a key to the whole, because from it radiate the leading thoroughfares, in which the shops and best houses are situated—Ostergade to the west, Gothersgade to the north, while to the east proceed the Amalie Gade, the Bred Gade, and others—broad modern streets, containing many fine buildings, and terminating on the citadel of Fredericksbavn, the grand defence of the city in that direction. To be a town of only 127,000 inhabitants, and the capital of so small a state as Denmark, Copenhagen contains a surprising number of goodly public buildings, particularly palaces; so much, indeed, in this case, that the houses for the residence of the people appear as something subordinate, and put half out of sight. These palaces convey a striking idea of the wantonness with which former rulers have used, or rather abused, the means extorted from the industrious part of the community. Will it be believed that four palaces were set down in the last century, in a cluster, divided only by the breadth of so many cross-

ings; and that, after this was done, another was built (Christiansborg), which measures upwards of 600 feet in one direction, and is so huge a building, that Somerset House would appear but a fragment of it? These stately edifices are now given up to the service of the public as museums, picture-galleries, and libraries, while the existing sovereign is contented to live quietly in one of his equally numerous country palaces on an allowance of about sixty thousand a year. The effect, however, is, that Copenhagen is a place positively fatiguing from the multitude of its sights. One of those conscientious travellers who get a list of show-places from a friend, or from Murray's Handbook, and go through the whole as a duty, would be like to die here of pure exhaustion of spirits before he had got three-fourths way down the paper.

Notwithstanding the multitude of fine edifices, the city is deficient in sprightliness. The English ambassador, Keith, in 1771, spoke pathetically of the dulness of Copenhagen, and the same character yet clings to it. A certain plainness marks even the best of the population on the street. The shops, not fitted peculiarly, as in England, for the show of goods at the windows, and often accessible from obscure side-passages, contribute little gaiety to the street scenery. Equipages are few and homely. There is a great abundance of male figures in some sort of uniform, for the functionaries of the state, civil and military, are a legion; but these persons are also, in general, of very moderate appearance. One quickly remarks that nine out of every ten men, of whatever kind, have cigars in their mouths; and another circumstance, perhaps a corollary to the last, attracts observation—namely, the great number of young men wearing spectacles. While, however, one remarks an inferiority to England in so many respects, he is forced to confess in one important particular a comfortable superiority; and this is in the aspect of the humbler classes. Here, as in most other continental towns, there is scarcely any trace of that horde of abject miserales which is so prominent in every British city. The labouring people are generally clad decently, many of them, particularly the peasant women, gaily. As a matter of course—as indeed the grand cause of this peculiarity—there is no drunkenness seen amongst them. On the whole, the Danes, as seen in their metropolis, appear an innocent, amiable people—a little stolid, perhaps, but remarkably inoffensive and respectable.

It is, I believe, a general distinction between England and continental countries, that in the latter elegancies and flatteries are first attended to, and things conducive to daily comfort only in the second place, while in England the comfortable and the ornamental go hand in hand together. Hence it is that, with all their fine palaces, which are indeed almost objects of the past, the people of Copenhagen have not even yet learned how to pave their streets, to introduce water into their houses, or to establish gas-lighting. They make a causeway of small, round, waterworn stones, like eggs placed on end, which tortures the feet, and causes every passing wagon to produce a noise so great, that conversation is drowned in it. They form a side pavement of the same materials, with a border of hewn granite slabs; the whole being far too narrow for the passing crowd, so that, there being, after all, little more than a choice between the egg pavement on the side and the egg pavement in the middle, the multitude is chiefly seen plodding its way along the causeway, among wheelbarrows, wains, and carriages. The diffusion of water, and the introduction of gas, are objects advocated by an enlightened few; but, as usual, municipal privileges and pedantic government regulations obstruct the blessing. It was a curious thing for me to tell the people of Copenhagen and Stockholm that they were, in this and some other matters, behind the small towns of Scotland which had so many as a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

The first object to which our party bent their steps

was the Castle of Rosenberg, an old palace in the northern section of the city, surrounded by some fine gardens, which are open to the public. Rosenberg is understood to be a production of the genius of Inigo Jones: it reminds one of the order of buildings which we in England call Elizabethan, and certainly was built by Christian IV. of Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is now simply a museum of the antiquities of the Danish royal family—that is, the furniture, dresses, ornaments, &c. which have belonged to those princes and their children, even to the toys of some of them, in the course of the last three or four centuries. Such a multitude of curious and elegant objects, recalling the royalty of past ages, perhaps nowhere else exists. They are so arranged in a suite of ancient state apartments, that you pass from one age to another in proper chronological succession, and find you have been reading the Danish history of several centuries in the course of an hour's lounge. The most conspicuous sovereign of the series is the builder of the house, who was in truth a noted monarch in his day, an active, hard-headed man, very warlike, very sensual, yet not devoid of a kind-hearted regard for the good of his people. He was the brother-in-law of our James I., whom he once visited with a dozen ships of war in his train; on which occasion he kept the English court for some time in such a whirlwind of conviviality, that Shakspeare is supposed to have been induced by it to pen the well-known passage in Hamlet, beginning,

'This heavy-headed rival, east and west,
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;'

and likewise to describe the usurping uncle as a drunkard. You see here King Christian's audience-chamber, a handsome old panelled room, full of little pictures, and having a small aperture in the door, through which it is said the king could, from his sitting-room, observe the conduct of his courtiers while they were waiting for him. In glass-cases are ranged a bewildering multitude of antique gold boxes, cups, baptismal basins, goblets, and drinking-horns, together with some elegant decorated swords, and other weapons. The object singled out for special observation is the celebrated silver horn of Oldenburg; not, it seems, that which Dousterswivel speaks of as given to Count Otto of Oldenburg by a mountain spirit, but one which is said to have been made for Christian I. in 1447. The singularly rich decorations and figurings on the outside are certainly in the style of that period, if I may judge by the mace preserved at St Andrews—a rich product of the Parisian workshop of the time of Charles VII. In a small room Christian IV. slept in a hammock; the rings by which it was suspended are still seen in the ceiling. Portraits of his favourite ladies hang around. In another room there is a great variety of drinking-glasses; some of them of the beautiful Venetian manufacture, said to be exceedingly rare and valuable. One of the richest articles in the whole collection is a set of horse-furniture which Christian presented to his son on his marriage, and which cost a million of francs. The very buckles are set with diamonds! An upper floor contains the grand hall of the palace, styled the *Riddersal*, or Knights' Chamber: it has a silver throne at one end, and much historical tapestry along the walls. One comes away with a strong sense of the prodigality in which the royalty of Denmark indulged during its days of absolute authority, when the people were condemned to slavery, at once the sole workers and the sole taxpayers in the country. I may remark that a party is shown through this palace by a well-bred gentleman-like man, who speaks in French, if required, for a fee amounting to 6s. 9d. sterling. Everything is explained with precision, and nothing but what is historically true is stated. An enlightened visitor is thus left with a very different impression from what he would acquire in any similar show-house in England, where probably an old housekeeper, unfit for anything else, would be found placed as a cicerone, full of childish legends and

myths, which she would relate as unchallengeable facts.

Before turning to any other Copenhagen sight, I may take the reader to a place much allied in character to the Château Rosenberg—namely, the cathedral of Roskilde, which I did not visit till my return from the north. A railway of about sixteen English miles—the only thing of the kind as yet introduced into the country—enabled me to be deposited there in an hour. We found a huge ungainly brick church rising in the midst of a village which has something of the withered look of Versailles. The inside is as plain as the outside is coarse, and there is little trace of the Gothic architecture to be seen. Yet there are here some exceedingly curious, and even some beautiful objects. The altar-piece is a complicated exhibition of ancient Dutch wood-carving, representing the principal events in the life of Christ. It is said to be at least three hundred years old. Along the sides of the space enclosed for the Communion-table are two series of still more ancient wood-carvings, representing Bible events—the Old Testament on one side, and the New on the other. The quaintness of many of the figures, and the homely ideas embodied by the artist, are exceedingly amusing—for example, Adam writhing in painful sleep, as the Almighty is pulling Eve bodily out of his side; Noah calmly steering something like an omnibus, with seven faces looking out at as many windows; and Elijah going up into the air in a four-wheeled vehicle marvelously resembling the ill-constructed wains which still rumble through the streets of Copenhagen. Having dwelt long on the curious and minute work here displayed, we proceeded to view the sarcophagi of the Danish sovereigns of the last two centuries, all of which are placed in this church. I found the aisle in the right transept in the course of being repaired and adorned with frescoes, for the reception of the coffin of Christian IV., and a grand statue of the monarch by Thorvaldsen. As yet, he reposes in the half-lit vault below, with his queen by his side, and his naked sword lying rusted and out of order upon his coffin. The length of the weapon surprises the curious visitor, but is explained by the uncommon stature of the royal owner—for Christian, it seems, was a man of six feet five inches. The coffin is otherwise distinguished only by a number of plain silver ornaments.

The marble tombs of Christian V. and Frederick IV., and their queens—contemporaries of our William III. and Queen Anne—are placed in a quadrangular arrangement behind the altar, and are certainly magnificent structures of their kind, being formed of pure marble, and adorned with many figures, all in the finest style of art. Medallion portraits of the royal personages, and sculptures referring to events in their lives, are among the ornaments of these mausolea, the costliness of which tells the same tale as the Copenhagen palaces, of a time when the king was everything, and the people nothing. In beholding one of them, which seems to rise from the floor rather like some magical exhalation than a work of human hands, the idea occurred to me, 'Certainly this is making the very best of the sad case of death which it is possible for human nature to do, as far as its mere material elements are concerned.' In the left transept, a beautifully fitted-up chamber, as it may be called, in the Grecian style, are sarcophagi of two earlier sovereigns, not much less splendid. The series of monarchs thus liberally treated were all of them bad, selfish kings, who had little feeling for their people, over whom they maintained absolute rule. A more virtuous series, commencing with Frederick V.—the contemporary of our George II.—are disposed of less magnificently, most of them being placed in simple velvet-covered coffins on the floor. Amongst these, one dull-looking ark in black velvet attracts attention by its plainness. It contains the ashes of the imbecile Christian VII., whose queen Matilda passed through so sad a history. In the vicissitudes of subsequent ages, I should say that the plain monuments have the best chance of preservation.

The cicerone here shows a pillar on which are three marks: one indicating the stature of Christian I.—the first prince of the existing dynasty, and a contemporary of our Edward IV.; he was, it seems, six feet ten inches in height, and his sword, which hangs on the wall, is long enough to reach up to the chin of a man of ordinary size; a second denotes the stature of Christian IV.; a third, strikingly lower, betokens the height of the late amiable king, Frederick VI.

Some other aisles contain the sarcophagi of distinguished noble families of Denmark. I was arrested for a little by one which has a door of iron grated-work, bearing a figure of the devil as large as life, with horns, tail, and claws. The explanation is, that the family reposing within is named Trolle, a famous one in Danish history. Trolle is the name of one of the beings of Scandinavian superstition; and this being is figured in the armorial-bearings of the house as a man having his head placed in the middle of his body. Latterly, I suppose, as these superstitions became obscure, the malignant Trolle was confounded with the devil; and hence the figure on the grating as an object bearing reference to this noble family. The English visitor is disposed to pause under a different feeling over the slab beneath which Saxo- Grammaticus reposes, when he recollects that Shakspeare obtained the foundation of his Hamlet in the pages of that historian. I find it stated in Feldborg's 'Denmark Delineated,' that when James VI. of Scotland came to Copenhagen in the course of his matrimonial excursion, he met in Roeskilde Cathedral the celebrated Dr Hemmingen, and discussed with him in Latin the substantial presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist. Dr Hemmingen had been placed here, as in an honourable banishment, for his Calvinistic notions on this subject. The Scottish monarch was so much pleased with his cast of opinion, that he invited him to dinner, and at parting bestowed upon him a golden beaker.

The royal collection of pictures in the Christiansborg palace is a large one, occupying twelve stately rooms; but it contains only a few good pictures, and seldom detains a visitor long. While I was in Copenhagen, a small collection of the productions of living Norwegian artists was open to public inspection for a small fee, the proceeds being applicable to the relief of the Danish soldiers wounded in the Sleswig-Holstein war. Several of the landscapes, particularly one by a Mr Gude, representing the Hærdanger Fiord, struck me as works of merit; and there was one conversation-piece, representing an old peasant reading the Bible to his wife, which seemed to me not less happy in its way. It is remarkable that the northern nations have not yet produced any painter of great reputation, but that in sculpture they have surpassed all other European nations besides Italy. The great distinction attained by Thorvaldsen has thrown a glory over Denmark, of which the Danes are justly proud. He was the son of a poor Icelandic boat-builder, and was born in Copenhagen. On his attaining to eminence in Rome about thirty years ago, his country at once awakened to a sense of his merits; and when he afterwards visited it, he was received with honours such as are usually reserved for some soldier who has saved his country, or added stupendously to its laurels. He ultimately settled in Denmark, where he died in 1844, leaving to his country many of his best works in marble, casts of all his great works, besides his pictures, curiosities, furniture, and the sum of 60,000 Danish dollars. The consequence has been the erection of the THORVALDSEN MUSEUM, beyond all comparison the most interesting object in Copenhagen. It is a quadrangular building in what is called the Pompeii style, with a court in the middle; in the centre of which, within a simple square of marble slabs, rest the remains of the great artist. In the halls and galleries within are ranged the sculptures, casts, &c. under a judicious classification, each apartment being adorned with frescoes more or less appropriate to the objects contained in it. The finest object

in the whole collection is undoubtedly the cast of a colossal figure of Christ, which Thorvaldsen executed, along with the twelve apostles, and a kneeling angel bearing a font, for the Frue Kirk in Copenhagen. The stranger sees the marble originals of all these figures in the church with admiration; but it is admitted that the cast of the Christ has a better effect than the original, in consequence of its superior relative arrangement. The Saviour is represented in the act of saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;' and there is a mixture of human benevolence with divine majesty in the attitude and expression, which perfectly answers to the text. The tendency seems to be to an admission that this is the finest embodiment of the idea of the Saviour of the world which that world has ever seen; and I shall not be surprised if this opinion be confirmed. Many of the artist's mythological figures—particularly those realising ideal beauty, his Psyches, Venuses, Dianas, and Apollos, the cast of his noble frieze of the triumphal march of Alexander, and some of his subjects embodying the poetry of human life—are eminently beautiful. The busts, which are numerous, are less interesting, and in most instances inferior as works of art. The representations of the artist himself, in sculpture and painting, are many, and calculated to give a perfect idea of the man—a massive figure, with a massive head, blue eyes, a pale complexion, and a gentle, but thoughtful expression of countenance. After dwelling to weariness on the creations of the man's genius, it is pleasant to walk into the rooms which contain his simple household furniture, books, favourite pictures, and other intimate memorials of his personal existence. It is equally agreeable to pause in the midst of the contemplation of his works, and observe the groups of admiring countrymen, from the noble to the peasant, who pass through the rooms to enjoy the spectacle of an intellectual triumph in which they feel that they have a part. Finally, one pauses with speechless emotion over the plain enclosure in the courtyard, which pronounces only the words HERTEL THORVALDSEN over one whom these countrymen can never cease to revere. On the outside of the building there are frescoes representing—first, the national reception of Thorvaldsen on his final return to Copenhagen; and, second, the public joy on the introduction of his works into their country. I heard some criticise these frescoes severely; but I could never get so far as criticism in their case. Every such attempt is anticipated with me by a melting of the heart in sympathy with this worthy people, over the glory which Thorvaldsen has conferred upon them in the eyes of their fellow-nations, and that genial kindly relation between them and their immortal compatriot, of which this invaluable museum is the monument.

The Danes are remarkably fond of amusement, and the means of affording this gratification at Copenhagen are ample. The principal theatre (*Konglige Theater*) is a handsome house of moderate size, where both the Opera and Ballet are respectably presented. I was present one evening, when an operatic piece of Hans Christian Andersen, named *Brylluppet ved Como-Soen*, apparently of very simple construction, was performed, and I thought both the singing and orchestra exceedingly good. There are several other playhouses, some of which are chiefly frequented by the humbler classes. On the outskirts of the town there is an establishment called a Tivoli, resembling Vauxhall, and to which, as the admission is only 4½d. sterling, immense multitudes resort. Here is found a little theatre for dancing and short vaudevilles, which the people witness standing in the open air. There is a *salon* for music, where the people are under cover, but without seats, unless they choose to ask for refreshments. In the open air are merry-go-rounds, an undulating railway, and machines for testing strength. In Denmark, a merry-go-round is the enjoyment of old as well as young. It is composed of a circular stage, bearing carriages like those of a railway, and going partly

upon wheels, while a brass band sounds vociferously in the centre. It was most amusing to us English to observe the gravity with which people of all ages took their places in this circumambient train. One curricie presents a decent shopkeeper with his wife, he with the baby on his knee, which he is endeavouring to awaken to a sense of its droll situation—the cigar kept firm in his mouth all the time; another exhibits a pair of young lovers in very amicable union; a third an aged couple, who might be grandfather and grandmother to the latter party. An inner circle of boys, whipping and spurring imaginary horses, complete the whimsicality of the machine, as it goes grinding and thundering on to the sound of the band. I do not envy the man who can turn away contemptuously from such a sight as this. The simplicity of intellect betrayed by such tastes one might certainly wish to see improved; but yet there is something in being easily pleased which a benevolent nature cannot easily resist. I quite loved the people for the innocence of heart shown in their amusements.

A Sunday evening which I spent in Copenhagen on my return from the north afforded me an additional insight into the habits of the Danes in this respect. Sunday, it must be premised, is held all over Scandinavia much less strictly than in England, and its religious character is considered as terminating at six in the evening. What I had seen in Norway made me not quite unprepared for what I found at Copenhagen; nevertheless it was somewhat startling. The evening being fine, the whole of the broad shady walks between the west gate of the city and the palace of Fredericksberg, two miles off, were crowded with groups of people in their best clothes; not merely peasants and artisans, or even shopkeepers, but persons of superior condition, though perhaps not in such great proportion. The peasant women, with their gaudy gold-laced caps and ribbons, gave a striking character to the scene. There were no drunk or disorderly people—all perfectly quiet and well-behaved. Along the side of the road are numerous tea-gardens, some of them having little theatres, others merry-go-rounds and nine-pins, and so forth. These were all in full operation. It was astounding to see old women, identical in aspect with those who in Scotland sit on pulpit-stairs, and spend the Sunday evening over Boston's 'Fourfold State' and 'Crook in the Lot,' here swimming along in the circular railway to the music of a band. I tell, however, but a simple fact when I say that such was the case. Scores of little parties were enjoying themselves in the recesses along the walks. I observed that many of these were family parties, whose potations consisted only of tea. As the only variation to a laborious life for a whole week, it must have been intensely enjoyed. In one garden connected with a third-rate tavern there was a dancing saloon, with a clarinet, two fiddles, and a bass, to which a few lads and lasses were waltzing; and this seemed no solitary case. There was evidence of enjoyment everywhere, but not the slightest symptom of a sense that there was anything wrong in it. All seemed to be done openly and in good faith. I could not help contrasting the scene with the Sunday evenings of my own country. There the middle-classes spend the time at least quietly, if not religiously, at home; and having the power, use it, to forbid all public or acknowledged means of amusement to their inferiors. It is well known, however, that the taverns frequented by the common people are very busy that evening. It has been stated that in Glasgow, on the evening of the Sunday on which the Communion was administered last winter, one thousand and eighty public-houses were found in full business. The difference, therefore, between Denmark and Britain is mainly this—that in the one country amusements of a comparatively innocent nature are partaken of without a sense of guilt, while in the other enjoyments of a degrading kind are enjoyed clandestinely, and with the feeling of a reprobation hanging over them which must add to their anti-moral tendency.

We must pause, then, I conceive, before we express the feelings which are most apt to arise in our minds regarding the Scandinavian mode of spending the Sunday evening.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities may perhaps be admitted to divide the palm of interest with the Thorvaldsen Museum; but I postpone all reference to the subject till a proper groundwork shall have been laid by the description of my journeyings in Sweden and Norway. R. C.

PIANOS FOR THE MILLION.

THERE seems to be an increasing disposition among us to regard music as an agent of civilisation, and therefore an increasing anxiety to diffuse a taste for the art throughout all classes of the people. The simple songs that are found in countries in an early stage of progress cannot constitute the music of a refined nation, any more than their rude ballads can be the staple, instead of the mere germ, of their poetry. Both, however, serve as an excellent foundation for the superstructures of taste; and to both we return occasionally from amid the complications of art, to snatch from them a healthy inspiration.

It is not in mere refinement that the operation of music is obvious and powerful: it humanises, and 'makes the whole world kin.' 'There is no freemasonry so intimate and immediate, I believe,' says a recent author when relating a conversation with Mrs Hemans, 'as that which exists among the lovers of music; and although, when we parted, I could not tell the colour of her eyes and hair, I felt that a confidence and a good understanding had arisen between us, which the discussion of no subject less fascinating could have excited.' It is in this point of view that music should be regarded by philanthropists: the science should be given to the masses of the people as a bond of sympathy between them and the upper stratum of society. But while many efforts are making in this direction, there is still great sluggishness in one important branch of the business: the lower classes have no good instruments, and have no great artists; the inspiration derived from a Jenny Lind or a Sontag never descends beneath a certain line in the social scale; and the pianoforte, the most useful of all musical instruments, has never served for a rallying-point in the domestic circles of the poor.

To deal with the former of these two difficulties is arduous—perhaps impossible. Even in this country, where everything bears a money value, including even the light that enters our houses, there are some galleries where the works of great painters are patent to the public. But the sister art is a monopoly of the rich, because the efforts of performers produce no permanent creations, but merely an evanescent sound, which may elevate the mind and linger on the memory, but can never be reproduced by the listener. A painter lives by the sale of works which survive even himself perhaps for hundreds of years; but a musician retails performances that are not prolonged even by an echo. The great singer, however, demands a higher reward than the great poet; and the great actor grows rich while the great dramatist barely lives. Who can help it? We give willingly what they demand: there is no compulsion in the case, and the day of sumptuary laws is gone by.

But this deprivation does not press so much upon the poor as upon a great portion of the middle-classes. We cannot find fault with musical artists for demanding half a guinea or a guinea from every one who chooses to listen to a few songs; because such sums are voluntarily paid, and all dealers, even those who deal in harmonious sounds, have the same right to sell them in the dearest market that they have to buy their wines and jewels in the cheapest. But unluckily the deprivation is felt by the very class which would benefit the most, and confer the most benefit, by being admitted on reasonable terms

to such exhibitions of high art. It is neither from among the poor nor the rich that great artists usually spring, but from that large middle-class in which the genius of individuals receives an impulse from pecuniary necessity. In that rank large sums cannot be paid for a song, and their claims to gentility will not permit them to class themselves even at a concert with the grade beneath them, permitted to listen for a lower price in organ lofts and at the back of galleries. We do not say that there is no remedy even for this evil. The genius of the present age is fertile in expedients, and perhaps some plan may be hit upon to satisfy the exorbitant expectations of musical artists, by providing a larger and more frequent audience at prices better adapted to ordinary means. So long as the present system, however, continues, music cannot be expected to make any rapid progress among us; for the effect of the system is to degrade art to the level of fashion, and thus repress the noble and generous aspirations of genius.

But the difficulty arising from the enormous expense of such musical instruments as the piano is less complicated; and indeed it would appear at first sight to be very extraordinary that in an age of almost unbounded speculation and competition it should exist at all. There is nothing in the construction of the machinery of a piano which ought to prevent it from being found in tens of thousands of houses in this country from which it is at present entirely excluded. The existing piano, however, is a traditional instrument—an heir-loom of the wealthy; and for them alone it must be manufactured. Its case must be of expensive foreign woods, and its keys of ivory; its legs must be elegantly turned; its handsome feet must roll on brazen wheels adapted for the rich carpet; and generally it must be decorated with carvings in wood, such as of themselves, entirely superfluous as they are, add several pounds to the expense. The manufacturers say that all this is so because the instruments *must* be made exclusively for the rich, who would not purchase them if they were not elegant in form, and costly in material and workmanship. But this, we strongly suspect, is no longer true. Music has now descended lower in the social scale than it did in the last generation, and thousands of hearts are beating with the feeling of art and its aspirations, which were formerly cold and silent. The comparatively poor and the really economical do not buy pianos, simply because they are far beyond their means; and in England the cause of musical science and kindly feeling is deprived of the aid of a family instrument, which in Germany is found even in the parlour of the village public-houses.

Tables and chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, are manufactured on purpose to suit the means of the various classes of purchasers. Bedsteads may be had in London, and we presume elsewhere with equal ease, at 18s. and at L.50 a piece; and chairs which, in one form, cost L.2 or L.3 each, in another—of stained wood, with cane seats, extremely pretty and lasting—sell for 15s. the half-dozen. Why should not the less wealthy families have their own piano as well as their own chair or bedstead? And the humbleness of the materials, it should be remarked, would not necessarily involve any want of elegance in shape. The cheap chairs alluded to are sometimes very passable imitations of rosewood chairs—and they answer the purpose as well! Let us add, that the introduction of the new process of desiccation applied to timber would seem to render the present a very favourable juncture for such speculations as we hint at. Formerly, many years' warehousing would have been required to divest the wood of those juices which interrupt sound, and the trade in the material would thus be a monopoly of wealthy capitalists; but now, thanks to the science of the day, timber may be thoroughly dried in hours instead of years, and thus a ruinous interest on invested money saved.

Should this new manufacture, however, be com-

menced, the speculators must please to bear in mind that we do not ask for inferior instruments, but for cheap materials and plain workmanship. Some time ago an attempt was made to introduce watches with imitative gold cases: but the works were spurious imitations likewise; and these out-of-time-pieces, brought forward, if we recollect rightly, at 15s., sank speedily to 5s., and are now rarely seen at all. This should be a lesson to piano-makers for the million. They should further recollect, however, that an instrument, hitherto the prescriptive property of the rich and refined, must, however humble its materials, retain a certain elegance of form. A plain deal piano, for instance, even if the wood were suitable, would not be bought; but one made of birch, and French polished, with cheap keys, &c. would not disgrace a drawing-room. We remember seeing furniture of this timber in some of the small country inns in Russia; and it struck us as having an enormously-extravagant look, having all the appearance of satin-wood. This, however, we give merely as an illustration of our meaning. We put forth these paragraphs as nothing more than a hint to set thinking on the subject persons who possess the mechanical knowledge we cannot pretend to; and having so done, we take leave of the subject. L. R.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE castle of Vincennes, within a few miles of Paris, has always been as terrible a place of detention as was the Bastille. Even in these days of comparative liberty and justice, Vincennes is made an engine of oppression; for throughout all political changes, the French government never scruples to seize and incarcerate *illegally* any one against whom it has a grudge.

The prisoners of Vincennes, till of late years, were seldom tried, and rarely knew what their offence was. The question they had to ask themselves was not, what is my crime?—but who is my enemy? who wants my fortune or my place? who covets my wife or my sister? who dreads my influence? Then the walls were so thick, the dungeons so deep, the guard so strict, that no cry for justice could reach the world outside.

An unhappy person destined to be the inmate of this castle was generally seized and brought there in the middle of the night. After crossing a drawbridge, which spans a moat forty feet deep, he found himself in the hands of two men, who, by the pale light of a lamp, directed his trembling steps. Heavy doors of iron, with enormous bolts, were opened and closed one after another; narrow, steep, winding stairs, descending and descending; on all sides padlocks, bars, and gratings; and vaults which the sun never saw! Arrived in his dungeon, the prisoner, who perhaps an hour before had been dancing and feasting at a court-ball, and still wore his suit of velvet and gold, was searched and stripped of everything but the bare clothes that covered him, and was then left with a miserable pallet, two straw chairs, and a broken pitcher—the parting injunction of the jailors being, that he was not to permit himself the slightest noise. 'C'est ici le palais de la silence!' say they—('This is the palace of silence!') Those who were fortunate enough to see the light again, and lived to be restored to the world, were searched in the same way on leaving their dungeon, and were obliged to take an oath never to reveal what had passed in this state-prison, under the penalty of incurring the king's displeasure. As the king's displeasure would have immediately carried them back to Vincennes, we may believe that the vow was seldom violated.

The tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien, who, on the 21st of March 1804, by the dim light of a lantern, was shot in the fosse of the castle of Vincennes, is too well known to be dilated on here: but although everybody has heard of the lamentable death of this brave man,

and although the universal voice of mankind has pronounced his execution one of the darkest blots that stain the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, few people are aware that his arrest, or at least the pretence for it, originated in a simple police report, which was itself founded on a misunderstanding. The duke, who had emigrated to Germany, had there secretly married the Princess Charlotte de Rohan. What family reasons induced them to make a mystery of the marriage have never been disclosed; but the precautions he took to conceal his visits first awakened the suspicions of the police, and ultimately led them to report him as engaged in a counter-revolutionary intrigue. Another of the accusations brought against him originated in the mispronunciation of a name. It was reported that he was on intimate terms with General Dumourier, a man most obnoxious to the First Consul. It was too late discovered that the name of his associate was General *Thumery*. The German pronunciation had rendered these two names identical to the ears of the French agents of police. It is singular that the sole favour the duke asked for on arriving at Vincennes was a day's liberty on his parole, to shoot in the forest. The only tears shed at the sad ceremony of his execution were by the wife of the commandant, Madame Harel, who, by a romantic coincidence, happened to be his foster-sister.

One of the most celebrated prisoners of Vincennes in the eighteenth century was *Maëres de La Tude*, who expiated a folly by twenty years of cruel captivity, spent partly here and partly in the Bastille. Ingenious, clever, indefatigable, and patient, the schemes he contrived to effect an escape, and to communicate with his neighbours in misfortune, would fill a volume. Nevertheless, although Madame de Pompadour, the person he had offended, was dead, he would probably have never recovered his liberty but for a lucky breeze of wind, which blew a piece of paper, on which he had described his sufferings, into the lap of an honest woman called *Legros*, who kept a shop in Paris. The good soul was so touched by the narrative, that, by dint of perseverance and money, she obtained the release of her protégé in 1784.

Not far from the chamber inhabited by *La Tude* was that of the unhappy *Prévôt de Beaumont*, who was guilty of the unpardonable rashness of denouncing the famous *Pacte de Famine*. 'I accused *De Sartines*,' says he in his memoir published after the Revolution, 'who was attorney-general under Louis XV., of occasioning the famines that desolated France for three years; and to punish me, he inflicted on me, for fifteen years, sufferings to which the martyrdom of the saints can present no parallel. Torn from my family and friends, buried alive in a dismal dungeon, chained to the wall, deprived of light and air, perishing of hunger and cold, nearly naked, I endured horrors so repugnant to nature, that my surviving to relate them is nothing less than a miracle!'

Not only did the dire injustice of arbitrary will in those days tyrannise thus cruelly over men's bodies, but it did not scruple to destroy their minds. When a prisoner of state was considered dangerous from his courage, his patience, or his power of endurance, it was no uncommon thing to put him in a strait waistcoat, and carry him to *Bicêtre*. Here he was shut up in a cage, and bled, under pretext of curing him, till he died, or went really as mad as they said he was. Few survived and withstood this treatment; but amongst those who did was the *Prévôt de Beaumont*. He was found at *Bicêtre* by *Mirabeau* and his colleagues when they visited the hospital for the purpose of releasing those who had been unjustly confined there; on which occasion the infamies discovered are said to have been terrific. Many of the prisons in France are distinguished by the names of saints, which arises from the circumstance of their having been formerly religious houses. *St Pelagie* is the place to which persons were latterly sent for political offences: editors of newspapers, caricaturists, and people who would not be satisfied with

things as they are, formed a considerable portion of its population.

At the period of the First Revolution, the keeper of this prison was a man named *Bouchotte*, who, unaffected by the rage of cruelty that seemed to have seized on the population of Paris, distinguished himself by his courageous humanity. When the massacres of September were being perpetrated, and the furious mob were attacking all the jails, and slaughtering the prisoners, the jailors, far from making any resistance, generally threw wide their gates with a hearty welcome; but when the assassins reached *St Pelagie*, they found the house apparently abandoned; the gates were closed, all was silent within, and none answered to their summons. At length, having obtained implements, and forced an entrance, they found *Bouchotte* and his wife fast bound with cords. 'You are too late, citizens!' said *Bouchotte*; 'the prisoners, hearing of your approach, became desperate, and revolted. After serving us as you see, they have all made their escape!' Fortunately the mob was deceived; nor was it known till long afterwards that the whole scene was a scheme of this worthy man's to save the lives of the intended victims.

An American gentleman of the name of *Swan* resided for twenty years in this prison; for we can scarcely say he was confined there, since he might have been restored to liberty had he desired it. After a long suit with a Frenchman, in which the American was cast, he preferred going to jail to paying a demand he considered unjust. Every year his creditor paid him a visit, in hopes of finding him less obstinate; and the *employés* of the prison, as well as his fellow-captives, by all of whom he was exceedingly beloved, would intreat him to give way; but he only smiled, and bowing to his disappointed visitor, bade him adieu till that time next year. The love the prisoners bore him was well earned by innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence. He not only gave bread to the poorer debtors, but he restored many to liberty by satisfying the demands of their creditors. Mr *Swan* died at *St Pelagie* in 1830.

Clichy is also a prison for debtors, where a cell is shown which was for two years inhabited by a man of forty years of age, who had been sent there for a very singular sort of debt—namely, the money he owed for the wet nurse's milk which he had imbibed while an infant, the amount of the debt at the period of his incarceration having accumulated to twelve thousand francs!

A law formerly prevailed in France, that if a debtor escaped, the keeper became responsible for his debt. Of course this arrangement rendered evasion extremely difficult; nevertheless, to revenge some real or fancied injustice, a singular trick was played by a debtor, which greatly amused the Parisians. A certain Monsieur *L—* having contrived to escape, presented himself one evening at the house of his astonished creditor.

'You see,' said he, 'I am free. You may seize me, certainly, and send me back to jail, but I can never pay you; whereas, if you will give me money enough to escape out of the country, you can claim your debt of the keeper who can.'

The creditor, who does not seem to have been very scrupulous, consented to this arrangement, on condition that he himself saw Monsieur *L—* off by the diligence; which having done, and feeling himself safe, he on the following morning knocked at the gate of *Clichy*, and asked the keeper if he remembered him.

'Certainly,' said the functionary; 'you are the creditor of Monsieur *L—*.'

'Exactly,' answered the creditor; 'and you are doubtless aware that Monsieur *L—* has effected his escape, and that you are now responsible to me for the six thousand francs he owes me?'

But instead of the face of dismay he expected, the officer began to laugh, and assured him that Monsieur *L—* was safe in his room, and should immediately make his appearance, which, on being summoned, he did. The prisoner had his joke and his few hours of

liberty, and the creditor his disappointment, which his dishonest intentions well merited. So many debtors escape, that it was lately proposed to revive this law, now obsolete; but the suggestion was negated, under the apprehension that this trick of Monsieur L—'s might be repented in right earnest.

There is a singular story told of a young man called Pierrot Dubourg, who was for some time a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Pierrot was a young farmer, who in 1788 resided about twenty miles from Paris. Handsome, gay, and prosperous in his circumstances, he was one of the happiest of men; the more so, that he had won the affections of a beautiful young girl called Geneviève, who had promised to become his wife. When the period appointed for the wedding approached, Pierrot told her that he must go to Paris for a short time, promising to bring her on his return all sorts of pretty things for her *corbeille*. Well, Pierrot went, but he did not return. Geneviève waited and waited, week after week, and month after month; till at last, overcome by an anxiety which was rendered more acute from a spice of jealousy, she determined to seek him in the great city herself. She knew the address of the house he lodged at on his arrival, and thither she directed her steps.

'Monsieur Pierrot Dubourg?' said the woman of the house; 'certainly he lodged here, but that is some months ago: he has been in prison ever since, and is not likely to get out, I fancy, for he was sent there by the Comte de Fersen!'

Further inquiry elicited the following particulars:—Pierrot, on his arrival in Paris, with plenty of money in his pocket, had fallen into the hands of a set of persons who had very soon relieved him of it, and indeed of everything he possessed besides. These were the servants of some of the profligate courtiers of those days, whose morals appear to have been of the same complexion as their masters'. The person who had introduced him into this nest of plunderers was the Comte de Fersen's coachman, and when Pierrot found himself ruined, it was to him he attributed the mischief. Irritated and miserable at the loss, he one day relieved his vexation by falling foul of the offender just as he was mounting his box, full dressed, to drive his master to court. Of course the comte, who was in the carriage, was indignant, and poor Pierrot soon found himself in prison.

It might have been supposed that Geneviève would be very much grieved when she heard this story, but, on the contrary, she was very happy: her lover was not unfaithful, only unfortunate, and with a determined will she set about getting him free. But although she succeeded at last, the success cost her very dear, and strange to say, it cost the king of France very dear too. After addressing herself to the police and the judges, and after presenting a petition to the king, which remained unanswered, and kneeling in the dust as the queen passed to Versailles, who drove on without attending to her, Geneviève at length procured an introduction to the Baron de Besenval, the favourite of the Comte d'Artois, the king's brother, to whom she made many prayers and many visits; and then one morning Pierrot Dubourg found himself, he knew not why or wherefore, suddenly at liberty. As he stepped into the street, an old woman accosted him, and bade him follow her. After walking some distance, she begged permission to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, to which—his curiosity being greatly excited—he consented. When the bandage was removed, Pierrot opened his eyes in a magnificent apartment, where nothing met his view but satin, velvet, gold, and glass, and before him stood a lady attired like a princess, but masked. Alas! it was the old story of Claudio and Angelo. Furious with rage, Pierrot struck her, and then, ashamed of the unmanly act, he was about to rush from the room; but she stopped him, and after telling him that she gave him back his vows, and renounced his love, she handed him a packet containing her peasant's dress, and all the presents he had made her in their happy

days: and so they parted; and when Pierrot returned home, and they asked him what had become of Geneviève, he said she was dead.

This happened in the reign of Louis XVI., and one might wonder how the humble Pierrot's disappointed love could influence the destiny of the king of France; and yet it did so. Pierrot had quitted Paris with his heart full of bitterness against the aristocracy; but more especially against the king, who had rejected Geneviève's petition; and against the queen, who had disdained her tears and prayers. After staying a short time in his formerly happy home, the contrast with the past, and the cruel recollections constantly suggested, became too bitter for him, and he wandered away, living an irregular sort of life, and mingling more and more with the violent republicans, to whom his only tie was, that they, too, hated the court and the courtiers. The course of his travels having at length brought him to St Meneshould, he happened to be one day lounging in the streets, when, observing two carriages approaching, he stopped to see them pass. His surprise may be conceived when, on the driving-seat of one of them, dressed as a servant, he recognised the Comte de Fersen! Such a disguise could not be worn for nothing, and urged by hatred, he drew near the carriage, and looked in. There sat the queen of France, whilst the king, attired as a valet, was awkwardly endeavouring to perform the duties of his supposed office. It was Pierrot Dubourg who whispered to Drouet the postmaster who the travellers were, and it was he who accompanied Drouet's son in pursuit of the unhappy fugitives, who were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Pierrot Dubourg came too, and after losing sight of him for some time, we find him again filling the office of assistant executioner, in which situation he witnessed the beheading of his once-loved Geneviève, who was guillotined on the same day with Madame Dubarry.

Monsieur Arago, in his *Éloge* of Lavoisier, relates that this great chemist might possibly have escaped the death inflicted by his ignorant and ungrateful countrymen, who told him they had no more need of learned men, had he not been more anxious for the safety of others than his own. A poor woman in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg had received him into her house, where she neglected no precautions for his safety and concealment; but his alarm for the consequences to his benefactress should he be discovered, distressed him so much more than his own danger, that he made repeated attempts to escape from her friendly roof, which she, by her vigilance, defeated. One night, however, he succeeded in eluding her watchfulness, and the next day saw him in the Luxembourg, whence he was removed to the Conciergerie, on his rapid way to the scaffold.

Condorcet, the great mathematician, is said to have lost his life by not knowing how many eggs there should be in an omelette. Aware that he was suspected by Robespierre—for though a republican, he had dared to pity the royal family—he disfigured his face and hands with mortar, and fled from Paris in the disguise of a mason. After passing twenty-four hours in a wood, hunger drove him to a little inn, where he ordered an omelette.

'Of how many eggs?' asked the servant.

'Twelve,' replied the philosopher at random. A mason ordering an omelette of twelve eggs awakened suspicion; he was searched, and a volume of Horace being found in his pocket, he was arrested. Unable to face the scaffold, Condorcet took poison, and died on the road to Paris.

Everybody knows that the horrors of the French Revolution were redeemed by many noble actions. We have told the story of Bouchotte at St Pelagie. Benoit, the keeper of the Luxembourg, also distinguished himself by many generous and courageous deeds. He saved the life of the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis-Philippe, by refusing to give her up when summoned before the Committee of Public Safety. He declared

she was ill—dying—all but dead, and thus averted her fate till she had an opportunity of obtaining protection.

A lady called Jeanne Faurie also found a powerful friend in a jailor of the Luxembourg. She was young, and extremely beautiful, and although Rifaut was looked upon as one of the most inflexible of functionaries, her bright eyes melted his rigidity. He procured her pen, ink, paper, and books. 'I know my character and my life are at stake,' said he; 'but speak! command me! Whatever you desire I will do.' When he heard that she was on the list of persons to be executed, he gave her a disguise and all the money he had, and set her at liberty. For some time he concealed the lady's flight; but when it could be no longer kept secret, he went to Benoit, confessed his fault, and demanded the punishment. Benoit, however, did not betray him; and Jeanne Faurie's escape was not known till there was no danger in making it public. The Luxembourg was called the Reservoir of the Conciergerie, and Josephine Beauharnois was confined here before being transferred to the latter prison. It is related that when she afterwards resided in the Luxembourg as wife of the First Consul, she one day intreated Bonaparte to accompany her to the cell she had formerly inhabited. When there, she asked him for his sword, with which she raised one of the flags, and there, to her great joy, she found a ring given her by her mother, on which she set the highest value. She told him that when she was summoned to quit the prison, supposing she was going to the scaffold, she had contrived to conceal the jewel, which she could not bear to think should fall into the hands of the public executioner.

Amongst the names inscribed on the keeper's register of the Luxembourg, are those of the ministers of Charles X. in 1830, and also that of Louis-Napoleon, the present President of the French Republic, who was confined here after the unsuccessful affair of Strasburg.

NEW THEORY OF POPULATION.

THE idea of Mr Malthus, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, unless some powerful and obvious checks be interposed to keep down the race to the level of subsistence, has been recently met by Mr Doubleday with a denial and an effort at refutation. From an article by Mr Hickson in the last number of the 'Westminster Review,' we learn that Mr Doubleday endeavours to show grounds for believing that, while there are powerful tendencies to increase beyond the limits of subsistence, there are likewise tendencies to a decrease, which must result in preserving what may be called a balance between the quantity of food and the number of people. Mankind, from Adam downwards to our own day, have gone forward and backward in numbers by a series of fits and starts—they have by no means been going on as a constantly-increasing quantity. Look at the countries in the East mentioned in the Bible—Egypt, Judæa, Asia Minor, Persia, Assyria. Once densely peopled, they are now either desolate, or inhabited by a poor decaying remnant of the proud races which formerly inhabited them. Egypt would soon expire as a nation if not constantly recruited by fresh arrivals from abroad. Neither China nor India is so populous as it was two thousand years ago. The cultivated aboriginal races of America, who left monuments of their greatness, long since disappeared, and were succeeded by tribes of Indians, who are now rapidly disappearing. The history of the world presents many other instances of an entire disappearance of populations.

No doubt war, pestilence, famine, vice, and misery, have all played an important part in sweeping away nations, or in reducing the numbers of their people; but Mr Doubleday holds it to be demonstrable that redundancy of population is prevented in a less continuous degree by these causes, than by one which Mal-

thus altogether overlooks—one, in fact, which militates against his theory. The mention of this check, which is only of recent discovery, will come upon most persons as a surprise: it is *comfort*—easy circumstances, allied with cultivated feeling; and, to all appearance, the easier the circumstances, the less the increase. Mr Doubleday thinks it would not perhaps be going too far to say, that by carrying these influences a certain length, the race might become extinct. As proof, he refers to the gradual dying out of families among the aristocracy and baronetage—two orders of persons who, above all others, might be expected to be prolific in descendants:—

'Thus it has been,' proceeds this writer, 'that the peerage of England, instead of being old, is recent; and the baronetage, though comparatively of modern origin, equally so. In short, few, if any, of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets' families of King James I., exist at this moment; and but for perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct. * * * Of James I.'s creation in A.D. 1611, only thirteen families now remain; a decay certainly extraordinary, and not to be accounted for upon the ordinary ideas of mortality and power of increase amongst mankind.'

Commenting on these facts, the reviewer observes:—'Several instances from humbler, but still wealthy, or at least comfortable classes of society, are given by Mr Doubleday, tending to the same conclusion, that an ample provision of the means of subsistence does not necessarily act as a stimulus to population, but often seems to have a directly contrary tendency; as if ease and abundance were the real check of population, and a certain amount of poverty and privation were essential to any considerable increase. Thus he mentions the case of the free burgesses of the wealthy corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a body, in 1710, of about 1800, possessing estates and endowments, and exclusive privileges, amply sufficient to protect every individual among them from want; and shows that, although all the sons of every citizen were free by birth, their numbers would have diminished had they not been recruited from without; and that, even with the aid of contested elections, when freemen by purchase were admitted for the sake of votes, the entire body of burgesses remained nearly stationary for upwards of a century. This, too, while the poorer corporation of Berwick-upon-Tweed doubled the number of its free citizens during the same period.'

The examples of the corporation of Durham and Richmond in Yorkshire are adduced to the same effect; but we need not go so far north for corroborative evidence of the same class of facts. In the corporation of London, all the children of a citizen, whether male or female, enjoy the right of freedom by inheritance; and as many of the exclusive privileges of this body have not yet been done away, women still exercise in the city various avocations in their own name (such, for instance, as the trade of a town carman), from which the rest of the inhabitants of the metropolis, non-freemen, are excluded. Until recently, the freedom of the corporation of London was essential to a share in the administration of revenues amounting to upwards of a million per annum, and is still indispensable to a large portion of them. We may reasonably conclude that it was an object of some importance to the ancient citizens of London to keep the patronage connected with such large funds in their own hands, or to leave it in the hands of their own posterity. This object, however, has been so entirely defeated, that if we now inquire into the origin of the present holders of the good things in the gift of the London corporation and the trading companies, we find they are nearly all north countrymen, who have elbowed their way into the city from Scotland or the provinces, and that the descendants of such men as Sir William Walworth and Sir Thomas Gresham are nowhere to be found.

'During the forty years from 1794 to 1833, the admissions by patrimony to the freedom of the corporation of London were only 7794 out of a total of 40,221 admitted—a third of the number having been strangers who purchased their freedom, and one-half sons of strangers obtaining their freedom by apprenticeship.'

Mr Doubleday's explanation of these phenomena is to the effect, that it is not misery, but comfort, which

deadens the principle of increase. It is notorious that the poorest parents have, as a general rule, the greatest number of children. Only feed people on potatoes and salt, oatmeal-porridge, or any other plain fare, and let them at the same time maintain a struggle to get even that, and sure enough their firesides, or the places where the fire should be, will be garnished by as plentiful a crop of youngsters as you could wish to behold! How these children are fed it is often so difficult to comprehend, that one is almost driven to the conclusion that they somehow live and have strength to romp about on the mere element—fresh air. It is very clear that nature abhors all sorts of codling and pampering:—

‘It is a fact, admitted by all gardeners as well as botanists,’ says Mr Doubleday, ‘that if a tree, plant, or flower be placed in a mould either naturally or artificially made too rich for it, a plethoric state is produced, and fruitfulness ceases. In trees, the effect of strong manures and over-rich soils is, that they run to superfluous wood, blossom irregularly, and chiefly at the extremities of the outer branches, and almost, or entirely, cease to bear fruit. With flowering shrubs and flowers the effect is, first, that the flower becomes double, and loses its power of producing seed; next, it ceases almost even to flower. If the application of the stimulus of manure is carried still further, flowers and plants become diseased in the extreme, and speedily die; thus, by this wise provision of Providence, the transmission of disease (the certain consequence of the highly-plethoric state, whether in plants, animals, or in mankind) is guarded against, and the species shielded from danger on the side of plenty. In order to remedy this state when accidentally produced, gardeners and florists are accustomed, by various devices, to produce the opposite, or deplethoric state; this they peculiarly denominate “giving a check.” In other words, they put the species in danger in order to produce a corresponding determined effort of nature to insure its perpetuation—and the end is invariably attained. Thus, in order to make fruit-trees bear plentifully, gardeners delay, or impede, the rising of the sap, by cutting rings in the bark round the tree. This, to the tree, is the production of a state of depletion, and the abundance of fruit is the effort of nature to counteract the danger. The fig, when grown in this climate, is particularly liable to drop its fruit when half-matured. This, gardeners now find, can be prevented by pruning the tree so severely as to give it a check; or, if grown in a pot, by cutting a few inches from its roots all round, so as to produce the same effect. The result is, that the tree retains, and carefully matures, its fruit. In like manner, when a gardener wishes to save seed from a gourd or cucumber, he does not give the plant an *extra* quantity of manure or warmth. He does just the contrary: he subjects it to some *hardship*, and takes the fruit that is *least* fine-looking, foreknowing it will be filled with seed whilst the finest fruit are nearly destitute. Upon the same principle, it is a known fact, that after severe and long winters, the harvests are correspondingly rapid and abundant. Vines bear most luxuriantly after being severely tried by frost; and grass springs in the same extraordinary manner. After the long and trying winter of 1836–37, when the snow lay upon the ground in the northern counties until June, the spring of grass was so wonderful as to cause several minute experiments by various persons. The result was, that in a single night of twelve hours the blade of grass was ascertained frequently to have advanced full three-quarters of an inch; and wheat and other grain progressed in a similar manner.’

It is shown by facts, that in the animal economy a low physical state, of course along with air and exercise, is equally favourable. In proportion, therefore, as conditions adverse to this simple principle are encouraged, so will the ratio of increase be limited. Indulgent idleness, want of out-door exercise, codling with cordials, dosing with medicines, tight-lacing, late hours, mental excitement, and fifty other things, induce the physical weakness and irritability which renders the production of offspring an impossibility. Causes of this kind, operating along with those artificial restraints, the validity of which Malthus is so far right in recognising, are mainly concerned in keeping population within bounds. It would then appear, that so long as there is an abject, struggling poor, ignorant and ill-fed, there will be

a vigorous growth, a dangerous population—dangerous, because redundant as respects their capacity and will to work. On the other hand, by an universal spread of education, by the cultivation of rational tastes and habits, and by the simple mode of living which such tastes would engender, there will ensue something like a medium between a relatively-redundant and a comparative extinction of population.

THE IRISH BARON.

AN ANECDOTE OF REAL LIFE.

At the beginning of the present century a certain regiment was ordered to Ireland, and was very soon dispersed over various districts. One detachment was sent to Ballybrag, and when the officer in command and his two subalterns met at the wretched pothouse (for it was scarcely an inn) where they were to mess, and began to discuss their prospects of amusement, they were quite thrown out. There was no visiting, no hunting, no shooting, no billiard-table, no horses to ride, no milliners to flirt with, not so much as even ‘a bridge to spit over.’ In those days military men had rarely a literary turn, but books became of so much importance, that they read over the few they possessed, and sent to the nearest town, which was very distant, for more. Active amusement, however, was what they chiefly desired; and one evening the countenances of all three became animated, during a listless ramble, at the sight of a boy in a crownless hat, torn coat, and nether integuments held on by a single button; he was shouting forth ‘The County Tyrone,’ as he dangled a brace of trout in one hand, and switched the air with a long wand he held in the other, his curly hair blowing over his bright rosy countenance in the fresh breeze, the picture of health and careless happiness.

‘Hollo! my fine fellow! where did you catch these trout?’

‘Plase your honour, in the Junnagh, just beyant.’

‘Beyant! where’s that?’

‘Just behind them hills there’s plenty. If I had but a fishing-rod, and something more sinsible nor a crooked pin!’

‘What a handsome intelligent boy! What’s your name?’

‘Patrick O’Sale, plase your honour.’

‘Well, Paddy, you’ll show us the trouting stream, and I’ll give you a shilling.’

Paddy O’Sale had heard of a shilling, but had never yet seen one; so his gratitude was unbounded: he not only showed them the stream, but made rush-baskets for the fish they caught, told them tales, sung them songs, and, in short, by his good-humour and intelligent fun, very much enlivened their stay at Ballybrag. He was very proud of the notice of these gentlemen, was happy to be employed in doing anything for them, and when the route came, manifested so much genuine sorrow, that they resolved to adopt him, and make him, in fact, a *fils du régiment*. He accordingly began his military career as a fifer in the —th regiment, and when older, entered the ranks, and became servant to his first friend, C.-ptain B—. Very soon he distinguished himself by his extraordinary intelligence, and orderly conduct, which promoted him to the rank of sergeant; twice he headed a forlorn-hope, and upon all occasions showed so much bravery and prudence, that upon the first vacancy he was unanimously recommended for an ensigncy, which he obtained, retaining as an officer the good opinion he had before possessed of all his former comrades. He was a remarkably handsome man, and, we need scarcely observe, a very clever one also, taking advantage of all that fell in his way as to education, &c. But alas! no one is perfect; and Patrick O’Sale was vain and extremely ambitious: so, not wishing to remain where his very humble origin was so well known, he exchanged into another regiment, and very soon became equally popular with his new companions as he had been with his old friends of the —th.

The peace reduced him and many others to half-pay, and with it and his handsome person he resolved to take his chance of fortune. He settled himself in a town on the north coast of France, and looked about for a wife. Not long had he to wait: his proficiency in French, which his quick capacity enabled him to pick up easily, opened many doors which were shut against his higher-born but less talented compatriots; and ere long, the widow of a hotel-keeper, twenty years his senior, gave him to understand that he needed but to propose. Whether this was in all respects the prize he looked for it is hard to say; but they married, and lived together three years, during which time he behaved to her with affectionate kindness; and when she died, she left him all that was in her power, which, although much less than he had hoped for, made up, together with his half-pay, a reasonably good income. This, although it would have been a mere pittance to most men, seemed a fortune to our adventurer; and with it he started for Paris, where he made so good a figure, that a young and handsome widow manifested the same admiration his former less distinguished wife had done. We need not enter into a description of the affair further than to say that it terminated as the other had done—in marriage. While arranging the preliminaries, the lady objected to his name.

'O'Sale!' cried she (*eau sale!*—dirty water!); 'never can I follow such a name into a drawing-room!'

'I am very sorry, but it is my name.'

'Is there no *title* in your family?'

'No,' stoutly answered the quondam Paddy.

'What, then, is the name of your father's estate?'

He thought of the cabin in which he had passed his childhood—the pig, his playmate that had paid its rent—his father, in his long frieze coat, with a hay-band round his hat—and his mother, attired in the fluttering rags which so many of the Irish seem to think impart an airy smartness to their dress; perhaps, too, he thought with regret of the warm hearts that had beat beneath them, so fond, so proud of him; and the 'sunshine' of his own 'breast,' that, in spite of his almost uninterrupted good-fortune, had never bounded so lightly since: but at any rate he answered with admirably-acted quiet dignity, 'It is, alas! no longer in our family.'

'But,' persisted the lady, 'you were born near some village—in some parish that had a name?'

'The village of Ballybrag was not far from our residence.'

'A la bonne heure—that will do excellently well! Call yourself the Baron de Ballybrag.'

'Call myself?'

'Mais oui, why not? I shall not object to be named De Ballybrag.'

She accordingly had her cards printed 'La Bonne de Ballybrag,' and her husband, who, after all, had a fondness for his patronymic, left his with his acquaintances as the Baron O'Sale de Ballybrag. One of these I preserve as a memento of the odd characters and adventures which so frequently make real life resemble a romance.

CHEMICAL INQUIRIES.

Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in, and by her analysis of both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is in all respects a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour. But what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than

the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is explained; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical. The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favourite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring and summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed, and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use, and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food (wheat, oats, beans, &c.), it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato; and no doubt the Irish kolummon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient. Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hundred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only a thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milk-cows, is accounted for by these facts; while of course they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man. Again:—In many parts of our island furze or gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favourable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains, when dry, as much as 80 per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.—*Edinburgh Review*.

INDIAN POST-OFFICE.

There has been a great outcry against the post-office as well as the police in Gangetic India. Newspapers are charged by weight, so that before they can pass for single postage they must make use of the smallest-sized sheet to be found in the meanest provincial town in England; the paper must be as thin as a bank-note. In our rainy season, if near full weight, it absorbs moisture so rapidly as to be charged double postage at its journey's end: the postage on a daily paper, from moderate distances, amounts to L.5 a year. The mails are carried in leathern bags on men's heads, and so negligently made up, that they occasionally reach their destination in a state of pulp. Thousands of rupees are annually abstracted from letters, and every variety of misconduct prevails. At the presidencies, the salary of the postmasters is from L.2000 to L.3000—the heads of the departments are civilians, who have been judges or collectors of revenue, and never saw the inside of a post-office till they came to preside over it. At outstations, officers in the army get postmasterships as perquisites, the duties in every case being performed by subordinates. The subject has been a standing grievance time out of mind, but there is not the slightest appearance of its meeting with attention.—*Bombay Times*.

RICE.

It is a subject of wonder to many why the article 'rice,' which has for a long time been so extremely plentiful, and consequently cheap, does not enter into more general consumption in this country. I think the true answer is this:—'Because very few amongst us know how to prepare it for table;' for not one cook in ten can ever plain boil it fit to be seen and eaten, and not one in twenty (strange as it may appear) can make a 'rice-pudding.' Now the first may be accomplished by using only so much water as the rice will absorb in boiling, by which each grain will be kept free and separated, and the mass not made into starch or paste, as is generally the case; and the second can be perfected by putting one teacupful of rice to one quart of milk, adding sugar to suit the taste, a small quantity of chopped suet, butter, or dripping, grating a little nutmeg on the top, and baking as usual. This will be found one of the cheapest, lightest, and most delicious puddings that can be eaten, and very superior to a 'rice-pudding,' as generally made with eggs, &c. which not only add to its expense, but destroy the character of the dish. In most parts of Ireland, where, during the summer season, milk can be had for almost nothing, the above simple recipe would, I think, be invaluable, and no doubt generate a taste for this most wholesome grain, to the especial benefit of the poorer part of the population.—*Daily News*.

AMERICAN WHITEWASH.

The following recipe is used for preparing the celebrated stucco whitewash used on the east end of the president's house at Washington:—Take half a bushel of good un-slacked lime, slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of good rice, ground to a thin paste, and stirred while boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Any required tinge can be given to the preparation by the addition of colouring matter.—*Minny Journal*.

A FRENCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH PUBLIC DINNER.

Nothing is more curious than one of these repasts, which recall to mind the feasts described by Homer. Enormous pieces of beef, whole sheep, monstrous fishes, load an immense table bristling with bottles. The guests, clothed in black, calm and serious, seat themselves in silence, and with the air which one takes at a funeral. Behind the president is placed a functionary called the toast-master. It is he who is charged to make the speeches. The president whispers to him the *mot d'ordre*, and 'Gentlemen,' says he with the voice of a Stentor, 'I am about to propose to you a toast which cannot fail to be received by you with great favour—it is the health of the very honourable, very respectable, and very considerable Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c.' The guests then, shaking off their silent apathy, rise all at once, as if they were moved by springs, and respond to the invitation by thundering forth frantic cries. While the glasses are being emptied, three young girls with bare shoulders slip from behind a screen and play a tune on the piano. The toasts do not cease until the guests, having strength neither to rise nor to remain seated, roll under the table.—*M. Eugene Guinot in the Siecle (Paris paper)*.

FIRES IN CHIMNEYS.

A French gentleman, M. Maratuch, has found by experiments, if three frames of wire are placed near the base of the chimney, about one foot apart, whilst no flame will pass through them, the draught will not be impaired. As most of the soot lodges on the uppermost wire, but little on the second, and none on the third, he suggests that a brush be applied daily to keep them clean, and the chimney will never want sweeping.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SISTER, hear ye not the rustling
Of the sere leaves as they fall?
Touch they not—thus dropping, dying—
A lesson worth the heed of all?
Nature preaching, ever teaching,
A lesson worth the heed of all.

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant,
Warmed by sunshine into birth;
Now chilled by nipping blasts of autumn,
They drop unto their mother earth.
For wise reason, but a season!
They drop unto their mother earth.

Some linger still, but yellow, faded,
No more with green the boughs adorn;
No shelter yield where erst they shaded;
Left of their kindred, lone, forlorn.
Lifeless seeming, listless gleaming,
Left of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

So, though thou'rt now arrayed in satin,
And pearls are glistening in thy hair;
Anon thou'lt need a warmer garment—
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear:
Weeds arraying, grief betraying,
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear.

Then, sister, let us muse and ponder
On these leaves from nature's page;
And prepare, while yet in season,
For a pure and happy age:
Undespairing, be preparing,
For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness,
Or cast a shadow o'er thy youth;
But ever shun the paths of folly,
Cleave to virtue and to truth:
Self-denying, faith relying,
Cleave to virtue and to truth.

For neither youth, nor health, nor beauty,
Can from Time's stern clutches save;
But all must drop, like leaves of autumn,
To the cold and silent grave:
Aye we're dropping, never stopping,
To the cold and silent grave.

SURAN PINKERTON.

THE POISON OF THE VIPER.

The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head), which is believed to represent the parotid gland of the higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to void its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope:—At first nothing is seen but a parcel of salts minutely floating in the liquor, but in a very short time these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. These spicula, or darts, will remain unaltered on the glass for some months. Five or six grains of this viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of human blood, received in a warm glass, produce no visible effects, either in colour or consistence, nor do portions of this poisoned blood, mixed with acids or alkalis, exhibit any alterations. When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated (as it were by an innate instinct), always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland*.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ELSINORE—GOTTENBURG.

I LEFT Copenhagen for Elsinore on the last day of June, with two companions, in a *char-a-banc*; a rough but not inconvenient kind of carriage drawn by two horses. We took the route by Fredericksborg (different from the Fredericksberg already mentioned), in order to visit that most distinguished of all the Danish palaces. The king was living in it at the time; but this was understood to present no difficulty. The life of Frederick VII. is remarkably modest and unobtrusive. Allowing his ministers to govern according to the best of their judgment, he is content to live in the manner almost of a private gentleman. It was stated that at this time, when half the sovereigns of Europe were in the agonies of a revolutionary crisis, the attention of the Danish monarch was chiefly engrossed by some ancient sepulchral tumuli found in his neighbourhood. So great is his disrelish of royal state and parade, that he can only with difficulty be induced to come occasionally to town to give audiences and attend reviews. Yet Denmark is a year old in a constitution which grants something approaching to universal suffrage. Very probably the Sleswig-Holstein war is what has secured this internal peace. Uniting in this external object, the people have escaped as yet the danger of falling together by the ears about progress and reaction. So for once a democratic movement has not been attended by a crop of folly and outrage.

The country passed over in our drive is composed of the tame undulations usual in the chalk formation, varied only by a few lakes and some fine woods. We snatched an interval required for resting the horses to see the queen-dowager's palace at Lundby, which we found to be a plain building situated amongst some pleasant groves, but in no way remarkable, except that the domain was open at all points to any one who chose to leave the high road by which it is skirted. We walked over the grounds, and penetrated into the garden, asking no leave, and meeting no resistance or challenge—a proof not so much, I apprehend, of any special liberality in the royal possessor, as of great harmlessness in the people; for certainly without that, no such indulgence could be extended. The inferiority of the place in point of trimness to similar places in England, and the meagre show of plants in the garden, were remarkable. That fastidious mowing, and paring, and cleaning, which is continually going on round a country residence in England, is unknown in the north of Europe.

All along our way to Fredericksborg I observed heaps of granite and gneiss boulders, ready to be broken up for the repair of the roads. They were to me an interesting set of objects, as being my first introduction to

the grand Drift Formation of the north. To most readers it will be enough for the present to say that they are masses of stone belonging to the granitic and gneissic countries of northern Sweden and Finland, which have been carried southward, probably for the most part by icebergs floating in the sea by which this region was once overspread. They are found imbedded in the clayey and gravelly covering of the country, or encumbering its surface; and now the farmers are allowed something for carting them to the roadsides, that they may be pounded down by the disciples of Macadam. The kirk-stones, which form the only approach to a pavement in Copenhagen are from the same source. I examined many of the wayside heaps, as well as those presented in gravel-pits, and found a few with traces of striation, denoting their having undergone rubbing in the transport; but these were rare objects. The cultivated land seems now pretty well cleared of them; but they still abound in forest ground. The sand of the aforesaid gravel-pits is in many places stratified, marking the deposition by water; but I nowhere could detect shells.

At length the pinnacles of Fredericksborg began to appear over the dull landscape, and we speedily found ourselves seated in the village inn at a very tolerable dinner. When this was concluded, we sauntered to the palace, which we found to be a huge brick edifice of the Elizabethan style, forming three sides of a square, with detached masses and courtyards, the whole closely surrounded by water. It is one of the many memorials of the magnificence of the fourth Christian, but was built on the site of a former palace; and amongst the few traces of the original left, is a small island covered with shrubbery. The shrubbery had been planted by Frederick II., the father of Christian, in commemoration of the son having been born on the spot; and under a feeling with which we can all sympathise, the reforming king left this shrubbery untouched. It is said that the new palace took fifteen years in building. Here, again, one wonders that so small a state could at that time furnish funds for the erection of such sumptuous edifices. The unchecked authority exercised by its princes is the only explanation of the mystery. They seem to have regarded palace-building as a legitimate amusement for their leisure hours, and to have been under no sort of scruple as to the sufferings of their people in furnishing the requisite funds. A Danish king, in the last century, told his young queen, in a fit of gallantry, that if she should kill a deer in the chase, he would build a palace on the spot. Such, I am told, was the actual origin of one of the numerous palaces which now adorn the country. To find ourselves now in this gray, old-fashioned chateau, and be told that the king lived in it, seeing as we did no trace of any state or pageantry whatever, and scarcely any mark of the

place being inhabited at all, raised some curious speculations in our minds as to the change of the relations of monarch and subject since the days of Christian IV.

The grand sight of Fredericksborg is the royal chapel, forming the lower floor of one side of the square. It is a superb specimen of that mixture of Grecian and Gothic which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century; no grandeur of plan, but infinite ornament of detail, gilt reliefs (especially on the ceiling), carvings, and fine inlaid woodwork. The pulpit has pillars of silver, and the altar-piece glows with golden images and sculptures. 'The Swedes,' says Feldborg, 'took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the Gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad.' The screened recess for the royal family still contains a range of chairs with wrought seats, which must be coeval with the chapel, as they contain Christian's initials. There is even still the same charity-box at the door, into which this grand old prince must have popped his donations as he passed to worship; for it, too, bears his initials. The coronations of the Danish kings take place here, and this has led to an unfortunate modernisation being effected at one end of the chapel for the accommodation of the throne, with seats for the knights of the Order of the Elephant. In every other particular it is preserved exactly as it was in the days of the founder. I may remark that the shields of the living Elephantine knights adorn the gallery. When they die, these symbols of their glory are removed to a clean, well-kept crypt beneath one of the angles of the palace, where the whole series for the last two centuries may be seen. This is at once a curious historical study and a touching lecture on the transitoriness of all human grandeur.

Over the chapel, and therefore occupying the same area, is the Banqueting-Hall, certainly a most magnificent apartment, being no less than 150 feet long, and of proportionate breadth, though generally thought to be a little deficient in height. This large room is beautifully paved with diced marble, and is covered all over with gilt and painted ornaments, particularly in the ceiling, while each space of wall between two windows contains a portrait of some monarch which had been presented to the Danish sovereigns. The ceiling alone, which is said to have been the work of twenty-six carvers for seven years, might detain a curious visitor for a day, since there is scarcely a familiar animal, or a trade, or art, which is not represented in it. In one compartment you may study the business of *Distillatio*; in another that of *Impressio Librorum*, and so forth. One sees in this and similar places many valuable memorials of the things of a former age, which he cannot but regret to leave after only a hasty and superficial inspection. I am convinced that a painstaking and leisurely person, who could take accurate drawings of such objects, would, in the course of a few years' rambles over Europe, acquire the means of producing almost a complete resuscitation of our mediæval ancestors in their dresses, habits, and all other external circumstances.

When we had satisfied our curiosity with the Fredericksborg palace, we returned to the inn, and speedily resumed our *char-a-banc*, but with fresh horses. I observed with some surprise that the driver, in passing out of the town, deemed himself at liberty to take a short cut through the half-ruinous gateways and rain-bleached courts of the palace, notwithstanding the presence of royalty within the mansion. We found some fine woods extending from the palace in this direction, and peopled with deer. A short drive brought us to another palace, called Fredensberg, more modern than the last, and with some pretensions to notice. But we were too much satiated with such sights to care for an inspection of Fredensberg, and we therefore passed on to Elsinore, where we arrived betimes in the evening.

An Englishman usually approaches this town with

his mind full of Shakespeare and Hamlet, and an eager expectation to see places hallowed by association with the name of him of the inky cloak: supply naturally follows demand, and hence it is not surprising to find that a place called 'Hamlet's Garden' has been 'got up' in the neighbourhood, and established as the scene of the murder of the royal Dane. Not being disposed to have much faith in the reality of a northern prince of the fourth century before the Christian era, I entered Elsinore with comparatively sober feelings. It is a very ordinary-looking mercantile town of 8000 inhabitants (yet the fourth in Denmark), situated on a low plain beside that Sound which has originally given it consequence. Not much less than a hundred vessels of all flags lay in the calm sea in front, waiting for wind, or till they should pay their dues to the king of Denmark. It is admitted that £150,000 per annum are thus extorted under favour of the cannon of Cronberg Castle, which raises its huge form near by, like the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' whom the reader may remember described as having his gun presented on a pair of cross-sticks to enforce a demand neither less nor more justifiable. It is certainly surprising that a system so little different from the predatory practices of the Rhenish barons of the fourteenth century should still be found in vigour. I am afraid that my only true English associations with the place referred to things at which the Shakespearian enthusiast will scoff—to wit, James VI. dating during his honeymoon from Cronberg, 'quhair we are drinking and driving ower in the auld maner,' and his descendant, Queen Matilda, here sighing over the lost peace which was never more to be hers.* The mind is sometimes strangely perverse and wayward, and I often find myself interested in things for reasons sufficiently trivial. For instance, while passing through the fosses and walls which surround this hardy fortress, and while my companions were probably lost in admiration of its stately proportions, I could not help recalling a passage in Spottiswoode the historian, where, speaking of James's winter in this castle, he mentions with complacency there being no such thing as a quarrel between the Scotch and the Danes all the time, a circumstance the more wonderful, says he, 'since it is hard for men in drink, at which they were continually kept, long to agree.' After all, Cronberg is only a great quadrangular palace in the centre of a set of ordinary fortifications. The casemates in the walls are usually, however, a subject of curiosity, in consequence of a legend thus related by a native writer:—'For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronberg. None knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave who had forfeited his life was told that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp which was nearly burnt out; and below stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up; it was Holger the Dane [a hero of the fabulous age]. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. "Give me thy hand," said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, "It is well! I am glad there are yet men in Denmark."† What is curious, there is a similar traditionary story in Scotland, referring to a person called the last of the Pechs;‡ and, if I am not mis-

* The sad story of Queen Matilda, who was sister to our George III., is related in full detail in an interesting book recently published, 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' 2 vols.

† Thiele's Collection of Popular Danish Traditions.

‡ See Popular Rhymes of Scotland, third edition, p. 229.

taken, the Irish have the same legend, varied only as to the person and the locality.

Behind the town, at the base of an ancient sea-bank, lies a plain modern house called Marienlyst (Mary's Delight), which was built for the residence of the late Frederick VI. when crown-prince, and which is surrounded by a garden and pleasure-grounds open at all times to the people of Elsinore. English strangers are taken hither to see 'Hamlet's Garden'—the very scene of that foul murder which the mad-seeming prince studied to avenge; also to muse over a cicerone-made *Hamlet's grave*. I took a ramble here, to enjoy the physical beauties of the place, which are considerable, and to obtain a view of some celebrity from a platform above the house, where we command a long reach of the Sound and of the opposite coast of Sweden. A less hackneyed subject of curiosity is the geological character of the bank behind Marienlyst. It is a terrace of clayey sand extending for miles along the coast, at one uniform height in the fore part of about ninety-six feet above the waters of the Sound, the front descending at the usual angle of a talus of loose matter (38 degrees), to the low plain on which the town is situated. This bank has already attracted the attention of native geologists as a marine formation, the top being understood to have once been the beach of the sea, which had subsequently rolled on the low plain, cutting and carrying away matter from the bank rising above, so as to leave the talus which we now see. What struck me, however, with the greatest interest, was the perfect resemblance of the ground, in all its features and relations, to ancient sea-banks and terraces in Britain, even to the elevation of the terrace above the mean level of the sea—a point from which the Baltic, it will be recollected, scarcely departs.

On the evening of the 1st July I departed from Elsinore in the Gyller steamer, which makes regular weekly voyages between Copenhagen and Christiania, calling at Elsinore and Gottenburg to receive and set down passengers. The accommodations in the vessel are sufficiently comfortable; but the weather proving rough, my actual experiences were anything but agreeable, more particularly as I was here, for the first time, exposed to a near association with one of the most odious habits of the northern nations. I do not like to speak too plainly on such a subject; but it is remarkable, even as a physiological fact, how much salivation goes on amongst some nations as compared with the generality of mankind; and the fact of a neighbour on this occasion effecting a vociferous discharge from his throat about every minute during all the time I was awake, was scarcely less curious than his carelessness about what came of the discharge was disgusting. Early in the morning I came on deck to see the low rocky coasts of Sweden looming through the thick rain and haze. On getting into the arm of the sea which leads up to Gottenburg, I was enabled to observe the rounding of the surface of the whole of the rocks along the shore, and gazed with admiration on a phenomenon, the explanation of which has proved so puzzling. Even here the perfect independence of the effect on any connection with the sea as a cause was apparent, for the smoothed surfaces everywhere descended unbroken below the waves. For a long time nothing was to be seen on land but a tract of undulating rocky ground devoid of all asperities; but at length we began to obtain glimpses of an extensive swampy plain, where the sea terminated in the embouchure of a copious river—the Götha (pronounced *Yutta*) Elv. Here we found seated the thriving mercantile town of Gottenburg. We landed in heavy rain, amidst which we had to make our way on foot to the Götha Kellare (pronounced *Chellara*), the best inn in the place, but one strikingly beneath the character of the town. The whole affair was a most dismal initiation into Sweden; but it was soon made up to me by the welcome which I experienced from a kindhearted schoolfellow and friend settled in the neighbourhood.

Under more agreeable circumstances next day, I became aware that Gottenburg is a regularly-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants, containing a remarkable proportion of good private houses—much permeated by canals, which are crossed by rather hard-favoured stone-bridges—exhibiting on the inland side some beautiful environs, throughout which are scattered many handsome mansions belonging to the most eminent merchants. Gottenburg contains several British mercantile houses, and is very much an English town, unless that my own countrymen may be said more particularly to take the lead in its society. Iron-founding and machine-making, cotton-spinning, sailcloth-making, and sugar-refining, are the chief branches of industry, all of them conducted under the protection of prohibitory duties, the Swedes being willing to buy these articles at high prices from Englishmen who will consent to make them in Sweden, rather than purchase them cheaply in England. Accordingly, several of the Gottenburg firms are understood to be realising incomes in striking disproportion to those common among the natives; one, for instance, having cleared so much as £50,000 in a year; though here, it must be remarked, the result was helped by a patent. These settlers are probably compensating in some degree for their monopolies by the impulse which they give to the indigenous population, noted in all time for the slowness of their movements, and their dislike to adopt new fashions and methods. There is a good, moreover, to be gained from commixtures of the people of two countries, in as far as it tends, by making them acquainted with each other, to extinguish mutual prejudice. As might be expected, some of the manufactures thus forced into prominence in Sweden are conducted under considerable disadvantages as compared with those of England. For example, a cotton manufacturer in Sweden cannot get a supply of his materials equably over the year, all communications being shut up during the seven months of winter. The consequent necessity of laying up a stock to serve through the winter, entailing a greater outlay of capital, is so much against him. On the other hand, he may save in the wages of his labourers. These trades are in the meanwhile prosperous; but I have a strong sense of the precariousness of any prosperity depending on protection, and believe that it would be well for the protégés to consider that the self-sacrificing whim of their Swedish customers may some day give way to an admission of the rational principle—that the cheapest market is, in all circumstances, the best.

At the time of my visit to Gottenburg, one of the leading matters of local interest was the erection of an Exchange upon an unusually handsome scale. I had an opportunity of inspecting the building, when it was all but finished, on my return from the north, and I must say that I have rarely seen any edifice presenting a more elegant interior. There are, besides the Exchange-room on the street-floor, a ball-room and supper-room, also the apartments required for a restaurant and coffee-house up stairs; and the whole are decorated in a style of taste far beyond any similar place in England that I am acquainted with. The outlay, I was told, would be £60,000 sterling; a remarkable sum to be given for such a purpose in so small a town. Verily, I thought, if some of my friends, who speak of Sweden as little better than the Frozen Regions, were to be transported into the midst of the fairy palace here erected in one of its second-rate towns, their ideas about these northern countries could not fail to undergo a change. They might turn, it is true, to the hotel, and remark with some bitterness, derived from their own experiences, that Gottenburg, while going a century ahead in an Exchange, was lingering two centuries behind in its accommodations for strangers. I had afterwards some pleasure in looking over the Chalmers School, an institution founded by a Scotch gentleman of that name in order, to give young men an education in the mechanical and physical sciences. It is a large establishment, conducted in a most efficient manner, and attended by

abundance of pupils. Here, again, Gottenburg is ahead of many other places of greater pretensions. Mr Keiller's iron-foundry, where 170 people are employed, and where everything seemed in the best order, occupied an hour agreeably. Another was well devoted to Messrs Carnegie and Company's porter brewery at Klippen, a suburb of Gottenburg. The favourite beverage of London is here produced of excellent quality; and I was informed that it is extensively used in Sweden, though it might be more so but for a liquor more recently introduced—Bavarian beer—which is much better adapted to the means of the generality of the people. I likewise paid a visit to Messrs Gibson and Son's establishment at Jönsared, a few miles from town, where, in a charming rural situation, iron-founding and sailcloth-making are conducted on a large scale, the whole population concerned being about 700. The entire arrangements seemed admirable, but none more so than the general fact of the near and constant association of the people with beautiful natural scenes, in which they could, at their leisure hours, rove without restraint. When a factory can be conducted in such local circumstances, the noted drawbacks usually attending huge agglomerations of labour in a great measure vanish; and one can only wish that so were they all.

I had now to consider with some friends by what means I should prosecute my designed tour of Sweden and Norway, and much was the cogitation and discussion on this subject before a plan could be determined on. Driving one's self, with as little baggage as possible, in a light carriage called a *carriole*, peculiar to the country, was what my friends advised. Clever, pleasant Mr Eukstrom, the English consul, who entered into the arrangements as if they had been a duty of his post, could not imagine anything better. But I could not see how a middle-aged person, who had never driven a carriage in his life, was to get along with any comfort over the rough roads and through the vast spaces of this northern land, exposed to all weathers, and destitute of all knowledge of the language of the people by whose aid alone could he stir even a step. I therefore expressed my willingness to be somewhat obliging to myself in the way of expense; and it was finally settled that I should have a four-wheeled and hooded carriage for two horses, together with a servant to drive and act as my interpreter or *tolkan*. The former was speedily obtained at a sum equivalent to 1s. 8d. English a day—a plain, old, barked, battered machine as ever met my eyes, yet warranted to be of great strength, as had been often shown in Norwegian tours heretofore. As to a *tolkan*, the case was more difficult. The man whom all regarded as the *facile princeps* of his class, by name Jacob Carlblom, was absent under an engagement. So were some others. At length a person named Quist was heard of, and brought under examination. He proved to be a fine-looking, robust man of about five-and-thirty, who had been a dragoon in the Swedish army, but was now usually employed about a wine-merchant's establishment. Little English did the honest fellow know, and he had never been far into Norway; yet, all things considered, he seemed far from ineligible. An amiable, simple character shone in his face, and he riveted the favourable opinion which this excited amongst us all by the interest he expressed about the welfare of his wife, and the stipulation he seemed resolved to make that a portion of his wages should be paid to her weekly during his absence. I therefore engaged Quist; nor was there ever occasion to regret doing so, for he justified every favourable anticipation. It was now, then, determined that I should set out on my travels at an early hour next morning, taking the road to Christiania, which is distant 215 English miles from Gottenburg. It was thought that I might reach that city in little more than three days, provided that *forebud* notices were sent on before to warn the station-house keepers to have horses in each instance ready for me. This is a custom peculiar to the north, where the rarity of travellers teaches that it is more economical to force horses

from the farmers when they are wanted, than to have them kept by innkeepers for regular service. There is, therefore, a government regulation compelling the farmers to be ready, when called upon, to furnish horses at a certain rate of remuneration; and equally enforcing that the innkeepers shall, on receipt of warning, or when directly called on by travellers, have horses at their doors within two hours. It is a tyrannical system, to which I never could reconcile myself; but no one is heard complaining of it. On the present occasion, one of my friends procured for me a quantity of blank schedules, and, extending a few, sent them off by post along the road which I was to traverse next day, each being addressed to a special innkeeper. Thus we accomplished the purpose at a comparatively trifling expense. Had the post not been available, it would have been necessary to send a special messenger at a cost equal to half that incurred for the horses themselves.

R. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

X. Y. Z.

THE following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1832:—'If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X.Y.Z., Post-Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.'

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a *trap* for some offender against the principles of *neum* and *tuum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very earnestly desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lothbury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. 'An old bird,' I mentally exclaimed on perusing this paragraph, 'and not to be caught with chaff; that is evident.' Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the 'Police Gazette,' a reward of thirty guineas offered for the *apprehension* of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. 'The pursuit grows hot,' thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; 'and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one.'

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with a Mr Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the City.

'In the City!'

'Yes; but your business with Mr Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands.'

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy back-room, where I was desired to wait till Mr Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the 'Police Gazette,' in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. 'Oh, ho,' thought I; 'Mr Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z. who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr Owen Lloyd; and I am the honoured individual selected to bring about the desired

interview. Well, it is in my new vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours.'

Mr Smith did not keep me waiting long. He seemed a hard, shrewd, business man, whose still wiry frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—though the snows of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and the noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniment—social consideration and influence.

'You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked on these papers?'

'I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z.'

'Of course conclusions,' rejoined Mr Smith with a quite perceptible sneer, 'are usually very silly ones: in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith: X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes,' added the exact man of business; 'for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not therefore object to defray a fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unknelling the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and colour over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?'

'Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the general habits of the family.'

'Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?'

'Quite so.'

'You had better write with ink,' said Mr Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. 'Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?'

'Perfectly.'

'Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and, it was understood, descended from a highly-respectable family there. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior, then as head clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind—if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—one, in short, Mr Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible'—

'I understand; but I really do not see how this bears upon'—

'The mission you are directed to undertake? I think it does, as you will presently see. Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment; and to avoid a jail, fled, no one could discover whither. Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven

years since from our service for misconduct, and went, we understood, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd. Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr Waters,' continued Mr Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing the note-book, from which he had been reading, 'that it is only the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and example of Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street as his fellow-clerk—the once honest, ductile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book—here it is—belonged, I know, to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover.'

'Might he not have inadvertently left it there when with you?'

'You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five-pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining.'

'The date is 1831.'

'Exactly. I have also strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire.'

'That is important.'

'This letter,' continued Mr Smith; and then pausing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added—'The commissioner informed me, Mr Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and discretion, as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore feel less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering with you upon matters one would not, willingly have bruited in the public ear.'

I bowed, and he presently proceeded.

'Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior; she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing-room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which, being interpreted,' added Mr Smith with a sardonic sneer, 'means of course my death and burial.'

'You are in possession, then, if Miss Caroline Lloyd is living with her father, of his precise place of abode?'

'Not exactly. The correspondence is, it seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—we can now very well understand that—and she intreats Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is, thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me.'

'What post-mark does the letter bear?'

'Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that friend being, I no-

thing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to us the most important part of the epistle is the following line:—"My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered." The words in the *forest* have, you see, been written over, but not so entirely as to prevent their being, with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest.'

'A shrewd guess, at all events.'

'You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must at any cost be terminated.'

He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised as 'X. Y. Z.', desired to speak to him. Mr Smith directed Mr Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the 'Police Gazette,' and thrusting it into one of the table-drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, 'A relative, no doubt, by the name: be silent, and be watchful.'

A minute afterwards Mr Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated, and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintry side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, 'I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long-lost brother Owen: where is he?' He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to Mr Smith. 'Is he dead? Pray do not keep me in suspense.'

'Sit down, sir,' said Mr Smith, pointing to a chair. 'Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment.'

'Was—was!' interrupted Mr Lloyd with greatly-increased agitation: 'not now, then—he has left you?'

'For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman'—pointing to me—'to discover his present residence.'

I could not stand the look which Mr Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

'For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he has left you, you say, more than three years: besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd.'

'The truth is, Mr Lloyd,' rejoined Mr Smith after a few moments' reflection, 'there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with you—with your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could easily convince Owen'

'Caroline!' interjected Mr Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—'Caroline!—ay, truly *her* daughter would be named Caroline.' An instant after, he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness: 'Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and, I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proudest merchant of this proud city.'

'Very likely,' rejoined Mr Smith dryly; 'but you must excuse me for saying that, as regards *my* son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent.'

'How am I to know,' observed Mr Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, 'that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?'

In reply to this home-thrust, Mr Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it.

Mr Lloyd's hands trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. 'Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honourable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains.'

He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgetty. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, 'If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help.'

'I am not sure of that,' replied Mr Smith. 'Let us look calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisements not being answered.'

'Truly.'

'If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, "in the forest," have been partially erased.'

'Yes, it is indeed so: but what?'

'Now, is there no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another? Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment,' added Mr Smith, 'usually fall back, I have heard, upon some favourite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity.'

'It is natural they should,' replied Mr Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. 'I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in intensest force, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more— But no; he would not return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be looked down upon by those amongst whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there—in vain.'

'But his wife—*she* is not a native of the principality?'

'No. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of. How came I not to think of this before? I will set out at once—and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two.'

'This gentleman, Mr Waters, can proceed to Beaulieu immediately.'

'That must do then. You will call on me, Mr Waters—here is my address—before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir,' he added, suddenly seizing Mr Smith's hand, 'for the light you have thrown upon this wearying, and, I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family.' He then bowed, and withdrew.

'Mr Waters,' said Mr Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, 'I expect that no sentiment, il crotchet will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?'

'What right,' I answered with some heat, 'have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?'

'Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr Lloyd as to the likeliest mode of securing his brother.'

'My manner but interpreted my thoughts: still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it.'

'Enough: I have nothing more to say.'

I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr Smith exclaimed, 'Stay one moment, Mr Waters: you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd?'

'I do.'

'I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution if, by a frank written confession of his guilt, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?'

'Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the duty you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. Good-day.'

I waited on Mr William Lloyd soon afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run—William more especially—a wild career of dissipation, till all was gone. Just before the crash came, they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother. They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good fortune, and economy, he at length ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and, as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and untended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly-rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach—the railway was but just begun, I remember—and was informed that the best mode of reaching Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distance from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatmen they were going on to Bewley, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed, they passed into a mean-looking dwelling, which, from some nets, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Beaulieu, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forget its name; but it was, I remember, within a stone's-throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash: a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—he usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy-work; and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the bar, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track sure enough! Mr Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of the iron law, was already upon the threshold of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a long-estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman too, whose letter

breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit!—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affair as one of everyday routine. It would not, do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr and Mrs Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common, but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the new-comers perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me, 'Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk?' and he glanced at my dusty boots.

'Sir,' I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear-trumpet, 'did you speak?'

'A dusty walk,' he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane or across Fleet Street.

'One o'clock!' I replied, pulling out my watch. 'No: it wants a quarter yet.'

'Deaf as the Monument,' said Jones to his companion. 'All right.'

The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.

'Do you think,' said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes—'do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not.'

'Not he: I only asked him just for the say-so of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck.'

Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.

As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, 'Pray can you tell me which is Mr Lloyd the beech-merchant's house?'

'Yes,' replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: 'we are going there to dine.'

I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness, even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much, thought I, for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy! 'I have brought you a customer,' said Mr Jones; 'but he is as deaf as a stone.' I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hallooing and shouting, it was finally settled that, after dinner, I should look over Mr Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakeable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin—not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl especially—how encounter their despair? I mutely declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminals which must not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs Lloyd said, 'Oh, Mr Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three

weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake.'

'A black, common-looking thing?' said Jones.

'Yea.'

'I did take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it.'

'Then it is lost?'

'Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Owen; 'there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will—What is the matter, friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oh, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'

'We shall be much obliged to you,' said Mrs Lloyd; 'its loss would be a sad blow to us.'

'How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?' said Owen Lloyd. 'Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?'

'I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else.'

'When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us.'

'This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hlythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen in a dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hlythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

The warrants of which I was the bearer the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should, to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr William Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd and of Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr William

Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what they did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with an apology for the absence of Mr Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully-engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr and Mrs Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

R U I N S.

EVERYTHING is mutable, everything is perishable around us. The forms of nature and the works of art alike crumble away; and amid the gigantic forms that surround it, the soul of man is alone immortal. Knowledge itself ebbs and flows like the changing sea, and art has become extinct in regions where it earliest flourished. Kingdoms that once gave law to the nations, figure no more in the world's history: leaving nothing but a name, and Ruins.

Most of the ruins of the ancient world are remarkable as monuments of a political element now happily extinct. They are emblems of that despotic rule which, in the early history of mankind, was well-nigh universal; which delighted in rearing immense structures, like the Pyramids, of little utility, but requiring an enormous expenditure of labour; and contrasted with the capriciousness and violence of which, the most arbitrary of modern governments is liberty itself. But such ruins not only teach us to be grateful to Heaven for the blessings of political freedom, but reveal to us glimpses of a past which, but for them, would remain veiled in obscurity.

By a right use of them we discover, more or less perfectly, the history and the customs of races long dead. Buried Herculaneum, once more given back to the sunbeams, reveals to us the domestic life of ancient Rome; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the paintings and sculptures of Nineveh, tell us stories of their kings, and show us symbols of their splendour. What geology is to us in relation to the early earth, such are ruins in regard to its human habitants: they are their history in stone.

There is a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness in the ruins which date from the era of the old universal monarchies. So many centuries have rolled away since then, conquest and desolation have so often swept over their territories, and tyranny so decimated their inhabitants, that among them Decay assumes a grander form than elsewhere in the world. It is not single edifices dilapidated that meet our view, but whole cities desolate—whole cities so crumbled into dust, that the very sites of some of the greatest of ancient capitals have slipped from the world's memory. Egypt, Greece, Persia, the Assyrian realm, are great names, once filling earth with their glory, now all but obliterated from the roll of nations. We enter the regions where once sat those old Queens of the East, and look for some reflection of former greatness still lingering on the brows of the inhabitants. We look in vain. Cities are mean; poverty is everywhere; man is degraded, nature half desolate, and the testimony of our senses makes us sceptical as to the truth of history. But search yet further, and lo! silent and inanimate witnesses for the dead rise around. Amid the solitude and the desert, pillar and obelisk, palace and temple, cities immense even in their ruins, mark how the barren sands were once a garden, and the solitude was peopled by busy myriads. Those shattered colonnades, those fallen capitals and mutilated statues, once rose above the dwellings of Hundred-gated Thebes; those mounds of rubbish, now shunned even by the wild Bedouin, cover the wondrous relics of Nineveh; those silent mountains that look down on the lone, ruin-covered plain of Merdusht, once echoed back the shouts of royal Persepolis. Ruins are the voice of past ages chiding the present for its degeneracy. They are like sea-wrecks on the shore at low water, marking how high the tide of civilisation once rose.

When we consider the remote period at which such edifices were constructed, we are at first surprised by two qualities which they exhibit, sometimes united, sometimes apart—magnitude and beauty. Magnitude always exerts a great influence on the senses; and without seeking to explain how such an effect is produced, it is evident from history that an admiration of the colossal is especially characteristic of the human mind in the early stages of its development. Accordingly, and perhaps also from a recollection of gigantic works before the Flood, the first undertaking of the united race of Postdiluvians was the vastly-imagined Tower of Babel. The first family of man in Europe—the Pelasgi—mute and inglorious in everything else, have left samples of an enormous architecture, whose ruins to this day exist under the title of Cyclopean. This peculiarity is not confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. In the remote East, and in the long undiscovered regions of the West, in Ceylon and in Mexico, the aboriginal races have left their sole memorials in similar masses of masonry. With them size seems to have been everything; it was magnitude which then fascinated the imagination. Even when men are well advanced in civilisation, the same spirit is perceptible among them, and a love of exaggeration, the frequent use of hyperbole, characterises the early literature of all nations.

From the exquisite beauty of much of the architecture, poetry, and sculpture that have come down to us from antiquity, the singular fact is apparent, that the fine arts reached perfection at a time when those conducive to the material comforts were still in infancy. In those days the race of man was yet young; and youth in the species, as in the individual, is the season of the Beautiful. It was a lively love and susceptibility to the charms of nature that peopled the woods and waters, the sunny skies and the sparkling sea, with deities in sympathy with man—that saw in the rainbow a messenger from heaven to earth, and in the thunder of the tempest the wrath of the Most High. The vague ever excites interest; and the mysterious phenomena of nature contributed to fix their attention on her aspects, and consequently on her beauties. Cælum and Terra, heaven and earth—in one word, Nature was the great goddess of paganism. She was the great parent of their Pantheon—from her all other gods drew birth; they were personifications of her powers, and, till the days of the Greeks, it was under forms of her that they were worshipped. This susceptibility to beauty in nature was the parent of the beautiful in art. In stone, in bronze, on the canvas, they strove to reproduce the perfection of form that they beheld in select nature—to attain the same harmony of parts—and thus to awaken in the beholder corresponding emotions of pleasure. Thus art, in different countries, varied with the aspects of nature. The monotonous vastness and horizontal lines of the scenery of Egypt, find a counterpart in the heavy and monotonous grandeur of its temples; and the unhandsome features of its inhabitants, in the half-Negro faces of its gods. In Greece, on the other hand, the variety in its architecture corresponds with the varied aspects of the country; and its exquisite sculpture is but a reflection of the noble lineaments of the people. The showy prettiness of Chinese decoration is typical of the Flowery Realm; and from the exuberance of animal life in Central Asia, springs the profusion of animal forms in the sculpture and architecture of India, Persia, and Assyria.

External circumstances also then fostered genius in architecture. Splendour was the glory of the kings of those days—partly from taste, but not less so from necessity. The moral faculties of their subjects were too weak to be alone regarded: their senses had to be appealed to. As, during the Heroic Age, the king distinguished himself from his army by his valour in the field, so, during peace, he had to distinguish himself from his subjects by his magnificence. The royal mansion, constructed of enduring granite or shining marble, represented the visibility of power; and the people felt that they could as soon shake the globe as overturn the lord of so much might: hence the palaces of Persia. Religion, too, availed herself of like means of impressing the unspiritual mind of the people; while superstition imagined that the gods were pleased by the splendour of the temples reared for their worship. Hence the stupendous temples of Luxor and Carnac, with their huge ornamented propylæ, and far-stretching avenues of pillars and sphinxes—and the countless other sacred structures of Egypt, whose very ruins have all but perished: hence, too, the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta, where the labour of the worshippers has hollowed out of the mountain rock a mansion for their deity, and has sculptured its sides with groups from Hindu mythology. Even in the New World traces of a similar spirit are to be found; and doubtless the vast ruins recently discovered in Yucatan were designed to magnify the worship of the great sun-god of the ancient Indians.

The noblest source from which architecture can proceed was pre-eminently exhibited in the republics of Greece. The exalted race that peopled that favoured land had passed the stage of intellectual development in which magnitude is the chief object of admiration; and among them the great object of desire was beauty, and their chief characteristic was the love of the beautiful. Among them Despotism was not seen building palaces to exhibit its own glory; it was a people gratifying an elevating passion, and, while doing so, voluntarily adding majesty

to the state. Simple and unostentatious in their private dwellings, they lavished genius and splendour in the construction of their public buildings; for the state was but a concentration of themselves, and in its glory they felt they were all partakers. Nevertheless they desired beauty more for itself than for its concomitant splendour; and even in religion they were less worshippers of heaven than adorers of the beautiful. It is the loftiest of delights to say to the beautiful—'I am thy Maker!' and when kneeling before the matchless statues of their gods, the Greeks rather gloried in them as divine creations of their genius, than humbled themselves before them as emblems of their deities. Favoured by blood and climate, by the character of their country, and the advent to its shores of all the knowledge of the old East—the Greeks had a noble career before them; and well did they fulfil their destiny. Genius and power have long departed from the descendants of that lordly race; but mankind still flock to the Hellenic strand to gaze on the divine relics of the past. The sun of Greece has long set—but the land is still radiant with her ruins.

Egypt—that land of silence and mystery—as if to compensate for its total deficiency of written records, has left the greatest number of ruins. From the mouth of the Nile to above the Cataracts, relics of former magnificence stretch away to the borders of the Desert; and even amid the now sandy wastes we stumble at times upon a ruin lordly even in its decay. It tells us the oft-told tale of the triumph of Time. We gaze on the ruin, and see in it a broken purpose—and the strain of our meditations is sad. We think of the mighty monarch its founder—proud of his power, and eager to use it; yet conscious of his evanescence, and resolved to triumph over decay ere it triumphed over him—dreading the forgetfulness of human hearts, and resolving to commit his glory to things less noble, but less perishable than they, and to make the silent marble eloquent with his praise. Those porphyry blocks have come from the far-off Nubian mountains, and earth must have groaned for leagues beneath their weight; the carving of those friezes, and the sculpture of those statues, must have been the labour of years. Alas for the captive and the slave! Hundreds have toiled and sunk on the plain around us—till the royal pile became a cenotaph to slaves. That vase-shaped capital, half imbedded in the sand, has been soiled with the sweat, perhaps dabbled with the blood, of poor goaded beings; and the sound of the lash and the groan of the victim have echoed in halls where splendour and gaiety were thenceforth to dwell. But long centuries have passed since then; and now indignation does not break the calm of melancholy with which we gaze on the broken emblems of departed power. The structure which was to exhibit the glory and resources of a monarch lies shattered and crumbling in fragments; and the lotos-leaf, which everywhere appears on the ruins, is an emblem of the oblivion that shrouds the name of the founder.

But many a ruin that still 'enchants the world' awakens other reflections than on the fall of power. It may be a concentrated history of its architect—it may be the embodiment of the long dream that made up his life. From the inspired moment when first its ideal form filled his mental eye, in fancy we see it haunting his reveries like the memory of a beautiful dream. In sorrow it has come like an angel to gladden his lonely hours; and though adversity crush his spirit, he still clings like a lover to the dream of the soul. At length the object of his life is accomplished; and the edifice, awful in its vastness, yet enchanting in its beauty, stands in the light of day complete. To behold beauty in mental vision is a joy—but to place it before the eyes of men, and see them bow in admiration and love, and to know that it will live in their memories and hearts, elevating and gladdening, and begetting fair shapes kindred to its own—this is joy and triumph. The object which thousands are praising, and which will be the delight and glory of future ages, is his child—it is a part of himself. And yet now it has perished: the hand of man or of Time has struck it to earth. It is a broken idol—and we half feel the anguish at its fall which death has long ago spared its worshipper.

The joy, the inspiration of a lifetime—the creature and yet the idol of genius—lies shattered on the sand; and the wild palm-tree rises green and graceful above its remains. In this we behold the moral of ruins—it is Nature triumphing over Art.

A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was somewhat less fastidious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but everybody told me that I should be so very kindly treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, in the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to 'the first gem of the ocean.'

I do not wish to tell the name of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a seaport, with some pretty environs, embellished with gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an 'elegant' avenue, I was to take up my residence. 'A very pleasant affair I expect this is going to be,' said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. 'Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic as anybody could wish!'

The Tolmies, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in parliament, and was a man of respectable acquirements, with exceedingly accomplished manners. His lady had been a reigning beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retired in a great measure from the world of fashion. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were obliging, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was soon arranged. French, music, and drawing were to be the principal lessons; and to work we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was due to comfort, not to speak of respectability. Several panes of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with what till this time, I had been in the custom of thinking indispensable. On the night after my arrival I wished to fasten the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture. This did not more disconcert me than the discovery next morning that the room had no bell. I wanted a little hot water; but how was I to make myself heard? In vain I called from the top of the staircase; nobody came. At length I recollected that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and tolled the entrance-bell. Great was the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and servants were soon on the spot wondering at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a broken china jug.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment,

I was not a little astonished at observing that the house-maid had been using my toilet-apparatus, and was, at the very moment of my entrance, wiping her face with my only towel.

'Judy,' said I, 'that is taking too much liberty, I must say. Go fetch to me a clean towel at any rate.'

'A clean towel, did you say, miss? Why, this one is not a bit the worse o' me; for, you see, I washed my face afore I touched it.'

'I don't care,' I replied; 'I must have a fresh one, so be so good as to bring it.'

'Sure!' exclaimed Judy, 'how can I do that, when there is only one for each of us!'

'Do you mean to tell me that there is only one towel for each room in the house?'

'Indeed I do, miss, and plenty; for we always washes them on Saturday night, and dries them too; and in that way everybody has a clean one on Sunday.'

Finding from one of the young ladies that this was really the case, I could say no more on the subject. The next three days I dried my face with one of my cambric handkerchiefs.

If the stock of linen was rather scanty, it was not more so than the bed furniture and some other articles usually considered to be essential to comfort. For each bed in the house but one blanket could be produced, no matter how cold was the weather; and I certainly should have perished, if I had not taken the precaution of heaping my cloak and other articles on my bed every night on retiring to rest. How my young ladies managed I could not tell. Though well provided with frocks and other outside attire, they were desperately ill off for those articles which form the understratum of female apparel. Yet they were unconscious of their deficiencies, and as happy and gay as if they had possessed a draper's whole establishment.

The family had no lack of servants. There was a coachman, butler, lady's-maid, and several house and kitchen-maids. I never clearly understood the number of these female domestics. On the two or three occasions that I entered the kitchen, there were always some women sitting round the fire engaged in solemn conclave. One was pretty sure to be smoking a black stumpy pipe, while the others were warming their hands, and talking on some important piece of business. Such, I fancy, were the hangers-on of the family. They would go an errand at a pinch, or do any other odd job when required, for which, of course, they enjoyed the loose hospitality of the Tolmies—a true Irish family, always kind to the poor; God bless them!

One morning at breakfast Mr Tolmie kindly suggested that the young ladies and I should have a holiday. 'There is to be some boat-racing to-day down at the town,' said he, 'and you will all go and see it. My brother, the colonel, will be there, and pay you all proper attentions. So just take the car, and make a day of it. But don't forget the large umbrella; for you may perhaps have a shower before you reach home again.'

The offer was thankfully accepted, and we went off in the car, Reilly the coachman driving us, and not forgetting the umbrella. We spent a very pleasant day; and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, when the period for our return arrived, there was no Reilly to be found. After a world of searching, the faithless driver was discovered, not in the best balanced condition. That, however, is nothing to an Irishman, who can drive as well drunk as sober; so we got away in the car, not more than an hour behind our time. When we had proceeded several miles on our way homewards, we discovered that the large umbrella was gone.

'Reilly,' said I, 'where is the umbrella?' Reilly answered not a word, but drove on furiously. I could not get him to speak; and as my questions only caused him to drive with more frantic speed, I was fain to desist. When we reached the hall, we communicated the loss to Mr Tolmie, who did not express any anger on the occasion. 'Be quite easy about the umbrella, my dears,' said he, 'for it will be quite safe. Reilly has only pledged

it for whisky, and we shall soon recover it.' Next morning Reilly received an advance on his wages; and the whole day was spent by him in bringing back the umbrella.

I mention this trifling circumstance only to show the want of exact management both in master and man. Everything was done in a loose sort of way, as if it were a matter of indifference how matters went. After a windy night, we were sure to see the ground around the house littered with lime and broken slates; but I never saw the damages repaired. 'Everything would do well enough, thank God!' Such was the consoling philosophy of these curious people. As long as the house hung together, and an outward appearance of gentility was maintained, there was little regard for substantialia. Often we had very poor fare; but there was a tolerable show of plate; and if clean glasses were sometimes wanting, there were at least not bad wines, for those who liked to partake of these liquors.

I walked daily in the grounds with my young charges; and occasionally, to amuse ourselves, we visited the cottages of the humbler class of persons on the property. Mr Tolmie, who had been in England, where he admired the houses of the peasantry, was rather anxious to introduce the practice of keeping neatly-whitewashed cottages, and he gave strict orders accordingly. His injunctions in this respect were pretty generally obeyed; but unfortunately the whitewashing was all on the outside. While the exterior was white and smart, the interior—all within the doorway—was black, damp, and dirty. One of the cleanest-looking cottages was the lodge at the gate, inhabited by Larry the forester and his wife. In driving into the grounds, you would have said, 'There is a comfortable little dwelling—it speaks well for the proprietor.' Had you entered the cottage, how your feelings of gratification would have been dispelled! The truth was, that the interior possessed scarcely any furniture. The bed was a parcel of straw, hemmed in by a deal on the floor; the whole cooking apparatus was an iron pot; and a bottle, one or two pieces of earthenware, three wooden stools, and a deal-table, may be said to make up the entire list of household articles. Breakfast, dinner, and supper consisted of a pot of potatoes emptied on the table. Dishes at meals were out of the question, and so were knives, forks, or spoons.

Well, this family of husband and wife was one morning augmented by the arrival of a baby, for which, as I learned in the course of the day, little or no preparation in the way of apparel had been made, and the little stranger was accordingly clothed with such scraps of dress as the young ladies and I could gather together at a short notice—all which was declared to do beautifully, 'thank God.' The second or third morning afterwards, dreadful news was brought respecting baby: it had been attacked by a rat in the night-time, and very much bitten about the forehead. But the 'ugly thief' had been scared away before he actually killed the infant, which was considered a 'lucky escape, thank God for it.' In spite of this untoward disaster, the child thrived apace; and with never a shirt to its back, grew up as healthy, and plump, and happy as any of its unsophisticated ancestors.

The gleam of joy which the arrival of baby had given to Larry's cottage was destined to be of short duration. Larry, poor man, had been for some time suffering under what he called a 'bad cowl,' but which I apprehended was a bronchial affection, aggravated by want of medical care. At all events, from bad to worse, and when nobody was expecting such a melancholy event, Larry died. His wife did not discover her misfortune till she found in the middle of the night that her husband was lifeless, or in a swoon. Frantically, as we afterwards learned, she drew the body from the bed, laid it before the expiring embers of the fire—possibly with the view of catching a little warmth—and then went to alarm the neighbours. The first female acquaintance who arrived in the cottage was Alley Doyle. All was pitch-dark, and as Alley was hastening through the apartment to the bed where she supposed the dead or dying man lay, she stumbled, and fell over the corpse; and before she could recover herself,

others tumbled in, and increased the heap on the floor. The yelling and struggling which ensued I leave to the imagination of the reader! Not till lights were brought was the full extent of the catastrophe learned in all its grotesque horrors.

When it was discovered that Larry was dead beyond recall, his body was laid out on the top of the table; candles were placed according to custom; and forms being brought in, all sat down, and began a regular course of wailing, which lasted till the morning; and even then the uproar did not subside. On looking into the cottage in the forenoon, I was surprised to see, in broad daylight, four candles burning within, and all the shutters closed. The air of the house was hot and stifling from the number of breaths. Around the apartment sat the mourners, muffled up in blue-cloth cloaks; and nothing was heard but one monotonous chant, again and again repeated—'Sure he is not dead; for if I thought he was dead, I would go distracted now!' By this time Larry was in his coffin; but still on the table, and his face uncovered.

This miserable scene, so characteristic of Irish habits and feelings, continued till next day at twelve o'clock, when, by Mr Tolmie's orders, a hearse and cars were at the gate to carry the body of the deceased to the grave. Being anxious to witness the departure, but not wishing to intrude, I stood at a respectful distance from the cottage. This was likely, however, to prove rather a tiresome affair. One o'clock came—two o'clock came—and yet the funeral did not lift or move off. The lid of the coffin stood at the door, as if it were going to be a fixture. Astonished at the delay, I ventured forward to ask the reason. Nobody could tell, although hundreds of people were waiting.

'Where is the undertaker?' I inquired.

'There is none,' was the reply.

'Then who has charge of the funeral?' I again inquired of a person who seemed to be chief mourner.

'Nobody,' said he.

'In that case,' I observed, 'I think it would be proper for you and the others to get the lid put on the coffin, and go away as soon as possible; for it is getting late, and there is a long way to go.'

'Ah, miss,' said the man, as if clinging to the semblance of authority, 'I wish you would give the orders, and we would all do your bidding, and be thankful.'

Thus encouraged to take the upper hand, I requested some of the bystanders to follow me into the cottage, to fix down the lid on the coffin, and bear it to the hearse. All was done according to my orders; but such a scene I shall never forget—the widow dismally wailing when she saw the coffin borne off; the candles, with their long unsmuffed wicks, melting in their sockets from the heat; and the haggard faces of the mourners, worn out with their vigils. At my request all left the cottage; and in five minutes the mournful procession moved off.

It is customary in Ireland for women to accompany funerals to the grave; but on this occasion I endeavoured to dissuade the poor widow, exhausted by hunger, grief, and watching, from going in the procession. At this impious proposal I was beset by two viragos, who brandished their fists in my face, and dared me to prevent a woman from looking after her husband's corpse. I said that I had no objection to her going, further than that she was evidently unfit for the journey, and had not a farthing to buy any refreshment by the way. This announcement had a wonderfully cooling effect. The vixens ceased their remonstrances; and when the very discouraging intelligence of 'no money—no drink' spread through the miscellaneous groups who were now on the move, all gradually slunk away; and Larry's corpse was left to the charge of the kitchen-maid, the stable-boy, and the gardener and his sister.

I was thankful that even these few members of the procession proceeded to do their duty; and having seen the last of them, went home to the mansion, thinking of course that Larry would encounter no further difficulty in getting below the ground. Delusive hope! I did not know Ireland. Next morning I learned, that when the hearse arrived at the burying-ground, it was all at once

discovered that that very important particular, a grave, had been unaccountably forgotten. The party looked about and about, but no grave or apology for a grave could they cast eyes on; and, worse and worse, there was no shovel of any description wherewith a restingplace for the unfortunate Larry could be dug. So off the gardener trotted to borrow the necessary implements; and these being fortunately procured at a farmhouse not more than three miles off, a grave was at length prepared; and the coffin was entombed just about midnight, all right and comfortably, 'thank God!'

I did not remain long in Ireland after this event. All the family were as kind as they possibly could be. But there were deficiencies in the *ménage* which the utmost stretch of politeness could not compensate. The rude disorder which prevailed was disheartening; and as my health began to leave me along with my spirits, I longed for home. I am now in that dear home, which no temptation, I trust, will ever again induce me to leave.

'L'ACADIE.'

'L'ACADIE, or Seven Years' Explorations in British America, by Sir James E. Alexander,* is one of the latest published books of travel, and differs so much from other works of its class, that it comes before us with the effect of novelty. Sir James is a soldier, was on active service in the country he describes; and to military men, therefore, his volumes will be more acceptable than to the reading world generally. At the same time there is much pleasant, off-hand observation on matters of social concern; and the author's account of his proceedings while surveying for a military road through New Brunswick is in a high degree amusing and instructive.

We should be glad to think that officers of Sir James Alexander's standing partook of the sentiments we everywhere see expressed in the work respecting temperance and rational economy. Wherever it can be done appropriately, he gives a smart rap to smoking, drinking, and similar follies. At a public dinner he attended at New York, plates of cigars were handed round during the toasts, and almost all helped themselves to one; whereupon he observes—'One gentleman said he always smoked twenty-five cigars a day, and often forty. It is really astonishing that men of intelligence and education will cloud their senses, and ruin their constitutions, with this absurd habit, originating in youth in the desire to appear manly.'

We have a long disquisition on desertions in Canada, the close neighbourhood of the United States offering a ready refuge to men who are disposed to break their allegiance. The monotony of garrison life and drunkenness are described as the principal causes of disgust with the service; and Sir James recommends employment, and the encouragement of temperance societies in regiments, as means for assuaging the evil. According to his account, deserters are not esteemed, and seldom do any good within the American territory. Many men, however, are either drowned in attempting to swim across to the States, or are captured. 'The drowned bodies of deserters have been seen circling about for weeks in the Devil's Whirlpool below Niagara.' An amusing story is told of the capture of a deserter:—'He left Amherstburg to swim across at night to the opposite shore. He managed to give "a wide berth" to Boisblanc Island, on which there was a guard, and he breasted the stream gallantly; but getting among some other islands, he got confused; and instead of keeping the stream always running against his right shoulder, he got it on his left, and actually relanded on the British shore in the morning, thinking it was the American. A woman coming down for water was naturally a good deal surprised at the appearance of a man issuing, like Leander, from the flood close behind her, and exclaiming to her, "Hurrah! here we are on the land of

* London: Colburn. 3 vols. with Plates. 1849.

liberty!" "What do you mean?" she asked. "In the States, to be sure," he answered. The woman immediately saw the true state of the case, and saying "Follow me," he found himself in the guard-room.

In various parts of Canada bodies of Scotch are settled in clusters, or at least at no great distance from each other; and according to ancient habit, they endeavour to maintain some of their national customs. At one place Sir James had an opportunity during winter of engaging in the game of 'curling.' Instead of stones, however, which would have cracked with the frost, masses of iron of 56 to 80 lbs. weight, of the shape of curling-stones, were used. On St Andrew's Day he attended the dinner given by the Scotchmen at Kingston; and here he made the acquaintance of the chief of the MacNabs, who some years ago removed to Canada with 318 of his clan. The locality they selected was on the Upper Ottawa, in a romantic and agreeable situation near Lake Chats. Strange, to find a colony of the ancient Gael perpetuating the language and manners of their ancestors in the recesses of a Canadian forest! At the dinner in question, 'the MacNab was distinguished by a very fine appearance, stout and stalwart, and he carried himself like the head of a clan. His manners, too, were particularly courtier-like, as he had seen much good society abroad; and he was, above all, a warm-hearted man, and a true friend. He usually dressed in a blue coat and trousers, with a whole acre of MacNab tartan for a waistcoat—at great dinners he wore a full suit of his tartan. On the jacket were large silver buttons, which his ancestors wore in the "rising" in 1745.'

Another anecdote of a different kind informs us that the commercial genius of the New World has found in rattlesnakes an object of regular traffic:—"My respectable old friend, T. McConnell the trapper, told me that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the rattlesnakes for the sake of their fat, and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in a season, and thus:—He watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand, and with his legs cased in sheepskins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek on account of food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far for their enemies, the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club; those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail; and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root (which he kept chewing in his mouth) on the wound: it frothed up, and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.'

The survey of the great military road through the interior from Halifax, which was projected by government in 1844, formed a suitable opportunity for Sir James employing his skill in engineering; and he was accordingly engaged on a section of the undertaking. The road was designed to extend upwards of five hundred miles in length. Beginning at Halifax, it crossed Nova Scotia by Truro and Amherst; having arrived in New Brunswick, it pursued a pretty straight line by Boiestown and Lake Madawaska to the south bank of the St Lawrence, whence it went onward to Quebec. The main object of the line was to favour the transit of troops to Canada; but practically it would open new and vast regions for settlement, and greatly advance the prosperity of the colonies, New Brunswick in particular. Already a travelled road existed for a hundred miles or more at each end, and therefore the only trouble lay with the central divisions. The exploration of the portion from near Frederickton to Boiestown was assigned to Sir James Alexander; and his party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodmen, or lumberers.

The duty was of a very serious kind. It was to hew a track of six clear feet through the trees and brush, so as to permit the use of the measuring chain and compass with sights; and this being done, axemen were to follow and blaze the trees, by cutting a slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line. When it is considered that the line was to perforate woods which had never been traversed by civilised man; that for months the party would not see a town or village, if, indeed, any human habitation; and that provisions and all other articles required to be carried on men's backs—for no beast of burthen could travel such entangled wildernesses—the difficulties will seem almost insurmountable. Yet even all this was found to be as nothing in comparison with that most fearful of all torments—the plague of insects. That a gentleman accustomed to ordinary refinements should have volunteered such an exploration, is only another proof of the sturdy heroism of the English soldier, who fears nothing in the cause of duty, or which can redound to the glory of his country.

Instead of tents, which would have been cumbersome, the party took three sheets of ticking, which, unrolling at night, they stretched on poles to windward, the poles being cut on the spot; and under lee of this shelter, and wrapped in blankets, they lay down to rest. There was no undressing or shaving except on Sunday, when, no work being done, the day was spent in religious exercises and general recreation. The fare was simple, chiefly salt pork, tea, and biscuits, and little cooking was necessary. The expedition started from the end of the line next Nova Scotia, so as to explore northwards to Boiestown; their departure being on the 28th of May, while yet the snow was not quite thawed and gone. Starting from their lairs at five in the morning after the first bivouac, all were speedily at their assigned duties. Sir James went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and haversack, exploring with the Indian André, and indicating the line of march. With intervals for meals, all went merrily on till five p. m., when the party camped for the night. 'The anxious inquirer may ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting "eight or ten?" and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a-quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished), cut through the bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night.'

The heat was usually about 60 degrees in the morning; at noon 75 degrees; and at sunset 65 degrees. This range of temperature would have been very pleasant in an open airy country; but in the stagnation of the woods the closeness was sometimes terrible to bear. Then came the savage accompaniments—the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-winged fly. The party were never, adds Sir James, 'free from flies of some kind or other; and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated "doing their worst" at the same time in our flesh, and the black pests digging into it, and elevating their hinder end like ducks searching below the surface of a pond.' To avert the attacks of these winged pests, all the members of the expedition wore gauze veils, tucked in carefully round the face and neck; but with this and all other precautions—such as constantly carrying a burning green stick, so as to raise a smoke—proved of comparatively small account. To vary the entertainment, a bear or wolf occasionally looked in upon the camp; but no accident was suffered from their visitations.

The country through which the line was tracked is generally level, of a good soil, and requires only to be cleared to be fit for the settlement of a large population. Several small rivers were forded by the party; and at different places picturesque falls made their appearance. One of the largest rivers reached was the Gaspereau on the 10th of July, which it was not easy to cross with

loads. Shortly after this, they entered on the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, a conflagration of the pine-forests over many hundred square miles of country, and which is understood to have burnt to death five hundred people. The blackened stumps of the magnificent trees which were destroyed still remain on the ground, interwaved with a new vegetation, differing, as usual, from that which preceded it. After chaining about ninety miles, and when nearly knocked up with fatigue and privations, the party of explorers came in sight of the limit of their measurements. Here they got well housed, and their hunger was satisfied with the wholesome country fare in Mackay's Inn at Boiestown, on the Miramichi.

It is much matter for regret that the engineering explorations of Sir James Alexander and others on this proposed road should have ended in nothing being done. At an expense of £60,000, the road, it is said, might have been made; and made it probably would have been, but for the freak of making a railway instead. This new project, started during the railway mania of 1845, and which would have cost that universal paymaster, Great Britain, not more than three or four millions of money (!), did not go on, which need not to be regretted; but it turned attention from the only practicable thing—a good common road; and till this day the road remains a desideratum.

After the pains we have taken to draw attention to the work of Sir James Alexander, it need scarcely be said that we recommend it for perusal. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the author, the most competent man for the task perhaps in the Queen's dominions, will do something towards rousing public attention to the vast natural capabilities of New Brunswick—a colony almost at the door, and that might be readily made to receive the whole overplus population of the British islands. To effect such a grand social move as this would not be unworthy of the greatest minds of the age.

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

AN association, as we learn, has sprung up in London with the view of procuring the abolition of all taxes on knowledge—meaning by that phrase the Excise duty on paper, the tax on foreign books, the duty on advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers; the whole of which yield a return to the Exchequer of £1,266,733; but deducting certain expenses to which the government is put, the aggregate clear revenue is calculated to be about £1,056,000.

We have been requested to give such aid as may be in our power to facilitate the objects of the Anti-tax-on-Knowledge Association, having, as is pretty correctly inferred, no small interest in seeing at least one department of the exaction—the duty on paper—swept away. So frequently, however, have we petitioned parliament on this subject, and with so little practical avail, that we have made up our minds to petition no more. If the public desire to get cheap newspapers, cheap literary journals, and cheap advertisements, they must say so, and take on themselves the trouble of agitating accordingly. This they have never yet done. They seem to have imagined that the question is one exclusively between publishers and papermakers and the government; whereas, in point of fact, it is as much a public question as that of the late taxes on food, and should be dealt with on the same broad considerations. We are, indeed, not quite sure that publishers, papermakers, and other tradesmen intimately concerned in the question are, as a body, favourable to the removal of the stamp, the Excise, and other taxes on their wares. Generally speaking, only a few of the more enterprising, and the least disposed to maintain a monopoly, have ever peti-

tioned for the abolition of these taxes. This will seem curious, yet it can be accounted for. A papermaker, to pay the duty on the goods he manufactures, must have a large command of capital; comparatively few can muster this capital; hence few can enter the trade. London wholesale stationers, who, by advancing capital to the papermakers, acquire a species of thralldom over them, are, according to all accounts, by no means desirous to see the duties abolished; for if they were abolished, their money-lending and thirlage powers would be gone. So is it with the great monopolists of the newspaper press. As things stand, few can compete with them. But remove the existing imposts, and let anybody print a newspaper who likes, and hundreds of competitors in town and country would enter the field. There can be no doubt whatever that the stamp and advertisement-duty, particularly the latter, would long since have been removed but for the want of zeal shown by the London newspaper press. If these, however, be mistaken opinions, let us now see the metropolitan stationers and newspaper proprietors petition vigorously for the removal of the taxes that have been named.

But on the public the great burthen of the agitation must necessarily fall. Never would the legislature have abolished the taxes on bread from the mere complaints of the corn importers; nor will the taxes on knowledge be removed till the tax-payers show something like earnestness in pressing their demands. The modern practice of statesmanship is, to have no mind of its own: it has substituted agitation for intelligence, and only responds to clamour. The public surely can have no difficulty in making a noise! Let it do battle in this cause—cry out lustily—and we shall cheerfully help it. If it wout, why, then, we rather believe the matter must be let alone.

Who will dare to avow that the prize is not worthy of the contest? We do not apprehend that, by any process of cheapening, the newspaper press of Great Britain would ever sink to that pitch of foulness that seems to prevail in America. The tastes and habits of the people are against it; the law, strongly administered, is against it. The only change we would expect by the removal of the stamp-duty, and the substitution of, say, a penny postage, would be the rise of news-sheets in every town in the kingdom. And why not? Why, in these days of electric telegraph, should not every place have its own paper, unburthened with a stamp? Or why should the people of London, who do not post their newspapers, be obliged to pay for stamps which they never use? As to the advertisement-duty—an exaction of 1s. 6d. on every business announcement—its continuance is a scandal to common sense; and the removal of that alone would give an immense impetus to all branches of trade. The taxes which press on our own peculiar sheet we say nothing about, having already in many ways pointed out their effect in lessening the power of the printing-machine, and limiting the sphere of its public usefulness.

DR ARNOTT ON VENTILATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

DR NEIL ARNOTT has addressed a letter on this subject to the 'Times' newspaper. Any expression of opinion by him on such a subject, and more particularly with reference to the prevailing epidemics, must be deemed of so much importance, that we are anxious, as far as in our power, to keep it before the world. He commences by assuming, what will readily be granted, that fresh air for breathing is one of the essentials to life, and that the respiration of air poisoned by impure matter is highly detrimental to health, inasmuch that it will sometimes produce the immediate destruction of life. The air acquires impurities from two sources in chief—solid and liquid filth, and the human breath. Persons exposed to these agencies in open places, as the manufacturers of mantre in Paris, will suffer little.

It is chiefly when the poison is caught and retained under cover, as in close rooms, that it becomes notably active, its power, however, being always chiefly shown upon those whose tone of health has been reduced by intemperance, by improper food or drink, by great fatigue and anxiety, and, above all, by a habitual want of fresh air.

Dr Arnott regards ventilation not only as a ready means of rendering harmless the breath of the inmates of houses, as well as those living in hospitals and other crowded places, but as a good interim-substitute for a more perfect kind of draining than that which exists. 'To illustrate,' he says, 'the efficacy of ventilation, or dilution with fresh air, in rendering quite harmless any aerial poison, I may adduce the explanation given in a report of mine on fevers, furnished at the request of the Poor-Law Commissioners in 1840, of the fact, that the malaria or infection of marsh fevers, such as occur in the Pontine marshes near Rome, and of all the deadly tropical fevers, affects persons almost only in the night. Yet the malaria or poison from decomposing organic matters which causes these fevers is formed during the day, under the influence of the hot sun, still more abundantly than during the colder night; but in the day the direct beams of the sun warm the surface of the earth so intensely, that any air touching that surface is similarly heated, and rises away like a fire balloon, carrying up with it of course, and much diluting, all poisonous malaria formed there. During the night, on the contrary, the surface of the earth, no longer receiving the sun's rays, soon radiates away its heat, so that a thermometer lying on the ground is found to be several degrees colder than one hanging in the air a few feet above. The poison formed near the ground, therefore, at night, instead of being heated and lifted, and quickly dissipated, as during the day, is rendered cold, and comparatively dense, and lies on the earth a concentrated mass, which it may be death to inspire. Hence the value in such situations of sleeping apartments near the top of a house, or of apartments below, which shut out the night air, and are large enough to contain a sufficient supply of the purer day air for the persons using them at night, and of mechanical means of taking down pure air from above the house to be a supply during the night. At a certain height above the surface of the earth, the atmosphere being nearly of equal purity all the earth over, a man rising in a balloon, or obtaining air for his house from a certain elevation, might be considered to have changed his country, any peculiarity of the atmosphere below, owing to the great dilution effected before it reached the height, becoming absolutely insensible.

'Now, in regard to the dilution of aerial poisons in houses by ventilation, I have to explain that every chimney in a house is what is called a sucking or drawing air-pump, of a certain force, and can easily be rendered a valuable ventilating-pump. A chimney is a pump—first, by reason of the suction or approach to a vacuum made at the open top of any tube across which the wind blows directly; and, secondly, because the flue is usually occupied, even when there is no fire, by air somewhat warmer than the external air, and has therefore, even in a calm day, what is called a chimney-draught proportioned to the difference. In England, therefore, of old, when the chimney breast was always made higher than the heads of persons sitting or sleeping in rooms, a room with an open chimney was tolerably well ventilated in the lower part, where the inmates breathed. The modern fashion, however, of very low grates and low chimney openings, has changed the case completely; for such openings can draw air only from the bottom of the rooms, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air, is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of subterranean drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceilings, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air, no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimney-piece, than oil in an inverted bottle, immersed in water, will dive down through the water to escape by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle, or other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its open mouth downwards, even if left in a running stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney flue through the wall near the ceiling of the room, then will all the hot impure air of the room as certainly pass away by that opening as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an

opening into the chimney flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides towards the chimney, and gradually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of the room nearly untouched.

'For years past I have recommended the adoption of such ventilating chimney openings as above described, and I devised a balanced metallic valve, to prevent, during the use of fires, the escape of smoke to the room. The advantages of these openings and valves were soon so manifest, that the referees appointed under the Building Act added a clause to their bill, allowing the introduction of the valves, and directing how they were to be placed, and they are now in very extensive use. A good illustration of the subject was afforded in St James's parish, where some quarters are densely inhabited by the families of Irish labourers. These localities formerly sent an enormous number of sick to the neighbouring dispensary. Mr Toynbee, the able medical chief of that dispensary, came to consult me respecting the ventilation of such places, and on my recommendation had openings made into the chimney flues of the rooms near the ceilings, by removing a single brick, and placing there a piece of wire gauze with a light curtain flap hanging against the inside, to prevent the issue of smoke in gusty weather. The decided effect produced at once on the feelings of the inmates was so remarkable, that there was an extensive demand for the new appliance, and, as a consequence of its adoption, Mr Toynbee had soon to report, in evidence given before the Health of Towns Commission, and in other published documents, both an extraordinary reduction of the number of sick applying for relief, and of the severity of diseases occurring. Wide experience elsewhere has since obtained similar results. Most of the hospitals and poor-houses in the kingdom now have these chimney-valves; and most of the medical men, and others who have published of late on sanitary matters, have strongly commended them. Had the present Board of Health possessed the power, and deemed the means expedient, the chimney openings might, as a prevention of cholera, almost in one day, and at the expense of about a shilling for a poor man's room, have been established over the whole kingdom.

'Mr Simpson, the registrar of deaths for St Giles's parish, an experienced practitioner, whose judgment I value much, related to me lately that he had been called to visit a house in one of the crowded courts, to register the death of an inmate from cholera. He found five other persons living in the room, which was most close and offensive. He advised the immediate removal of all to other lodgings. A second died before the removal took place, and soon after, in the poor-house and elsewhere, three others died who had breathed the foul air of that room. Mr Simpson expressed to me his belief that if there had been the opening described above into the chimney near the ceiling, this horrid history would not have been to tell. I believe so too, and I believe that there have been in London lately very many similar cases.

'The chimney-valves are part of a set of means devised by me for ventilation under all circumstances. My report on the ventilation of ships, sent at the request of the Board of Health, has been published in the Board's late Report on Quarantine, with testimony furnished to the Admiralty as to its utility in a convict ship with 500 prisoners. My observations on the ventilation of hospitals are also in the hands of the Board, but not yet published. All the new means have been freely offered to the public, but persons desiring to use them should be careful to employ competent makers.'

Having seen Dr Arnott's ventilators in operation in London and elsewhere, we can venture to recommend them as a simple and very inexpensive machinery for ventilating rooms with fires. The process is indeed generally known, and would be more extensively applied if people knew where to procure the ventilators. We have had many letters of inquiry on this subject, and could only refer parties to 'any respectable ironmongers.' But unfortunately, as it appears, there are hundreds of respectable ironmongers who never heard of the article in question, and our recommendation goes pretty much for nothing. Curious how a little practical difficulty will mar a great project! We trust that the worthy doctor will try to let it be known where his ventilators are to be had in town and country.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

*I've tried in much bowerment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh, my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that o'en so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

MARIAN.

DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'cheek-for-jowl' with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five p.m. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.'—*Inverness Courier*.

IVORY.

At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on 'Ivory as an article of manufacture.' The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight

consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

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THE HALF-BOARDER.

BY MRS ALARIC A. WATTS.

WHEN a naturalist is desirous of describing any genus of peculiar interest in the world of nature, we generally find him selecting one of the kind as a specimen from which to draw his description of the whole race; satisfied that, although distinctions may exist in minor details between it and others of its species, the general characteristics will be found alike in all.

In endeavouring to sketch the principal incidents in the history of a class whose trials seem peculiarly interesting, because coming at a period of life usually exempted from them, I have pursued a similar course; and though the career of my heroine may present features peculiar to itself, as must ever be the case with personal history, her experiences will, I believe, be found to differ in no essential particular from those of the great body of her sisterhood. It can hardly be deemed necessary perhaps to begin the biography of the half-boarder from the hour of her birth; it may be sufficient to state that she is usually the eldest daughter of parents of the middle class, depressed into comparative poverty either by misfortune or imprudence, but blessed with the inalienable advantage of belonging to 'a good family,' and being enabled to boast of relatives of consideration in the world. Her earliest years are too often passed amid all the horrors of genteel but biting penury; in witnessing, daily, cares that have become familiarised, though not lightened, to her by frequent recurrence; and sharing anxieties which, though studiously concealed from her, experience has enabled her to divine, without suggesting any means of alleviating. Her duties are sufficiently multifarious: she shares the labours of

'The little maid some four foot high,'

by taking upon herself the lighter portion of the house work; and adds to this the heavier burthens of unremitting attendance on an ailing mother, and constant endeavours to divert the anxieties of a careworn father. She is the governess of such of her half-dozen brothers and sisters as are old enough to profit by her instruction, enlightening them with such gleams of knowledge as her own limited opportunities may have enabled her to acquire; and is at the same time the playmate and nurse of the younger members of her family. Thus matters usually stand until our heroine is about fourteen years old, when some pressing emergency induces the wife, notwithstanding her own repugnance, and the strong discouragement of her husband, to apply to his family for pecuniary assistance. The well-doing uncles or cousins, though at first astonished at the assurance of the world in general, and their own poor relation in particular, are not more hardhearted than is usual with persons who have all their lives enjoyed an uninterrupted tide of pros-

perity, and a family council is therefore held to consider what should be done in the matter. It is agreed at once, without a dissentient voice, that any pecuniary advances would be entirely out of the question; that they would only patch matters for a time, without being of any permanent service to the family; and, what is not the least objection, might afford an inconvenient precedent for similar applications in future emergencies: and it is finally determined that the aid which will prove eventually of most service to the family, at the least cost to themselves, may be afforded by assuming the charge of the education of the eldest child. The matron of the conclave is therefore deputed to make known to the applicant that, although they feel themselves precluded from complying with the specific request contained in her letter, yet that, being desirous of serving her family in consideration of the blood relationship subsisting between her husband and themselves, they have determined on relieving her from the burthen of Maria's education.

The first feeling of the anxious circle on the receipt of this announcement is one of unmixed disappointment. The father had not been without hopes of the success of the application, though he professes that the result is just what he had expected from the beginning. Maria is but young, and her education at this precise period is comparatively unimportant, while he is convinced that a compliance with the original request would have relieved him from all difficulty, and have enabled him satisfactorily to provide himself for his children's education; while the mother, though by no means so sanguine on this head, has nevertheless her own cause of disappointment in the cold and measured tone of the communication, which she feels with all the sensitiveness of misfortune. The matter, however, is talked over in all its bearings, and by degrees a brighter light seems to break in upon them.

The father begins to consider that, although the aid offered is not precisely that which he desired, it is nevertheless an important assistance; and the mother soon loses sight of the affront to her own *amour propre* in the chilling tone in which the favour is proffered, when she thinks of the advantages it promises to her child. Both parents remember having noticed particularly the young ladies of Miss Wilson's establishment at church, their superior gentility both of appearance and deportment, and forthwith follows a bright daydream on the advantage of Maria's becoming a day-boarder at that establishment—thus securing the double benefit of the good education for herself, without losing the advantage of the evening instruction for her sisters, and the solace of her society to them all. A letter of thanks for the consideration of the uncle or cousin is cheerfully penned, a card of the terms of Miss Wilson's school is procured and enclosed, and, for one entire evening, the whole family rejoice together in the midst of their cares at this stroke of good-fortune.

For a whole week no reply is vouchsafed to the letter, and they begin to feel anxious lest some stray word or unconsidered sentence should have given offence to the persons they are most interested in conciliating. At length, however, they are relieved on this head: a brief note arrives, in which the writer regrets that they cannot fall into the plan sketched out by the parents; but as their motive in consenting to undertake the charge of the child at all, is to give her the means of securing her own livelihood in a respectable manner, they are of opinion that that object will be best attained by removing her altogether from her own family, and placing her as half-boarder, for a term of years, in some well-known school, for which they are already on the look-out. The letter concludes by professing, with extreme humility, that should this arrangement not coincide with the parents' views, they would by no means desire its adoption; in which case, however, it is very clearly intimated, they would of course feel themselves relieved from any further responsibility in the matter.

The dictatorial tone and startling brevity of this communication fall like an ice-bolt on the assembled group. The first impulse of the father is to reject the offer altogether; but when he looks on the anxious countenance of his child, he feels that he has no right to sacrifice her permanent benefit to a mere consideration of feeling on his own part. He accordingly smothers his resentment at the manner in which the boon is offered, and tries to rejoice that the comforts of a respectable home, and freedom from home cares and menial drudgery, are by any means secured to his child.

An anxious consultation next ensues on the subject of her outfit: the family wardrobe is produced in the little parlour; the least mended of the under-garments are selected, and a clean white tucker is appended to the well-worn best frock; the Sunday bonnet is relined with an eighteenpenny sarsnet, and retrimmed with a three-penny ribbon; the cost of half-a-dozen home-made muslin collars is calculated; and the propriety of a new merino rock is finally canvassed and determined on. The father looks on with an aching heart and a moistened eye as the last article of absolute necessity is provided for by a cheerful surrender, on the part of the mother, of her own squirrel boa and scarlet shawl.

A few days elapse, during which our heroine endeavours to soften the loss her absence will occasion in the household by redoubled diligence on her own part. The fortnight's wash is anticipated by a few days; she works early and late to mend up all the stockings; the children are doubly tasked on the score of lessons; the sister next in age to herself is enjoined to be very attentive to poor mamma, and the younger children to render due obedience to her deputy. On the evening of the Saturday following the father brings home a letter from his munificent relative, announcing that a school having been found for the child, she is to repair, on the Monday following, by Dawney's Wimbledon Coach, where a place for her has been taken and paid for, to their country-house; and intimating that it will not be necessary for the father to be at the trouble of accompanying her himself, as her safety has been secured by an order already issued to the gardener to be in attendance at the end of the avenue on the arrival of the vehicle.

The intervening Sunday is a day of restless anxiety to the whole family. Advice on the minutest particular of her future conduct is affectionately bestowed on our heroine. A faint attempt at cheerfulness is maintained by the whole circle, till the arrival of night and darkness permits each individual to give free vent to the pent-up feelings by an unrestrained burst of tears. The heart

thus lightened of its load, they sleep calmly, and rise in the morning of separation conscious of a feeling of hope and cheerfulness, to which anxiety has kept them strangers since the first opening of the important negotiation.

The middle of Monday sees our heroine, for the first time in her life, surrounded by all the refinements of a well-appointed English gentleman's household. On her arrival she is conducted to the school-room of her young cousins, where she joins the party at dinner, and undergoes a somewhat unceremonious scrutiny on the part of the young ladies. They are good-natured, thoughtless girls, however; and though they do not fail to remark that her hands are rather coarse, and that she wants the self-possession of a lady, the circumstance is noted to each other in a carefully-subdued tone, and does not in anyway influence their kindly dispositions towards her. They exhibit, by way of amusing her, their toys and trinkets, and question her of her own possessions and attainments; but meeting with little response on this head, they try another resource, and considerably propose some merry game. The young novice, alas, has never had time to play! but she feels their kindness, and does her best to participate in the gaiety around her. The lady-mother returns from her drive barely in time to dress for dinner; and thus the awful period of introduction to her is deferred until the accustomed hour of dessert summons the denizens of the school-room and nursery to the dining-room.

I wish that truth would enable me to endow my heroine with that best letter of introduction—personal beauty; but what girl of her age was ever even pretty? The beautiful roundness of the features of childhood is past, and the skeleton only of womanhood has succeeded it: hence the falling-in chest, the long, thin arms, the bony ankles, the squareness of figure, and, above all, the vacant or anxious school-girl face. It is utterly impossible to conjure up beauty out of such materials; they belong less to the individual than to the age, and nothing short of time itself can remedy the evil. But when, to such disadvantages, a frightened awkwardness of manner is superadded, as in the present instance, by the unaccustomed appearance of everything around, and the consciousness of a dubious position, it is hardly to be expected that the result could be of a nature greatly to conciliate the favour of an indifferent, not to say prejudiced, spectator; and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that a reception perfectly civil, though rather cold, is all that awaits the protégée in the halls of her benefactors. The hostess fills her plate with fruit, and the host, without asking her consent, adds a glass of wine; and then both turn to listen to the wit of their own offspring, and talk over the events of the day. In the course of some half-an-hour the gentleman exhibits signs of an inclination to take his siesta, and the rest of the party adjourn to the drawing-room, where a confidential conversation ensues between madam and the resident governess, in reference, apparently, to the dependent child, who, with the quick instinct of inborn propriety, retreats towards the other end of the room, where she endeavours to amuse the younger children; in which she is so eminently successful, that the stately manner of the lady gradually begins to relax. Previously to the arrival of coffee, she is heard to request some trifling service at the hands of her little relative; and before the conclusion of the evening, finds herself even addressing the child as 'my dear!' The rest of the circle take their cue from the lady-in-chief; and the young stranger, by degrees, feels herself on a footing of intimacy almost approaching to equality.

With the earliest dawn our heroine is wide awake, the

unaccustomed luxury of down pillows having, she thinks, prevented her from sleeping well. She wonders whether they are thinking of her at home, and how her sister performed her new duties; and ponders with some anxiety on her own future lot. Her father's relations have been very kind to her, far more kind, indeed, than she had expected; and she does not despair for the future. She is, however, rather annoyed at being obliged to admit the assistance of a servant in dressing her, and rejoices when the morning salutation with her cousins is over. However, a walk round the extensive grounds tends somewhat to brace up her nerves; and she receives a personal summons to attend her benefactress in her dressing-room without experiencing any serious trepidation. On her arrival in this sanctum she is desired to take a seat, and has to undergo a rather minute cross-examination as to her personal attainments, as well as in regard to her late habits and occupations. Her replies elicit no further remark than a caution, not harshly given, against bestowing any unnecessary confidences on these points upon the lady, her future governess, and the companions of her future home; whereof the advantages are forcibly pointed out to her, and a due appreciation of their benefits earnestly enjoined. Then follows the expression of a confident hope on the part of her monitor that the great expense incurred to secure for her all these benefits will be met by proportionate exertions on her part to profit to the very utmost by the advantages thus generously placed within her reach. This exordium brought to a close, and a dutiful acknowledgment returned thereto, she is next interrogated as to the extent and quality of her wardrobe, and replies with cheerful alacrity that she is well provided for on that score; but whether a hint dropped to the governess by the under-housemaid of the result of her observations at her toilet may have suggested a doubt on this head, or whether a feeling of curiosity is entertained by the lady as to what is considered a good provision by a poor relation, is uncertain, but the poor girl is required to produce the wardrobe, the extent of which does not preclude her from fulfilling the mandate in person. The carpet-bag is brought down, and hastily opened, and, with an involuntary gesture of distaste, is hastily closed. The services of the maid of the young ladies are in instant requisition, and an order is given to her to make a selection of the more ordinary garments from the wardrobes of her young mistresses. The damsel, though by no means approving of this wholesale appropriation of what she has been accustomed to regard as her own ultimate property, obeys her instructions, and soon returns with an ample supply of half-worn garments, which, with an air of subdued sullenness, she places before her mistress. The lady, who fathoms at once the origin of her dissatisfaction, desires her, in a voice of some asperity, instantly to pack them up; and secures a more cheerful compliance with the mandate by an intimation that compensation will be made to her in another way. These preliminaries adjusted, luncheon and the carriage are ordered to be in readiness an hour before their usual time; the lady announces her intention of personally introducing her protégée to her new home; and then intimates that her presence may for the present be dispensed with.

At the hour appointed the carriage is announced, the lady sweeps in, followed by her young relative, and an hour's drive brings them to the end of their journey. The aristocratic peal of the footman remains unanswered for a period sufficiently long to admit of a brief investigation of our heroine's future home. It is a large, red brick house, old fashioned, but perfectly respectable in appearance, with a multiplicity of windows, carefully veiled by blinds from top to bottom. A small front garden intervenes between the house and the public road, and is surrounded by a low brick wall, surmounted by a lofty hedge of *laurostima*, under which blooms a perpetual growth of the blue periwinkle. The box-edges of the parterres are more than usually luxuriant, and the gravel walk, though carefully swept, presents visible signs of the moss of ages. The brass-plate on the outer gate, and the ample steps leading into the house, are scrupulously clean. On either side of the entrance hall, which is spacious, and given

handsome, stand two large professional-looking globes, appropriate introductions to the world of knowledge beyond; while from the centre branches off a square flight of broad, well-carpeted oak stairs, which, if any criterion of the size of the rooms above, promise well for the domestic comfort of the establishment.

In the absence of a footman—a functionary not admissible in a seminary for young ladies—the party is conducted by a smart parlour-maid to a well-proportioned, though somewhat chilly drawing-room, handsomely furnished with chairs, guarded from use as carefully as 'the throne' of Lady Margaret Bellenden at Tillietudlem, and footstools which, though preserved by oil-silk covers, are yet guiltless of ever having been pressed by the foot of human being. The chimneypiece exhibits hand-screens as smart as gold paper and water-colours can make them, in which the conflicting styles of the pupil and the master, though ingeniously blended, are easily to be distinguished; and on the principal table stands a valuable work-box, which the lady of the house will not fail incidentally to remark was a present to her from her affectionate pupils. The room, in short, is redolent of professional decorations, from the Berlin wool and embroidery of the present day, to the bygone glories of filigree and shellwork. The visitors have only time to look around them, and select two chairs upon which they can sit with a good conscience, before the mistress of the house presents herself in the person of a very upright, ladylike woman, attired in black silk of glossy freshness, and leading by the hand a beautiful little girl, the pride of the school. The child (who is exquisitely dressed for exhibition) has been committed to her charge by its dotting parents the day before they sailed for India, and she cannot, therefore, persuade herself to lose sight of her for an instant. This is said by way of apology; and the little piece of sentimentalism having produced its desired effect, the child is quietly dismissed to amuse herself at the other end of the room.

The important subject of terms and length of engagement having been adjusted at a previous interview, the patroness has little to do beyond introducing the new pupil to her new protector; and the identity of the family name unhappily preventing her début as the orphan child of a deceased schoolfellow, no alternative remains but to name her as Miss Maria Armstrong, a young person in whose welfare she feels a lively interest, the young lady being, in fact, a distant relative of Mr Armstrong himself, the offspring, she is sorry to add, of an imprudent marriage. How far her education may already have proceeded, the lady has had no means of ascertaining, never having seen any member of the family until the previous evening. She, however, without solicitude, confides the child to her maternal care, in the fullest confidence that whatever talents she may possess will receive the highest culture at her hands, and in the hope that the same will be met by a corresponding degree of diligence on the part of the young person herself, as on the exercise of these talents, be they great or small, her future wellbeing must depend. The lady believes that every necessary for the use of one in the position of her protégée has been provided; but should anything indispensable have been forgotten, she begs Mrs Sharp will have the goodness to procure it. She has only further to request, that no unnecessary intercourse with her own family may be encouraged on the part of the child; such communications, if of frequent occurrence, having a very obvious tendency to unsettle the mind, and unfit it for its manifold duties. With these sentiments Mrs Sharp entirely coincides. The lady rises, bestows a kiss on the little fairy—a shake of the hand and half-a-guinea on the young dependent—and a bow expressive of mingled cordiality and condescension on the mistress of the house—and then, with a measured step, regains her equipage; and, as the nursery rhyme has it—

• The carriage drives off with a bound.' •

As the new-comer is only a half-boarder, it cannot of course be expected that the head of an establishment of pretensions equal to the one of which we are speaking

should herself introduce the stranger to her dormitory; and as the attendance of a housemaid might lead to unwarrantable expectations of future service, the little girl is deputed to convey Miss Armstrong to the room over the kitchen, the left-hand closet of which will be found vacant for the reception of her clothes. When this is accomplished, should any time remain previously to the tea-bell, she had better inform herself of the names and localities of the various departments, with which her little guide will have pleasure in making her acquainted. The clothes are unpacked, and put away, and the tour of the house is hardly accomplished when the expected peal is rung. A rustling sound, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet, is heard in the distance; the little girl safely pilots her companion to the parlour door, leaving her to make her *entrée* alone, and then skips off to join her companions in the refectory. The young novice waits a few moments to gather both breath and courage, and then gently taps at the door; a voice from within desires her to enter, and she stands before half-a-dozen smart ladies at tea. A pause of a moment succeeds, which is broken by the governess, who thinks (aloud) that it will perhaps be the best plan for Miss Armstrong at once to enter upon her duties. She is therefore desired to proceed along the passage till she arrives at a green baize door, on opening which, a second door will introduce her to the apartments of the young ladies. She makes her exit from the parlour in the best manner she is able, and experiences but little difficulty in discovering the eating-room, from which issues a cheerful buzz of voices. She wisely resolves not to give her courage time to cool, and so enters without observing the preliminary ceremony of self-announcement. The sound of the opening door produces an instantaneous hush, and at the same time directs towards her the glance of four-and-twenty pair of curious eyes, besides a piercingly-black individual pair appertaining to the French governess at the head of the table. She stands perfectly astonished at her own temerity; then thankfully sinks into a chair pointed out by that lady on her left hand; accepts a cup of tea, which a choking sensation in the throat prevents her from swallowing, and is conscious of an unwilling suffusion of colour from the crown of her head to her very fingers' ends. Tea and the tea things at length despatched, the usual half hour supervenes previously to the period for preparing lessons, advantage of which is taken by madame to inquire the name, age, &c. of the new-comer; whilst the little figurante, whose position renders her a sort of *avant-courier* to the school-room of the proceedings in the drawing-room, is captured by one of the elder girls, who, on pretence of plaiting her hair, seats her on her knee in the midst of her own peculiar set, and proceeds to extract, with very commendable ingenuity, all the events of the day, reserving to herself the liberty of drawing her own inferences from the detail, copious or meagre, as the case may be. One circumstance connected with the arrival of the young stranger does strike the privileged set with inexpressible astonishment. If, as is asserted, she came in a private carriage, and that carriage the veritable property of her friends, and not a 'trumpery glass-coach'—how, then, could she be going to sleep in the room over the kitchen?—that chamber of Blue-Beard reputation, strongly suspected of harbouring mice, and convicted, beyond question, of being subject to a very disagreeable odour! The thing is pronounced impossible, and unworthy a moment's credit. In vain the child assures them, upon her word and honour, she helped to put away her clothes; the proposition is not to be believed for an instant. The informant, indignant at having her veracity impeached, calls aloud on Miss Armstrong to verify her assertion. The appeal is, however, happily overpowered by a simultaneous shuffle of the feet of the inquisitors; she is quietly slid from the knee on which she had been sitting, and the discussion proceeds in the absence of the witness. There certainly is something very unusual attending the new-comer: no note of preparation announced her advent; no cheerful congratulations had been offered to themselves on the

prospect of a new companion; no hopes expressed that they would do their best to make her home a pleasant one. And then the circumstance of her taking her *first* tea in the eating-room, to which she was not even introduced; such a mark of contumely had never before been suffered within the memory of the oldest school-girl present; and of this fact they were themselves eye-witnesses. It was inexplicable: they could not understand it. A single hour, however, suffices to solve the mystery: the period at length arrives for preparing lessons, and with it the housemaid to curl the hair of the younger children; and in this labour of love Miss Armstrong is requested to lend her assistance! A glimmering light as to her real position flashes across the minds of the bewildered spectators. But when she is further required to attend the children to their respective rooms, and light the candles preparatory to the arrival of the elder girls, the matter is put beyond a doubt: she is—she must be—a half-boarder!

Reader, picture to yourself, I beseech you, the estimation in which a Christian slave is held by a follower of the true Prophet, a Nazarene by a Jewish rabbi, a Pariah by a holy Brahmin of immaculate descent, and you may then have some faint, some very faint idea, of the depths to which this fact has sunk our heroine in the estimation of the major part of her schoolfellows!

The young ladies are at length fairly disposed of for the night; and the half-boarder, having completed her duties, descends again to the school-room, which she finds in the possession of the housemaid and a cloud of dust, the French teacher having joined the party in the parlour. Thither she also repairs, and requests permission to retire to her room. The concession is readily granted to her, and she gladly seeks her bed, to sleep with what soundness of repose she may. Anxious to fulfil the duties of her post to the spirit as well as to the letter of the bond, she is dressed even before the school-bell rings, and is ready on its summons to assist in the ablutions of the little ones. She saves many a heedless chit a fine by herself folding up the forgotten night-clothes; an indulgence, however, not to be taken as a precedent, her duty being to aid in the reformation of evil habits, not to slur them over. Having had no lessons marked out for her on this first morning, she watches the order of proceedings, and helps the little favourite to master the difficulties of a column of spelling.

After breakfast, the pupils having dispersed themselves in the garden to taste the morning air (young ladies have no playground), the half-boarder has a private audience of the superior, in order that, her mental standing having been duly ascertained, she may be drafted into class second or third, as the case may be. After rendering a true and particular account of her acquirements in reading, writing, needlework, &c. &c. and admitted her total ignorance of French, music, and dancing, the order is given for her admission into the third class, and beginning French forthwith. Dancing and music are held out as stimulants to quicken her diligence in making herself 'generally useful,' in consideration of having been received into the establishment at one-half the usual charge. Her duties cannot very clearly be defined, but she will soon comprehend them. Soon, indeed, poor girl! they being, in fact, to do all that is neglected to be performed by the other members of the household—to stand in the alternate relations of nursemaid and instructress of the younger children, and of butt and fag to the elder ones. She must be prepared to consider herself the link between the lower teacher and the upper servant, willing to lend her aid to each, and to bear the blame due to either; to labour with untiring diligence to improve her mind and increase her accomplishments, and thus eventually supersede the necessity for an under teacher at all.

These are multifarious duties, it must be admitted; but, as Dr Johnson says, 'few things are impossible to ingenuity and perseverance.' She has not been brought up in the lap of refinement, and therefore misses not its comforts: she is blessed with a strong constitution and a willing mind, loves learning for its own sake, and never

forgets that every member of her own family may be ultimately benefited through her means.

It is true that at first it is painful to stand up with the little class—herself a giant among pigmies; to be conscious of a sneering smile on the part of the teacher as she draws a parallel between her bodily height and her dwarfish information. It is mortifying to know that her dresses have been discovered, by their misfit, to have belonged to other parties—that the discrepancies between her own initials and those on her linen have not been overlooked—and to feel that the absence of a weekly allowance, and regular home correspondence, are never-failing sources of unsympathising wonder.

All this is mortifying enough, but it is not all she has to undergo. After rising early, and lying down late, and eating the bread of carefulness, she finds that even the rigid performance of her own duties, and the neglected work of half-a-dozen people besides, meets at first with but little encouragement from the mistress of the house, who receives it purely as a matter of course, while it does not fail to awaken the distrust and jealousy of her subordinates. The cook remembers her refusal to connive at the abstraction of 'a dust of tea,' even when the key of the storeroom was actually in her hand; and the housemaid bears in mind that Miss Johnson would have bestowed upon her her last year's cloak on the arrival of her new *risle*, had not the half-boarder suggested the necessity for asking leave. The French teacher does not forget that, on the only occasion in which she indulged in a little harmless flirtation with a whiskered cousin of her own, the half-boarder looked reproof; the English teacher remembers her refusal furtively to procure sundry little delicacies not included in the daily bill of fare; while her assistant notes her strenuous efforts to qualify herself to supersede her in her own department.

All these offences are registered and retaliated. The cook, when reproved for any omission, stoutly declares that orders transmitted through Miss Armstrong never reach her; the housemaid, in waiting at table, contrives that the least savoury *plat* shall fall to her lot; the Parisienne shrugs her shoulders as she comments on her air *bourgeois*; the English teacher frankly declares she never could like her; whilst her subordinate sister 'hopes' that Miss Armstrong may prove as simple as she appears.

But a Sacred Authority has assured us that though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning; and the experience even of a half-boarder demonstrates that a patient continuance in well-doing is not without its reward. By degrees the lot of our heroine is considerably ameliorated: the prejudice against her begins to wear away; and even the English teacher, who has held out the longest, having a character for consistency to maintain, is constrained to admit that Miss Armstrong is an estimable and well-conducted young person. Her desire to please is at length appreciated, and her poverty is even admitted to be rather her misfortune than her fault. The great girls cease to despise her—the little girls learn to love her. The higher powers readily second the exertions for self-improvement which promise to relieve them from the drudgery of initiatory instruction; and the prize held out for the successful fulfilment of her humbler duties is in process of time secured. Instruction in dancing and music commences with the second half year, and glimmerings of still greater glories are pointed out in the distance.

The governess, though an exacting, is not an unjust taskmistress. If she requires much during school-hours, she allows the unusual luxuries of fire and lights when school duty is over; and furthermore advances the interests of her pupil by a statement, under her own hand, to the benefactress of the half-boarder, that she promises to do honour to that lady's patronage no less than to her own establishment.

Her successful progress in the road to learning, and in the good graces of those around her, coupled with the encouragement afforded by a kind word, and now and then a small present bestowed on her by the grateful mamma of some infant prodigy, all combine to quicken her steps in the race towards the grand object of her

ambition—the qualifying herself for the situation of a nursery governess. In the meantime, in the words of Crabbe, her duty is—

———' to feel
Dependent helper always at the wheel;
Her power minute, her compensation small,
Her labours great, her life laborious all;
Set after set the lower tribe to make
Fit for the class which her superiors take.
The road of learning for a time to track
In roughest state, and then again go back,
Just the same way on other troops to wait—
Doorkeeper she at Learning's lower gate.'

This is her lot for some two years; but she has the encouragement of knowing that her apprenticeship, though a hard one, is gradually fitting her for the object of her ambition; while, as she advances in her career, the experience of the past inspires her with confidence for the future, since it proves to her that right principle and steady perseverance are invincible, or they could never have enabled her to overcome the trials and difficulties which beset the path of a Half-Boarder.

INDIAN POLICE REVELATIONS.

WE have frequently had occasion to observe that travellers differ widely from each other, even as to such matters of fact as must have come under the cognisance of their senses. The late Mr Rac Wilson, for instance, who observed personally the falls of the Narova, gives the measurement of the descent of water at something so comparatively enormous, as to prove that he had unconsciously blended in his imagination the whole of the rapids into one cataract; and we ourselves, when gazing upon those troubled waters from the wooden bridge that spans them, looked with such surprise upon the 'Yarrow Visited,' as must, we fear, have coloured, in an opposite way from Mr Wilson's, our impressions, and consequently our report. If travellers who desire, both from interest and inclination, to be impartial differ so widely in matters of fact, what shall be said of matters of opinion? A compiler is frequently taunted with presuming to write critically of countries he has never visited in person; but if he will only take the pains to collect, and sift, and compare the jarring and often opposite accounts of residents and travellers, we have a strong suspicion that he will be found better qualified for his business than any of them!

India has always been the Debateable Land of authors, both as to fact and opinion. The books published upon that country contain the most outrageous mass of contradictions extant; and each successive writer gives the lie, without the smallest ceremony, to those who preceded him. This cannot be wholly owing to our ignorance of the country and the people. The Hon. Robert Lindsay was shut up with the natives almost exclusively for twelve years; and he represents them as being so honest, that he could intrust three or four thousand pounds' worth of his property to a menial servant, wandering to the farthest extremity of the country, and absent for twelve months at a time. Colonel Davidson resided for many years, and travelled much in India; and he turns the reverse of the medal, representing the native inhabitants as thieves and vagabonds to a man. We must go further, therefore, than the mere question of knowledge; for these two witnesses (whom we take as the types of two numerous classes) are men of both knowledge and honour. We must seek for an explanation of the mystery in the depths of the human character.

The colour of an object, although really one of its inherent properties, is always modified by the medium through which it is seen; and nothing but care and reflection, or at least lengthened experience, will enable us to correct the error, and trace the actual through the

apparent hue. In the same way, the qualities of a people in one stage of civilisation cannot be judged of intuitively by a people in another stage, because they are viewed through an uncongenial medium. The Indians can no more be comprehended at once by Europeans, than Europeans can be comprehended at once by the Indians. Much care will be required to enable the two to arrive even at an approximation to a true understanding of each other. Virtue and vice are not the substantive and unbending terms we commonly imagine them to be. They receive a new meaning, or a new force, in every new form of civilisation; the *lex talionis* of the ancient Jews, for instance, was abrogated by the more advanced law of Christianity; and we meet with a hundred things in history—

'Things light or lovely in their acted time'—

which, in the present day, would be considered indications of positive depravity. Few of the heroes of the middle ages would escape hanging or the hulks in the nineteenth century, and fewer still of the heroines would be received in a modern drawing-room!

To form a correct estimate of the Indians, we must compare them with other Asiatic nations, and not with the inhabitants of Europe, where the human character received a new and extraordinary development through the collision of different and distant races of mankind. According to the former standard, the Indians are much in advance, which can only be accounted for by the vast extent of their country, and the fluctuating movements of its population, interrupting in some degree what is called the 'permanent' form of civilisation peculiar to Asia. To estimate their moral and social prospects, however, and the moral and social prospects of the Eastern world in general, we must compare them with our own ancestors of a few centuries ago, among whom we shall find quite as much grossness of taste, obtuseness of feeling, tyranny, dishonesty, antagonism of classes, and puerile and debasing superstition. The conflicting views of the Indian character arise simply from the opposite idiosyncrasies of the observers. Colonel Davidson finds theft common, and stigmatises the people with the English name of thieves; while Mr Lindsay, marvelling at the singular fidelity of his servants, ascribes to them the English virtue of honesty. Both are deceived; for these two apparently opposite qualities may, and do, meet in the same individuals, and are therefore not of the nature of the English qualities of the same name. If we encountered such passages in history, we should comprehend the seeming anomaly, and at once refer it to a particular stage of civilisation; but falling in with them in the course of our personal experience, and suffering from the bad, or deriving advantage from the good quality, we take no care to discriminate, but give praise or blame according to the religious and moral dispensation we live under in Europe. The tendency of this want of discrimination is adverse to Indian progress. The people are at this moment undergoing, but more slowly, the change which revolutionised the West; although this time Mohammed goes to the mountain, since the mountain does not come to Mohammed. Europe flings itself upon Asia, and Western knowledge ferments in the inert mass of Eastern ignorance. We are numerically few, however, though intellectually powerful; and it is of the utmost consequence that we should comprehend clearly what we are about, so that our efforts towards the advancement of those we have taken forcibly under our tutelage should proceed in the right direction.

We have been led into these reflections by a very slight matter—a little book, as coarse, vulgar, and tasteless as can well be imagined; which professes to be the revelations of an orderly, or police subordinate, attached to an Anglo-Indian provincial court.* Ac-

cording to this authority, all India would appear to be one bloated mass of crime and tumult, and the calm and beautiful pictures of such writers as Sleeman would therefore require to be set down as impudent fabrications. But we do not look for an account of English manners in the *Newgate Calendar*; and the native scribe who in this little book withdraws the curtain from the mysteries of Indian police may be thanked for his contribution, partial as it is, to our knowledge of the country. In fact it is impossible to talk with too much reprobation of the police system of India. In venality and oppression it was never surpassed even by the most corrupt nations either of the East or the West, either in ancient or modern times. The reason is, that an effective police must be spread like a network over the whole country, and the Europeans are far too few for reasonable superintendence. Old abuses thus remain unchecked, and vast multitudes of hereditary scoundrels combine to cheat their superiors and oppress the people. The police, in fact, are the objects of universal dread; and numberless crimes escape unpunished, and even unexposed, because their victims will rather suffer than invoke such fatal assistance.

At present, however, our business is more with the criminal than the policeman; and the rough pictures of our Orderly show that the peculiarity of Indian crime is its resemblance to the crime of old and modern Europe at the same time. We see in it, under Indian characteristics, the offences of mediæval Europe, extravagantly combined with those of our own day. The priestly transgressors of the dark ages are reproduced in the Pundahs and Poojarees of Benares; and the English swindler who takes a handsome house, and victimises the neighbouring tradesmen, has an Indian brother in the *soi-disant* rajah, who confers his patronage as a prodigious favour.

The priests, it seems, perpetrate all sorts of crimes with perfect impunity. 'Many a dark deed has been done, and is done, in the extensive houses of these Pundahs and Poojarees. While the gong is loudly sounding, and scores of athletic priests are blowing *sunkhs** in the numerous temples that are dotted about and around the houses, the last expiring shriek of some victim is perhaps suppressed by the noise. Disobedient *chelas*,† victims of jealousy and crime, die by slow torture, or poison, or famine. No intimation is, or can be, given to the police, for none but the initiated and privileged may enter these houses, sanctified by the numerous temples. And who but the most devoted and trustworthy are ever permitted to see the dark places where crime is committed? It is believed generally—but I speak not from experience (for being of the faith of Islam, I am not permitted to approach such places)—that in the innermost recesses of several temples is a shrine devoted to "Devee," or "Bhowance;" those infernal deities whose delight is in blood, where children of tender age are enticed, and offered up on certain occasions. Frequent are the reports made to the police that children are missing; the informants suspect nobody, and no trace of the innocents is ever found.

Another pest are the *dullals* (brokers), who haunt the markets, and levy a handsome per-centage on everything that is bought and sold. 'Go into the *chouk*,‡ and attempt to purchase the most trivial article: take up a pair of shoes, or a shawl, and you will find a *dullal* at your elbow. The man praises one thing, abuses another, beats down the price of the vender authoritatively; and you are surprised that such disinterested officiousness should be shown to a stranger in a crowded *chouk*. The man civilly offers to take you whithersoever you please, and to assist you in purchasing whatever you may require. You return home, wondering what was the man's inducement to waste his own time in chaffering for you. I lift the curtain to show you that the venders

* The Revelations of an Orderly, being an Attempt to Expose the Abuses of Administration by the Relation of Every-day Occurrences in the Mofussil Courts. By Fanchkours Khan. London: Madden, 8 Leadenhall Street. 1849.

* Large shells.

† Disciples—scholars.

‡ Market-square.

and your *chaperone* are in league; that your com-
plaisant friend is a dullah, who takes very good care to
lower the vender's price only so much as to admit of
his coming in for a handsome *dusturee*.* The difference
between the bazaar price and the amount price of the
article sold is the *hug†* of the dullah. You will ask
whether the vender may not himself pocket the whole
of the money? I answer that he dare not. The whole
of the dullahs would cabal against him; would cry
down his wares; would thrash him within an inch of
his life; would by force prevent purchasers from attend-
ing his shop. Can such things be? you ask. Can the
authorities submit tamely to such outrages? Why do
not the parties who are cheated or bullied complain to
the magistrate? They have tried the experiment; and
although in a few instances successful, they have gene-
rally failed in obtaining redress from want of judicial
proof. Moral conviction is one thing, and judicial proof
another. And were a magistrate to punish on moral
conviction alone, his judgment would in all probability
be reversed by the judge in appeal; who, having to
form his judgment by the written evidence, must be
guided by judicial proof alone.'

The *Budmashes* practise a trick that is not unknown
in England, although known there chiefly under the
modification of bills of Exchange obtained from the
unwary by means of advertisements in the newspapers.
'Another common trick of the Budmashes is to entice
people of decent condition into their private houses
with seductive solicitations; and after amusing them,
to keep them there until they put their names to
papers, just by way of showing specimens of their auto-
graphs. They have documents ready cut and dry on
stamp papers of different value, duly witnessed by
people who are in their pay, or who participate in their
frauds, to be converted into penal bonds for value re-
ceived. Months afterwards the unfortunate visitor is
accosted in any public place, in the presence of nume-
rous witnesses, and asked for the amount of his (ex-
torted) bond. (Of course the debt is denied, and the
demander is cursed only for his pains. But the Bud-
mash calls people to witness that he did ask his debtor
to pay the amount of his bond, which he refused to
discharge. An action for debt is instituted. The Bud-
mash produces the bond before the *Moonsiff*. The wit-
nesses are summoned, and are merely asked, "Did you
witness this *tumassook*?" "I did, your worship," is the
reply: "this is my signature." The witnesses before
whom the Budmash demanded the amount of the bond
also confirm the plaintiff's allegation. The defendant
can only deny the claim, and submit that the bond was
extorted. "Where is the proof?" says the *Moonsiff*.
"I have none," is the reply. And a decree is given in
favour of plaintiff with costs. It is only when "Greek
meets Greek" that the result is different. Then the
defendant acknowledges the deed, but alleges that he
has paid the amount with interest; and files a receipt
for the amount of the bond, with interest at twelve per
cent., duly attested by three "credible" witnesses, who
appear before the *husoor*, and swear to their signatures,
as well as to having seen the money repaid to the
plaintiff.'

We come now to the swindling rajah, whose pro-
ceedings are almost amusing in their rascality. 'A
common mode of swindling in the city of Kashee, as
practised by the clever Budmashes, is for one of the
party to personate a rajah on a visit of ceremony to the
holy city, while his companions pretend to precede
him, and hire a stately *huvlee* in Dal-ka-Munduee,
which they furnish for the nonce. Bulbuddur Singh
sits in state as Rajah Guchpuch Rae, bedecked in false
gems, and dressed in shawls and *kimkhabes*‡. His
retainers go about the city, and entice shawl-mer-
chants and jewellers to the rajah's house. They
arrive with costly wares, and eagerly proceed to expose
them; but the rajah turns an indifferent eye upon

them, and declares they are not sufficiently choice for
him. The *Soudagurs** promise to return next day. In
the meantime the song and dance proceed with fierce
rivalry. Six sets of the best dancing-women exert their
lungs and limbs, and go through every fascinating
movement to delight and amuse Rajah Guchpuch Rae.
"Where is my treasurer?" exclaims the rajah. "Bid
him bestow a largess of 100 *ushurfees*† on these soul-
enslaving, terrestrial houries." A retainer, after going
through the farce of a search, respectfully approaches
his highness, and intimates that the treasurer has not
yet arrived. "The *nimukharam*! *behaeyah*!"‡ exclaims
the rajah. "Here, fellows, see that a proper treasurer
be in attendance on the morrow, to whom we shall de-
liver our treasure and *toshekkhanah*."§ The rajah en-
joys himself until no longer able to sustain excitement;
and then the *Gundrupins*|| retire, and the torches are
extinguished.

'Next day there are several candidates for the honour
of the treasurer's office, who eagerly offer to serve.
"The salary is 200 rupees a month," says the rajah;
"and I hate accounts. Constant attendance and im-
plicit obedience are all I require." After rejecting some,
his highness fixes upon Lalla Umbeka Sahae, who re-
ceives a well-worn shawl as a *khillut*,¶ and an immense
key. He ventures to ask where the treasury is? and
is told to wait until the *huzrut* has leisure to show it to
him. In the meantime the rajah suddenly recollects that
he has an immediate occasion for 1000 rupees, and he
shouts out, "Here, Bahadoor, take one thousand rupees
from Lalla Umbeka Sahae, and give it to Bisheshur
Singh, and be sure to take a receipt for the money.
Tell him it is the price of a ring I bought of him for my
favourite Goolbehar." Bahadoor asks the treasurer for
the money. The poor man looks agast, and shows a
huge key as all he has received of the rajah's treasure.
But Bahadoor tells him that Rajah Guchpuch Rae never
fails to cut off the ears of a disobedient servant. So
the hint is taken, and Lalla gives an order on his *shroff*
in the city for the amount; and Bahadoor at once pro-
ceeds to realise the money. As evening approaches,
shawl-merchants and jewellers again appear, and press
their wares on the rajah. They see Lalla Umbeka
Sahae figuring as treasurer. They are old acquaint-
ance, and they ask him the amount of Guchpuch Rae's
treasure; in reply to which he simply shows the key,
about a foot in length. The merchants open out their
wares to entice the rajah, but he says he will wait until
all his things arrive. They offer to leave their bundles
for the rajah and his ladies to choose, which is agreed
to with apparent indifference. The song and dance
proceed, as usual, until midnight, when the torches are
extinguished.

'Next morning, what a change has taken place! One
old man is seated at the doorway, dozing over a *chillum*
of *gunjah*. No other sign of life is visible in Rajah
Guchpuch Rae's palace. The treasurer arrives first,
opens and rubs his eyes, and asks the old man where
the rajah and his people have gone? He replies that
they decamped before dawn. In due course the Mu-
hajuns, the jewellers, and birds of song arrive, but nothing
of the rajah is to be found; and smoke-stained walls,
and filth, and litter about the rooms, alone betray that
revelry had been there! The jewellers and Muhajuns
turn in wrath upon Lalla Umbeka Sahae, and tax him
with having aided to cheat them. They proceed first
to abuse, and then to beat him. In vain the poor man
shows the huge key, and laments his thousand rupees
lost for ever. They drag him to the *kotwal*, and charge
him with having cheated them; and the defrauded
treasurer remains in durance vile for a week at least,
and gets off at last on proving himself to be one of the
victims of this system of swindling, and after seeing the
police myrmidons, pretty roundly.'

* Customary douceur.

† Right.

‡ Kingoobs.

* Tradespeople.

† Unfaithful to salt—chameleons.

‡ A caste of Hindoo Nautch-girls.

§ Gold mohurs.

¶ Place for keeping valuables.

|| Dress of honour.

Here we close, without further remark, a book from which the reader will learn that the crimes of India are not remarkably different from those of earlier England, although fostered by the worst police system that ever disgraced and demoralised a country.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

GOTTENBURG TO CHRISTIANIA.

At six o'clock of the morning of the 4th July, Quist duly appeared with the carriage at the door of the Gotha Kellare. It was a dull, cool, drizzling morning, and I mentally rejoiced in having, against many advices, resolved upon a vehicle which could afford me protection from the elements. My baggage being arranged beside me in the carriage, so that I could readily command anything I wanted—one of the greatest of all comforts in solitary travelling—I hastily swallowed the cup of coffee presented to me in my bedroom—the common custom of the country—and was soon on the road to Christiania. I observed that two hardy little horses were yoked to the carriage with rope-traces. Beside Quist, who drove them, sat a man who was to bring back the cattle, the first of a long series of such persons whom I was to see in that situation during my journey, of all varieties of age, from twelve years to threescore, in all kinds of clothes, from stout *vadmaal* down to bare decency. The robust, bulky frame of honest Quist generally made these people appear like dwarfs by his side. As we drove rapidly along the swampy plain surrounding Gottenburg, we met an immense number of small market-carts, driven by peasant men or women, or both, generally very lightly laden, and going at a trot, the people being usually seated on a sort of chair, perched on elastic beams passing back at an angle from the beams of the vehicle, so as to give somewhat the effect of springs. I felt affected at seeing such a multitude of people engaged in a labour so uneconomical, and which must consequently remunerate them so ill; for of course where a man or woman give a day of their own time, along with a horse's labour, to the business of selling a single pig or lamb, a few chickens and eggs, or some such trifling merchandise, the remuneration must be of the most miserable kind. The poor too often struggle on in this manner, always busy, as they allege, often working very hard, and wondering that, with all their exertions, they make so little, when the plain truth is, that their labour is so ill-directed, or is so uneconomically conducted, and in the result of their labours they consequently do so little for their fellow-creatures, that their little gains are exactly what is to be expected, and what is strictly their due. The very best lesson that we could teach a poor man, with a view to improving his fortunes, would be that which led him, as far as possible, to extend his usefulness, to substitute economical for uneconomical labour, and to concentrate and divide employments. I beheld, with interest, in this exhibition of the Swedish peasantry, the first aspect of an economy out of which it has been the business of the last hundred years to reform the farming population of my own country.

At the first station, which we reached in little more than an hour, the horses which had been ordered were in waiting, along with a new *loon* of some kind to take care of them. The man in charge of the used horses was then paid at a rate which appeared nearly equivalent to threepence-halfpenny per English mile. But something more was needed—*dricka-penge*, or drinks-money, as Quist called it. In England, something like half-a-crown would have been expected. In Sweden, a few *skillings*—about twopence of our money—was given, and most thankfully received. We then set out with our new horses. The station, it may be remarked, is a place like a carrier's inn. Travellers of a humble class may stop and refresh at it; but it expects no gentlemen customers, and is unprepared for their reception. One or two out of a long series are tolerable places, and it is

necessary to calculate so as to have any needful meals there, instead of the meaner houses; but even with these better-sort of houses it is necessary to order meals by the forebud, for a guest is so rare, that they have no standing arrangements for his reception. My breakfast had been ordered at the third station. It proved a decent, plain house, with clean-boarded floors, and a few rude prints along the walls; and, had there been wheaten bread, the eggs and coffee would have enabled me to make a tolerable meal.

The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills of soft outline, with alluvial plains between. It is impossible for any person of common powers of observation to fail to be struck with the appearance of the rocky surface presented around Gottenburg and along the road upon which I was now travelling. All the abruptnesses and asperities usually seen upon rocks are here ground off: all is smooth and rounded. Here you see great ridges, resembling the hull of a ship turned keel uppermost, both in the general form and the smoothness of surface. There you see great slopes, as straight and smooth as an ashlar wall. Sometimes a kind of trough or channel is seen between rising ridges, and of this the sides are usually quite smooth. In general, there has been a certain weathering of the exterior, though leaving the general plane—if I may use such an expression—in its original state. Where the surface has been from any cause protected from the elements, the smoothing is clearly seen to be a true mechanical polish; that is to say, not a result of some causes connected with the formation of the rock, but an effect proceeding from some external agent which has operated on the rocks after they had been thrown into their present arrangement as a surface for this part of the earth. On these preserved surfaces we find striae or scratches, evidently a portion of the general operation, whatever it was; and these striae, as well as the channellings and ridges, lie in one direction—namely, *compass* N. E. and S. W. In numberless instances in travelling to-day I took out my compass to test this point, where much struck by the appearances, and the result was invariable. The valley of the Gotha Elv lies from north to south; but this seems merely to have exposed it to being impressed with these singular appearances. There are several hill-faces which may be considered as an exception, being rough and cliffy, sometimes with a talus of debris descending from below the cliffy front, as in Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. In all such instances the face of the cliff is to the *south-west*; and where this occurs in a valley, the opposite hill-face is invariably smooth, with rounded surfaces, showing as if the smoothing agent had moved from the north-east, failing to press against faces turned away from that point of the compass, but bearing hard upon such as were presented towards it. It was most impressive and interesting to read in these facts so strange a tale of grand preterite operations of nature. I had seen some of the few and scattered markings of the same kind which exist on the surface of my own country, but was nevertheless unprepared for the all but universal grinding to which Sweden has been subjected. In Scotland one has to seek for the appearances in nooks of the country; but here they are met at every step. Very often farm establishments and the inns at which the traveller stops, are placed on smoothed plateaux of rock, the place thus acquiring from nature all the benefit of a paved courtyard, as well as of a perfectly firm and dry foundation. Often you can trace in these natural pavements the primitive channellings and striae, though hob-nails and wagon-wheels have clattered over them for centuries.

The matter massed up against the smoothed valley-sides has all the appearance of that of *moraines* amongst the Alps. A moraine, as must be known by many persons, is the accumulation of loose matter which a glacier brings down in its course, and deposits at its base. The matter seen here, as at the skirts of the Alpine glaciers, is a coarse, pale, sandy clay, mixed with

rough stones of all sizes up to many tons—mixed confusedly—with here and there little nests of matter, where the clay and sand have been separated and laid down by water. Over this matter in some places are stratified sand and gravel, coming to flat, terraced forms, like sea-beaches. These, however, are rare objects. The tendency of the whole appearances, in an unprejudiced mind, is to convey the idea that ice has been the cause of the main phenomena. That water in any form could have produced them is utterly inadmissible, though this was the supposition formed by the first scientific observer, M. Sefstrom. Persons who have only read descriptions of the appearances may think them explainable upon an aqueous theory; but if they visit Sweden, and look at the surface with their own eyes, they must, if open to conviction at all, see that no such agent could have produced such effects. Only some agent applying forcibly, pressingly, and with an equable, continuous motion—like a plane going over a deal, or a plough in a furrow—could have so dressed the original surface. Such an agent is ice. The identity of the loose matter with the moraines of existing glaciers points to the same conclusion. I therefore believe, with M. Agassiz and others, that ice has been the means of smoothing the surface of Sweden—ice on a scale of grandeur beyond what we are accustomed to see; though how such a glacial sheet was originated, and how it could move across the whole irregular face of a large country, up hill and down hill, maintaining over wide provinces one direction, I think it would be difficult to explain. We perceive clearly the nature of the agent, and we see this agent still at work upon the earth, though in a limited manner: the only difficulty is as to the different physical circumstances on which depended the magnitude of the phenomenon and the manner of its application. The superficial arrangements of the loose matter speak of a subsequent dip under water, a fact of which I shall have occasion to show other evidences.

The country passed over in this day's journey is not interesting to any but the geologist. It presents only a series of humble-looking farmsteads, and one or two small and unimportant towns. The farmhouses bear a general resemblance to those of Switzerland, but want the overhanging eaves, and are less picturesque, though some are painted of a red or ochrey colour, which gives a clowny effect. Unlike Switzerland, too, barns, byres, and all sorts of store-offices occupy detached buildings, an arrangement by which the risk of fire is materially reduced. The scenery, though sufficiently rude, is not romantic; for the hills are in general only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, and their outline has been rendered tame by the glacial polishing above described. The ice, as I sometimes surprised my Scandinavian friends by remarking, has been a great enemy to the picturesque in this region of the earth. Though there is no want of population, the country is dull. One misses even the little taverns and huckstry-shops which everywhere give a sort of life to the roadsides in England and Scotland. In the afternoon we came to a fford, and found at its upper extremity the town of Uddevalla, containing from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants. Uddevalla is a name of no small interest in science, because of a great bed of ancient shells found near it. This, too, is a kind of object very rare, and only seen on a most limited scale in the superficial formations of Britain. The effect was novel and startling when, on the hill-face overlooking the fford, and at the height of two hundred feet above its waters, I found something like a group of gravel-pits, but containing, instead of gravel, nothing but shells! It is a nook among the hills, with a surface which has originally been flat in the line of the fford, though sloping forward towards it. We can see that the whole space is filled to a great depth with the exuviae of marine mollusks, cockles, mussels, whelks, &c. all of them species existing at this time in the Baltic, with only a thin covering of vegetable mould on the

surface. That surface has been broken in several places by the peasantry, who dig and carry away these spoils of ancient seas to spread them over their lands. I feel sure that some of their excavations are twenty feet deep; yet that is not the whole thickness of the shell-bed. Of course it is a proof of the sea and land having formerly been at a different relative level; and one more convincing could not be desired. I was familiar with this as a geological fact; but the shell-bed of Uddevalla presented it with a freshness and liveliness of evidence beyond what I would have expected. Seeing these shells so entire, so like in all respects to any bed of shells on the present shore, one looks upon the period antecedent to the assumption of the present relative level as a thing of yesterday; the whole series of intermediate events, including, what is probably but a small part of it, the course of the written history of the human race, seems concentrated into that brief space which, relatively to the entire history of the universe, it actually occupies.

My halting-place for the first night was at Quistrom, ten and a-half Swedish, or about seventy English miles from Gottenburg. This reminds me to remark that the mile in Sweden, in consequence of an arrangement adopted during the last century, is fixed at the tenth part of a geographical degree, which, it will be remembered, is about $69\frac{1}{2}$ English miles. For such spaces as we require the term *mile* to designate, the Swedes speak of quarter and half-quarter miles. The roads exhibit formidable 'milestones' for each quarter, usually adorned with the initials of the king under whose reign they were erected. In the whole of this day's journey I had passed only one gentleman's house—a pretty place with a park, near Quistrom; and I was afterwards informed that it belonged to an Englishman. Country-houses, of a character approaching that of an English gentleman's mansion, are objects scarcely existing in either Sweden or Norway, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns.

At Quistrom I was shown into a large room in an upper floor, uncarpeted, but strewn thickly with small pieces of pine spray and juniper bush, the scent of which is abundantly pungent. This is a description applicable to most public rooms in the country inns of Scandinavia, the vegetable sprinkling being designed for exactly the same effect as a sprinkling of yellow sand in British houses of a humble class. In obedience to the forebud order, a meal was ready to be laid down for me, consisting of two small dishes of animal food, with milk, cheese, and hard cakes of rye. Everything was clean, though homely. A married pair with a child had arrived in a light vehicle about the same time with me; and as soon as I was done with eating, I retired to my bedroom, that they might sup in privacy at the same table. They had a bedroom at one side; I one at the other, a plain small room, also uncarpeted, and possessing little furniture besides a small couch of plain deals. I mention these things as characteristic of the roadside inns all over the country. Here, as everywhere else, there was snowy bed-linen. I feared the entomology of the house, but was agreeably disappointed. The stories told of Sweden and Norway in this respect are surely exaggerations. At least I can say, with a safe conscience, that of the *cimicide* I never saw one example, and of the species *pulex irritans* only two, during the whole time I was in the country. It is a point not unworthy of notice, for, under different impressions, I had for many nights much less steady sleep than is desirable for a traveller.

An early walk next morning showed me the situation of the inn in a pleasant valley, where a river terminates in a fford. The river, I was told, contains abundance of fine fish, and I bethought me that for an angler such an opportunity of sport, with so cleanly an inn to live in, might be very attractive. Quist having contrived the night before to get several forebud notices sent on by a private hand free of expense, I started at eight o'clock, with some uncertainty as to the conclusion of

my day's journey. The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills, all smoothed, with spaces between, filled up to various heights with detrital matter. This matter usually composes flats, and the ground therefore joins the rocky hills almost as mountain lakes join the sides of the basins containing them—a feature speaking significantly of the operations of the sea upon the stuff left at the conclusion of the glacial action. Contrary to my expectation, very few boulders appeared upon the hills. Sometimes a rill cuts down the alluvial flat, and then we see a series of cultivated fields on the bisected level spaces, fronted by steep pastoral banks, all in a flush of wild-flowers. The rounded gray rocky hills; the alluvial flats, sometimes cultivated, sometimes in moorland; low, gray, stone enclosures; red wooden houses scattered at wide intervals; now and then a whitened church, with a red wooden spire, topping a low height—such were the predominant features of the landscape during this morning's drive. The people are remarkably civil and inoffensive: not a man or boy do I pass or meet who does not take off his hat. I feel this as courtesy, not as servility, and am careful to return each greeting duly, in order that so amiable a custom may not suffer by me. There is one singular impediment in travelling: almost every few hundred yards—though often at very much wider intervals—a gate crosses the road, being part of the system of farm enclosures, and having a regard to the exclusion of cattle from the corn-fields. Generally some cottage child or group of children is ready to run and open the gate for the approaching vehicle; and for this service a minute coin, such as the third or sixth of a skilling, is regarded as a rich reward. Where no such aid is at hand, the charge-taker of the horses has to descend and throw up the bar. Another novel feature of the roads is the frequent appearance by the wayside of little posts bearing small boards, which contain an inscription—as ‘Hede, 200 alnar,’ ‘Hogdal, 134 alnar,’ &c. The explanation is, that the roads in Sweden and Norway are kept up by the bonders or peasants, each taking charge of some small section near his farm. The boards show for what piece each is answerable, the space being indicated in ells. A public officer makes periodical rounds, to see that each person executes his portion in a satisfactory manner, and to impose fines where the duty is neglected. This system partakes of the character of the compulsory furnishing of horses, and imparts a curious idea of the state of public opinion in these countries as to personal liberty. It appears that, let there be never such liberal or democratic forms established on the continent, the state of individual liberty remains the same: the central government is still permitted to bandy about the simple subject at its pleasure. And the oddest consideration is, that, amidst all the democratic struggles and revolutionary writhings which occasionally take place, no one thinks of complaining of these trammels, or getting them corrected.

In the evening I approached a fiord called Swine-sund, which forms the northern limit of Sweden in this direction. At the last station on the Swedish side an elderly officer-like man came up with great politeness, and addressed me, first in Swedish, and afterwards in German. It was his duty to search the baggage of travellers before they should pass into Norway, though I cannot imagine for what reason, unless the exaction of a rigs dollar, or some such trifle, which I paid to save myself from detention, furnish one. At a house on the Norwegian margin of the fiord something more was paid, my passport inspected, and my name entered in a book. The tendency on the continent to petty impositions of this kind is so great, that here, even between two countries under one sovereign rule, they are kept up. At this point a bag of Swedish money, with which I had been furnished at Gottenburg, and with which I was just beginning to become familiar, ceased to be useful, and a new kind became necessary. Laying down rigs-gelt dollars and skillings, I had to take up

with specie dollars and marks. A rigs-gelt dollar, I may remark, is equivalent to 13½d. of English money, and the skilling is its forty-eighth part. Calculations are, however, made in an all but imaginary denomination called dollars and skillings *banco*, which are as 3 to 2 of the actual rigs-gelt. The prevalent monies are, in reality, notes of 1, 3, 5 rigs-gelt dollars, and for 8, 12, 16 skillings *banco*, the smallest of this paper-money being for 3½d. English. As may readily be imagined, the threepence-halfpenny note is generally found in no very neat or cleanly state; yet though it may be a mere clot of dirty paper, not much different in appearance from a huddled-up spider's web, it will be preferred by the natives to coin, provided it only retain the signature of the government banker. In Norway, they have notes for 1 specie dollar (about 4s. 6d. English), 2, 5, and 10 dollars, with silver marks and half-marks (9d. and 4½d.), and copper skillings. I need scarcely remark that the plunge into a new money in the course of continental travel is always a painful thing, and that it is a vexation which occurs the more frequently the more rapidly you travel. On this occasion I had had to make acquaintance with three kinds of money in about a week.

I spent the night at Westgaard, the first station within Norway, and one somewhat superior to the last. I here observed the first examples of a piece of substantial furniture very common in the north—namely, large chests or arks, usually bearing the name of a person, and an old date in quaint lettering, such as ‘Agnes Olsen, 1733.’ During the two previous days the weather had been dull and ungenial. The third morning proved bright and clear, and I started at an early hour for Frederickshald with elevated spirits. This place was a few miles out of the way; but I was anxious to see the scene of the death of that extraordinary prince who, as Johnson says—

—‘left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.’

It was yet scarcely past seven o'clock when we drove into the inn-yard at this little town. The landlord soon came, and being able to speak well in French, and a little in English, he proved a most servicable ally. I was quickly on my way, under proper conduct, to the scene of the assassination of poor Carl Tollv. Frederickshald is a neat, cleanly town, at the head of one of the smaller fiords, and the fort lies close by, perched upon a rocky eminence of considerable extent, at the foot of which runs a river, noted for several fine waterfalls. A painful ascent of two or three hundred feet, along zig-zagging causeways and fortified walls, brings us to the fortress, which seems to be now chiefly a mere post for soldiers, like Edinburgh and Stirling castles. Behind the main buildings is a space of irregular rocky ground, enclosed within the exterior defences. Here an enclosure of trees and shrubs, and a little tumulus of stones, one of them bearing a half-obliterated inscription, marks the spot where Charles XII. was slain. He had invaded Norway in his usual madcap style; one of his armies, consisting of 7000 men, had there been literally buried in a snow-storm; he was now directing in person the siege of this fortress, when an unknown hand despatched him by a shot which penetrated his temple (December 11, 1718). He was found dead, but with his sword half-drawn, as if to defend himself from some enemy, or to punish an assassin, and it is accordingly believed that the wound was inflicted by one of his own people. A survey of the ground supports this view of the matter, as at such a place one does not readily see how the fatal shot could have come from the fortress. I had afterwards an opportunity of examining the dress worn at this time by the king, in the Riddarsholm Church at Stockholm. The plain cocked-hat shows the hole by which the bullet entered, and the right glove is stained with blood, as if the unfortunate monarch, under the first impulse of the moment, had clapped his hand upon the wound.

After breakfast, I took a walk around the town, and very much enjoyed the views almost everywhere presented, but particularly one from a noted place within a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. Frederickshald appears to me a more pleasing and interesting place than the guide-books allow. In the little park alluded to I found a private cemetery, containing the graves of eight adults and three infants. Each grave is a well-defined heap, with turf sides and ends, but a top of bare earth, on which is laid a single wreath; all the rest of the ground bare earth. Such is a prevalent style of sepulchre in the north; it has a neat and pretty effect. One likes to see a grave well-defined. That smoothing of the ground, introduced in some of the improved modern cemeteries of England, is not, I think, an approvable step. We desire the 'mouldering heap,' so affectingly significant of what is below, and so associated with all our old literary ideas upon the subject.

After receiving a lesson in Norwegian money from my intelligent landlord, Mr Stein, and so many civilities of various kinds, that I felt ashamed of the small bill which I had to pay, I set out on the way to Christiania, returning for some miles along the way by which I had come from Westgaard. As we drove out of the town, I was, as a stranger, honoured with a sufficient quantity of observation by the people. To add to the fracas produced by the carriage, a foal came clattering along by our side, apparently under a filial mistake as to one of our horses. Presently a cart was heard making a furious rattle along the stones behind us, as if still further to make my poor equipage an object of public attention. It was the mamma of the foal, who, having missed her progeny in the market-place, was now anxious to recover the lost one: there she came, with mouth distended, and eyes glaring, the whole aspect expressing the utmost excitement, and saying as plainly as words could have spoken it, 'What's all this?—taking away my child!' The whole was so vividly like human affairs, that I felt inclined to stop and apologise for our unintentional concern in the elopement; but Quist settled the matter more summarily by a smart application of his whip to the haunches of our undesired attaché. It may be remarked that in Norway the foal is often allowed to accompany its parent, even in coach-travelling. I have seen it come the whole stage, never missing any opportunity afforded by a pause of our machine to come up and indulge in the mode of nutrition appropriate to its age. Horses are altogether less under strict rule in the north than with us, and it appears to me as if they consequently were more *natural* in their conduct. For one thing, they are eminently social with one another. In the course of a long stage over a thinly-peopled country, if we come at length to a park where a horse is feeding, even I could almost say though out of sight, our own pachyderms are sure to get up a great skirl of recognition, just as much as to say, 'How are you?—how are you?' My predecessor, Mr Laing, alleges that they have a rational way of eating not observed in the horses of less democratic countries—taking first a quantity of their hay or corn, and then a drink; but I cannot say I ever could observe them acting in this bite-and-sup manner. Of their amazing steadiness, sureness of foot, and hardiness, abundant evidence is presented to every traveller.

In the middle of the day we arrived at the brink of the river Glommen, a copious stream, which contains the drainage of a large district in the centre of Norway, and which is here remarkable for a cascade of great grandeur. The fall is at a place about an English mile above the ferry: the flood pours in one mass through a narrow channel, and makes a descent of about seventy feet. It would be an unexceptionably fine sight but for the details of an enormous timber-sawing and exporting establishment which press in upon its beauties; and usurp not a few of its most romantic points. The river runs fourteen English miles below the waterfall, but so gently, that ships come up for the timber; and the river is there accordingly an active commercial

scene. I observed at the falls specimens of the smoothed and dressed rocks, over which the water streamed in an oblique direction—a fact than which nothing could be more convincing as to the incompetency of water to produce the effects attributed to the ice. The country is here low, and not marked by any features of grandeur. There is an alluvial plain of the most absolute flatness for fully a mile in every direction around the ferry; and from the measurements which I made (starting from the surface of the river at that point), I suspect this to be identical in elevation above the sea with the terrace at Elsinore. This is, however, a point which must be left for determination to the native inquirers.

We stopped for the night at Moss, a town on the Christiania Fiord, where my servant and I had each an evening and morning meal, with lodging, at a charge of one specie dollar. Yet this was a good large house, very tolerably furnished. A small silver coin (value about 5d.) laid in the hardened palm of the blithesome lass who served as an attendant in all capacities made her the happiest of the happy. As a serving-girl in Denmark, Sweden, or Norway, only gets about 30s. a year of wages, it may readily be imagined that even so small a gratuity as this is a great prize to her. It is necessary, however, to be careful to give such a gratuity directly to the person for whom it is designed, as it will not otherwise reach its destination. At this place there are alluvial terraces at various elevations above the sea, and precisely resembling the ancient sea-margins of the British coasts. A circumstance worthy of note occurred in the business of measuring their elevations, which I did with a regular levelling apparatus. The sea is here presented in two detached bays, embracing a peninsula of several miles in extent, yet approaching within two hundred yards of each other, with only the division of a low isthmus. One of these bays appeared by my survey as 0·9 foot above the level of the other. The cause was in the wind, which blew up the one bay, and down the other.

There remained only a forenoon's journey to Christiania. As we approached this capital, there was no observable improvement in the appearance of the country; no better houses, no trimmer or larger fields, no smarter-looking people; the same rough and homely character over all things. The roads are made of the sand and gravel found everywhere near their borders; no cuttings anywhere for improved gradients. A rise of 1 in 5 is not uncommon when any of the rocky ridges between the plains has to be crossed. Two miles from Christiania we came to the brow of a hill, whence we see the bright white city with its blue and red-tiled roofs lying below at the head of its fiord, backed by green slopes ascending to the pine-clad hills. The descent of this hill is terrible, from the extreme steepness of the road, especially at its somewhat sharp turnings. Having a geologist's clinometer in my pocket, I measured the slope in some places with all possible care, and found it actually on an angle of 16 degrees, implying a rise of 1 in 3½ feet. I deemed this a strange sight so near one of the capitals of Europe; but I must do the Norwegians the justice to say that a better road is in the course of being made.

On the two last days' journeys we met many parties of Norwegian infantry on their march or exercising. They are a good-looking soldiery, neatly dressed in white duck-trousers and green frock-coats, with burnished-leather hats rising to a metal peak, each bearing the arms of Norway—a ramping lion holding a battle-axe. As to this ensign, by the way, though gratifying to the national vanity, and poetically conveying the idea which its originators intended, it belongs to a class which cannot be scientifically contemplated without a shock. The philosophical zoologist reflects on the adaptations of the natural organs, and knowing the very peculiar formation of the anterior extremities of the feline family—so well contrived for clutching and tearing a prey, so useless for every other kind of prehension—he cannot endure the idea of one of these

animals being supposed to hold a weapon only adapted to the hand of man. Heralds, if they could think of anything beside their own profession, should study these things!

R. C.

PLAN FOR MAINTAINING THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE LABOURING-CLASS.

It has often occurred to us, and we have once or twice hinted at the idea in the Journal, that the working-classes might make a provision for themselves in times of want, whether occasioned by failure of employment or natural disability through disease or old age, if they could be induced to agree to a system of stoppages like that which has existed for ages in the mercantile navy for the support of Greenwich Hospital. We find that, in 1843, probably before the date of any reference of ours to the subject, though unknown to us, Mr David Milne, a patriotic country gentleman of Scotland, and member of the Scottish bar, made a suggestion to this effect to the commissioners who conducted the Poor-Law inquiry in Scotland. His idea was this:—Let some small sum, say sixpence a month, be deducted from the amount of wages under a law to that effect, and thrown into a fund upon which every contributor would have a claim. He conceived that, in five years, so much would be accumulated, that the managers might begin to give support to any number under a twentieth part of the original contributors. Some one had suggested to Mr Milne that it might be well if the law taxed the masters to an equal extent for the benefit of the fund; but he rejected this idea, on the ground of its injustice, and because it would induce employers to be less anxious to carry on their works in unfavourable times for the sake of giving bread to their people. 'It is also to be considered,' says Mr Milne, 'that the duty of sixpence a month for each workman would, in ordinary times, when trade is prosperous, and labourers in demand, actually fall upon the employers, because the natural competition of trade would make up for the deduction of duty by a corresponding rise of wages.' Mr Milne was, however, not unwilling that appeals to, and even a general assessment upon, the rich should be resorted to when the fund failed under the pressure of any unusual calamity.

There cannot, we think, be a doubt that if this plan were practicable, it would be a great improvement in our social economy. At present, the bulk of the working-people of this country have scarcely anything to save them from a state of dependence whenever they fail in getting work, or are no longer fit for it. In Scotland, the able-bodied man who cannot obtain work and wages, has no legal recourse to the poor's funds. In England he has, but accompanied by conditions calculated to lower the man in his own eyes; and therefore the privilege is no true advantage. Even though the poor's funds were more available than they are, the honest workman who wishes to maintain his self-respect can never complacently place his trust in them; for though it is not uncommon to hear individuals in humble life proclaiming that they have a right to them, the fact really is, that these funds are only a product of the humanity and economy of the country, designed to insure that there shall be no class left to misery and the barbarism attending it, but not to interpose between any one and his obligation to gain his own subsistence if possible. In plain truth, he who accepts parochial relief sells away some of his very best rights as a citizen, as well as his dignity as a man; and any one who wishes to exalt either the social or political position of the labouring-class, should desire nothing so much as to see them in the first place superior to all but a remote chance of coming to this wretched expedient. If any feasible and easy-working plan could be devised for enabling them, mainly by sacrifices on their own part, to defy the prospect of becoming paupers, or leaving their children to pauperism, they would cer-

tainly have received the greatest boon that any philanthropist could confer upon them.

We fear that no such plan is at present practicable. There is too much prejudice among the labouring-class against their employers to admit of its being received with general favour. While an honourable minority would be glad to see their independence secured, the great mass would undoubtedly prefer going on upon their present footing, careless how soon the failure of business or the occurrence of sickness should deprive them of an independent subsistence. Some such plan, however, may be expected to be realised when the labouring-class shall have acquired a just feeling for their own character, and a just sense of their relation to the rest of society. It would only be a fair and proper part of a social system in which the highest behests of a true civilisation were worked out. How soon it may come about will depend on the rapidity with which the education of the masses of the people shall proceed. If, from any narrow views of whatever kind, a member of the middle or upper classes in this country finds himself thwarting the movements towards universal and improved education, let him understand what he pays for the gratification he thus obtains. He pays for it in large poor-rates and prison-rates, and in the distress which his humanity must be continually receiving from the spectacle of a multitude of his fellow-creatures lost to the sense of self-respect, and consequently subjected to a vast load of misery.

THE LATE DR ZUMPT.

At an early stage of our labours, many years ago, we took occasion to offer, for the consideration of the young, a memoir of Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest scholars of the age, and who, by dint of perseverance, rose from a very humble to an exalted station in life. Heyne presented not an uncommon instance of German enthusiasm in scholarship. In our own country, erudition seems to be pursued chiefly for the sake of professional advancement, and consequently it seldom attains to any very lofty pitch. How few of our scholars, it may be asked, know anything critically of the ancient classics? How few write or speak Latin with elegance or purity? How few ever saw any more recondite exemplars of Roman literature than elementary school-books—the copy of a copy? In Germany, where no sort of painstaking seems to be grudged, scholarship has gone, and still goes on, immeasurably farther. As in the case of Heyne, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Vater, Gesenius, and others, men are there found devoting themselves to a whole lifetime of earnest study in complete forgetfulness of self. Living perhaps on the merest trifle, they bury themselves in a library surrounded by old vellum-bound classics; and there, poring over dingy yellow pages, they compare words with words, examine into the merits of punctuation and orthography, and detect new meanings, till they transmute into themselves, as it were, the very soul of their author. In this way, by collating old and priceless versions of the classics—some of them in manuscript, and unique—they are able to produce modern editions, which are greedily accepted throughout European universities, and which have usually formed the basis of elementary works for British compilers. We at least know of few works in Latin common in our schools which have not been copied in a reduced form from the painfully-constructed editions of German scholars. We have been led into these observations from a desire to do honour to the memory of one whose name has gone to swell the already long list of German philologists.

Carl Gottlob Zumpt, the individual to whom we refer, was born at Berlin in 1792. His parents were not wealthy; but in the circumstances in which Prussia

was placed at the beginning of the present century, this was a matter of little importance. The oppressions of France pretty nearly brought down all ranks into one common mass of distress and poverty. To meet the cruel exactions of Napoleon, families gave up every article of value to the state. For their gold they received tokens in iron; and these acknowledgments are still treasured by families, as lasting memorials of an adversity which took away almost everything but life. Amidst these national sufferings and humiliations, Carl Gottlob Zumpt received such an education as could then be procured. Fortunately he required no incitement to learn: from childhood he had been a diligent porer over books; and the acquisition of languages cost him no trouble. Nature made him a scholar. After passing through a series of schools and gymnasia in Berlin, he was sent, by the advice of Buttmann, the well-known grammarian, to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Kreuzer, Voss, Boeckh, belonged to it, all of them men of talent, and celebrated for their philological learning. During Zumpt's residence at Heidelberg, the university of Berlin was founded; and returning home, he finished his education in his native city.

Though still a young man, Zumpt was already noted for his remarkable attainments in the Greek and Roman languages. Thrown upon his own resources, he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed a teacher in one of the principal seminaries. From this position he subsequently rose to be Professor of History in the Royal Military Academy, and finally to be Professor of Roman Literature in the university of Berlin.

The life of a scholar is usually barren of incident. There is little to tell about Zumpt. Amidst the cares of public teaching, he found time to occupy himself in writing various works, critical and historical, all connected with his favourite branch of study. To improve his knowledge of antiquities, he made a tour through Italy and Greece, which, while of considerable service to him as a man of letters, unfortunately tended to injure his health. This tour was made in 1835, and after that year Zumpt laboured still more assiduously at his critical editions of the classics, unmindful of aught but that love of digging among ancient words and thoughts which seems a fanaticism in the German mind. His great aim was to be a Latinist worthy of the Augustine age itself. Nor was he unsuccessful; for he wrote Latin with great elegance. He was seldom required to speak the language; but when called on to do so, he delivered himself with correctness and fluency. In this respect he is supposed to have had no superior among his learned countrymen.

Holding this man in respect, not alone for his intellectual, but his moral and social qualities, we shall always consider it as something to say that we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance. In the course of a tour in Germany, and short residence in Berlin in 1847, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his house in the Burgher Strasse—a terrace-like street on a branch of the Spree. We found Zumpt entombed amidst his books. Tall in person, emaciated from study, and wrapped in a dressing-gown, he rose and affectionately welcomed us to Berlin in tolerable English—a language which, in compliment, he insisted all his family should speak on every occasion of our visit. At this time he was engaged on his edition of 'Quintus Curtius'—a work which will long be regarded as a monument of his industry and learning.

One of the objects of our visit to Zumpt was to consult with him on the subject of an enterprise in which he had recently engaged—the joint editorship, with Dr Schnitz of Edinburgh, of a series of Latin classics for use in schools. The projectors of this undertaking were the publishers of the present sheet. Having in our own early days experienced the dreary heaviness of ordinary school classics, unrelieved by the slightest explanations in English touching the subject or the authors, we were glad to be instrumental in putting into the hands of youth

a series which they could peruse with some degree of pleasure, or at all events not with absolute weariness and disgust. As Dr Zumpt entered heartily into the design, the arrangement promised to have the advantage of naturalising in Britain a set of editions drawn freshly from comparatively original sources, in place of the bald reprints of antiquated copies. The task occupied the amiable scholar during the remainder of his too short life, at the close of which he had prepared the whole series excepting a portion of Horace, which has consequently fallen into the hands of his nephew and son-in-law, A. W. Zumpt. A victim to his study of ancient literature, his failing eyesight first, and afterwards disordered viscera, admonished him to take some species of relaxation. This counsel he took when too late. In the hope of relief from his sufferings, he repaired to Carlsbad, a watering-place in Bohemia; and there, to the great grief of his family and friends, he died on the 25th of June last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The decease of the illustrious Zumpt, together with the loss of Orelli, and the veteran Hellenist, Gottfried Hermann, both of whom died within the last eighteen months, leaves a blank among European scholars which will not soon be filled up. W. C.

COLA MONTI.

THE conceptions of female beauty which men form for themselves are frequently, if not always, overturned by some plain face, in which they find the mystic influence they had supposed to belong only to features of a particular and more perfect mould. In like manner our theories touching certain departments of literature are liable to be damaged now and then by the appearance of a work which fulfils not one of the conditions we had laid down as absolute necessities. Now here, for instance, is a volume of fiction without even an attempt at a plot, and yet with a perfect enchainment of interest—a hero without adventures and without a heroine, yet whose fortunes we follow with a true excitement! How does this come about? Why do we love plain women, and admire ill-constructed books? Because there is an innate power in the irregular features to excite our sympathies, and a quality in authors, called Genius, to command them. No man, we will venture to say, possessing common sensibility, can read 'Cola Monti,'* although it is of the class of books for young people, without a thoughtful brow and a glistening eye; and we have heard a family circle declare that 'they had found it impossible to lay down the volume till they had finished it.'

Cola Monti is an Italian boy educated economically at a boarding-school in England. His talent for drawing exhibited itself first in caricatures of his companions, and he then ventured to try his hand upon the master himself. 'This was irresistible; and when the Doctor stood out in relief from the slate in all his peculiarities—his stiff collar, his upright hair, and his spectacles—the likeness was such, that the boys gave a general hurra. So much noise did they make, and so intent were they, that no one heard the door open, until the original of the portrait looked over Cola's shoulder and beheld—himself! It was a terrible moment in schoolboy annals. The Doctor looked, frowned, glanced round at the young rebels, then again at the slate. Whether it was that natural vanity made him feel rather pleased to see the only likeness of himself which had ever been taken, or whether Cola's sketch had less of caricature than nature, it is impossible to say; but Doctor Birch smiled—absolutely smiled! He was a good-tempered man, and the boys knew it: they took advantage of it sometimes, the naughty fellows! So the smile gradually went round, until it became a laugh, and the schoolmaster could not help laughing too.' The boy-artist then, at

* Cola Monti; or the Story of a Genius. By the Author of 'How to Win Love,' 'Michael the Miner,' &c. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1849.

the instigation of his companions, resolved to try his chivalrous friend and patron Archibald McKaye:— 'Archibald looked surprised, and rather vexed; for one of his weaknesses was, that he could not bear being laughed at; however, he took his station. Cola finished the sketch, but it was no caricature: it was a capital likeness of Archibald's thoughtful head, with the soft curling hair, and the calm, serious eyes. "Why, Cola, you ought to be an artist," cried the boys when they saw it. Cola smiled, and his eyes kindled. "I will try!" he said in his own heart, and from that day he drew no more caricatures.'

Cola Monti's national and personal sympathies were now strongly excited in favour of a poor little Italian organ-boy, who was found dying of starvation by the roadside. He had no other means of permanently assisting him than by supplying him with drawings to sell, in the hope of thus enabling him to collect a fund sufficient for the purchase of a new organ, his own having been destroyed. This fund at length amounted, by slow accumulations, to £1.10 in silver; but the organ-boy, who had become devotedly attached to his patron, could not consent to be thus paid off. Poor Cola was now in destitution himself. His mother had died; his stepfather refused to contribute longer to his support; and in fact he was thrown adrift upon the world. The generous debate between him and his protégé was terminated by both proceeding to London upon the fortune of £1.10—Cola to pursue his career of an artist, and Seppi in the quality of his servant.

Arrived in London, 'Cola woke the next morning, dreaming that he was at school again, and that, somehow or other, his class was all composed of great stout farmers, who would persist in repeating their Italian verba with a strong Staffordshire accent. The dream vanished under the influence of a bright sunbeam that crept through the small uncurtained window, and just reached his nose. In London, the good-natured sun is more partial to attic windows than to any other, and it made Cola's tiny room quite cheerful. From thence he looked, not at the street, which lay many feet below, but skywards, where, above the tops of the houses, he could see the great dome of St Paul's lifting itself up, grand and giant-like, with its ball and cross glistening in the clear light of early morning. This was the first sight that struck Cola in London. His artist-mind felt it to the uttermost. The numberless streets below seemed so solemn and quiet, lying in the shadow of the scarcely-risen sun; and though even now the sounds of life were beginning to stir, they were but faint as yet, while over the dark and half-awakened city watched its great temple, already illumined with the sunbeams. It was a scene that Cola never forgot, and never will while he lives.' He finds his way as soon as possible to the National Gallery. 'I shall not enlarge upon the feelings of the boy-artist when he beheld for the first time this grand collection of paintings. He had seen many in his childhood; but the memory of them was grown dim. He looked on these with the sensations of one blind, who re-enters a long-forgotten world with his eyes opened. He began to understand and to feel what Art really was. This new sense dazzled and overwhelmed him; his heart beat wildly; he trembled; and fairly subdued with emotion, he sat down in the darkest corner he could find, turned his face away into the shadow, while the tears rose, large and silently, to the long lashes, and dropped on the arm which he raised to hide them.'

Cola worked, played, and starved by turns, like other friendless adventurers in London; and then came the grand event of his life—his first Academy picture—which was very near being too late. 'Night and day Cola worked, allowing himself only an hour or two for sleep, and scarcely taking any food. His wild and desperate energy sustained him to a degree almost miraculous. Under the influence of this terrible excitement his powers seemed redoubled; he painted as he had never painted before. Archibald, evening after evening,

walked up from Islington, not to talk or reason—he dared not do that in Cola's present state—but to sit quietly in the painting-room, watching his labours, and at times encouraging them with a few subdued words of praise, which Cola sometimes scarcely heard. Even McKaye was astounded by the almost miraculous way in which, day after day, the picture advanced to completion beneath the young artist's hand; and as he looked, he could not but acknowledge that there is nothing in this world so strong, so daring, so all-powerful as genius.

'The first Monday in April came—there were but four-and-twenty hours left; Tuesday—there were but twelve! Seppi stood by with the untasted dinner, his bright black eyes continually filling with tears. He dared not even speak to his young master, who, with wild and haggard looks, was painting still.

'The clock struck six as Cola's now trembling hand put the last stroke to his picture, and sank on a chair.

'It will do now, I think; it will not disgrace me at least.'

'No, indeed it will not, dear Cola! It is a beautiful picture," whispered the gentle, encouraging voice of Archy, who had come direct from Bread Street hither. "And now, do have some dinner, or, what will be better for you, some tea."

'No, no; I can't eat: we shall lose the time: the Academy will be shut. Seppi, I must have a cab, and go there at once.'

'Archibald saw resistance would have been vain and cruel, so he quietly suffered his friend to step into the cab, and followed him. All the long ride to Trafalgar Square Cola did not utter a single word, but sat motionless, with his picture in his arms. McKaye offered to hold it; but the other rejected his aid with a slight motion of the head. At last Cola relinquished this darling first-fruits of his genius with a look something like that of a mother parting from a beloved child, and then sank fainting into his friend's arms. 'That night Cola Monti was in a brain fever.' The picture was successful, and the boy-caricaturist grew at the same time to be an artist and a man.

Although Cola Monti, artistically speaking, is an imperfect story, it possesses both power and promise of no ordinary kind. The power is evident in the book itself: the promise rests upon the fact, that the author is a young lady now struggling, by her own unaided genius, through the stony and thorny paths of the literary profession. But we would not have her rely upon genius alone, or consider 'Cola Monti' as anything more than a promise or a pledge. It is like a gleam of light disclosing partially, and for a moment, a scene which in some measure owes its beauty and value to the mind of the beholder. It is suggestive of high thoughts, fine aspirations, sad memories. It throws the intellectual man back into his experiences, and impels the daring and generous youth forward in the path of his hopes and resolves. But in all this it relies upon those it addresses, pointing mysteriously before and behind, and accomplishing nothing of itself. But this is obviously owing to want of effort, not want of power. The author must follow the example of her hero, and give her days and her nights to the labour of her calling. She must look upon her heretofore attempts as so many separate studies, and construct with toil and determination a work of art not only harmonious in colouring, not only accurate in drawing, but skilful in Design.

LADY SETTLERS IN AUSTRALIA.

DR LANG, in his description of the Port-Philip district, alludes to the success which may there attend female settlers who carry on the business of sheep-farming on their own account; and mentions the following facts on the subject:—

'On the morning after our arrival at Geelong, Dr Thomson accompanied me on a visit to Miss Drysdale, an elderly maiden lady from Scotland, whose acquaintance and friend-

ship I had had the honour of making on my first visit to Geelong in the year 1813, when I had the pleasure of spending a day or two under her hospitable roof. Miss Drysdale is a lady of a highly-respectable family, and of superior intelligence, her brother having been the late Sir William Drysdale, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh. Having a considerable patrimony of her own, and being of an active disposition, and fond of rural pursuits, she had rented a large farm in Scotland, of which she superintended the management in person; but being a martyr, as she told me, to the coughs and colds, and other ills that flesh is heir to in our hyperborean Scottish climate, she resolved to emigrate to a milder region, where she might hope to enjoy better health, while she continued to indulge in her favourite pursuits, and endeavour to exert a salutary influence on some at least of her fellow-creatures, where Divine Providence might fix her lot. And, I am happy to add, Miss Drysdale sees no reason to regret the step she took, in pursuance of this resolution, in emigrating to Philipsland. She has uniformly enjoyed excellent health; she is in the midst of such scenes, and scenery, and occupations as she delighted in at home; the property she invested in stock on her arrival in the colony must have increased greatly during the interval that has since elapsed; and she has not only exhibited the goodly and influential example of a highly-respectable family living in the fear of God, and in the zealous observance of all the ordinances of religion, in a country in which, I am sorry to say, such examples are rare, but she has had it in her power to render the most valuable services to some who really required what she has proved to them—a friend indeed. At the period of my first visit to Geelong Miss Drysdale had two of the younger daughters of the late Mr Batman residing with her, to whom she was benevolently discharging the duty of a parent; and her character as a doer of good was generally known, and gratefully acknowledged, in the vicinity.

On her arrival in the colony, Miss Drysdale determined to "squat," as it is styled in the phraseology of the country; that is, to settle on a tract of unoccupied crown land, of sufficient extent for the pasturage of considerable flocks and herds, with their increase for several years—a tract, in all likelihood, from twenty-five to fifty square miles in extent. For this land the occupant pays a yearly license-fee to the government of £10, which insures to him for the time being the full possession of the entire tract; and it is universally understood that while this fee is paid, and no offence committed against the laws and the customs of squatting, the occupant shall not be disturbed, unless the land is sold in the meantime to a *bona-fide* purchaser, at not less than £1 an acre, or required for government purposes—neither of which events is, in ordinary circumstances, at all likely to happen. It has not been allowed, for a good many years past, to give a squatting license of this kind to any person within a considerable distance of a township or village; but Miss Drysdale was allowed, as a special exception from this general rule, to occupy a station within four miles of the town of Geelong. On that station she accordingly erected a neat thatched cottage, with glazed rustic lattice-windows, which she had carried out with her from home, formed a garden, and fenced in a sufficient extent of superior land for cultivation. The cottage had been greatly improved, both externally and internally, at the period of my visit in 1846, and three years had made a wonderful change for the better upon the garden, which had gravelled walks dividing the different parterres—the only instance of the kind I had seen in the country, and strongly reminding me of home.

The situation of Miss Drysdale's cottage, to which she has judiciously given the native name of the locality, Barrungoop, which signifies a turf, is on a gentle grassy slope towards the Barwon River, with the garden in front. The cottages of her farm-overseer and servants are close at hand, and remind one of a respectable farming establishment in the old country. On my first visit to Geelong, I found a respectable young man, who had been three sessions at the university of Glasgow, as an intending candidate for the Christian ministry, but who had subsequently abandoned his studies, and gone out as a bounty emigrant to Port Phillip, acting in the humble capacity of tutor to the children of Miss Drysdale's overseer, a respectable Scotch farmer, with a large family. Upon the whole, there was something of a domestic character about Miss Drysdale's establishment generally which is but rarely seen at the squatting stations of the interior; and I could not help

thinking that the very horses and cattle seemed to consider themselves more at home than elsewhere.

After passing Geelong to the left, the Barwon River, which in this part of its course is a beautiful stream, pursues a south-easterly course, nearly parallel to that of the western arm of Port Phillip, to the great Southern Ocean. About nine or ten miles below Barrungoop it spreads out into a series of lakes, as picturesque as any sheets of water of that kind I have ever beheld. On my first visit to this part of the country in 1843, I rode down to these lakes along with Miss Newcome, another maiden lady, whom Miss Drysdale had some time before taken into partnership with herself—partly, I presume, that she might have some kindred spirit—whom, I am happy to say, Miss Newcome unquestionably is—to whom she might be able to whisper that "solitude was sweet." Miss Newcome was quite at home on her high-spirited steed, and we galloped along through scenery of the richest description, beautiful grassy flats alternating with clumps of trees of the most graceful and ornamental foliage, till we reached the lakes. These extensive sheets of glassy water, variegated with headlands and islands, were absolutely alive with black swans, and other waterfowl, sailing quietly along on their silent surface. There must have been at least five hundred swans in view at one time on one of the lakes. They were no "rare aves" there. Their deep solitudes, however, are effectually invaded now; for the white man will soon thin their ranks in all probability, and force them to retreat before the progress of civilisation.

SCOTTISH BANKING.

THERE is now reason to think that in pursuit of this object our Scottish neighbours have got considerably ahead of us here in England. The subject, indeed, seems congenial to the shrewd faculties of our northern fellow-countrymen. The founder of the Bank of England was a Scotchman: a native of the same country originated the idea of the Savings' Bank: and for a long period of time the facilities and accommodations of banking have been known and practised beyond the Tweed to an extent very much above what has been attained in this country. Here banks may be said to exist solely or chiefly for the wealthier classes of society; in Scotland the advantages which they afford are widely diffused among the middle ranks, and are shared in a large measure by the petty capitalists and retail traders of the towns and villages. As a proof of the great extension of the system, we find that throughout Scotland there is a bank for every 7500 of the population—in some districts for every 5000. In London, the proportion is stated to be only 1 for every 32,894; in some parts of England 1 for every 16,000. The rapid progress in wealth and civilisation which has been made by a country naturally so poor and sterile, has been attributed by many sagacious observers to the multiplication of its banks, and to the facilities afforded by them. Capital has been made to stimulate industry in a double ratio, by the increased activity and quickened speed with which it circulates through the channels of commerce. Above all, this great desideratum has been attained without any sacrifice of the other prime requisite of sound banking—stability. Within the last century and a-half it is computed that the loss to the community in Scotland by the failure of the four or five public banks which have stopped payment has not exceeded £26,000. In England, during a much shorter period, the loss occasioned by those fearful catastrophes, both in London and in the country, with which experience has made us familiar, has certainly exceeded as many millions. It is also a fact of much significance, that in 1793, in 1825, and in the late crisis of 1847, the Scottish banks rode out the storm which proved fatal to so many English establishments. It seems, therefore, no undue claim which is set up on the part of our northern neighbours, to a better knowledge and more mature development of the principles of banking than have been attained in this country.—*Morning Chronicle*.—[There is no more than justice done, as we believe, to Scotch banking in this paragraph. During the last twenty years and upwards, there have been many banks set up in England on the Scotch principle, as it is called; but there have been many noted failures among them. The fact is, that in England they introduce every feature of Scottish banking except the Scotch brains by which banking has been so successfully conducted. It is true Scotchmen have been got to act as managers, secretaries, and cashiers; but what were all these in the hands of a set of English direc-

tors, who necessarily hold the chief sway? In an English joint-stock bank, the bulk of the funds of the company will be found ventured out in the hands of a few grand speculators, on whose good or bad fortune the fate of the establishment depends. No such thing was ever done in a Scotch bank, from the beginning down to this day. On the contrary, the life of the institution lies in a quick circulation and frequent turning over of a moderate capital amongst a multitude of traders of good credit. The capital of an English joint-stock bank too often is an African river losing itself in sands: that of a Scotch bank is a river dispersed in a thousand channels of irrigation, to reappear in its entire form, and with increased volume, after it has done its work. We do not believe, after all, that there is any great witchcraft about banking in Scotland. The prudence shown there is no more than what might be expected of rational men. The failures in England are to be accounted for not by their want of some extraordinary gift which chances to have been vouchsafed to their northern neighbours, but by the fact, that England is full of people hastening over-much to be rich, and in whose circumstances there are of course great vicissitudes. If ever England shall cool a little in Mammon-worship, and pursue business objects with the moderation of the Scottish mind, it may succeed in joint-stock banking to as great an extent as Scotland has done.]

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

I cannot give you, my young friends, a better description of a successful professional struggle, and the wear and tear of life, than that which the commentary of Dr Johnson upon the life of Cheyne affords. It is drawn by the graphic pen of the late editor of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' an eloquent Irishman, himself a successful struggler. He adds—'We have followed Cheyne in his march up-hill—we see him at its summit—we are to see him going down. Such are the objects of human desires—sought with avidity—obtained with difficulty—enjoyed with disappointment—and often, in themselves, the source of irreparable evils. Success in a profession now-a-days has entailed, and entails, such labour on its possessor, that few who know its real nature can envy it. Success means wealth and eminence bought with the sacrifice of all healthy recreation both of body and mind. The daily toil is relieved only by the nightly anxiety; and, worn by almost uninterrupted exertion, the fortunate man is deprived of most of the social pleasures of life, and debarred from indulgence in its most cherished affections. He acquires property, loses his health, and often leaves the wealth of his industry to be squandered by children whom it demoralises.' Besides all this, remember that it has been truly said, in the most elevated position there is the least liberty, because that very elevation invites observation, and excites envy. That merit and that ability which would have carried a man successfully through the crowd, will be found insufficient for him who is the object of general scrutiny. You should recollect, gentlemen, that even the position won by merit and ability may be lost by a want of that continued energy and persevering struggle which overcame all the obstacles opposed to your pioneering ascent. The champion in our profession, like in that of Christianity, must be ever progressing. A fall from an eminence is always perilous—in the medical sphere, fatal to fame. The world, in respect to our calling, may be esteemed as a school; the boy who has obtained head place must labour assiduously to retain that position against his less fortunate competitors. Remember that sympathy is enlisted for the swimmer to the shore, against the buffeting billows, rather than for the individual who had encountered the same obstacles, the same dangers, and the same difficulties, but who has now apparently surmounted and escaped all.—*Lecture by Dr Huxley.*

MRS FRY'S RULES.

1. Never lose any time: I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Too much—too much we make Earth's shadows fall
Across our thoughts, neglecting, in the dark,
The sunshine we might woo in lane or park,
By listening to the hopeful skylark's call!
We fear too much, and hope too little: all
That's threatened is not lost: each one an ark
Of safety well might build, if he a wall
Would raise 'twixt rashness and despair! The lark
Sings bravely towards the sun—but not too high,
And we, like it, should dare and do; but dare
As soldiers, urged by courage, not despair,
To win a wise and bloodless victory:
Though Life shrinks back before its vassal—Death;
We know it springs again, undimmed by mortal breath!

ROUGES DE L'ISLE AND THE 'MARSEILLAISE.'

There appeared recently in this Journal the *fabulous* account of the origin of the 'Marseillaise': the following is said to be the *fact*:—In April 1792, at the opening of the campaign against Austria and Prussia, Rouges de l'Isle was a captain of engineers stationed at Strasburg. The day before the volunteers from that city were about to join the main army of the Rhine, M. Dietrich, mayor of the city, gave an entertainment, at which Rouges de l'Isle and several other officers were present. A question arose as to what air should be played on the departure of the new levies; and it was thought desirable that some appropriate and spirited national song should be chosen. Various pieces having been tried and rejected as unsuitable to the occasion, Rouges de l'Isle left the company, retired to his own rooms, and in the course of the evening wrote the words and music of 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin.' Before the party at the *maison* broke up, he returned with his composition. Mademoiselle Dietrich accompanied him on the piano, and he sang the inspiring song to the delight of all present. It was immediately put in rehearsal, played at parade the next day, and its popularity at once established. Gradually it spread through France, the Marseillaise sang it on entering Paris, and the name it now bears was irrevocably substituted for the original title. It was produced on the stage of the Opera at Paris in October 1792, much in the style in which Rachel gave it in 1818, and was received by the audience as enthusiastically as it had been by the populace.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strowed everywhere in your path.—*Edith Burritt.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA.

It was very agreeable, after more than three days of incessant coaching through a rude country, to descend to a good large town, enter a respectable hotel, and sit down to a civilised dinner. I was somewhat surprised by the regular cleanly streets of Christiania, the stately public buildings, and the goodly aspect of the people; for somehow we always form mean anticipations of what is north of our own ordinary base. Norway has no reputation for the fine or it lateral point, fact is, that Christiania is, comparatively, a few small calcareous town, an expression of the character of the and which this country has been enjoying for between thirty and forty years; it has therefore quite properly a thriving and respectable appearance. Its best streets, as the Dronningen's Gade (*Queen Street*), Prindsen's Gade (*Princes Street*), contain many really handsome houses. Its environs present the usual array of those pretty villas in which wealthy citizens delight to live. There is a harbour, all in a bustle with little vessels loading and unloading. Then the city has its fine objects strongly relieved from the general mass—a large, white palace, newly built on an eminence overlooking the town, for the reception of royalty during its yearly visits—a suite of superb buildings in the course of erection for the university—and a grand old fortress by the side of the fiord, styled the Castle of Agershuus. For a town of 33,000 inhabitants, the public buildings may be said generally to be above the average. One of the most conspicuous is a jail, finely situated on a neighbouring rising-ground. Unluckily the Norwegians are just about to try the Pentonville plan with their criminals, when that plan is beginning in England to be found a disappointment. The natural situation of the place at the head of a fiord, with pine-clad hills all round, is very fine. There are many good shops; and I was glad to find that the *Bog og Musik Handels (Book and Music Shops)* were not few, and of the first class in point of appearance.

Having settled myself comfortably in the *Hôtel du Nord*, which is reputed as the best hotel, though it is not incapable of improvement, and having despatched some letters of introduction to their destinations, I took a ramble about the town and its environs. The gneiss series of rocks here gives place to the slate and the Old Red Sandstone, of which last rock the neighbouring hills are composed, but without any fish fossils. The rocks, where presented above the soil, are rounded and polished like those already described farther to the south; indeed it is stated that the whole of the surface along the borders of the Christiania fiord has been dressed by the ice. Near the fortress of Agershuus I found some of the polished and striated surfaces de-

scending into the sea, and to a considerable depth below it, without being in the least affected by that element, exactly as is the case with the similar surfaces on the Gare Loch in the Firth of Clyde, first described by Mr Maclaren.

Next morning, being Sunday, it was delightful, on waking, to remember that there was no long journey before me, calling for an early start, and to feel that consequently an extra dose of sleep could be indulged in without self-reproach. In a life of activity and self-taxation, one needs such little *délassements* now and then: I believe the machine could not go on well without them. I was nevertheless up and breakfasted in time to attend the church at ten o'clock. A fine sunshiny morning; the streets quiet, empty, and bright. Being anxious to witness the religious service of the country under the most distinguished circumstances, I proceeded to the Dom Kirk, which I found to be no ancient Gothic structure, as is generally the case, but a plain brick building, of perhaps a century old, with scarcely any mediæval feature but that of being in the form of a cross. It may here be remarked that Christiania is wholly a modern town, having been commenced early in the seventeenth century, near the site of an elder city called Oslo, which was burnt down. The interior of the Dom Kirk presents only plain white walls; tall, narrow, round-topped windows; a semi-cylindrical roof of short planks, painted a dull white; and pews along the side of a broad central walk, pervading both body and wings of the building. At the west end, over the principal entrance, is an organ, a fine large instrument, with a gallery for the choir; at the east end is a Communion-table, exhibiting two gigantic candles, over which is a glaring carved altarpiece, presenting the Crucifixion and Last Supper in coloured figures as large as life. At a few minutes past ten, when I entered, the bulk of the congregation was assembled; the men sitting on one side, the women (a majority) on the other; a large proportion of them a humble class of people, many evidently strangers from the country: others were of the class of ladies and gentlemen, but much less handsomely attired than the corresponding portion of a metropolitan congregation in England. Though aware that the established religion of Norway is Lutheran, and less reformed than ours, I was unprepared for the effect produced by seeing, in the east end of the church, all the more conspicuous objects usually presented in the same part of a Catholic place of worship, even to the robed priest with the figure of the cross upon his back. The organ was sounding and the choir singing. Presently, on a pause taking place, the priest turned round—showing some other devices on the front of his robe, underneath which was a white gown. He chanted a few words from the book in his hand, and then the choir recommenced singing. This

went on for some time, while the people continued to come in and take their seats. At twenty minutes to eleven, a person advanced to the clergyman, and took off the crimson robe and white gown, when he appeared in a black gown and white quilled ruff, exactly like the stiff pictures of the English bishops of the seventeenth century: a pale, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five, with a well-elevated head. He advanced to the pulpit, which is a superb structure of gilt scroll-work, projecting from the angle between the choir and north transept. I had now time to observe that along the walls, for a considerable height, are galleries with glazed windows and curtains, like the boxes at the Opera-house, probably for special families of superior importance; but on this occasion they appeared to be empty. It is an arrangement common throughout the better order of churches in Scandinavia. The minister preached thirty-five minutes—a *read* sermon, delivered with a very moderate amount of gesticulation. I was of course unable to understand any part of it, and only remarked that at the name of *Yesous Chrestous*, as it is sounded, all the females made an inclination. At the conclusion there was a prayer, and thereafter a benediction, at which the people for the first time rose to their feet. A second more elderly clergyman in black gown and ruff then appeared at the Communion-table, and chanted a prayer or collect. When the singing had concluded, there was a second benediction, at which the people rose again. Many now began to retire, but a considerable number remained. A man like a teacher, and I have no doubt actually one, stood up in front of the Communion-railing, and, with the points of his fingers placed together, addressed a few sentences to the audience. He then proceeded to marshal a multitude of boys and girls along the central walk, the boys facing the girls as far down as their inferior numbers extended, and the elderly clergyman then began to catechise them, mingling much discourse of his own with his questions and their answers. In the midst of this tedious procedure I left the church.

The effect of the whole was novel and striking. To find a church which has undoubtedly cleared itself of all those features of Romanism most exclaimed against by Protestants, nevertheless maintaining many of those externals of dress and ritual which give the Church of Rome such a hold upon the imagination and aesthetic feelings of its adherents, was peculiarly interesting to an observer from the north of the Tweed. The catechising is an important part of clerical duty in Norway, being connected with a system of confirmation which forms one of the strongest anchorages of the church. The being confirmed is established by law as a previous step to all mingling in actual society. No priest is allowed to marry a couple, one member of which is unconfirmed. No unconfirmed person can be a student at the university, or attain any office. The girl of humble rank would not be received as a servant, nor the boy as an apprentice, without being confirmed. It is a diploma essential to the gaining of daily bread in all classes. A fee given on the occasion is likewise important to the clergy, as a part of their income. I heard that the common people are beginning to express a sense of oppression under this system, complaining, however, only of the hardship of the fee; but so rooted a custom could not easily be reformed.

Christiania is evidently a rising place; and though this is mainly to be attributed to its only having recently assumed the character of a capital and seat of government, I became convinced that no small portion of it is owing to that general progress of the country of which the growth of a metropolis is always a sure exponent. Ever since 1814, when Norway settled down, under its democratic constitution, under the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, it has enjoyed internal peace and security; and the resources of the country have been undergoing perhaps as rapid a process of development as could be expected in a region so peculiarly formed and circumstanced, physically and morally. I took

every opportunity, in Christiania and elsewhere, of inquiring into the political fortunes of the country, and, on the whole, I think they are good. The machine is certainly not without its jarrings and jamming any more than others, and there is no reason, from this case, to believe that democracy involves that consummation of political good which its admirers claim for it. Yet Norway is, in the main, happy in its government, the national will being freely and fully expressed through its Storting, while it seems to derive a certain steadiness from monarchy, without being exposed to any of the corrupting influences of a court. In consequence of Sweden being under an aristocratic system, there is in Norway a sleepless jealousy regarding it; and this I always felt to be the most unpleasant feature of public feeling which came under my attention in the north. It has, however, the effect of binding the people very much together, as far as themselves are concerned, and rendering internal faction and party little known amongst them. It is also to be remarked that the king is completely exempt from Norwegian jealousy and ill-will; his uncommon personal virtues, and his liberal tendencies, render him, on the contrary, highly popular, as was lately demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when, a certain sum being asked by him to complete the furnishing of the palace, the Storting instantly voted one much larger—a very uncommon fact, I believe, in parliamentary history. Owing to the general satisfaction of the officers with its constitution, the year 1848 should be played without ruffling its political feelings; and it was thought of a more spirited national song degree. The Norwegian people would be tried and man nature if there were not among them a set whose predominant feeling is towards concentration of power, and another whose main anxiety it is to make the voice of the masses as real and as influential as possible; but these parties have at the same time so much unity of feeling, that they cannot be said to be in collision. There is a movement party, feeble in the Storting, but strong in the press. Its demands are of a nature apt to excite strange ideas in an Englishman. With us, as is well known, the clamour of such politicians is for the aristocracy of talent and education—the aristocracy of nature—as against that of mere human appointment or the creation of law. In Norway, the men of the movement, finding an aristocracy of this kind actually exercising rule, as far as there is any rule in the case, loudly demand that it should be put under check. 'Away,' they cry, 'with clever lawyers and astute officials, and let the honest, rustic representatives bear the bell!' We need scarcely ask what their cry would be if things were actually put under a committee of *bonders*?

During my few days in Christiania I felt unflagging pleasure in wandering about the neighbourhood, and enjoying the fine views almost everywhere presented, in which the fiord and its numerous islets always formed a distinguished part. The day was generally very warm; but the evenings were deliciously cool, and these might be said to last till within an hour of midnight. Again I felt how surprised many of my friends would have been to see what I now saw—the glassy waters and clear blue atmosphere of Leman Lake rivalled in a spot adjacent to the sixtieth parallel of latitude. I remarked that though there might be particular plants wanting, the general effect of the ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds at Christiania was much the same as with us. The winter is of course severe in comparison with ours; yet even here we must not be too ready to give the disadvantage to Norway; for the air, if colder, is drier, and therefore bites less than the same temperature would do under our humid Jove. A middle-aged man, accustomed in his youth to live in England, told me that, for walking in winter about Christiania, he never thinks of adding more to his ordinary clothing than a light paletot, exactly as he would do in London, though in driving in an open carriage thicker dress is necessary.

The university has about thirty-three professors,

and is usually attended by between 400 and 500 students. It is said that the young men obtain here a good education, but that, after it is completed, they experience a difficulty in getting suitable appointments and situations in life. The only professor with whose name I was previously familiar is M. Keilhau, the author of an immense number of treatises, chiefly geological, of which a distinguished series refers to the proofs which exist in Scandinavia, of comparatively recent changes in the relative level of sea and land. Although a victim to bad health, this amiable man offered to conduct me to a spot near Christiania where the remains of *serpula* still adhere to the face of the rocks at a considerable elevation above the sea. It was some time since he had been at the spot, and quarrying operations are going on at it; but he still hoped to be able to show me some examples of this singular curiosity. I was conducted by him to a small hill called Mørre-hougen, little more than a mile from the streets of the city. It is composed of beds of soft slate, mingled with strata of noduled limestone, which seem like strings of black beads crossing the rock. Under the cliffy side of the hill excavations are actively going on: I much feared that they might have led to the destruction of all such memorials as we were in search of; but after a few minutes of diligent research, the professor announced that he had found some of the *serpula* still remaining. He attracted my attention to the base of a low vertical cliff, parts of which exhibit lateral polishings and scratchings; and there undoubtedly I saw, with a feeling approaching to surprise, a few small calcareous masses projecting from the face of the rock, which, on near examination, proved to be remains of the marine animals in question. The spot is 170 Norwegian, or about 186 English feet above the level of the sea. It must have been lying high and dry for an enormous period of time, during which vast changes have been going on in the world; nevertheless there are the frail domiciles of these sea-worms still clinging to the rock on which they had been originally fixed, surviving the palaces of Assur and Pul, the tomb of Alexander, and nearly all the pomps of that antiquity which, in all probability, is so much younger than they! What is perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with the case, is the rigid nature of the evidence. The *serpula* is an invertebrate animal, which forms a crusty house for itself on rocks which are daily bathed and exposed by the tide; it can live and work nowhere else. Nature, in such things, is absolutely invariable. Here, then, when we see a rock a mile inland, and 186 feet above the sea, bearing the remains of *serpula*, we know, with the utmost possible certainty, that that rock was once a sea-cliff on which the tide daily rose and fell.

Professor Keilhau was afterwards so obliging as to conduct me through that part of the university museum which contains what he calls objects illustrative of the *soulevement* of Scandinavia. Amongst others, there were examples of shells and shell gravel, found in beds at various elevations; specimens of the Mørre-hougen rock-surface, with the *serpula* adhering; numerous examples of other rocks found in various districts of the country, and exhibiting remains of sea-animals. There was one remarkable piece from a spot at Sarsborg, near the borders of Norway and Sweden, stated to be twenty miles inland, and 450 Rhenish feet above the sea. In this case the evidence was unusually strong, for clay and sand are deposited at the place, covered with a peat-moss containing remains of marine plants. The whole of this curious and unique collection is in the very nicest order.

Christiania is less remarkable for the cheapness of articles of necessity than the country generally, which again ranks in this respect below Sweden. Elegant life in Christiania may be described as expensive; yet in winter much gaiety is indulged in. The inquiries which I made satisfied me that the numbers of poor people, and the expense which they occasion to the other classes, are not much below what they are in our own

country; wealth and luxury being here apparently, as elsewhere, in direct polarity with misery. Hence I was not surprised to find mean and filthy suburbs in very near neighbourhood to the palace recently erected at the expense of a quarter of a million. Here is a theatre with a Danish company, well attended in its season. I made careful inquiry after the business of literature, and learned that there are twelve printing-offices in Christiania, four of them having machine-presses driven by human labour, and that about a hundred books of one kind and another, including, however, only a few new works, are published in a year.*

There are about eighty English people, of different ranks, resident in Christiania. Mr Crowe, the English consul-general for Norway, collects such of them as feel inclined, in his house every Sunday, and reads the liturgy and a sermon. He informed me that about a hundred and thirty of our countrymen usually come to Christiania in a year; and to all of these persons, I understand, when they possess proper credentials, he shows civilities, rendering their stay in the city as agreeable to them as possible, and furnishing all the information that may be required to facilitate their movements through the country. Most of these strangers are gentlemen in quest of sport. It is seldom that an English lady makes her appearance so far north. Though a matter in which I had not the slightest personal concern, I made inquiries here and in various other parts of Norway as to rural sport, and became convinced that, excepting for salmon-fishing in the northern rivers, it is not a good field for that kind of amusement. The museums in the large cities afford evidence of there being an abundance of species of wild birds in the country; but abundance of species is a different thing from abundance of individuals. Game birds, excepting ptarmigan, may be described as rare. A man may walk a whole day and scarcely see a feather. How comes it, then, that the markets are well supplied with game in winter? It is, I understand, because the birds are then driven nearer to the haunts of man for food, and so are snared by the common people. Things are better than they were a few years ago, in consequence of a game-law—one, however, having for its object merely a good regulation, for the general benefit, as to the time when shooting may be commenced. As this law is not a defence of the interests or pleasures of one part of the community against another, it obtains the support of public opinion, and offenders are informed against without mercy. Still, Norway presents but a limited amount of sport for the gun. In passing over its immense wildernesses, I wondered that birds were not more plentiful. I marked with some surprise that few living creatures of any kind met my eyes, rooks and magpies being the only birds at all common. I soon found an explanation in the paucity of food presented in a country so thinly peopled, and so little cultivated, and which, for so large a portion of the year, is covered with deep snow. England, with its dense population, seems at first sight a less favourable field for animal life; and yet animal life is there abundant in comparison with what it is in Norway. The reason is, that food is more important for animals than space or exemption from molestation. England, full as it is of people, many of whom are said to gain their bread with some difficulty, has yet more to spare for the wildings of creation than a country which has only a few inhabitants of any kind, and is but little way advanced in civilisation. Nor is food alone concerned. In England the great wealth of the upper classes is used in fostering all animals which can afford

* The enterprise of the bookshelves, and the advanced state of lithography, are evidenced by a work recently completed under the title of *Norge Fremstillede i Tegninger*, being a series of views of Norwegian scenery, accompanied by letterpress. Christiania: Wilhelm C. Fabricius & Bogtrykkerie. 1846-8. This work, which costs about £3 of English money, I would recommend to such as desire to obtain at home a good idea of the physical features of Norway, and the aspect of its principal towns.

any amusement. The country, in addition to its other duties, is obliged to serve as a kind of nursery for these creatures. They are themselves fed, and their enemies are destroyed. Nowhere else in the world is this the case. Britain, therefore, in addition to all its other high qualities, is the country where game is most plentiful. The Highlands of Scotland may be said to be a preserve in comparison with Norway.

At Christiania I had for the first time an opportunity of examining the favourite travelling-carriage of the country, yeitled a *carriole*. It is a vehicle of spider-like lightness, with a pair of large wheels, and long springy beams, and a seat for one person, so extremely low, that the traveller is obliged to sit with his legs straight out before him. Room for luggage there is none; or, at the most, a carpet-bag may be strapped on. The person required to bring back the horse to its own station assumes an anomalous position in the rear. I cannot imagine it an agreeable means of travelling, although I am told that young Englishmen soon come to manage it well, and to like it; and I met with one gentleman of that country who had travelled by one, with his wife occupying another. I saw a gentleman purchase a smart new *carriole* on the street in Christiania for a sum equal to four pounds ten shillings; but I believe they generally cost a little more. It is a matter of considerable difficulty for an English traveller to arrange at Christiania for the means of passing through the country. There are no stage-coaches. The mail is a gig for carrying letters alone. He must either hire a carriage, under the burthen of having perhaps to send it back at a considerable expense, or purchase one, which he may sell at the end of his journey. Then he hears strange stories of the difficulties of his route, and generally is advised to trust to nothing but a *carriole*, and to take scarcely any luggage. The necessity of having a vehicle to himself must be admitted to be a great impediment; and in the choice between a hired and purchased vehicle it certainly is difficult to decide, though I believe hiring is, on the whole, the better plan. But as to the alleged difficulties of travelling in a carriage, I humbly think them exaggerated. I travelled many hundreds of miles in a four-wheeled hooded vehicle, which gave accommodation for a sufficiency of luggage, and never once was in any serious *embarras*, much less danger, although I had neither a patent drag, nor, what is common, a trailing pike behind, to serve as an arrestment in the event of the horses failing in an ascent. I would therefore recommend any future traveller not to be deterred by what he hears from taking a carriage above the character of a *carriole*, if he feel so inclined, providing only that he makes sure of its strength, and has a trusty servant to act as driver.

I made an excursion from Christiania to Drammen, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of another branch of the fiord about twenty-eight miles distant. Here, it is said, 40,000 tons of shipping are employed annually in exporting timber, and it is accordingly a place of considerable consequence. The road passes along sufficiently near the sea to allow occasional glimpses of it with its pretty islands, while the hills rise to the right in greater elevation and roughness than any I had yet seen in Norway, exhibiting smoothings only in the lower grounds. After a five-hours' drive, we passed over the brow of a hill into a valley, and beheld Drammen beautifully situated at the embouchure of two rivers which almost join before reaching the sea. On one of these rivers there is a lake only a few miles up; and on the banks of this stream at Drammen we see scarcely any alluvial formations. The other, in the lower part of its course, is skirted with terraces of clay, rising one above another to the height of several hundred feet. The cause of this difference I would explain thus:—At the time when the land was submerged to a considerable depth, the latter river brought down detritus, which it deposited in the valley in a thick bed, and this detritus was formed into terraces during the subsequent change of the relative level

of sea and land, each terrace marking a pause in that progressive change. In the original circumstances, the detritus brought down by the other river was intercepted by the hollow which afterwards became a lake; so that there was none to form terraces at a lower point. A careful levelling showed that the principal terrace, and that which was best defined and most perseveringly marked on both sides of the river, was just about the same elevation above the sea as that at Elsinore. To the south of the town I found a still more remarkable phenomenon—namely, an exposed face of rock all smoothed in the usual manner, but with a double set of dressings at one limited place, one being in a north and south direction up the hill, while the other was from east to west. Such a circumstance would seem to imply an occasional change in the direction of the smoothing agent, probably under the influence of local causes.

R. C.

THE TRIAL BY CAÏMAN.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

CERTAIN philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilisation, and regretted in pathetic tones the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, wafted on the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralising effects of civilisation upon a primitive people. The Madagascarites—whether Malgaches, or Antancars, or Belimsaraes, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore birds and animals, they kill children born in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of ready money with every rich man, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short currency thereby; while, worst of all, their criminal justice consists in giving the *tanghin*. The *tanghin* (*Tanghinia veneniflua*) is a subtle vegetable poison, which is administered to persons accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and demand the application of the *tanghin*, or the (*tela-bi*) tongue and iron. The accuser goes before a judge and states his case; the judge sends him to the *ampan'anghin*, who is half priest half executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them *tanghin* in water, and says, 'If thou art come forth from a bull, die!' If it dies, the presumption against the accused is strong. He then tries again, 'If thou camest from the shell of an egg, die; if thou hast for father a bull, live!' If the fowl dies, the evidence is startling.

This trial takes place seven times, and if there be three results in favour of the prosecution, the *ampan* gives the heads and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a *sahali*, or trial. A *traon-fadi*, or hut of repentance, is built, in which the judge, witnesses, accused, *ampan*, and all to be present at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accused, stripped of all clothing, is placed on the green sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the *ampan* gives the *tanghin* mixed with water on a *ravinala* leaf, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretched being dies in ninety cases out of a hundred, confessing all he is asked to confess. The *tela-bi* consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, when, if a blister rises, the spears of the bystanders immediately terminate his life. This barbarous and savage legislation is observably effectual in checking the increase of population. Scarcely a day passes but some head of a family perishes. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the

celebrated king of Madagascar, when shown the absurdity and wickedness of the practice, replied, 'Find me another tax which will so easily fill my treasury.'

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the river of the same name, lived Rakar, a young girl of sixteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the aristocratic cast of the Zanak-andia. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and, containing 800 houses, is not of small importance in the land, being, moreover, fortified. Rakar was a beauty, and rich, her father having left her much property at his death; and she owned numerous slaves. She had many suitors as a matter of course; but she was more fastidious than the generality of her people, and none seemed to touch her heart until young René, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rakar saw and loved. The semi-white was handsome, tall, and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and frank in character. But René scarcely saw Rakar, or, if he did, he distinguished her not from the multitude of dark women who flitted around him in a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve in Paradise. He was present at the dances of the village; he admired the supple and elegant forms of the girls who demonstrated their talent before him; but his eye seemed to favour no one in particular. Rakar was stricken with despair, and went to an old woman, learned in the science of futurity, for counsel. The old woman took her fee, ordered incantations without number, and promised to turn the heart of the cold youth towards her; but more piastres in pure gold went than results were produced, and Rakar almost regretted having used any other charms than those she had been endowed with by nature.

Still, love is a passion which, in this primitive state of society, is not easily to be conquered by reflection, or even its apparent futility. In civilisation the feeling would have been concealed by the female for ever, unless called forth by the addresses of the man. Rakar attempted not to convey to René the least suspicion of her emotions, the more that she had heard him declaim against the idea of settling in a wild, out-of-the-world place like Matatana. But she put faith in Deraff, the protective genius of the Malgaches, and one morning early she crossed over to the mainland in a piroque to play for his intercession. The vegetable productions of Madagascar are varied and rich, and the wooded shore was composed of a vast tangled mass of trees and parasites, whose appearance, despite their hard appellations, was gorgeous in the extreme, each vying with the other in the beauty of leaf and flower. Amid a dense thicket of this verdure Rakar concealed herself, neither listening to the songs of the strange choristers of the woods, nor dreading the snakes, nor scorpions, nor wild boars and cats, which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the *avintsara* sent forth its delicious perfume from nut and leaf, and where also grew the plants she made use for her incantation.

The place selected was a hollow where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rakar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odoriferous leaves and nuts of the *avintsara* being added, the young girl set fire to the whole, and sitting down, began to chant a monotonous ballad, beginning,

'He! he! he! zala hé, the moon looks down,
The moon in the blue sky, he! he! he!'

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The dry grass and twigs crackled, flamed, and smoked, while the young Zanak gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an instant manifestation of the will of Deraff. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was

about to rise and return, when a step was heard, and Ratsimi, one of her suitors, stood before her.

'Rakar is burning incense to the Angatch' (evil spirit); said the young man coldly.

'And why not to Zanaar?' asked the girl shuddering, and quoting the good angel of her faith.

'You do not answer!' continued Ratsimi.

'I own no right in you to ask me,' said the Zanak, moving as if to go.

'Rakar knows well that Ratsimi loves her; that he has told her so two moons ago; and that, like Raafou—who dared the enemy of man in the Mount Tangoury for love of Fihali—Ratsimi would brave any danger for Rakar.'

'I have spoken once,' replied the young Zanak coldly; 'the daughter of the great chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Ratsimi, much less one of his wives.'

'Rakar!' cried the lover impetuously, 'do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery.'

'Give me up to the anpan then!' said the girl indignantly. 'Your threats have less value than your protestations; and Rakar ran lightly through the wood, leaving Ratsimi in a violent passion, thinking over vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civilisation.'

Rakar was not without alarm. She knew Ratsimi to be a young man of violent passions, sometimes uncontrollable; but she still doubted his descending to denounce her because she could not return his love. She paddled quickly across the river to the village, and met René smoking his pipe before breakfast on the strand. René complimented the girl, without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

'A Malgache girl is not always flying from a lover,' replied Rakar, as she was about to pass.

'What mean you? Flying from a lover! That's not like your age and race,' said René curiously.

'Rakar is different from her race, and runs to avoid the anger of Ratsimi, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not.'

'And who, pretty one, is the favoured brave?' asked René, gazing on her with admiration.

'Rakar never accepted love from any one,' she cried, and darted away.

René filled his pipe, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Zanak a strange girl, and then, he went to breakfast, and forgot the subject.

That evening there was solemn council held in the camp of Matatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold luminary had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though its light already pervaded the sky. A marshy space near the river's bank was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs—around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle. René leant against a tree behind Ova the old head of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy beside them, its swift current glancing by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the vast ocean. Beyond was the great island of Madagascar, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by calimans of the most ferocious and ravenous character, as are most of the rivers in those parts. Suddenly the moon rose in the sky, the water danced pellucid and sparkling in the light, the trees waved clearly their dark outlines, and the whole tribe could be distinguished. It was ten o'clock, and the affair of the night commenced.

Rakar stood before the chief, accused by Ratsimi of sorcery.

As soon as the moon had risen, Ova stood up, and, like most of his countrymen, fond of speech, addressed the assembly at length on the atrocious crime of sorcery. He pointed out its fatal consequences, visible in the ailments which it produced, and the many deaths yearly in the village, all to be attributed to the wickedness of male and female conjurers. He was sorry that a girl so excellent and worthy should be there on so terrible a charge, but he must see justice done.

Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

A judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have been giving herself to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

'I am innocent,' she cried aloud. 'Ratsimi is a false coward: the caimans will decide between us!'

'As you will; so be it,' said the judge.

'What are they about to do?' whispered René to a Malgache near him.

'Rakar will swim out to yonder island. If guilty, the caimans will devour her: if innocent, she will come back in safety.'

'But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent: I swear it—I know it!'

'She must bear the trial,' said the superstitious Malgache: 'if innocent, there is no danger.'

'This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!'

'And die,' said his friend solemnly. 'The people will spear you if you dare to interfere.'

René ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

'Rakar,' said Ova, 'confess: once more I conjure you.'

'The caimans shall decide,' replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

'Ombiach,' cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, 'she is yours.'

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

'Rafara,' said she, turning to one, 'give me that ribbon to tie my long hair: it may prevent my swimming freely.'

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and aided her herself to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seidek*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

René shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illumined the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind: every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. René felt sick: he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caimans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials, which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. René thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles: but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. René held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good-fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

'The worst is now to come,' thought René; 'the savage animals must be alarmed by all that noise. God help her!' he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caiman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy René fired the two barrels of his fowlingpiece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror: still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by René for the purpose, a white African *bumoore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

'People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!' he cried wild with enthusiasm and joy. 'I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her for something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation.'

'As for claiming the girl as a wife,' said the chief, 'that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastres, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repent his folly.'

'Worse than folly!' cried René: 'the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!'

'Is this true, Rakar?' asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that René had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; and according to her native customs, she felt a pride in her public avowals.

'Ratsimi,' said Ova, when she had concluded, 'you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caiman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl.'

'I forgive him all!' cried Rakar warmly; 'for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love: that was worth the race.'

René's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm: the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that very evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. René settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing trial by caiman!*

MADAME CATALANI.†

It were superfluous to inform our readers that the name appearing at the head of this article belonged to one of the most celebrated singers of the present century; for who has not heard of the wondrous syren by whose voice thousands, nay, millions, have been enchanted, and whose career was mingled up with some of the great events in contemporaneous history?

Familiar, however, as the name of Madame Catalani may be to us all, yet many amongst us are perhaps but little acquainted with her history, and we hope it may not prove an ungrateful task if we communicate some

* The above scene is no fiction: it was witnessed by Lequéral de Lacombe.

† Abridged from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

authentic details of a life which forms so memorable an epoch in the annals of art.

Angelica Catalani was born in October 1779, at Sinigaglia, a small town in the Roman states. Her father, a very estimable man, was a magistrate, a sort of judge of the peace, who had much difficulty in providing for his numerous family, consisting of four girls and two boys. In order to supply the deficiencies of his small income, the father of the future *prima donna* traded in diamonds; nor was this plurality of occupations altogether unprofitable in a place which boasts of its annual fair as one of the largest and most brilliant in Italy. Signor Catalani, nevertheless, found himself so straitened in his circumstances, that he decided on providing for his daughter Angelica by placing her in a convent, where in due season she should pronounce the solemn and irrevocable vows of monastic life. Accordingly, Angelica entered at an early age the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio, which is not very far distant from Sinigaglia; and this establishment being exclusively devoted to the education of noble young ladies of the province, Signor Catalani only secured the admission of his daughter by proving her distant parentage with the House of Mastai, a family which has recently obtained celebrity of a very different sort by the elevation of Pius IX. to the papal chair.

It was in the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio that the youthful Angelica received her earliest knowledge of the art of music. There, as in all the monastic establishments of Italy, music constituted a large portion of their religious services. On Sundays more especially, and on high festivals, the nuns and the novices made the vaulted roof of their chapel resound with the melody of their hymns. Among those sweet voices was soon distinguished that of Angelica Catalani, on account of its flexibility, its compass, and the rich brilliancy of its tones. The nuns, wishing to profit by so rare a talent, made her sing short solos, which attracted a great concourse of worshippers to the shrine of their patroness Sta. Lucia. 'Let us go and hear *la maravigliosa Angelica*,' was wont to be said upon the days of great solemnity; and the doors of the chapel were so thronged, that many were obliged to withdraw without gaining admittance. Some devout people, being scandalised by the somewhat *profane* success of Angelica, complained of it to the bishop, who commanded the superior to put an end to the solos of the young novice. The lady-abbess was equally loth to disobey the bishop, and to give up a practice which was so useful to the poor pensioners of her convent: accordingly, she sought to satisfy her conscience and silence the murmurs of the scrupulous by placing Angelica behind a group of novices, who concealed their companion from the crowd, and tempered the brilliancy of that voice which, at a later period, was destined to fill all Europe with its triumphs. The throng of worshippers would not suffer themselves, however, to be thus robbed of their idol, and rising upon tiptoe, head above head, peered into the gallery, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the young girl by whose voice they were so entranced. On one day of festival more especially, when the charming Angelica, clad in white, sang an 'Ave Maria stella' in such sweet and touching tones, that the whole congregation melted into tears, the enthusiasm was so great, that every one pressed towards the spot where she stood, desiring if it were only to kiss the hand or the garment of *la virginella* whom God had so richly endowed with the gift of song.

Signorina Catalani remained in the convent of Gubbio until she had attained the age of fourteen years. Her father, in spite of the earnest intreaties addressed to him from all parts, could not decide on allowing his daughter's talents to be devoted to secular purposes. His own strict piety, as well as the nature of his office, made him regard with extreme repugnance every profession which was connected with the theatre. At length, overcome by the tears of Angelica, and the urgent solicitations of his family, Signor Catalani consented to send his daughter to Florence, to take lessons from Marchesi, who was at that time one of the most celebrated sopranos in Italy.

Angelica Catalani studied for two years under the

direction of this master, who taught her to moderate the extreme facility of her voice, which was as extended in its compass as it was brilliant in its tone. Unfortunately she also imbibed from him too exclusive a taste for the pomp and tinsel of the Italian vocal school. While the youthful Angelica was thus preparing to achieve the brilliant destiny which awaited her, she chanced to hear at Florence a very celebrated *cantatrice*—it is supposed to have been Gabrielli—whose performance filled her with the deepest emotion. Overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at the talent of this singer, Angelica burst into tears, and naively exclaimed, 'Alas, alas! I shall never attain to such perfection!' The fashionable *cantatrice* expressed her desire to see the young girl who had paid her so flattering a compliment, and after having made her sing in her presence, she embraced her tenderly, saying, 'Reassure yourself, my child; in a few years hence you will have surpassed me, and then it will be my turn to weep at your success.'

Mademoiselle Catalani made her *début* at the Théâtre la Fenice at Venice in 1795, in an opera of Nicolini's. She was then just sixteen. A tall and finely-proportioned figure, a skin of dazzling whiteness, a swan-like throat, lovely, and yet noble-looking features, all combined to render the young *cantatrice* a very charming person. As for her voice, it was a soprano of the most exquisite quality, and embracing a compass of nearly three octaves. There was a perfect equality, as well as an incomparable flexibility, in all her tones. With such advantages, it may readily be supposed that she found no difficulty in conquering the sympathies of an Italian public, and her success at Venice was as instantaneous as it was brilliant. Surrounded by her family, and in presence of her master, Marchesi, who wished to encourage her first steps in the profession, Angelica was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and her musical fame quickly spread abroad throughout Europe.

The fair songstress was destined, however, soon to leave these scenes of her earliest triumphs; for her father, wishing, if possible, to withdraw her from the perilous glory of a dramatic career, accepted the offers of the prince-regent of Portugal, a great amateur of music, who earnestly desired to secure her services as the first singer in the Chapel-Royal at Lisbon. Accordingly, she quitted her native land in 1796, and, accompanied by her family, became domesticated in Portugal.

After having for a while devoted her talents exclusively to the religious services of the Chapel-Royal, Angelica found that the emoluments of this situation but ill sufficed for the wants of the numerous family, of whom she now formed the chief support; and whether influenced solely by this cause, or whether swayed by a longing for dramatic fame, she soon made her appearance on the Lisbon theatre, where she was greeted with the most overwhelming enthusiasm. Here also, under the direction of the celebrated Crescentini, she learned to correct some of those defects of style which she had acquired from the clever yet too florid Marchesi. Mademoiselle Catalani quickly became as great a favourite in private as in public life. During six years, she was the idol of the court as well as of the city of Lisbon. The reserve of her manners, her gentle piety, and the goodness of her heart, procured for her the esteem, as well as the love, of those who formed her acquaintance. The regent treated her like one of his own children.

When General Lannes was sent as French ambassador to Lisbon, he brought with him a young French officer, who was destined to exercise a great influence on the fate of the celebrated *cantatrice*. M. de Valabrègue, captain in the 8th regiment of hussars, was an agreeable man, of very distinguished address and appearance. He had many opportunities of meeting Mademoiselle Catalani in the circle of the French ambassador, and she appeared pleased with his lively conversation, his noble aspect, and perhaps a little attracted too by his elegant and becoming uniform. M. de Valabrègue was no less struck by the beauty and naïve yet earnest simplicity of the fair singer, nor was he altogether unmindful of the rich promise of fortune contained in her splendid voice.

so he sought her hand. The family and friends of Angelica Catalani felt an extreme repugnance to the proposed union; but to all the representations which were made to her on the subject she only replied with a sigh, 'Ma che bel ufficiale!' and before long, the handsome officer carried off the prize, and the marriage was celebrated at the court chapel, in presence of the prince-regent and of General Lannes. Madame de Valabrégue, who continued to bear her own family name, quitted Lisbon early in 1806. She had just formed a most advantageous engagement for the Italian Opera in London. She went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which brought her in a considerable sum of money. Then passing through France, she arrived in Paris early in June 1806. Her fame had already preceded her in that great capital, and the public curiosity was so strongly stimulated, that, on her giving three concerts at the Opera-House, every part of the building was crowded to excess, although the tickets were raised to threefold their ordinary price. With the exception of Paganini, no musical artist since that time has kindled the same glowing enthusiasm at Paris as was awakened by this celebrated singer.

Among the hearers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera-House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuilleries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *floriture*: she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. 'Where are you going, madame?' inquired the master with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation—that is settled. Adieu, madame!' And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid L.150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wout to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life.

Madame Catalani arrived in London in December 1806. The partiality of the English for Italian music and musicians dates from an early period of our national history. In the sixteenth century, we hear of Italian lute-players, as well as singers of madrigals and canzonets, performing at the splendid entertainments which were given to Queen Elizabeth by her nobles and courtiers. The Italian Opera was opened in London early in the eighteenth century, and within its walls, which were ever frequented by the higher classes of London society, shone forth successively the most celebrated Italian singers nurtured in the schools of Naples, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, for the amusement of the 'barbarians.'

Never, however, had any cantatrice obtained in London the same success as Madame Catalani, whose appearance seemed to be regarded as a public event in which multitudes were interested. The wonderful compass of her voice; the equability and fulness of her tones; the magnificence, the *bris* of her vocalisation, which seemed to expand itself in its sparkling rapidity, like some fountain playing in the sunshine; the distinguished elegance of her person, her noble bearing and fine character—all contributed to excite a universal enthusiasm in her favour.

Madame Catalani was, during eight years, the idol of England. Admitted into the most aristocratic circles, who were gratified by her having resisted the seductions of Napoleon, courted by the Tories, admired by the Whigs, she held the whole nation under the charm of her chromatic gamuts and her enchanting *gorgheggi*. Whenever the season was over in London, Madame Catalani visited the provinces, giving concerts wherever she went; and no sooner did her name appear upon a bill, than it acted as an irresistible talisman, drawing around her crowds even in the smallest market-towns of the British empire.

The effect which Madame Catalani produced upon the English public was not solely that of a great artist or even of a charming woman. By her sympathy in their national feelings of loyalty to their sovereign, and of antipathy to Napoleon, she won many a heart which might have been insensible to her beauty as well as to the enchantment of her voice. Perhaps this influence was never so perceptible as at those moments of public depression when Napoleon had gained some unexpected victory, and Madame Catalani would step forth upon the boards of Drury-Lane, and sing *confitechi*, 'God save the King,' or 'Rule Britannia.' When her magnificent voice launched upon the thrilling multitude those words so full of national pride, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,' or when she gave utterance in the voice of song to the prayer of the country, 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' then would the excited audience rise *en masse* and applaud with passionate enthusiasm the noble-looking cantatrice, who was compared by many to Juno uplifting the waves with one glance of her queenly eye. Thus was our fair Italian virtually enrolled in the grand coalition formed by England against her implacable enemy.

Madame Catalani came to Paris in 1814, with the Allies, to enjoy her share of the common triumph. On the 4th of February 1815 she gave a grand concert at the Opera-House for the benefit of the poor, when her success was as brilliant as it had been in 1806. During the Hundred Days she disappeared from the scene, having followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where her house became the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After an excursion into Holland and Belgium, Madame Catalani returned to Paris on the second restoration of the Bourbons. It was at this period that Louis XVIII., wishing to reward the attachment that Madame Catalani had ever evinced for his person, as well as for the cause of legitimacy, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, together with a grant of 160,000 francs. This enterprise became to her the source of endless contrarities and vexations; for M. de Valabrégue, being a man of restless mind, and jealous of any one who seemed likely to compete with his wife in the popular favour, sought to dismiss from the Théâtre-Italien the most talented artists. At length Madame Catalani found herself obliged to abandon this unfortunate direction, after having lost the good graces of the Parisian public, together with 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order to repair this double misfortune, the celebrated cantatrice undertook a long journey in the north of Europe. She visited Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, being greeted everywhere with triumphant applause, and amassing a vast sum of money by the exercise of her splendid talent.

In 1817 Madame Catalani visited Venice, where, about thirty years before, her youth and her fame had burst into such early and such glorious bloom. Here the same laurels awaited her as had been laid at her feet when she made her first appearance at the Fenice. Then was she breathing the poetic atmosphere of hope, with all its joyous dreams and bright illusions; now all her youthful fancies had been more than realised; but had her successful and triumphant life been productive of all the happiness predicted by a fond and glowing imagination? This was a question to which perhaps she scarcely dared to answer even within the recesses of her own heart.

We shall not attempt to follow the steps of our indefatigable traveller, who visited the most remote corners of Europe. Suffice it here to mention her journey to St

Petersburg in 1823, where she met with the most cordial and gracious reception from the Emperor Alexander. The last time of her appearance in public was, we understand, at a concert which she gave in Dublin in the year 1828.

After having thus, during so long a period, enchanted the world by her musical talents, Madame Catalani retired to a noble property in the neighbourhood of Florence, where the later years of her life were passed in the midst of a refined and opulent ease, and in the enjoyment of that public esteem which had been won for her by the dignity of her character, the serenity of her mind, and the unflinching charity of her heart. In the charming solitude that she had formed for herself, she continued to cultivate the art to which she was so passionately attached. She sang to please herself, as well as for the enjoyment of her friends; nor was she ever deaf to the solicitations of the miserable or necessitous when they came to invoke the magic of her name and talent in their behalf.

The tumults and intestine broils by which Florence was disturbed towards the close of 1848 excited her alarm, and caused her precipitately to leave the pleasant villa which had been her home for so many years. She came to seek a refuge in Paris among her children who are settled there, and who, by the right transmitted to them by their father, are citizens of France. The cholera, during its recent visitations in that capital, carried off this celebrated woman, after a few hours' illness, on the 12th June of this present year (1849) at the age of sixty-nine.

A few days before her death, Madame Catalani, who was sitting in her saloon without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women: bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!' Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish Nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview, they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path: the one, to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other, to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

ANGLERS' FANCIES.

WALTON has given a very seductive description of angling, and has connected with the art scenes of meditation, innocence, and rural enjoyment. An angler, in his view, must be a good man. Now, without detracting from the general merits of the character, it has occurred to me, after mixing for a time with the lovers of this gentle craft, that there are some peculiar tendencies in these gentlemen which call for a certain degree of animadversion. Isaac, I think, goes a little too far. A fisher has his fancies and foibles like other men; and without meaning to decry the general respectability of the craft, I would just hint at a few points in which he suffers his imagination to run away with him.

One of these is a tendency to look at things through the water—to magnify, as it were; a kind of unceremoniousness in dealing with facts, as if these were small matters, which fishers were entitled by their calling to overlook. For instance, with regard to the number, size, and species of the fish taken, the sportsman, whatever his age, rank, or general character, exhibits an elasticity of conscience which is not observable in his common life. Dozens count for hundreds, an ounce for a pound, and a par or minnow for a trout. On the subject of salmon-fishing, this largeness of vision is the most remarkable; for a grilse of three pounds thinks nothing of weighing eight or ten in the angler's scales, and those of larger size leap at once into a gigantic salmon. As to the quality of the fish, it suffers a sea-change too; and a yellow kipper blazes like the brightest silver.

It may be said that it would be easy for a well-mean-

ing friend to bring these matters to the test of experience, and convince the deluded sportsman that he laboured under some degree of glamour; but I have often tried this, and have always found very considerable difficulty in the way. I have accompanied fishers of high repute to the burn; have stood shivering at their elbow from morn till dewy eve; and, after all, have seen only a few par committed to the roomy basket. Nevertheless, when I left them in despair, I have been told, to my utter confusion the next day, that ever so many dozens were caught in the twilight just after my departure. I would walk twenty miles to see a salmon taken with the rod, but my curiosity was never yet gratified. What exploit, however, is more common than this? I have been living for some time in a country town on the banks of the Tweed; and in the evening you see, sauntering at the door of the inn, jolly-looking fellows redolent of cigars, with fly-hooks twisted round their hats, and their breast-pockets swollen out with hook-books, their tall rods leaning aristocratically against the wall, as if reposing, like their masters, after the fatigues of the day. The whole has a grand look; and one cannot help thinking of what the results must be of all this preparation. In the evening you hear the story from their own lips, as they converse over their toddy—how nicely a monster of a salmon was hooked; how he plunged; how he twisted; how he sulked; how the angler stumbled into a pool; how he swam with the rod in his teeth; how at length, with the merest gossamer of gut, he hauled the leviathan on his side to the bank; and with what precision he then struck him with his gaff—although not without spraining his wrist in the conflict, which he incontinent exhibits to the company, still blackened, if not swollen. The sprain clenches the anecdote; and he would be an infidel indeed who, as the company warms into emulation of the narrative, and similar heroic details circulate round the table with the glass, would parody between his teeth the lines of the poet—

'Thus, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of nibbles that you never felt,
And fancy salmon that you never knew!'

In such meetings of the brotherhood there is often a mutual inspection of hooks and lines, which leads to a great display of piscatory lore. Each hook has its history. One is taken out with becoming reverence; and the fortunate proprietor, after drawing the gut carefully between his lips, and stroking its somewhat scanty plumage, will tell who was its dresser—what were its adventures—the number of its victims—and all 'its moving accidents by flood'; how it was found in the mouth of a fish which had been lost and rehooked; and how it had succeeded in some desperate day, when younger and better-appointed hooks had failed. This distinguished instrument is then handed round and commented on; and the young fisher—whose hook-book is a series of illumined pages, each gleaming with flies of Oriental lustre—gazes with envy and awe on the little gray veteran as it passes. Now comes a trial of the strength of smoods, and a discourse on the 'plaiting of lines. Haply one has a line wrought by the well-known captain, from the fair hair of one of Edina's loveliest daughters; and a murmur of applause is heard through the room as its elasticity and strength are displayed by its proud possessor.

This competition in wonders may perhaps be considered a fisher's foible; but I would rather give that name to the mutual depreciation to which it leads. The angler demands belief, but will give none in return. In such scenes as I have alluded to there is much whispering and eye-dilating among the company; and I have observed that even when a fish is drawn triumphantly from the basket in evidence, it is by no means considered to be conclusive of the fact. It may be that a noted poacher was on the river that day—but what then? The fellow himself makes his appearance in the evening in a state of dreamy drunkenness; but you may see by his air of resolute denial, and the dull, ox-like stare he fixes upon the successful angler, that there is nothing to be

got out of him. It may be remarked that fishers seldom see each other's fish caught, and that they shun one another on the river. They are very fidgety when people look into their baskets, as if they came to spy the nakedness of the land. A noted fisher of my own acquaintance, on seeing a tyro undoubtedly hook and draw ashore a fish, remarked with some spleen that the creature had very bad teeth. Even the gift of a salmon from a fishing friend to another of the craft, though in itself acceptable, appears to occasion some sort of uneasiness; and often there is a minute inspection, to discover if the fish be not a regular capture of the net, with a mouth unconscious of the hook. This I hold to be ungenerous. We should not look a gift-fish any more than a gift-horse in the mouth.

It cannot be denied, however, that many things occur to sour the temper of an angler. The weather, for instance, is a fertile subject for theory; and it is to be observed that a true fisher, although contradicted every day of his life by the event, never gives in, but lives and dies in his faith. Indeed I have never been able to hear two opinions on the weather alike, even from the indigenous fishers of the place. One would guess that 'there was ower muckle fire in the air;' another believed 'the wind was in the east;' a third that 'it was too warm;' and a fourth that 'it was too cold.' The water was at one time too high, at another too low; now too dark, now too clear; in short, there seemed to be necessary to successful fishing such a combination of circumstances as must occur but rarely. Then I could never ascertain what colour of fly was suitable for the day. Some advised me to consult the hedges on the subject, and observe what fly was in vogue at the time. But even if all was right at last, the chances were, that I returned unsuccessful, and profanely voted fishing a 'drudgery, a delusion, and a bore.' I have been assured, notwithstanding, that there are some philosophers who go to work scientifically, and fill their baskets with certainty, and with little fuss. I believe it; but these men I have never yet happened to meet. There was a report one morning in the village where I lived that a salmon had been caught, and I immediately went through the place in quest of the captor—to look at him as a curiosity. But he multiplied himself as fast as the men in buckram, and took as many forms as Proteus. He was a weaver lad at first, then a ploughman, then an exciseman, then an old pensioner. A suspicion is abroad here that the trout which occasionally appear at the inn-table are the victims, not of the rod, but of the poacher's nets, which silently, but surely, sweep the pools at night.

I have already remarked, as one of the peculiarities of this sport, the tendency of an angler to multiply his fish, magnify their size, and improve their species; but it is no less strange that all the trouts which are lost are greatly larger than those caught. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the knowingness of the elder trouts.

Fishers are accused by the uninitiated of conceit and incivility, inasmuch as it is the custom of the craft, when they fall in with any inexperienced sportsman, to examine his tackle with undisguised contempt. They try his rod by shaking it, and then dismiss it from their hands with a look of pity, handling his hooks, meanwhile, with such a look as they would bestow upon curiosities from Central Africa. They make no scruple of peering into the basket of the bewitched individual; and this perhaps emboldens him to a retaliatory inspection—when he is probably rejoiced by the sight of some small fry as innocent and imponderable as his own. This fancy of fishers is shared by the whole fraternity, gentle and simple. I have observed the contemptuous air of mere hinds when conversing with gentlemen beginners. If they are asked, in a courteous manner, if such a kind of fly will suit the day, their dry assent leads you to believe that it is the respondent's opinion that it is a matter of absolute indifference what sort of fly you employ, and that, in fact, you are beneath the serious attention of a real fisher.

Selfishness is another foible charged to fishers. Angling, indeed, is the most unsocial of all amusements. A man

may be excellent company on the road to the stream; but the moment his line is in the water, he cuts his friend dead, and minds his own business. So far from lending his aid in any dilemma, the fisher exemplifies in his covert smile the dogma, 'that men find something agreeable in the misfortunes even of their dearest friends.' A curious instance of the anti-social effect of the sport occurred in my own family. One of my boys, who usually came to fish with me, was very useful at first in emergencies; several times a day he has stripped, and waded to clear away my hooks; but such is the natural tendency of the pastime, that he soon seized every opportunity of deserting me, that he might fish independently of his father. This, however, was an instinct in the young vagabond; but if we listen to the conversation of fishers in the great crises of the harvest, we shall be surprised at an enthusiasm which considers a bad day's sport as something far worse than a national famine. The failure of this year's crop would have been a fearful calamity; and every good man's first movement, on awaking in the morning, was to rush to the windows, and scan the appearance of the sky. For myself, I was so stupid as to rejoice in the prospect when the east was sown with orient pearl, even although aware that the day's fishing would be indifferent; but in the inn, when I called one morning, there was unbounded congratulation among the angling guests on a discharge of rain, prostrating, at the moment, the standing corn, and deluging the potatoes. Nay, a wish was openly expressed that the torrent would continue to fall for days; and a hum of deep delight buzzed among a number of them as they kept tapping on the barometer, and saw the mercury go slowly yet resolutely down. I confess I could not enter into this feeling, but rather enjoyed the mortification which followed the subsiding of the river, when the only fish taken was a single grilse. This was caught by a mechanic, who, after the gentlemen amateurs had returned to the inn, weary and savage, went down to the river after his day's work, with a simple knot of worms at his hook. He sold the much-prized fish at the inn-door to one of the brethren, who immediately packed it up, and directed it to a friend in Edinburgh.

I am little inclined to speak of the cruelty of fishing, as the subject is so hackneyed, and as I have been assured by certain philosophers that fish are not susceptible of much pain; but the impalement of worms on the hook is, I must say, a most harrowing business to the inexperienced. The catching of eels is also peculiarly painful to more than the fish; for in most cases the hook is swallowed some inches down the creature's body. It is no doubt a weakness; but on such occasions I have found myself quite unfit for the task of extricating the barbed steel, and, with the habitual selfishness which fishing gives, have ordered one of my boys to lay open the eel with his penknife. While this process went on, I was obliged to avert my eyes; and cruel as many boys are, it was not without pain that mine succeeded in embowelling the living and struggling creature. It was no doubt some compunctious visitings of conscience for my barbarity both to the fish and the boy which that night haunted my dreams, in the shape of a thousand eels twining round my limbs and body, and hissing like serpents in my ear.

Such various discouragements had cooled considerably my angling propensities; but the calculations of a great statistician of my acquaintance made me finally resolve on abandoning the sport, at least as the business of my vacations. He set down with much exactness the price of my wading-boots, rod, reel, lines, hooks, gaff, &c. with the various repairs consequent on breakage, and I was a little confused to find that the aquatic outfit of myself and boys amounted to nearly £10 sterling. The per-contra to meet this was six pounds' weight of trout, which, averaging at the rate of 4d. per pound, produced the congratulatory total of 2s., leaving a balance against me of £19, 18s. This does not include the expense of a doctor who attended me for a fortnight for a sore throat, which was the only thing I caught during my first week's fishing. I must add, since I am at confession at anyrate, that I have been much disconcerted by

the ingratitude of my family as regards the fruits of my fishing. At first it gave me excessive delight to see my wife and daughters pick a par or two of my catching for breakfast; but I soon perceived that their approbation was hollow, and that at last their gorge rose at the dainties. I overheard the servants say that they *scunnered* at them; and, in fact, the only individual in the house who patronised me was the cat, who, by some unaccountable accident or other, always came in for the lion's share. For myself, I did not half like the notion of eating what I had killed; and on one occasion the fishiness of my hands, caused by taking a few par off the hook, had so entered my soul, that when I saw the victims on the table, I had merely strength to order their removal.

In addition to all this, I have just received a hint that reports of my poor success as a fisher had reached the world in which I live, and that I may expect some roasting in the winter circles. This has brought my discontent to a climax; and feeling myself to be pretty considerably fished up, I am now *resolved* to take my rod to pieces for the last time, wind up my pirn, return to town, strike out for amusement in a different line, convinced that, with all my endowments, I fall lamentably short in that poetical imagination, which is the life and soul of a TWEED FLY FISHER.

THE RED HILL REFORMATORY FARM.

WHEN country gentlemen visited London some years ago, one of the most interesting sights to them—especially if they were magistrates—was the Philanthropic School in St George's Fields. This establishment was formed about sixty years ago for the reception of juvenile criminals, and of the destitute offspring of convicted felons. When in the school, the pupils were subjected to two processes of education—the first combining religion with the rudiments of commerce and literature, and the next such practical instruction in some useful branch of industry as should enable them to maintain themselves in after-life by their own skill. This being the earliest institution whose system combined the prevention of crime with the reformation of young criminals, it was, for many years during the commencement of its history, watched with interest by the comparatively few who then were actively desirous of the welfare of the poor and the debased.

To such, an inspection of the establishment produced much gratification. The visitor entered at a lodge in the London Road, and found himself in a large irregular area, surrounded on one side by shops for tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, basketmakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, printers, &c. There was also a rope-walk, and a manufactory for mats. Opposite were the superintendents' residences. The girls' school—in which they learned to knit, sew, and were trained to become domestic servants—was walled off from the boys' department. It was, however, found necessary in 1817 to discontinue the admission of criminal girls, and more recently, the change of plan in the institution has necessitated the exclusion of that sex altogether. At the end of the enclosure there was a chapel, which still faces St George's Road. The space occupied by the entire range of buildings was therefore great—so great, that, since the removal of the establishment to Red Hill, near Reigate in Surrey, a not inconsiderable 'neighbourhood' of houses has been built upon only a part of it.

It was here that the old prejudices against the irclaimability of criminals first received a check. The old-school gentleman or magistrate saw convicted felons of tender years, whom he had dismissed in Quarter-Session sentences as 'hardened young rascals,' working at their various avocations with diligence and cheerfulness. On inquiring into their general character or conduct, he found they were pretty much, or, if anything, a shade better, than those of other lads; and—if he were not one already—the chances were very much in favour of his becoming a subscriber to the institution.

More than fifty years' experience showed that, upon the whole, this reformatory plan worked well; but the

society became rich, and followed out the seldom-failing law of affluence by falling also into a slothful routine. Although everything went on with rigid propriety—abating now and then the escape over the walls of an impatient and untameable pupil—the sphere of the society's usefulness was not extended. The energy of its managers got consolidated into an undeviating regularity; so many children were apprenticed out during each year, and so many were elected in to fill their places. This sort of slumber was not, however, of long duration; for fortunately, about eight years since, the control of the institution devolved upon an energetic philanthropist, who saw by what means the society might be rendered more extensively efficacious, and how many of its disadvantages might be removed. It will be useful to enumerate a few of these:—

When first formed, the establishment was literally 'in the fields,' but gradually these were built over, and inhabited; consequently the inmates were obliged to be kept almost prisoners. It was found impossible to give the boys occasional holidays, or even to afford them little offices of trust—such as executing errands, or carrying letters—without exposing them to the temptations and associates it was the object of the school to rescue them from. Again, when placed out as apprentices, once free of restraint, they frequently relapsed into evil. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the directors, they got into bad hands, and boys of apparently the steadiest character and most promising disposition fell into crime from the ill-treatment or neglect of their masters. It is admitted in one of the more recent reports of the institution that only two-thirds of those who had passed under its influence permanently benefited by it. Since, also, the earlier years of the society's operations, competition among members of the different trades to which the pupils were bred has become more severe, and when out of the hands of even the best masters, they have gone back into dishonesty from sheer want of employment. Indeed the useful articles manufactured in the school, which at one time found a ready sale, would, more recently, have remained on hand but for the exertions and purchases of the subscribers.

In this state of things, there is no knowing how the value of the Philanthropic Society might have languished but for a vigorous effort to resuscitate it. Instead of a benefit, it might possibly become almost a cruelty to pen up young people in a comparatively confined space, and train them to trades, by the after-exercise of which they would have small chance of obtaining a livelihood. When sent into the world, they would only swell the multitudes of artisans, whose greatest good-fortune is barely to keep themselves in life by their labour.

It was this basis upon which Mr Sydney Turner, the resident chaplain and manager of the Philanthropic institution, seems to have built the beneficial improvements he has prevailed on the committee to introduce into the plans of the society. With the example of the government reformatory at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, and of Mettray, the *colonie agricole*, near Tours (frequently alluded to in this Journal), before him, as affording examples for avoidance or guides to success, he, seconded especially by the present humane and enlightened treasurer (Mr William Gladstone), set about altering the system then in force. In company with Mr Paynter, the police magistrate, who takes a warm interest in the reform of young criminals, he visited the Mettray colony; made himself acquainted with its details; and in taking it as a model, rejected what appeared unsuitable to an English reformatory, and only retained such as seemed excellencies. He saw at once the truth of the principle laid down by the originators of this noble penitentiary:—that farm labour should be the basis of every system of industrial reform, and that trades and handicrafts should be deemed secondary.

It was therefore decided, on the return of these gentlemen, that the operations of the Philanthropic School should be removed into the country—a change presenting many advantages in England over even the reformatory system by means of agriculture and handicraft

pursued in France. There, when reformed, the pupil has to take his chance with the rest of the overstocked community; which is as bad a chance there as in this country. France has no foreign colonies to which his skill and labour can be transferred; Great Britain has. While our home labour market overflows almost to the point of starvation, our colonists are stretching forth their hands to us, imploring help to gather in their harvests; and, despite the distress which prevails here, the call is but sparingly answered. This, therefore, is the grand opening for the absorption of reformed criminals: they are removed from evil influences, and their employers are put in possession of skilled labour. Besides, this is a calling in which no competition exists: as yet, so far as we know, it has nowhere become a branch of education to train up an *émigrant*—to deal, in short, with practical colonisation as a profession to be taught.

After some difficulties, the Red-Hill Farm was obtained, and this interesting experiment commenced by the admission of seventeen lads, mostly above fourteen years of age, and from country districts. Farm labour, although the basis of the plan, did not exclude the handicrafts already taught and practised in St George's Fields. If, in addition to a knowledge of ordinary agricultural operations, the candidate for employment in the colonies could make a cart, a spade, a gate, or a coat; a pair of shoes, a bedstead, or a table and chairs—if he could mend a plough, shoe a horse, make bricks and draining-tiles, build a wall, or thatch a roof—his value to his master and to himself would be increased in proportion. Nor would emigration be his only resource. He would be much prized by the home farmer; for, despite all we hear about the distress of the agricultural population in England (and it is indeed in winter truly severe), skilful labourers are scarce, and not ill-paid.

The excellence of these plans, and a small printed History of the Philanthropic Institution, occupied my thoughts, and formed the subject of conversation with my companion, while travelling on the Brighton Railway some weeks since, on our way to the Red-Hill Farm-School, to which the major part of the Philanthropic pupils had been by that time removed.

On alighting at the Red Hill station, we were received by a neat young groom, who drove us in a small vehicle, very carefully and well, over a mile and a-half of roughish road to the chaplain's residence, into which we were politely ushered by another youth, who announced us to our host.

'Surely,' I said when that gentleman arrived, 'neither of those lads were ever convicts?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'one was convicted once—the other, who is from Parkhurst, twice; but they are both so thoroughly reformed, that we trust them as fully as we do any of our other servants—sometimes with money to pay small bills.'

On advancing to a sort of balcony to look around, we found ourselves on the top of one of that low range of eminences known as the Surrey Hills, with, if not an extensive, a cheerful and picturesque landscape to look upon. Immediately to the left stood a pretty group of buildings, comprising the chapel, a school-room, and two houses, each to contain sixty boys; the foundation-stone of the first having been laid by Prince Albert no longer ago than the 30th of April. These unpretending but tasteful Gothic edifices, relieved, as they were, by a background of thick foliage, which stretched away at intervals to the boundaries of the estate, gave a sylvan, old-English character to the scene, which will doubtless be endeared to the memory of many an emigrant when labouring out his mission in the Antipodes. In front, in a dell, beyond a cutting through which the South-Eastern Railway passes, and half-hidden by tall trees, the farm-house in which the boys, now on the farm, are accommodated, partially revealed itself; while beyond, a cottage, in which the bailiff of the estate lives, was more plainly seen. The view stretching westward is bounded by what geologists used to call a 'crag and tail,' of no great elevation, but bearing a miniature resemblance to the foundations of Old Edinburgh, and this association is

strengthened when one learns that it is called 'Leith Hill.' Under it stands the town of Reigate.

Dotted about the farm—of which our terraced point of view afforded a perfect supervision—were groups of juvenile labourers steadily plying their tasks. One small party were grubbing a hedge, their captain or monitor constructing a fire-heap of the refuse; a detachment of two was setting up a gate, under the direction of a carpenter; a third group was digging a field of what we afterwards found to be extremely hard clay; and a fourth was wheeling manure. We could also see fitting to and fro, immediately about the farm-house and offices, several small figures, employed in those little odd jobs that the 'minding' of poultry, the feeding of pigs, the grooming of horses, and the stalling of oxen, entail upon the denizens of a farm-stand.

The systematic activity which pervaded the whole estate, and the good order in which everything appeared, bespoke rather an old-established than a recently-entered farm. Indeed, were it not for the noise of a few bricklayers' trowels at work upon the chapel, and here and there a dilapidated hedge in process of repair, or a field of rough farming that looked like neglected land in process of being reclaimed, we should have imagined ourselves upon that exception (unhappily) to the English system—a farm held upon a long lease which had nearly run out.

Having been gratified with this *coup d'œil*, we descended, under the guidance of our reverend host, to take a nearer view of the operations. On our way, he informed us that the extent of the farm is no more than 140 acres; but that, small as it is, he hoped, with some additions readily obtainable, that as many as 500 boys would be eventually trained upon it. It appears to have been admirably chosen for the purpose. These acres include every variety of soil, from light sand to the stiffest clay, the generality of it consisting of ferruginous marl, the colour of which doubtless gave the name to the hill over which it is chiefly spread. The more stubborn part of the estate will not only supply what is chiefly required—labour—but will also be the means of instructing the pupils in the proper method of cultivating consolidated soils; while the modes of dealing with lighter land will be exemplified in the more friable sandy earths.

While approaching the nearest knot of young labourers, it happened that the recollection of a visit I had paid some years ago to the townhouse of the society arose vividly in my mind. I remembered well, that although generally healthy, some of the boys seemed pale, and when you addressed them, answered furtively, and did not look straight into your face. But the ruddy, smiling countenance which was now turned up to return the pastor's greeting, formed a striking contrast to what I had noticed on the previous occasion. It beamed with health and pleasure: the first due to a free life in the country, changed from a pent-up existence in town; and the latter to the affable kindness of his treatment. The boy was 'puddling' (ramming earth round the foundation of) a gate-post, and replied to certain suggestions respecting his mode of doing his task in a frank, fearless, but perfectly respectful manner. We passed on to the hedge-grubbing. This is hard work, and the boys were plying away manfully. Will lent force to every stroke of the pick, and every incision of the axe. The moment the director came in sight, a smile rose to every face. A large, spreading, obstinate root was giving a couple of the young grubbers a vast deal of trouble, and the superior, supposing the boys were not going about their task in the best manner, suggested an alteration in their plan. It was pleasing to see, instead of a servile or a dogged acquiescence in this hint, that the elder lad at once gave his reasons for the mode he had chosen for unearthing the root. A short argument ensued between the master and pupil, which ended in a decision that the latter was right. This showed the terms on which these two individuals—who might be described as antipodes in station, in morals, and in intellect—stood towards each other. The law of kindness (the only code practised here) had brought both into perfect *rapproch*. No re-

straint existed, except that imposed by propriety and respect. The monitor or captain of this group was also 'drawn out' by our *cicerone* to explain the means by which he kept up ventilation in the burning heap which he was replenishing with refuse. This he did not manage very scientifically, but in a manner which showed he thoroughly understood the principles of combustion, and that his mind, as well as his hands, were engaged in the task.

In wandering from this group to another part of the farm, I could not help remarking on the wide difference exhibited between these boys and those at Mettray, whom myself and my companion had chanced to see, during the November of last year, drawn up, rank and file, in the noble square of the colony. The latter seemed, one and all, the victims of excessive discipline. Fear sat upon their faces. They are not encouraged to speak; and visitors are requested not to address them. At Rod Hill, on the contrary, free intercourse is cultivated and courted. No discipline is enforced which involves punishment so severe as to be much dreaded, and not the slightest restraint upon personal liberty is imposed. Any boy is free to leave the farm if he chooses to make his escape; there is neither wall, nor bolt, nor bar to hinder him. Five instances only of desertion have occurred since the school has been in actual operation. Of these misguided youths, who were all of the youngest class of inmates, three have returned of their own accord, begging to be again admitted; two others were sent back by their friends, the desire of seeing whom was the motive of their elopement. Although the labour is severe, the clerical chief has managed to instil into those under his charge a patient endurance, if not a love of it, and a tolerance of the restraints it imposes, far superior to the temptations of the miserable lawless liberty of their previous career of crime. It should, however, be remarked, that the lads in the Farm School have all suffered for their offences, by imprisonment, or some other penalty, before their admission to it, and come mostly as volunteers under the impulse of repentance, and a desire to do better for themselves. The 'colons' of Mettray, on the contrary, are all 'détenus'—are literally convicts still under the sentence and restraint of law.

'Those boys whom we have left,' I remarked, 'are possibly the best-disposed in the school, and never were deeply dyed in crime!'

'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'among them are youths who have not only been frequently convicted and imprisoned for felonies, but were, before coming here, habitually addicted to faults which the laws do not punish. They seldom spoke without an imprecation, were frequently intoxicated, and were guilty of other vices, which one would imagine their youth precluded them from indulging in. Yet you now find them expressing themselves with propriety, and conducting themselves quite as well as most of the farm-boys in this parish.'

At the extremity of the estate, beyond the bailiff's house, was a party of younger boys digging a field of obstinate clay nearly as hard as unbaked brick. The superintendent, who directed their operations, gave them a good character for perseverance, and added, that he was sometimes surprised at the aptitude displayed by the boys when farm-tools were first put into their hands. Although their previous mode of life proved they could never before have been used to delving, draining, trimming hedgerows, &c. yet the intelligence many of them displayed when set about such work for the first time caused their instructor—whose former experience had lain among country parish apprentices—to marvel greatly. The truth is, the schemes and contrivances—criminal though they were—in which these lads were forced to engage to relieve the miseries of their old mode of life (and to which we adverted in a former article), have a tendency to sharpen their wits and brighten their intellects. As the most hardened metal takes the highest polish, so these youths, when thoroughly reformed and trained, are most often the brightest workmen.

To each their benignant pastor gave a kind word, even if it were one expressive of disapprobation for some fault;

of which he pointed out the evil consequences with such plain and convincing reasoning, that the delinquent expressed contrition either in words or by a more expressive, because more spontaneous, look. He had manifestly tried to study each character, and adapted his arguments to suit its peculiarities, using such means of cure as were most efficacious for the special moral diseases under which the patient happened to labour.

In this lies the true secret of all reformatory efforts undertaken for the young. As in medicine, so in morals much depends upon adapting the remedies to the character and kind of disease. To bring every sort of mental obliquity under one mode of treatment, or one set of rules, is as irrational as if a physician were to treat his patients in classes, and administer to each class the same physic. Nothing can be more plain, than that, to cure immorality, the moral sentiments must be addressed; and this is impossible, or at most ineffectual, where the peculiarities of each moral ailment is not studied, and where any system of general routine is followed. The disappointment occasioned by the expensive government experiment at Parkhurst must be in a great measure referred to too great a degree of generalisation and systematising.

Conversing on this topic, we arrived at the farmhouse, where we saw the scholars engaged in a variety of home duties; from baking and storing bread to mending stockings, in which useful avocation we detected two juniors in an outhouse.

In the evening, at six, the boys were assembled in the school-room for instruction and prayers. An additional interest was occasioned by the circumstance of the resident chaplain having only the day before returned from a second visit to Mettray. After a prayer, and the reading and exposition of an appropriate chapter from the Testament, he gave the assembly an account of what he had seen; and read the answer to an address he had taken over to the Mettray boys from themselves. This document is interesting, and we were favoured with a copy of it, which we translate as follows:—

'THE BOYS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLONY AT METTRAY TO THE YOUTHS OF THE PHILANTHROPIC FARM-SCHOOL.'

'DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS IN THE LORD—Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner, your respected directors, have come to visit our colony, and we can hardly tell you how much pleasure we felt when Mr Gladstone, after speaking to us about the farm-school, read to us your address.

'Thanks, dear friends, for this generous impulse of your hearts. You have well understood our feelings. Yes, we are, we shall always be, your brothers. The same love of what is good animates us both.

'Tears of joy and thankfulness glistened in our eyes as we heard your kind wishes for us; and our honoured and excellent directors, the Viscount de Courteilles and M. Demetz, have been equally moved by them. Your sentiments are indeed noble and Christian.

'Dear brothers, we all owe much to God, who has directed the honoured friends by whom both we and you are superintended. Do you pray, let us pray, for the founders of both our schools. Let us pray for their happiness, and for the welfare of the asylums which they have opened. When you kneel down each night before God, think of us in France, who, on our part, will add to our petitions a prayer for you in England.

'Like us, you say you have erred—you have known trouble. But like us, too, you have resolved to have done with your past life of disorder. You will succeed in this, dear friends, for the providence of God has sent you enlightened and Christian friends. You have found in Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner what we have found in our worthy founders and directors. Let us follow their lessons. So shall we march among the foremost in the path of honour and virtue in which they lead us.

'Dear friends, we form this day an affectionate alliance with you—one that shall last. The ring which our directors send will be the substantial symbol of this union of our hearts with yours. You will see these words engraved on it, "God, honour, union, recollection"—words which are our motto. Let them be also yours.

Let us be grateful. Let us join together in strife against what is evil. Let us support one another in what is good. Let us love each other to the end.

'Dear friends and brothers, health and happiness to you all.

(Signed by the elder brothers and monitors)

'LANOS, BELLONET, ANGEY, MAUCHIN, GUY, JOSSET, MARI, COLLOT, SOUVIGNE, HEDERT, CHEVALIER.'

This was, the bearers of it were assured, the veritable composition of the subscribing boys. It was read on this occasion amidst the most profound attention. When the assemblage broke up, the lads separated to their playground in an orderly manner. The young groom, however, departed for the stable to prepare the vehicle for our departure; for our most interesting visit was nearly over.

In a parting conversation with the resident chaplain, he told us that thirty-six reformed boys had already been sent to Algoa Bay; and that, despite the storm of disaffection raised in Cape Colony against the introduction of convicts, the lads were well received. They had scarcely stepped on shore, before every one of them was engaged, and the accounts since received of them were highly favourable.

Although the important results which will assuredly flow from this experiment can only be carried out by the extension of its plans, yet large numbers of pupils in such establishments would, for the reasons we have given, be an evil. Centralisation and generalisation would be as inevitable as they are much to be dreaded. To do any good, the mind of each boy must be influenced separately; and in a large school, this would be impossible for one superintendent to accomplish. The Philanthropic School is now within manageable bounds, and the chaplain knows each lad almost as intimately as he does his own children; but when the establishment is extended to 500 pupils, as is contemplated, much of his influence over individuals will cease. To obviate this, it is intended to make each 'family' consist of sixty individuals, guided by a master (with an assistant) and his wife—a vast stride of improvement upon the *maitre* and *sous-maitre* system of Mettray. The softening restraint instinctively imposed by the mere presence of a woman—setting aside her higher influences—will be most beneficial. Much—all, we may venture to say—will, however, depend upon the tact, temper, demeanour, and patience of these most important functionaries. It is here, indeed, that the point of difficulty in effecting the reformation of vicious habits and impulses in the young presents itself. Nearly all reformatory systems have failed from the unskilfulness, from the want of long-suffering forbearance, and of prompt but kindly firmness, on the part of those to whom the task of reformation has been confided. It is the possession of these qualities by the reverend principal in an eminent degree which has brought about the pleasing state of things we have described at the Red-Hill Farm, and we look with some anxiety to the time when, notwithstanding his general supervision, the smallest of his functions will have to be delegated.

As we arrived at the Red-Hill railway station for our return journey some time before the train started, we employed the interval in making inquiries as to the character the Philanthropic boys bore among their neighbours, who, we were previously informed, had at first looked upon the new colony with dread.* Every account we received was, we were happy to find, favourable: the ex-criminals had not occasioned a single complaint.

In less than an hour we were again amidst the murk of London, almost envying the young criminals of Red Hill the pure air they breathed; at the same time fervently hoping that the example and objects of this farm may gradually be extended to every county in Great Britain; and that its founders—to borrow a quaint trope

from Bishop Latimer—may have not only 'lighted a candle in this country which, by God's grace, shall not be put out again,' but that many others may be kindled from it.

TOIL AND TRIAL.*

THIS is the somewhat commonplace and unsuggestive title of a book which, aspiring to little, will probably effect much. It is a story of the people, written for the people, and published in a form which is within the people's reach. Its text is the early-closing movement, and thereon the author bases that best of homilies—the sterling truth which lies hidden under the allurements of fiction. 'Toil and Trial' will do more than half a dozen prosy public meetings to aid the cause for which it is written. Of the worth and usefulness of that cause there can now be but one opinion; and therefore the critic, in dealing with Mrs Crosland's book, has but to consider how far she has attained her end.

This has been done by extreme simplicity—almost homeliness—in narration, plot, and characters. It is a chapter in London life, such as any one might read when walking into some of the great linendrapers' shops, each of which seems a little world in itself. From such an one the hero and heroine, Jasper and Lizzie Rivers, are taken. They are assistants in the same shop—have been married some time, but conceal their union, for fear lest that stringent and most evil custom of London mercers—the exclusion of married men—should take from both the poor pittance which is their only support. Most touching is the account of the privations, miserable contrivances—even imputed shame—to which both, and especially poor Lizzie, are exposed by the maintenance of this galling secret.

It was the beginning of a bright and glowing summer's day. As usual, Jasper Rivers and his wife left home between seven and eight o'clock, Lizzie previously giving the most exact directions to the maid-of-all-work respecting the care of the child—how she was to be taken into the Park before the heat of noon came on, and again at five or six o'clock—apportioning the hours for sleep and food with the most precise attention. With their minds full of the coming disclosure (of their marriage), they naturally talked about it—wondering what the result would actually be, and scarcely realising that this might be the last time they should thus walk together, threading the same streets, as they had done, till every stone and post had become an acquaintance; usually parting at the piece of dead wall, whence sometimes one, and sometimes the other, made a longer circuit to their destination; thus arranging not to arrive together. This was only one out of twenty petty degrading plans that had become a habit, and called not for either thought or comment.

'They pass through London streets, seeing everywhere the pale drapers' assistants drowsily commencing their daily toil by "dressing" shop-windows.

'Street after street it is the same story," said Jasper with a sigh; and he added, "well, I suppose we ought to find consolation in knowing there are thousands who suffer as much as ourselves."

'My dear Jasper," exclaimed his wife; "think a moment, and I am sure you will never say that again. Is it not extraordinary that such an argument can ever be put forth? Surely the very fact that thousands do suffer ought to rouse us to the heartier exertions, and make us the more willing martyrs in the cause, if need be."

'Lizzie," he replied, turning towards her, and almost stopping in the street as he spoke, "I always thought you the most sensible woman I ever knew; but latterly you have often surprised me. You seem to have so many just opinions, which strike me as much by their freshness as their truth."

'I am afraid," said Lizzie smiling, "that my opinions are not very profound; but latterly, as I told you yester-

* A bargain had nearly been concluded at one time for a farm to the north of the metropolis; but so great was the horror of the contiguous gentry, that one of them actually presented the society with a donation of £1,000, on condition that the scene of reformatory operations should be removed; and accordingly it was shifted to Surrey.

* *Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life.* By Mrs Newton Crosland (late Camilla Toulmin). London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 3849.

day, I have had a little time to think; and as I had previously suffered many sorts of sorrow, therefore my thoughts may be the better worth remembering. But here we are at — Street; we had better separate. Yet wait a moment: I declare I had forgotten my ring. Hold my glove, dear; I will be quick."

"And Jasper held her glove, while Lizzie drew off her wedding-ring, and suspended it to a black ribbon which she constantly wore round her neck, and to which alone was visibly attached a locket containing the hair of her dead mother. With the adroitness of long habit, the slender golden budge was carefully hidden nearer her heart. Now this necessary operation was a perpetual annoyance to Jasper Rivers; but one of which his wife was so unconscious, that it was a mere accident whether it was performed in his presence or not. There is a petty, frantic jealousy about most men, with which women, calm in the haven of confidence, find it hard to sympathise; and perhaps it was a dim suspicion of this fact which made him half-ashamed to betray the irritation this trifling circumstance occasioned; but it galled him none the less. He felt as if, by the withdrawal of her ring, she ceased to belong to him; as if she fell away from his care and protection into the shadow of a doubtful position; and just in proportion as it ought to have been cheered by the light of his confidence, unfortunately a host of fearful fancies invaded his peace. Lizzie often wondered that, in the hours of business, he should show an irritation of temper she but seldom witnessed at home; yet little suspected that the stray look or careless word of another might have occasioned the ebullition."

One of these 'ebullitions'—which, together with other qualities, make Jasper not half so worthy a personage as his patient, self-denying, much-enduring wife—cause the impromptu disclosure of the secret, and the consequent dismissal of both. Troubles threaten to gather round the young pair, but are evaded by an incident which, we cannot but observe, diminishes greatly the lifelike and simple force of the narrative. Lizzie, seeking for work, finds, in the usual sudden unforeseen way of romance, an old friend, Mr Matthew Warder, who helps Jasper to a situation, and in fact proves the 'good angel' to everybody in the story. This is a fault in the moral of the book. Not chance, but their own exertions and worthy endurance, should have brought success to the young couple. Every struggling draper's assistant cannot hope to find a rich early-closing friend to help him out of his difficulties, but every one can be taught that, by truth, honesty, and a little patience, the right will conquer at last. There is another mistake in the literary construction of the story. Mrs Crosland makes her characters speak chiefly on early-closing in long moral homilies of a page or a page and a-half, which, though excellent and true—even eloquent at times—are in no cases appropriate either to the station, education, or feelings of the individuals in whose mouths they are put. The matter on which they debate might easily have been brought forward by suggestions rather than lectures; by acts, not words. The simple facts of the narration furnish its best moral.

There are a few good sketches of character rather hinted at than developed, which indeed the space of the small volume would seem to forbid. Among these are Mrs Denison, the stepmother of Lizzie, 'a little, dark-eyed, fussy, had-been-pretty woman, of five-and-thirty, with a disagreeable voice and will of her own. She wore rich silks and expensive jewellery the first thing in the morning, though, to be sure, her "first thing" was not very early. But to make amends for her own indulgences, the servants, inclusive of Miriam Lowe, the young governess, were up betimes.' This Miriam Lowe is another half-defined sketch, pleasing enough to make one wish for more of it. A third is indicated by poor little Ellen, Lizzie's first child, blighted into premature decay for want of that care which the unacknowledged wife and mother dared not give; and even in the coming shadow of poverty, dying at last. This circumstance, we may mention by the way, furnishes the authoress with an excellent half page on intra-mural interment—an oppor-

tunity which, together with others in the course of the book, she never lets slip. Indeed there are few women who wield so fearless and at the same time so clever a pen against the crying evils of society. An extract to show the occasional power which the book exhibits will conclude our notice. It describes a fire on the adjoining premises of Messrs Lorimer, the early-closing firm, and their opponents, Jasper's late masters, Messrs Frong:—

"Long he sat (that is, Frank Warder, shopman of Messrs Lorimer, and lover of Miriam Lowe); and a slight shiver through his frame, together with the click of the cooling cinders, had reminded him that it must be growing very late, when a sudden noise still more completely aroused him from his dream. It was a dull, hammering sound, and evidently proceeded from the direction of the Frong's premises, the back of which immediately adjoined those occupied by the Messrs Lorimer; the two together cutting off—isolating—the corner houses, whose convenience had probably been entirely sacrificed for the commercial purposes of the two larger buildings. The noise increased—in a minute or two was followed by screams—and at the instant that a sudden suffocating smell burst on the senses of Frank Warder, the terrible word "Fire!" was shrieked by a score of voices.

"It awoke the whole household; but Frank had a great advantage over those thus fearfully aroused from heavy slumber. Already the bright flames darted from the back windows of Messrs Frong's, their pointed tongues, directed by the dry wintry wind, sloped towards the rival shop, till they almost seemed to lick its walls. Frank saw in an instant the imminence of the peril; but his strength of mind did not desert him. He leaped rather than stepped up stairs to the sleeping-chambers, taking care to close the door of every room in his way. On the first landing he met Mr Lorimer flying to the nursery, and his half-fainting wife refusing to stir until the children were safe. Meanwhile came the din of voices, and the terror of fifty human beings drawn from their beds by the alarm of fire; nevertheless there was something in Frank's appearance, entirely dressed as he was, and in his collected manner, that gave confidence to the rest, and his words were listened to by all.

"Dear sir!" he exclaimed to Mr Lorimer, "be calm, and there is no danger. You have not only good time to leave the house, but to save whatever valuables may be at hand. Let me take Mrs Lorimer safely to some house opposite—there I see the dear children have each a protector—and then we must see what can be done in the shop and warehouse. I'll be leader! Who'll follow me?"

"I—I—I!" was shouted by so many, that it seemed as if every one not personally engaged in assisting the women and children was eager to be of service. * *

"Listen to me a moment," exclaimed Frank, as he re-entered the house, where a stifling sensation warned him of the approaching catastrophe. "Who'll follow me to the inner warehouse, and snatch up the bales from Paris that came yesterday? Who'll save the firm five thousand pounds, for which they are not insured, and show that we are of different metal from the Frong's people, who are running away like frightened rats?"

"Ay—ay," they shouted as with one voice: "who's afraid; we don't mind a singeing. Keep, Mr Lorimer back: make him go over the way to his wife: tell him we'll save his shawls and the Lyons silks, and that, too, before the smoke ruins them. Now for it—hurra!" and with a rush they made their way up staircases and along passages, every step leading nearer to the lapping flames, the light of which almost blinded them. The inner warehouse was a room where the most valuable property was usually kept: it abutted on the Frong's premises; and now the iron-bars which protected the back-windows were hotter than the hand could bear, every pane of glass was broken, and the paint on the window-shutters was blistered. Dried in this manner by the heat—prepared, as it were, for the coming flames—it was a service of great danger to enter this part of the building. Had the fire caught it while Warder and his companions were there, as it did three minutes after they left, bearing on their shoulders the bales of precious merchandise, it would

have been a struggle of life and death to reach a place of safety again, with such wonderful rapidity did the flames leap from spot to spot, truly meriting the name of the "devouring element." The brave band were received with shouts of applause by the crowd on the street, who made way for them to cross over. The English mob is pretty sure to recognise an act of heroism when they find it, and the daring exploit of "Lorimer's young men" had reached their ears.

Frank Warder is not the only hero: as soon as Jasper Rivers, now his fellow-assistant, roused from sleep by the distant glare of a 'great fire,' reaches the spot—a scene far more terrible than any which had preceded it was about to appal the spectators. A rumour arose that a man was still on the Frong's premises, or rather in the upper storey of one of the houses forming the corner already mentioned. Every one wondered that he could not escape as the other occupants of the house had done, except those who knew that the floor in which he was confined was cut off from the rest of the house by a walled-up door, having been let to the Messrs Frong, and a communication opened with their premises. Jasper, who well remembered the arrangements of the house, comprehended the whole tragedy in a moment. He knew that the "shop-walker"—he who had been for three years a tyrant to Jasper, and to whom at last he chiefly owed his dismissal—slept on that floor; and he was able to recognise the miserable creature as he stood at the window, wringing his hands, his countenance distorted by the anguish of his almost hopeless condition, and looking down on the sea of upturned anxious faces, glaring in the red light of the flames, and all alike expressive of terrible commiseration. The height from the street was tremendous, and many feet above the tallest of the fire-escapes. Jasper saw that the one faint chance of this man's escape rested in the door of communication with the now-deserted house being burst open, and this could only be done by main force. The brave men of the fire brigade were ready, in the fulfilment of their noble duty to run all risks; but their ignorance of the localities of the different premises was a great hindrance to their usefulness. Rivers knew this; and helping to wrench an iron bar from an area-grating, to use as a weapon, he made his way up the staircase of the now-deserted corner-house, which was already to his senses like a heated oven. The flames were ready to clasp it every moment; for the experienced firemen dared not bring the full force of their engines to play while life had yet to be saved, knowing that the suffocating flames of smoke that would instantly arise might be yet more fatal. What a moment of breathless suspense ensued! It lasted till, in the hush that prevailed, Jasper's ponderous blows on the fastened door could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the fire. Then the figure from the window turned away, raised its arms with a gesture of thanksgiving, and was seen no more till, amidst deafening shouts, the two, wounded and bleeding, emerged from the house: they had leaped more than one flight of stairs, round which fire and smoke were already writhing.

INFLUENCE OF BANKING ON MORALITY.

Banking exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society: it tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, for their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal: they inquire whether he be honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal; and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals, than to a man of large property, but of inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. There are numerous instances of persons having arisen from obscurity to wealth only by means of their moral character, and the confidence which that character produced in the mind of their banker. It is not merely by way of loan or discount that a banker serves such a person. He also speaks well of him to those persons who may make inquiries respecting him: and the banker's good opinion will be the means of procuring him a higher degree

of credit with the parties with whom he trades. These effects are easily perceivable in country towns; and even in London, if a house be known to have engaged in gambling or smuggling transactions, or in any other way to have acted discreditably, their bills will be taken by the bankers less readily than those of an honourable house of inferior property. It is thus that bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial virtues. From motives of private interest, they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual, and the honest—while they discountenance the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave. They hold out inducements to uprightness, which are not disregarded by even the most abandoned. There is many a man who would be deterred from dishonesty by the frown of a banker, though he might care but little for the admonitions of a bishop.—*Gilbert's Practical Treatise on Banking.*

JAQUES BALMAT,

THE PIONEER OF MONT BLANC.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

The mountain reared a lofty brow
Where footsteps never trod;
It stood supreme o'er all below,
And seemed alone with God,
The lightnings played around its crest,
Nor touched its stainless snow,
The glaciers bound its mighty breast—
Seas where no currents flow.
And ever and anon the blast
Blew sternly round its head,
And clouds across its bosom vast
A changeful curtain spread,
But changeless in its majesty,
The mountain was alone,
No voice might tell what there might be—
Its secrets were its own.
He should have worshipped poetry
Who trod its summit first,
He should have had a painter's eye
On whom the vision burst:
The vision of the lower world
Seen from that mountain's crown,
Mid storms, where humble rocks were hurled
To mole-hills dwindled down.
Yet 'twas a lowly peasant's lot
To find the upward road,
He earliest trod that lofty spot
Where solitude abode.
Thus Truth sits in her wasted power
For ages long and lone,
Till opened in some happy hour
A pathway to her throne.
Then let this thought the humble sway,
And hope their bosoms fill—
The lowly oft have led the way
Up to the sacred hill.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them 'Sing;' and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal."—*Mrs Sigourney.*

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KNOWLEDGE.

It was for a long time the custom to recommend knowledge to the attention of the people by depicting the material advantages and pleasures incident to its pursuit. Glowing and attractive pictures were exhibited of the career and progress of meritorious and successful persons, who had been elevated by their intelligence to positions of consideration and distinction. Universal history and biography were ransacked to furnish instances of a persevering and well-rewarded prosecution of knowledge 'under difficulties;' and the general mind was invited to contemplate and reflect on these, as worthy exemplars for its imitation. The inference, moreover, that was almost uniformly intended to be drawn, was such a one as was naturally acceptable to the crude and undisciplined understanding—the obvious purpose of all such representations being to stimulate the energies and enterprise of the ambitious, by the offer or indication of material rewards, and to make intelligence respected and desirable for the sake of its sensible compensations.

There might perhaps be reasons adducible to justify the employment of such incitements, as there may doubtless be circumstances under which the cultivation of knowledge might, for a time, be more effectually advanced by means of interested considerations, than by an appeal to motives more strictly rational, and accordant with a disinterested reverence for its spiritual worth and dignity. There are evidently stages of human progress when a regard for their personal interests has a more powerful efficacy in urging men into improvement, than any of the finer influences of which they are susceptible, or which an advanced culture would probably awaken. Thus, as an exoteric or introductory intimation of the value and desirableness of knowledge, it may not be amiss to attract a people, otherwise indisposed to its acquirement, by an exhibition of the conventional advantages and distinctions which it may contribute, more or less successfully, to realise. And though it cannot be allowed that the culture of the intellect is to be subordinated to the acquisition of any of the temporal benefits of life, yet inasmuch as an increase of intelligence and sagacity may be reasonably applied to the promotion of such comforts and conveniences as tend to enhance the rational satisfactions of existence, it is not to be questioned that the latter may be innocently, and even serviceably, urged upon the attention, as reasons and motives for stimulating the slothful or indifferent mind to an appropriate activity, whensoever higher and worthier considerations may have been found to be ineffectual, or are in any likelihood of being imperfectly apprehended. The sole condition needful to be observed by those who thus endeavour to promote the education and enlighten-

ment of the people, is a clear and firm persuasion in themselves that such a method of interesting men in the pursuits of literature or science, can only be considered as initiatory, and preparatory to something higher, and that at last knowledge must stand recommended to the mind by its own intrinsic charms, and by its grand and native tendency to further a man's spiritual advancement.

It is scarcely to be doubted that the oversight of this has greatly contributed to occasion the failure of many of those popular schemes and institutions which have had for their object the intellectual improvement of the people. Starting with the flattering assumption that literary and scientific information possessed the power of raising men to social consequence, it was presently perceived that the result was not answerable to the expectations which had been excited, and that the more generally intelligence was spread, the greater was the competition for the advantages in view, and the less the chance of attaining them. By being taught to regard their education as a means or process whereby they might be more readily and securely inducted into positions of emolument and honour, not only were the people misdirected with respect to the real and authentic signification of manly culture, but even the inducements held out as the encouragements of their efforts were found to end mainly in disappointment. The generality were not, and could not be enriched, nor very sensibly elevated in the estimation of the world; they did not usually attain to what they had been taught to aim after, which was, in most cases, antecedence of their fellow-men, distinction and exalted notice in the eyes of accredited respectability. The conditions of society to which they were subjected limited most of them to their old employments and pursuits, and it only occasionally happened that a man's personal fortunes were very materially promoted by the intelligence he had gained through studious exertion. If, by some favourable concurrence of circumstances, one might chance to attain eminence, or realise any considerable share of the substantial possessions of life, for every individual thus fortunate, there has probably been a thousand whose efforts were utterly unproductive of any such success. Upon the whole, it is evident that the more universally the benefits of instruction are extended among a people, the casual prizes which were formerly accessible to rare examples of ability and intelligence become less and less easy of attainment, and have an eventual tendency to become distributed altogether without reference to that intellectual superiority which, when education was less general, more invariably commanded them. The peculiar distinctions which knowledge is competent to confer must be looked for in other directions than those which are supposed to lead to the acquisition of wealth or mere conventional re-

putability—must be sought, indeed, among the inner laws and necessities of the human mind. The power which we ascribe to intelligence must be exercised for ends and objects which have hitherto been too commonly overlooked, and the purposes and aims of education will need to be more intimately adjusted to the essential demands of character.

A notorious consequence of the popular instruction most prevalent within the last twenty years, has been the elicitation of a certain superficial cleverness, valuable principally for marketable or ostentatious purposes, and no more indicative of intellectual elevation than the frivolous accomplishment of rope-dancing. It is for the most part an affair of memory, a mere mechanical agility, expertness in acts of routine; and in its superior developments takes most commonly the shape of a keen vulpine perspicacity, which may very readily be cultivated independently of any coincident development of the reflective reason or the moral attributes. The practical understanding, being trained into separate activity, and exercised apart from its constitutional connection, may obviously be used like an implement, in subordination to the propensities or the will, and for the accomplishment of purely selfish, or even discreditable ends. Thus, while it is perfectly true that a liberal and complete education—using the word in its largest and strictly philosophical significance—is the sole and certain means of human elevation, it is not to be denied that very considerable acquisitions of information, and much intellectual ability and shrewdness, may subsist together with a manifest unscrupulousness or depravity of disposition. And hence it is evident that the power of knowledge is good or evil according as it is used; and so long as its cultivation is enjoined out of motives involving a primary regard to worldly advantages and promotions, there will never be wanting persons to pursue it out of mercenary, and in other respects questionable considerations. The entire grounds of the common advocacy of education must be abandoned; we must ascend from the low places of expediency and selfish benefit to the nobler platform of that universal and in-born necessity in man, which demands a circular and simultaneous culture of his whole nature—that essential and inward law of being whose perfect and successful development shall be answerable to the destination contemplated in the origin and intention of the human constitution.

The true reason for individual cultivation is undoubtedly to be sought for in the native requirements of the soul. The essential worth of knowledge lies not so much in its adaptations to our temporal conveniences or ambition, as in the service it performs in promoting spiritual enlargement. What we more especially understand by education is a progressive process whereby the intellectual and moral powers are expanded and developed to the extent of their capabilities, and directed towards objects of action and speculation which have a tendency to advance the effectual wellbeing of the individual—a wellbeing whose character is not to be determined arbitrarily by opinion, or considered as consisting in conditions accordant with mere conventional preconceptions of mortal happiness, but one which pre-exists as an ideal prefigurement in human nature. That only is a right and sufficient education which aims at the perfect culture of the man—which, as far as is possible with objective limitations, educates and invigorates his latent aptitudes and gifts, to the end that he may employ them in a manner which is consistent with the pure idea of his own being. The consideration to be kept continually in view is, what is a man by natural capacity destined to become?—what heights of intellectual and moral worth is he capable of attaining to?—and, on the whole, what courses of discipline and personal exertion are most suitable, as the means of raising him to that condition wherein he will most admirably fulfil the design of his creation? To instruct and educate him with respect to this design is the highest and ultimate purpose of all knowledge. It has thus a grander

aim than the mere promotion of the conveniences of our material life. Prosecuted with reference to this loftier end, it is exalted into the appropriate guide of a man's endeavours—acquainting him with the laws and relations of his existence, and shaping for him the authentic course of his sublimary conduct.

It is accordingly obvious, that in order to obtain its lasting and most prizable advantages, the pursuit of knowledge must be entered on and followed as a *duty*. A man must esteem his personal culture as the noblest end of his existence, and accept his responsibility in regard to it as the most paramount of obligations. To this one pre-eminent aim all other aims and aspirations must be held as inconsiderable and subordinate. Let him know, and lay earnestly to heart, that all his efforts at cultivation are to be everlasting in their results—fruitful for ever in blessed consequences to himself and to the world, or otherwise miserably and perpetually abortive, according to the character and spirit of his activity. All learning and experience have an intimate and natural respect to the progressive perfection of the human soul. The original idea of a man—what he individually ought to be and do—that is the basis whereon he is to found and build up his entire being. He must therefore prosecute knowledge with a reverent and religious earnestness, strive diligently to comprehend the relations in which he stands to God and his fellow-men, and sedulously endeavour to fulfil his true and peculiar destination, which is, to make his temporal existence correspondent with the inner laws of his own soul, and to leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal consequence.

This view of the intrinsic worth and significance of knowledge must be admitted to be far more exalting and salutary to the mind than any which has reference exclusively or principally to its agency in simply secular affairs. It lends a man inevitably to respect the integrity and rightful exercise of his capacities, by discountenancing all employment of them which might tend in anyway to invalidate or impair the natural supremacy of the moral sentiment. Considered as the power whereby he may cultivate and enlarge his being, knowledge is invested with a lofty and perennial momentousness, which cannot, and may not, be disregarded without derogation to our highest interests as human and spiritual intelligences. It is indeed a revelation, in all its manifold departments, of that vital and sustaining element of things which is designated Truth, and whereon every effort that can reasonably be expected to be lastingly successful is most intimately dependent. As man liveth not by bread alone, but by every gracious word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, by every just and everlasting law which He has established for the guidance and edification of mankind, so assuredly is it of primary concern to men to be qualified to interpret those sublime utterances, and to apprehend their import and significance, in relation to the aims and hopes of life. This is the great and inestimable excellency of knowledge, that it acquaints us with something of the reality and nature of the mysterious frame of things wherein we live, and are necessitated constantly to work, and unfolds for us the laws and reasons of that obedience which we are constrained to yield to the established economy where-with our existence and essential welfare are connected. The highest and most binding obligation for us to know anything at all, is our natural need of intellectual enlightenment—the soul's unquestionable necessity for an intimacy with Truth, and the joy and satisfaction which it finds in its contemplation. And thus it is that all knowledge is eminently sacred, as being the stream through which a human mind draws insight from the central source of all intelligence; as being that which informs us of self-subsistent Law and Power, and consciously connects us with their reality and operations. That baneful divorce between intelligence and holiness which a sceptical and frivolous age has so disastrously effected, will need to be set aside as altogether founded

on a serious mistake; and indeed men are already beginning to apprehend that no pure faith can be sustained, no sound or abiding virtue inculcated and established, which is not deeply grounded in that mental certainty and assurance which clear, indisputable knowledge alone can furnish.

Let knowledge, then, be recognised as a primary indispensability for the mind, the natural and appropriate inheritance of every human soul; and let us esteem it as a sufficient and authentic plea for its universal dissemination, that it is ever needful for the soul's health and welfare; and condescend not to demand it on any inferior pretext. If there is one right of man more essentially sacred than another, it is his right to as complete and perfect an education as his own capacity, and the attainments and adaptations of the age he lives in, are adequate to supply him with; and again, if there is one human duty more paramount and obligatory than the rest, it is that which enjoins upon a man the use of his best energies and efforts to advance himself in intellectual and moral vigour, and to turn every talent and capability most honestly to account; since upon the depth and extent of his own inward force will depend the essential worth of his subsequent performances. The rational enlargement of the individual is indeed the one great end of life. Nothing has so high a claim on us as the cultivation of ourselves. 'It is most true,' as a vigorous and thoughtful modern writer has remarked—'it is most true, and most fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive. But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required to urge, that a man's first vocation is to be a man—a practical, personal being, with a reasonable and moral existence, which must be kept strong, and in working order, at all expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is easy to lose one's self, or, as the Scripture has it, one's own soul, in the midst of the many and glittering forms of good which the world offers, and which our life apprehends: but to know any of these as realities, it is necessary to begin by being real in our own human ground of will, conscience, personal energy. Then will the world also begin to be real for us; and we may go on through eternity mining deeper and deeper, and in endless diversities of direction, in a region of inexhaustible realities.*'

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A TALE.

MR and MRS DAVENANT especially prided themselves on their worldly wisdom and on their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but susceptible of being carried to an injurious excess. If it be true that in our faults lie the germ of virtues, no less true is it that almost every virtue is capable of being exaggerated into vice. Thus was it with the Davenants: in their code everything was made subservient to *worldly wisdom*: all their own and their friends' actions were measured by that standard; consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action decried, if it could not be reconciled to their ideas of wisdom. In course of time Mr and Mrs Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they exult in their own wisdom, and condemn as foolish and Quixotic everything charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power they brought up their children in the same principles, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as shrewd and prudent as they could wish. Mrs Davenant would often express her maternal delight in her Selina: there never was a girl possessing such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some people might

have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that divided it from mere cunning; but mothers are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. When Lucy Davenant was but five years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady residing in Wales, had, at her own earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Moore was very rich, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, so Mr and Mrs Davenant at once acceded to her request, never doubting that she would make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Moore till that lady died; but although she left her nothing in her will but a few comparatively valueless mementos, she owed more to her care and teaching than thousands could repay. Under the influence of her precepts, and the admirable example she afforded, Lucy became generous, unselfish, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, unhappily, were blind to these virtues, or rather they deemed that, in possessing them, their child was rather unfortunate than otherwise. Lucy was utterly astonished when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange manner and stranger conversation of her parents and her sister. Her father had accompanied her from Pembrokehire, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole of the journey; but, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this to his grief at the loss of his relation. But when she arrived at her father's house in the city of B——, where he was the principal banker, she could not avoid perceiving the cause. Her mother embraced her, but did not pause to gaze on her five-years-absent child; and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, 'Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will.'

'You don't mean it!' cried Mrs Davenant. 'Why, how in the world, child, have you managed?' turning to Lucy. 'Did you offend Miss Moore in anyway before she died?'

'Oh no, mamma,' murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death thus rudely conjured up.

'Then what is the reason?' began her mother again; but Mr Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieved girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with Selina, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

'My dear Lu,' said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, 'what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress.'

'So I should have been,' sobbed Lucy; 'but'—

'But what? Don't cry so, Lucy: what's past can never be recalled,' said Selina oracularly; 'and as you're not an heiress'—

'Oh, don't think I am vexed about that,' said Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. 'I have no wish to be an heiress: I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love.'

'Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu; but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown ideas were vastly interesting and becoming, I daresay, among your wild Welsh mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden-bonnet. But, seriously, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good-fortune?'

'Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is striving very hard to fight his way at the bar: he has a mother and two sisters entirely depending on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him.'

'Well, but why at least not shared with you?'

'I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and papa is rich, and so'—

'And so, I suppose, you very generously bestowed Miss Moore not to leave her fortune to you, but to her nephew?' said Selina with a scornful laugh.

* Sterling's Sayings and Essayings.

'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up'—

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would?'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this?'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise.

'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have; you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communications to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of great anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so very much this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy almost every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly inquire, 'What could mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was greatly to be feared that Lucy would never possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving what it was that her parents dignified by so high-sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manoeuvring that daily went on with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her lively, thoughtless sister contented herself with laughing

loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, very scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong! I dare say you'd be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little ruse I was forced to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there was a ruse.'

'Surely, Selina, you don't exult in it?' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been too particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have been introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy timidly, but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you love Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undisguisedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungirlish!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manoeuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B—, and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B— inspired by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy

even after he was gone. She heard from him frequently; and his letters were always hopeful, sometimes exulting, with regard to the prospect which was opening before him. Selina used to laugh at her when she received one of those precious letters, and ran away to read it undisturbed in her own room. Little cared she for the laugh—she was too happy; and if she thought at all about her sister's sneers or sarcasms, it was to pity her, sincerely and unfeignedly, that she could not comprehend the holiness of the feeling she mocked and derided. Selina's destined husband meanwhile was absent on the continent. He had an estate in Normandy, and was compelled to be present during the progress of some improvements. On his return they would be married, and Selina waited till then with considerably less patience and philosophy than Lucy evinced. Fifty times a day did she peevishly lament the delay; but not, alas! from any excess of affection to the man she was about to marry: it was always *apropos* of some small inconvenience or privation that she murmured. If she had to walk into the town, she would sigh for the time 'when, as Mrs Forde, she would have a carriage at her own exclusive command;' or if she coveted some costly bauble, the name of Alfred was breathed impatiently, and a reference to 'pin-money' was sure to follow. The marriage might have taken place by proxy with singular advantage: if Mr Forde had sent a cheque on his banker for half the amount of his income, Miss Selina would have married it with all the complacency in the world!

Mr Davenant's worldly affairs at this juncture were not in such a prosperous state as a man of his wisdom had a right to expect. In fact he was involved in considerable difficulties, from which he scarcely saw a way of extricating himself, when most fortunately, as he averred, an old uncle of his, from whom he had what is called 'expectations,' voluntarily proposed visiting him at B—. The night before his arrival, the *wise* portion of the Davenant family sat in solemn conclave, discussing the proper method of turning this visit to account. Lucy sat in a corner, silent and unnoticed, quietly sewing, while the family council went on.

Of course Mr Davenant never thought for an instant of pursuing the truthful and straightforward course of stating his difficulties to his relation, and honestly asking him for assistance.

'If old Atkinson suspected my affairs were in the disorder in which they unfortunately are,' said Mr Davenant gravely, 'he would instantly alter his will, and leave the considerable sum, which I know he intends for me, to some one who is not so *imprudent*, as I suppose he would call it, as I have been. I shall not easily forget his anger when my Cousin John ran into debt, and applied to him for the money to save him from prison. He gave him the money; but you'll see John won't have a sixpence more: so much for being candid and sincere, as the silly fellow said to me.'

At length it was arranged that Mr Davenant should ask his uncle to lend him £5000, in order to make a singularly-profitable investment which was then open.

'I shall tell him,' said Mr Davenant, 'that I could easily command the money without troubling him, by calling in part of my capital, but that I scarcely think that a prudent course at the present juncture, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my *prudence*, and the last thing he will suspect will be that I really need the money: so that will do excellently.'

'Dear papa,' ventured Lucy, bent on making one attempt to induce him to adopt the simpler course of conduct—'dear papa, are you sure this is really your most politic plan? Would it not be *safer* to tell Mr Atkinson your position, and ask him to assist you? Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy.'

'Doubtless,' said her father contemptuously, 'my *candid* Cousin John found it so, and will find it so when Mr Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name is struck out. Leave me alone, child; you understand nothing of such things—you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom.'

Thus was poor Lucy always repulsed when she attempted to advise. She could only comfort herself with the hope that one day perhaps her parents would think and act differently.

Mr Atkinson came the next day: he was a cheerful, pleasant-looking, silver-haired old man, and was cordial and affectionate to the whole family. Sincere and truthful himself, he was perfectly unsuspicious of deceit or design in others. Thus everything promised well for Mr Davenant's plan, more especially as the old man had rapidly become much attached to the two girls: Selina, with her liveliness and spirit, amused, and Lucy, gentle, and ever anxious for the comfort of all about her, interested him.

On the fourth day, therefore, Mr Davenant commenced operations. He alluded to a particular foreign railway, the shares of which were then much below par, but which were certain, at a future and no very distant period, to arrive at a considerable premium. He said that he would willingly invest £5000 in these shares, certain that in a short time he should quadruple the sum, if it were not for the payment of his girls' marriage portions, for which he should soon be called on. And after a great deal of preparatory 'beating about the bush,' he *candidly*, as he said, asked his uncle if he would lend him this £5000 for twelve months.

Mr Atkinson looked grave, which his nephew observing, he looked grave also.

'You see, Samuel,' said the old man, 'if it were really to do you a service, you should have the money. If your *business* required it—if you were in temporary embarrassment, and needed these thousands to help you out of it—they *should* be yours; but'—

He paused, and fixed his eyes on the ground in deep thought. Mr Davenant started, and coloured as he listened; and involuntarily he thought of poor Lucy's slighted advice. Her earnest words, 'Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy,' rung clearly in his ears, and he felt now that she was *right*: but it was too late now (or at least he thought so) to repair his error, and return to the straight path. He had made a point, ever since his uncle's arrival, of boasting to him of his improved prospects, of the solid basis on which his fortune stood, and of the flourishing state of his business. He could not now retract all he had said, and lay bare his difficulties—his necessities. Besides, even now perhaps that would not be *prudent*: old Atkinson might be but *trying* him after all. Mr Davenant's little moment of right feeling soon passed away, and he was, alas! 'himself again' by the time his uncle again began to speak.

'I don't like these speculations, Samuel,' said he; 'they are dangerous things: if once you get involved in them, you never know when to leave off: besides, they distract your attention from more legitimate objects: your business might suffer. The business of a man prone to speculate in matters he is unused to deal with rarely flourishes.'

Mr Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by *speculation* that he was brought to his present embarrassments; but he said nothing.

'Take my advice, Sam,' continued Mr Atkinson, placing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, 'and have nothing to do with these railways. Whether you gain or lose by them, they distract your attention, you see, from your business, and so you lose one way at all events. Don't meddle with them.'

Mr Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

'Nay, my dear uncle,' he said smiling, 'whether you can accommodate me with this sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my scheme. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares; and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall not worry myself respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall turn them into money again, and whatever they produce is (but this is *entre nous*, you understand) to be divided equally between my two girls.'

Mr Atkinson's face brightened. 'Oh, I begin to see,

he exclaimed; 'I perceive—it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the L.5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.'

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for L.5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the L.5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive, that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy—rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I can assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind quite easy. The girls shall have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling-carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B—. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the ——— Railway immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he intreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:—

'MY DEAR SAM,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect, I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't say a word about it to them, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest, trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to sell out when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed; for instead of lending you the money, I give it to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't say a word to them till you give them the money.' Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares.—Yours faithfully, SAMUEL ATKINSON.'

Poor Mr Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for

the L.5000)—documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded: Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the L.5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in *worldly wisdom*.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to this suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't sell them, you know,' she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of *nonchalance* in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course?' said Mr Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it went do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

'You refuse your permission then?' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head, and left the room. Mr Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonizing ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groined aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of woman to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson which he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a *wiser* man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use her portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter; for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr Forde, and he married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr Atkinson, tell him the *whole truth*, and intreat his assistance. 'He is so kind-hearted, dear papa, that he will do what you want: he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He set off instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs Davenant and Lucy awaited his return may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary, and hopeless.

Mr Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose *wisdom* Mr Davenant had so decried.

'Because,' said the will, 'I have reason to know that he is in difficulties; and as he has a wife and family depending on him, he must need the money more than my other nephew, Samuel Davenant, whom I visited a short time since for the express purpose of seeing if his affairs were prosperous. I have reason to suppose that they are so, and that any increase to his means, so far from adding to his prosperity, would induce him to speculate, and perhaps so lose all he has acquired by years of industry. Therefore I revoke a former bequest to him of £20,000, and bequeath it instead to my third nephew, George Charles Atkinson,' &c. &c.

'You were right, Lucy!' exclaimed Mr Davenant penitently; 'the truth is the safest, surest policy.'

Fortitude and perseverance were among the virtues of both Mr Davenant and his wife. They met their difficulties steadily and firmly, and got ultimately through them with credit. But they were now too old to commence life anew, and gladly availed themselves of the affectionate intreaty of Lucy and her husband—for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister—to take up their house with them.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all imaginary; he was, in fact, a ruined spendthrift; and all they had to subsist on after they were married was the money arising from those oft-named railway shares. Selina could not reproach her husband for deceiving her, for she had deceived him. Not till they had been three weeks wedded did Mr Forde know that his bride's father was ruined, and that he need expect no marriage portion further than that she already had. 'Had you told me the truth,' he said to her, when one day she reproached him with his poverty, 'I would have told you the truth. But I thought you would be a rich woman, and that your fortune would be sufficient to support us both.' Selina could not reply.

Mr and Mrs Davenant, when they contrast the melancholy accounts of the end of Selina's scheming with the happy married life of their younger daughter, cannot but own how superior was the wisdom of the latter; and they now cordially acknowledge the veracity of that golden sentiment of one of our modern sages—'One who is always true in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.'

THE TAMARIND-TREE.

EVERYBODY knows the agreeable tamarind preserve we receive from the West Indies; everybody has occasionally produced by its aid a cooling and welcome beverage; and everybody (at least in Scotland) has conferred, by its means, upon the insipid gruel recommended for a cold a finely-acidulated taste. Everybody likewise knows that the tamarind is pretty largely employed in our Materia Medica, and that its effect, when eaten uncompounded, is gently aperient: but for all that, very few persons are acquainted with certain curious particulars connected with the tree which produces this popular fruit.

The tamarind-tree is one of the *fabaceæ*, or order of leguminous plants; 'an order,' says Lindley, 'not only among the most extensive that are known, but also one of the most important to man, whether we consider the beauty of the numerous species, which are among the gayest-coloured and most graceful plants of every region, or their applicability to a thousand useful purposes.' To give an idea of the wide extension of this order, we may say that it includes the acacia, the logwood and rosewood of commerce; the laburnum, the furze, and the broom; the bean, pea, vetch, clover, trefoil, indigo, gum-arabic, and other gums and drugs. There are two species of tamarind—the East and the West Indian—exhibiting some considerable difference, more especially in the pods, which are much shorter in the latter species, and the pulp less rich and plentiful. In the West Indies, the shell is removed, and the legume preserved, by being placed in jars intermixed with layers of sugar; or else the vessel is filled up with boiling sugar, which penetrates to the bottom. The Turks and Arabs use this fruit, pre-

pared either with sugar or honey, as an article of food; and for its cooling properties it is a favourite in journeys in the desert. In Nubia it is formed into cakes, baked in the sun; and these are afterwards used in producing a cooling drink. In India, likewise, it is used both as food and drink; but there it is never treated with sugar, but merely dried in the sun. When eaten as food, it is toasted, soaked in water, and then boiled, till the taste, it is said, resembles that of the common bean.

In India the tamarind-tree is a very beautiful object, its spreading branches flinging even with their tiny leaves an extensive shade. In one season its pretty straw-coloured flowers refresh the eye; and in another its long brown pods, which are shed plentifully, afford a more substantial refreshment to the traveller. The Hindoos, however, prize it chiefly as a material for cleaning their brass vessels, although they likewise use it as a condiment for their curries and other dishes, and likewise make it into pickles and preserves. For the last-mentioned purpose a red variety is the most esteemed, both the timber and the fruit being of a sanguine hue. The tamarind, however, is chiefly planted by the roadside, or on the rising banks of a tank; and in the lower parts of Bengal, where it grows in the natural forests of the Sunderbunds, it is the most common kind of firewood, being never used for any more dignified purpose. The native never chooses this beautiful tree, as he does the palm, the neem, or the mourungosh, to overshadow his hut; and it is never admitted into the mango groves sacred to the gods, although the silk-cotton and the monwha are not forbidden that consecrated ground.

But the prejudice goes further still. No *khitmutgar*, or cook, will hang a piece of meat on a tamarind-tree: he believes that meat thus exposed does not keep well, and that it becomes unfit for salting. A traveller, though very willing to eat of the fruit, will not unload his pack or rest under its branches; and a soldier, tired as he may be with a long march, will rather wander farther on than pile his arms in its shade. There is an idea, in fact, at least in Bengal, that there is something unlucky or unhealthy, some antique spell or some noxious vapour, surrounding this beautiful tree; although we are not aware that science has yet discovered that there is anything really hurtful in its exhalations.

Another strange notion connected with the tamarind-tree is thus mentioned by a correspondent:—'Often have I stood as a youngster gazing with astonishment at a couple of bearers labouring a large knotty root, of some eight feet in girth, with their axes, making the chips fly off in every direction; which, upon picking up, I used to find covered over with unintelligible scribbles, which the bearers gravely told me was the writing of the gods.'

Here we have our tree in a new light: this outcast from the sacred groves is inscribed with holy characters! Who shall interpret their meaning? Are they like the mark set upon the forehead of Cain? Or is the legend intended as a perpetual consolation under the prejudices and indignities of men? All we know is, that the white fir-like grains of the tamarind wood are written over in an unknown tongue by means of a small thread-like vein of a black colour.

There is a similar superstition connected with another Indian tree, the kulpa briksha, or silver-tree, so called from the colour of the bark. The original kulpa, which now stands in the garden of the god Indra in the first heaven, is said to have been one of the fourteen remarkable things turned up by the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons. But however this may be, the name of Itam and his consort Seeta is written upon the silvery trunks of all its earthly descendants! Colonel Sleeman, when travelling in Upper India, had the curiosity to examine many of these trees on both sides of the road; and sure enough the name of the incarnation of Vishnu mentioned was plainly enough discernible, written in Sanscrit characters, and apparently by some supernatural hand—that is, there was a softness in the impression, as if the finger of some supernatural being had traced the characters. The traveller endeavoured to argue his attendants out of their senses; but unluckily he could

find no tree, however near or distant, without the names; the only difference being in the size of the letters, which in some cases were large, and in others small. At length he observed a kulp in a hollow below the road, and one on a precipice above, both in situations accessible with such difficulty, that he was sure no mortal scribe would take the trouble to get at them. He declared confidently his opinion that the names would not be found on these trees, and it was proved that he was right. But this was far from affecting the devout faith of his Hindoo followers. 'Doubtless,' said one, 'they have in some way or other got rubbed off; but God will renew them in His own time.' 'Perhaps,' remarked another, 'he may not have thought it necessary to write at all upon places where no traveller could decipher them.' 'But do you not see,' said the traveller, losing patience, 'that these names are all on the trunk within reach of a man's hand?' 'Of course they are,' replied they, 'since the miracle could not be distinguished by the eyes of men if they were written higher up!'

A shrub called the trolsee is a representation of the same goddess Seeta, and is every year married with great ceremony to a sacred stone called Saligram, a rounded pebble supposed to represent the good Vishnu, of whom Ram was an incarnation. On one occasion described, the procession attending this august ceremony consisted of 8 elephants, 1200 camels, and 4000 horses, all mounted and, elegantly caparisoned. Above 100,000 persons were present at this pageant, at which the little pebble was mounted on the leading elephant, and thus carried in state to his tree goddess. All the ceremonies of a Hindoo marriage were gone through, and then the god and goddess were left to repose together till the next season in the temple of Sudora.

Indian trees, however, it must be said, are, from all accounts, much more worthy of the honours of superstition than those of less fervid climes. A traveller mentions an instance of the 'sentient principle' occurring among the denizens of an Indian forest. Two trees, he tells us, of different kinds, although only three feet apart, had grown to the height of fifty or sixty feet, when one of them took the liberty of throwing out a low branch in such a way as to touch the trunk of his neighbour, and thus occasion much pain and irritation. 'On this the afflicted tree in turn threw out a huge excrescence, which not only enveloped the offending branch, but strangled it so completely as to destroy it utterly; the ends of the deadened boughs projecting three or four feet beyond the excrescence, while the latter was carried on a distance of three feet across to the shaft of the tree, so as to render all chances of its future movement wholly impossible!'

This appears to our traveller to display as much forethought and sagacity as taking up an artery for aneurism, or tying splints round a broken bone. But in a country where trees are the objects of such veneration, and where those that are neither holy nor sagacious are admitted without scruple to the best arboral society, how comes it that the beautiful, the umbrageous, and the beneficent tamarind is looked upon as the outlaw of the plantation, the pariah of the forest? This is a very puzzling circumstance, and one that, in the present state of our knowledge, we can only set down to the caprice and ingratitude of man.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA TO LAURGAARD.

A LAND journey of 334 English miles, which usually occupies five or six days, was now before me. The road passes along one of the finest as well as most extensive valleys in Norway, and is further distinguished by crossing the celebrated range of mountains called the Dovre Field [Dovre pronounced *Dovra*], which may be called the backbone of the country, as the Grampian range is that of the Scottish Highlands. Along this road, as usual, there is a series of stations, but none of them is of so high a character as to present

the luxury of wheaten bread. One of my duties, therefore, on the last day of my stay in Christiania, was to obtain a bag of biscuits for use on the way. Being anxious to secure a passage in a steamer which was to leave Trondheim on the 18th July, I allowed seven days for the journey, and started at one o'clock on the 11th, thus allowing an extra day for any accidental delay upon the road.

The first two or three stages being across certain intermediate valleys, we have much up-hill and down-hill work along roads by no means good. It was pitiable to see the little heavy-laden carts of the peasantry toiling up the steep ascents, each with its forked pike trailing behind it, on which to rest the vehicle, while the horse should stop a few minutes at a time to recover breath and strength. Many were conducted by women; and I could not but admire the hardy, independent air of these females, as they sat, whip in hand, urging their steeds along, though, as might be expected from such a rough out-of-door life, their figures exhibit little of the attractions of their sex. At many places I found rock-surfaces with dressings generally in a north and south direction, being that of the valleys. It is not unworthy of remark that two of the rivers are crossed by modern wooden bridges, where a pontage is paid; and these were the only charges approaching to the character of a toll to which I was subjected throughout the whole of my travels in Scandinavia. Of the valleys, one is full of sandy, a second of clay terraces, marking some decided difference in the former submerged condition of the two districts. On passing into a third at Trygstad, we find a vast plateau composed of clay below and pure sand above, bearing magnificent pine-forests, and which extends, without any intermission, to the foot of the Mjösen Lake. It would be a curious study to any native geologist to examine this formation, and to trace its source, and the circumstances under which it was deposited. There are remarkable generalities about such things. Instructed by what I had seen in Scotland, as soon as I observed the valley filled with sand up to a certain height a few miles below where I knew a lake to be, I mentally predicted that this formation would terminate at the foot of the lake, and that there would be no terraces on the hill-sides above that sheet of water. Such proved to be the case.

A short stage before reaching the foot of the Mjösen Lake, we pass one of those objects so extraordinary in Norway—a country mansion; that is to say, a handsome house adapted for the residence of a family in affluent circumstances. It is called Eidsvold, and was once the property of a family named Anker, but now belongs to the public, in consequence of the interesting distinction conferred on it in 1814, when a national assembly sat here and framed the constitution under which the country is now so happily placed. The purchase of this house by a national subscription is an agreeable circumstance, as it marks that deep and undivided feeling which the Norwegian people entertain regarding their constitution—a feeling perhaps more important than the character of the constitution itself, as it is what mainly secures its peaceful working. This constitution has now stood for thirty-five years, with a less amount of dissent and dissatisfaction on the part of the people than has happened in the case of any other experiment of the same kind in modern Europe. It is entitled to be regarded as a successful experiment; and, as such, of course may well be viewed with some interest by the rest of Europe, especially at a time when so many political theories are on their trial, and so few seem likely to stand good. The main fact is the election, every three years, of a body called the Storting, which separates itself into an Upper and Lower House, enacts and repeals laws, and regulates all matters connected with the revenue. The Royal sanction is required for these laws; but if

the people are bent upon any measure disapproved of by the king, they have only to re-introduce and pass it in two more successive Storthing, when it would become law without the royal assent. Thus the Norwegians may be said, in Benthamian language, to *minimise* the monarchical principle. But how is the Storthing constituted? The right of voting depends on a low property qualification. The qualified voters in small districts elect persons called election-men, who again meet by themselves, and elect, usually, but not necessarily, out of their own number, representatives of larger districts, who in turn form the Storthing, the whole numbers of which are somewhat under a hundred. It is a system of universal suffrage, exclusive only of the humble labouring-class. It may be said to be a government of what we call the middle-classes, and all but a pure democracy; but it is essential to observe that the bulk of the people of Norway are of the kind which we recognise as a middle-class, for of hereditary nobility they have none, and the non-electors are a body too humble in circumstances, and too well matched in numbers by the rest, to have any power for good or evil in the case. There are other important considerations: land is held in Norway, not upon the feudal, but the *udal* principle, which harmonises much better with democratic forms; there being no right of primogeniture, estates are kept down at a certain moderate extent; in the general circumstances of the country, there can be no massing of wealth in a few hands, and therefore little of that species of influence. The apparently ultra-liberal system of Norway being thus adapted to many things more or less peculiar to the country, it may have attained a success here which it would not obtain elsewhere, or at least not till a proper groundwork had been laid in social arrangements. This is a proposition which seems to derive much support from recent political failures in Germany, Italy, and, shall we add, France? The abrupt decreeing of a democratic constitution, in supersession of a government which has been absolute for centuries, is seen to be an absurdity, though one, perhaps, which nothing but experiment could have demonstrated.

It was still far from night when I arrived at Minde, at the foot of the Mjösen Lake. This sheet of water, sixty-three English miles in length, terminates here in a curve formed in the sandy plateau, through which its waters have made for themselves a deep trench. The little inn nestles under the steep bank on the west side of the outlet, commanding from its back-windows a view along the lake. As the point where the river must be ferried, and whence the steamers start on their course along the lake, it is a place of some importance. It has even been proposed to have a railway from Christiania to Minde, and the ground has been surveyed by Mr Robert Stephenson; but this is not likely to be realised for some years to come. I found the porch of the inn filled with guests enjoying their pipes; two or three of them were officers, and one of these, I was told, had the duty of superintending the post stations of a certain district. Amongst others was one of those dirty young men of the student genus who are so prevalent on the continent; travelling with only a little satchel slung from their shoulders, and thus evidently unprovided with so much as a change of linen or a set of night-clothes, yet always sure to be found lugging along a tobacco-pipe half as big as themselves, together with a formidable pouch of tobacco depending from a button-hole. The inn consisted of two floors, in the lower of which was a good-sized public room, gay with prints of the royal family and such-like; from this on one side went off two bedrooms; on the other adjoined a kitchen, and other family apartments. Stables, sheds, and store-houses of various denominations stood near by, so as to form what Allan Ramsay calls a rural square. It was a comfortable establishment, and the females who conducted it were respectable-looking people. There was also a landlord, who was always coming in, apparently under an anxiety to do something, but never did it. I had a good meal served up in the public room,

and enjoyed the evening scene on the lake very greatly, but found the occasional society of the other guests in this apartment disagreeable, in consequence of their incessant smoking, and their habit of frequent spitting upon the floor. It is seldom that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might and ought to be managed in perfect silence. In Norway the case is particularly bad, as the gentlemen, in addition to everything else, assume the privilege of smoking and spitting in every room of every house, and even in the presence of ladies.* To a sensible and wellbred person all such things are as odious as they are unnecessary. It is remarkable throughout the continent how noisily men conduct themselves. They have not our sense of quietness being the perfection of refined life. At Minde a gentleman over my head made an amount of noise with his luggage and his personal movements which astonished me, for it created the idea of a vast exertion being undergone in order to produce it, as if it had been thought that there was some important object to be served by noise, and the more noise the better.

I had intended to proceed next morning by the steamer along the lake, but I had been misinformed as to the days of sailing, and found it necessary to spend my reserve day at Minde. It was less of a hardship to me than it might have been to others, as I found more than enough of occupation in examining the physical geography of the district. The sandy plain runs up to the hills on both sides at an exceedingly small angle of inclination, and perfectly smooth. On the east side, near a place called Øvre, there is, close to the hills, a stripe of plain of higher inclination, and composed of gravel, so that the whole is exceedingly like that kind of sea-beach which consists partly of an almost dead flat of sand, and partly of a comparatively steep though short slope of gravel, adjoining to the dry land. That the sea did once cover this plain, and rise against the gravel slope, I could have no doubt: the whole aspect of the objects spoke of it. There were also terraces in the valley below, indicating pauses in the subsidence (so to speak) of the sea. It was of some importance, since the point formerly reached by the sea could here be so clearly marked, to ascertain how high that point was above the present sea-level. My measurements, which were conducted with the level and staff, using the lake as a basis, set it down as just about 656 feet above the sea, being, as it chanced, the height of an ancient sea-terrace at Bardstadvig, on the west coast of Norway, and also that of certain similar terraces in Scotland.† This coincidence may be accidental, but it is worthy of note, as possibly a result of causes acting to a general effect, more especially as it is not in this respect quite solitary.

The dinner presented to me on the day of my stay at Minde might be considered as the type of such a meal bespoken at a tolerable country inn in Norway. It consisted of a dish of fried trout from the lake, with melted butter-sauce, and something like Yorkshire pudding to take with it: no more animal food, but a dish of cream prepared in a manner resembling *trifle*, and accompanied by a copious supply of an over-luscious warm jelly; finally, a salad. It is common in small Norwegian inns to put down, with one dinner-like

* I am told that these habits do not exist in good society at Christiania.

† The greatest summer height of the Mjösen Lake is 430 feet; the winter height, 410. Finding the level at this time ten feet below the mark considered as that of highest water, I considered the lake as being now 420 feet above the sea.

dish, a large bowl of what we call in Scotland *lapped milk*, but bearing a creamy surface, along with sugar: it seems to be a favourite regale with the natives; but I never could get into a liking for it. In the clear warm day which I spent in the *Minde* inn, the lake presented a beautiful placid scene; a boat was now and then seen rowing lazily across its mirror-like surface; but more generally nothing studded the silver sheet but the image of a passing summer cloud.

In my rambles to-day I saw many of the peasantry, and the interiors of a few of their houses. The women are poor-looking creatures, dressed in the most wretched manner. They want the smart taste seen even among the poorest young females farther south, as is particularly evidenced in their head-dress, which consists merely of a coarse handkerchief tied under the chin—a sort of apology for a hood rather than a head-dress. There are great differences in the interiors of the peasants' houses; but certainly many of them are miserable little cabins. As yet, I see few symptoms of a prosperous life for the labouring-class in Norway. It is different with the peasant proprietors or yeomen, called *bonder* in their own country. The house of a *bonde* is a long, double-storeyed, wooden house, painted a dull red or yellow, with gauze window-curtains, and very neatly furnished within. The life of this class—the leading class of Norwegian society—seems generally comfortable, though not to the degree which is alleged in the glowing pages of Mr Laing; for they are very often embarrassed by debt, mostly incurred in order to pay off the claims of brothers and sisters to their inheritance. At present, the labouring-class are leaving Norway in considerable numbers to settle in America. There is one particular district in Wisconsin which they flock to, and which, I am told, contains at least 6000 of these poor people. A government officer, whom I conversed with at Christiania, says it is owing to the superabundant numbers of the people. The land, he alleges, has been brought to the utmost stretch of its productive power. Meanwhile, to use his expression, there is *trøp du mariage*: the food being insufficient for the constantly-increasing numbers, they must needs swarm off. There is a like emigration of the humbler class of peasantry from Sweden. Thus we see that equally in the simple state of things which prevails in Scandinavia, and in the high-wrought system of wealthy England, there is but a poor life for the hireling unskilled labourer. Nowhere does it afford more than a bare subsistence; often scarcely gives this.

The weather was now becoming very warm, while, with the increasing latitude, the day was sensibly lengthening. On the evening of the 12th of July I went to bed at ten o'clock under a single sheet, with the window fully up, and read for an hour by the natural light. Next morning at six I went on board the *Jernbarden* steamer, and was speedily on my way along the *Miösen* Lake. A raft behind contained my own and another carriage. It proved a pleasant day's sailing, though there is nothing very striking in the scenery of the lake. The gentlemen sauntered about, or sat upon deck, constantly smoking from their long pipes. There were a few ladies, who seemed not at all discomposed by the smoke, or any of its consequences. A tall old general of infantry, in a dark cloak, exhausted I know not how many pipes, and his servant seemed to have little to do but to fill the tube afresh from a *poke* of chopped tobacco not much less than a nose-bag. Notwithstanding these barbarian practices, there is a vast amount of formal politeness among the native gentlemen and ladies; there is an incessant bowing and taking off of hats; and whenever one is to leave the vessel, he bids *adieu* to the company, though he perhaps never met one of them before. The captain could converse in English, as is the common case in steamers throughout Norway and Sweden, this gift being indeed held as an indispensable qualification for the appointment. I had also some conversation with the engineer, an intelligent German, who had been some years in England. Along

with these circumstances, the idea that the engines had been made in Glasgow caused me to feel more at home on the *Miösen* Lake than I could have expected. We had, however, a more tedious voyage than usual, in consequence of the drag upon the vessel's movements which we carried behind us, and we consequently did not reach the landing-place beneath the town of Lillehammer till four o'clock.

This being the only town between Christiania and Trondheim, I was desirous of stopping at it; but we had left ourselves barely enough of time to reach the station of a steamer at the foot of a second and smaller lake a few miles onward, by which I hoped to make out a hundred miles of travelling before we should sleep, and thus leave myself comparatively at ease about the remainder of the journey. I therefore reluctantly drove through this pleasant-looking little place. Soon after leaving Lillehammer, the hills, which as yet had been low and rather tame, became steep and rough. We pass along the left bank of the *Laug*, a large, fierce, and rapid stream, of that green colour which indicates an origin among snow-clad mountains. My journey might now have been described by a line from a Scottish poet—"By Logan's streams that run so deep"—for, by the usual affix of the article *en*, the name of this river is sounded Logan, and thus is identical with a name attached to more than one stream in Scotland.* Nor is this, by the way, a solitary case. The river which enters the sea at Trondheim is the *Nid*, identical with the *Nith* of Dumfriesshire fame. Even the generic name for a river in Norway, *el*, or, with the article, *elven*, appears in our numerous tribe of Elvans, Alwynes, Allans, Evans, and Avons.

About a couple of miles before reaching Mosshuus, the first station from Lillehammer, we meet a steep rough barrier, which crosses the valley, curving outwards from the hill-face towards the river, and leaving only a narrow space between itself and the opposite hills for the stream to pass. On mounting to the top, we find that it has a flat surface of considerable extent. It is composed of blocks of stone of all sizes, up to that of a cottage, mixed with a pale clay. Presently another such mass appears, in a terrace-like form, on the opposite bank of the river. A very little reflection, aided by the recollection of some Swiss observations of the preceding summer, enabled me to detect in these strange objects the fragments of an ancient *moraine*. A glacier had once poured down the valley, terminating at this place, and here depositing the loose materials which it had carried along with it from the higher grounds. Such loose materials come to form what is called the terminal *moraine* of the glacier. Norway must have then had a much colder climate than now, for there is not permanent snow in this district except upon the tops of the mountains—though in Western Norway there are still glaciers which descend almost to the level of the sea. On an improved temperature becoming prevalent, the glacier of the Logan valley had shrunk back, leaving its moraine as a memorial of the point it had once reached. In connection with this object, it is important to remark that the exposed rock-surfaces in the bottom, and a little way up the sides of the valley, are smoothed; but the higher parts of the hill-sides are extremely rough and angular, and have evidently never been subjected to the action of ice. So far there is a difference between this glen and the southern parts of the country. In the latter, where the eminences are low, the ice has passed over hill and vale in its own proper direction. Any ice that has been here has, on the contrary, followed the direction of the valley, forming in it one local and limited stream.

While Quist waited for fresh horses at Mosshuus, I walked on before to examine the country. I found the rocks to be of a schistous character, generally having their sharp angular sides presented to the road. The

* *Laug* in Norwegian signifies water. It is a generic term here specially applied.

contrast which they presented to the smoothed surfaces lower down, and to the general surface of Sweden and Southern Norway, was striking, and such as to leave no doubt that the one set of objects had been exempted from a mechanical agency which had powerfully affected the other. Amidst the thin woods of pine and birch which clothed the hill-sides I found abundance of the wild strawberry, and made my acquaintance with this pleasant fruit for the first time. Here and there were piles of cut wood, and the woodman's stroke sounded through the glades. The declining sun threw the one side of the valley into deep shade, and brought out the other into equally strong light. Now and then a wain was heard moving up the steep parts of the road, cheered by the voices of a rustic cortège, whose red cows would have been keenly appreciated by the eye of a painter. It was a beautiful scene, and a beautiful season—one of those opportunities which the heart sometimes finds to fall in upon itself in perfect satisfaction and repose. I was glad, however, when, after what I thought a too long delay, my carriage made its appearance. We pushed rapidly on towards the bottom of the lake, and were fortunate enough to reach it just as the steamer was about to move off, about nine o'clock.

It was a small and plainly-furnished vessel, which seemed to have exceedingly little custom, for there were not more than three other passengers; and as I only paid about 1s. 8d. for myself, servant, and carriage, the general receipts must be very small. The vessel is, however, conducted on so economical a principle, that comparatively few passengers must suffice to make it pay. A chatty old gentleman, who seemed to be the sole or chief owner, took me down to the engine-room, and showed me the pile of wood required for one of its voyages (sixteen English miles); it measured a fathom each way, and cost 4s. 6d. English! A good-looking, middle-aged woman, attended by a daughter, was there to furnish refreshments, and I supped at an expense ludicrously trifling. While light served, the view from the deck was fine, the immediate banks of the lake presenting slopes of intense green, divided into small farms, each provided with its snug little suite of wooden buildings; while over these spaces rose the dark, steep mountains, shaggy with rock and scrub. A little before midnight we arrived at the landing-place under Elstad station, which is situated pretty far up the hill-side, and to which it was necessary to send for horses to take up the carriage. Walking on before, I soon found myself at the house, but had some difficulty in attracting attention, as the inmates were all in bed. After a little trouble, a stout lass came and bustled about for the preparation of a couch in a very plain upper chamber, and I consigned myself to Morpheus with all possible despatch, as it was necessary that I should be on the road at an early hour on the morrow.

Rising between six and seven, I found Elstad picturesquely situated on a prominence commanding extensive views of the valley. The house is black with age: the date 1670 appears by the door-check, showing that these wooden edifices are more durable than might be supposed. There is, however, no observable difference between this and more modern houses as regards the internal arrangements or the size of the apartments. All such things are stereotyped in Norway. We started at seven, and had a fine morning drive along the valley, which is enlivened by some cataracts of the river, and by the impouring of two fierce side streams—the Vola and Fyre. At Oden, while they were procuring fresh horses, I obtained breakfast with some difficulty, using some tea of my own, but indebted to the house for sugar, eggs, and butter. The charge for all, besides Quist's breakfast, was a mark (9d.); and it probably would have been less if I had not been regarded as an Englishman. In the space between this station and the next, at a place called Toostamona (spelt as pronounced), I found a detrital barrier across the valley, very much like that at Mosshuus, but so little charged with large blocks, that I felt doubtful

whether it was a second moraine, the mark of a second position of the skirt of the glacier, or the spoils of some side stream, the product of a later though still ancient time. Things are now becoming very simple. The internal economy of the stations is manifestly getting more rude. When, after a stage is done, I give, at Quist's dictation, four or five skillings to the man who has come to take back the horses—and four or five skillings are only about three-halfpence—the poor fellow takes off his cowl, thrusts a huge coarse hand into the carriage to shake mine, and utters his 'Tak, tak' (thanks, thanks) with an *empressment* beaming in his honest visage which affects while it amuses me, it being impossible to see a fellow-creature so profoundly gratified by anything so trifling, without at once seeing that his share of the comforts of life must be small indeed, and feeling contrite at the recollection of the very slight impression which blessings incomparably greater make upon myself.

At Sletsvig occurs an undoubted ancient moraine, exactly like that at Mosshuus, being composed of huge angular blocks mixed with clayey matter. As it lies opposite a side valley, which here comes in from the west, it may have been a product of that valley; though I am inclined to regard it rather as the accumulation left by the glacier of the Logan vale after it had shrunk up to this point. On the inner side, looking up the main valley, there is a bed of sand, evidently laid down by water, and which it seems allowable to regard as the memorial of a time when this moraine served as a barrier, confining the waters of the river in the form of a lake. In this part of the valley there is a system of irrigation extensively practised by means of wooden troughs laid down along the hill-sides. The cheapness of the material makes it of course highly available. On my journey to-day I met few persons of any kind: amongst these were children offering little platefuls of the wild strawberry for sale. A couple of skillings for a plateful was evidently received as a great prize. Owing apparently to a change in the stratification, the valley makes a rectangular bend at Vig—a word, by the way, expressive of a *bend*, being identical with Wick, which so often occurs in Britain in names of places signifying a bay. The Vig station, which is a superior one, is said to contain in its walls some of the timbers of the house in which St Olaf was born—a fact strange if true, seeing that this saint, who was a king of Norway, lived in the tenth century.

Having sent on no forebode to-day, I experienced some delay at each station while fresh horses were procuring from the neighbouring farmers. Leaving Quist to bring on the carriage from Solheim, I walked forward to examine at leisure the scene of a remarkable historical event in which some countrymen of mine were concerned. Above the junction of a tributary from the west, the valley of the Logan becomes still more contracted than formerly. The hill-side, steep to an unusual degree, and rough with large blocks fallen from above, descends to the left bank of the river, leaving no level stripe to form a road. The public road is, in fact, by a preference of circumstances, conducted along the hill-face fully a hundred feet above the stream. In the year 1612, when the king of Denmark and Norway was at war with the king of Sweden, a Colonel Mönnichhofen was despatched to Scotland to hire troops for the assistance of the latter sovereign. He, with 1400 men, landed near Trondheim, and after an ineffectual attempt to surprise that city, made his way through Norway by Stordalen into Sweden. A second party of 900 men, under Colonel George Sinclair, landed a fortnight later at Romsdalen, and endeavoured to pass into Sweden by a different path. As all regular troops had been draughted away from Norway to fight the king of Denmark's battles, there seemed little likelihood of any difficulty being encountered on the march. The peasantry, however, became exasperated by the extortion of free provisions, and those of three parishes in this district assembled for the purpose of opposing the

Scotch. According to a Norwegian ballad, which has been spiritedly translated by David Vedder—

— 'the news flew east, the news flew west,
And north and south it flew;
Soon Norway's peasant oblivy
Their fathers' swords they drew.

The beacons blazed on every hill,
The fiery cross flew fast;
And the mountain warriors serried stood,
Pierce as the northern blast. . . .

The boors of Lewslie, Vaaage, and Froen,
Seized axe, and scythe, and brand—
"Foredoomed is every felon Scot
Who stains our native land!"

A guide in the interest of the peasants conducted the Scottish party towards the narrow defile which has been described. The peasants themselves were gathered in force on the mountains above. As it was impossible for them to see what was going on in the pass, they caused a man mounted on a white horse to pass to the other side of the river, and move a little way in front of the advancing enemy, that they might know when he was near at hand. At the same time a girl was placed on the other side of the Logan, to attract the attention of the Scots by sounding her rustic horn. When the unfortunate strangers had thus been led to the most suitable place, the boors tumbled down huge stones upon them from the mountain-top, destroying them, to use their own expression, like potashers. Then descending with sword and gun, they completed the destruction of the Scots. There is a romantic story, which seems far from likely, that Sinclair had been accompanied on this occasion by his wife. It is added that a young lady of the neighbourhood, hearing of this, and anxious to save an innocent individual of her own sex, sent her lover to protect the lady in the impending assault. Mrs Sinclair, seeing him approach, and mistaking his object, shot him dead. Some accounts represent the immediate destruction of the Scottish party as complete, excepting only that two men escaped. One more probable states that sixty were taken prisoners, and kept by the peasants till next spring, when, provisions failing, and the government making no movement in the matter, the poor captives were put into a barn and murdered in cold blood, only two escaping, of whom one survived to be the progenitor of a family still dwelling in these wilds. Such were the circumstances of the bloody affair of Kringelen, to commemorate which a little wooden monument has been erected on the wayside, at the precise spot where the Scottish party was surprised. The grave of Sinclair is also pointed out in the neighbouring churchyard of Quham. An inspection of the scene of the massacre gives a thrilling sense of the utterly desperate circumstances of the Scottish troops when beset by the Norwegian boors. One looks round with horror on the blocks scattered along the hill-side, every one of which had destroyed a life. 'Now all is peaceful, all is still,' on the spot where this piece of savage warfare was acted, save that which only marks the general silence—the murmur of the river. Resting here for a while, I could not but enter a mental protest against the triumphant spirit with which the affair is still referred to by the Norwegians, seeing that the assailants fought at such advantage, not to speak of the safety in which they fought, that nothing but the grossest misconduct could have failed to give them a victory. The grace of a generous mercy would have been worth twice their boast. I walked on about a mile to a hamlet where there is a sort of rustic museum, devoted to keeping certain relics of the Scottishmen. In the inner chamber of a little cottage a woman showed me, ranged along a wall, five matchlocks, two of them very long, two Highland dirks, a broadsword, a spur, two powder flasks, the wooden tube of a drum, and a small iron-hooped box. The sight of these objects so near the scene of the

slaughter helps wonderfully to realise it; and it is impossible for a Scotman at least to look on them without emotion. I thought, however, of the mercy of Providence, which causes the waves of time to close over the most terrible and the most distressing things, sweeping away all the suffering—exhaling calamity, as it were, into air—and leaving only perhaps a few tangible objects to remind us by association that 'such things were.'

In the evening I arrived at Laugaard, where it was necessary to spend the night. R. C.

LONDON GOSSIP.

November, 1849.

THE long vacation is over—cholera has flown away, or gone into winter quarters—the raising of blinds and unclosing of shutters in stylish streets indicate the return of families whose absence has been prolonged by fears of contagion—business, long stagnant, is reviving—street-traffic is resuming its wonted density—the new Lord Mayor has 'showed' himself, as of old—the November fogs are entombing us in their fuliginous darkness—all of which, whether fact, figure, or fancy, is an intimation that we are in the advent of another London season.

Butchers and bakers are of course busy under the influx of mouths, and not they alone, for booksellers are 'looking up,' and making proclamation of literary supplies. Some famous names are already announced—Guizot, Grote, and Lord Campbell in matters of history; Washington Irving in a trio of biographies of individuals so opposite in character—Washington, Mohammed, Goldsmith—as to make one imagine that Knickerbocker must have written all three at once, on the principle that change of work is as good as play. Reprints are in force; travels and adventures are not lacking; while fiction is as copious as ever, or more so, for we are promised a republication of the works of two well-known writers of romance in shilling and eighteenpenny volumes. Quite a boon this for travelling readers who love the exciting, and patronise railway libraries. Besides these, there is the usual inundation of pocket-books, almanacs, *et id genus omne*, which for a time urges printing-presses into preternatural activity. 'Cooking up an almanac,' as the old song has it, must be a profitable business: the 'throwing off' of that delightful periodical roused for by 'Francis Moore, physician,' to the extent of hundreds of thousands, is divided among three of our 'city' printers—no small item in the Christmas bill. The wide sale of a work relying on credulity for its success is no compliment to the intelligence of the age; yet, as I myself know, there are hundreds of people, especially in rural districts, who would rather give up fifty pages of their Bible, than forego the almanac with its annual prognostications. Power-presses are kept constantly at work for weeks to supply the multifarious demand.

Among other literary gossip is Fredrika Bremer's visit to the United States. Perhaps the contrast to Scandinavian manners which she will there perceive, may have the effect of giving her a new inspiration, which by and by will awaken the sympathies of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and in Northern Europe. Talking of the United States, reminds me that Mr Bancroft has taken up his residence in New York, and intends to devote himself to the completion of his history, in which, like our own Macaulay, he may possibly win higher honours, and effect more lasting good, than in active political life.

You have heard of the sultan's generosity towards a celebrated French writer. A large tract of land in the vicinity of Smyrna has been granted by his highness to M. de Lamartine, and it is said the author of a 'Voyage en Orient' will go out to take possession. A fact highly honourable to M. de Lamartine has lately come to my knowledge, and as it illustrates a point of character, I may communicate it. You are aware that the extemporised minister of foreign affairs has been compelled to sell his family estate of Macou to satisfy his creditors. Some of our members of the Peace Congress proposed, on their return home, to get

* See Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, September 1837, where the original ballad is also given.

up a subscription on this side the Channel, which should enable them to purchase the paternal acres, and restore them to their late owner. M. de Lamartine was written to on the subject, but declined to accept the proffered generosity, being 'determined to rely solely on his own literary exertions for the re-establishment of his affairs.' Such a resolution is worthy of all respect.

Some very curious and instructive facts have come to light in the evidence taken before the late parliamentary committee on public libraries; and the 'blue book' in which that is reproduced is one of the most valuable that have of late been published 'by authority.' Certain results come out which are said to make unfavourably against our country. For instance, the proportion of books in public libraries to every hundred of the population is, in Great Britain and Ireland, 63; while Russia and Portugal show from 76 to 80; Belgium, Spain, and Sardinia, 100; France, 129; Italy, 150; Austria and Hungary, 167; Prussia, 200; Sweden and Norway, 309; Denmark, 412; some of the smaller German states, 450. There has been a good deal of talk about this; but those who point to British deficiencies omit to inquire whether the books in countries so liberally furnished are really read by the people. The presence of books does not necessarily imply much reading; and if it were possible to poll real readers, there is reason to believe that the balance would be on the other side. We Britons are a domestic race; we like to see books on our own shelves, and to read them at home. It does not follow that a comparatively small number of public books betokens a deficient number of readers.

With the return of short days and long nights come the season's pursuits, pleasures, and recreations. Our twenty-two theatres are doing somewhat in the way of amusement: casinos, saloons, bowling-alleys (an importation from the United States), and exhibitions, are getting into full swing. Music—concerts and oratorios—is liberally furnished, of good quality, and at little cost. The improvement of public taste in the matter of sweet sounds within the past two or three years is not less striking than gratifying. But with the decline of coarseness, care must be taken to avoid the creation of a censorious fastidiousness: a willingness to be amused is by no means an unfavourable trait of character.

Mechanics' Institutes are publishing their programmes, and in several of these there are also signs of improvement. A course of fifteen or twenty lectures on as many different subjects is no longer considered as the most improving or desirable. Real instruction is not to be conveyed by such means; and now two or three suitable topics are to be chosen, and each discussed in a series of four, five, or six lectures. In this way we may hope that hearers will be able to carry home with them clear and definite ideas, instead of the meagre outline hitherto furnished.

Apropos of lectures: a striking characteristic of the time must not be overlooked. The attempts recently made towards a just acknowledgment and recognition of the worth and status of the working-classes in society have aroused similar efforts here in the metropolis. To mention only one instance: a course of lectures to working-men is to be delivered during the month of November, by gentlemen whose name and character are a guarantee for the value of their teachings. The subjects are—On the advantages possessed by the working-classes for their social advancement—On the importance of this advancement to the nation at large—On the franchise as a public trust—And on the favourable influence of religion on the intelligence, liberty, virtue, and prosperity of states. Each lecture, after having been given at the London Mechanics' Institute, Chancery-Lane, will be repeated the same week at Finsbury. The topics are good ones; and if the working-classes do really feel an upward tendency, now is the time to prove it.

Another fact which I must not forbear to notice is the 'Evening Classes for Young Men in London,' first set on foot last winter by several public-spirited clergymen and others. A few passages from the prospectus will not only explain the objects, but serve as a guide to those who

may wish to bestir themselves in similar efforts in other places. 'The range of subjects,' thus it proceeds, 'will be nearly the same as that adopted at King's College, London; but, generally speaking, of a more elementary character, so as to suit the requirements of young men whose time is otherwise much engaged. All young men of the metropolis and suburbs are admissible on producing a note of introduction from a clergyman, a subscriber, or a respectable householder, and paying 2s. 6d. per term for each class. . . . The year of study will be divided into three terms—Michaelmas, Lent, and Trinity; that is, from October to July, with short vacations at Christmas and Easter. A record of the attendance of pupils will be kept in each class: certificates of regular attendance can be obtained; and these may be found very useful in after-life, as indicative of steadiness of conduct, and of a wise application of leisure time.' There is a liberal spirit in this programme, which is no unimportant essential towards a realisation of the promoters' aim. As soon as twenty young men in any part of the metropolis unite to form a class, a teacher is appointed for them. For the present (Michaelmas) term there are more than forty such classes, the subjects of study being Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English; history, general, Scriptural, and ecclesiastical; natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, drawing, writing, and singing. When I tell you that Dr M'Caul conducts the Hebrew, and the Rev. C. Mackenzie the Greek class, you will be able to form a fair idea of the value of the instruction imparted. Besides the weekly class-lesson, a lecture, free to all the members, is given on two evenings of the week. Those who have long laboured to prove the rectifying and elevating influence of education, will take courage from the facts which I have here set down.

After this long discourse about learning and literature, I may turn to a few minor subjects of gossip. One is the Westminster improvements: the new line of street by which it is proposed to connect the royal palace at Piccadilly and Belgrave with the grand centre of law and legislation, is now laid open nearly in its whole length. It is to be 80 feet wide; and with a view doubtless to its becoming the royal route, a good breadth of building-land has been reserved on each side. The making of this avenue has removed a mass of squalid dwellings, nests of filth and fever, which is of course a public benefit; but it is hard to imagine what becomes of the late squalid occupants; one can only suppose that they force themselves into dismal districts already too thickly peopled. Southey discovered the 'lost tribes,' and a few others, in London; and it would not be difficult to find a Dismal Swamp here as well as in Virginia.

Besides this, there is again talk of a new bridge at Westminster, to be built a little lower down the stream than the present unsightly structure, by which means a better view than at present will be obtained of the nine-acre legislative palace. We shall perhaps learn something definite on this pontine business when Sir John Burgoyne's report comes out. Meantime a 'lion' is not lacking; for sight-seers go to look at Mr Hope's new mansion at the corner of Down Street, Piccadilly. It is a magnificent building, in the Renaissance style, and makes one long to see whole streets of such architectural innovations on the dreary uniformity of West-end thoroughfares. With slight exceptions, the whole of the works have been executed by foreign workmen. Some silver-plate for the dining-rooms was 'on view' at the last exhibition by the Society of Arts, and was greatly admired by those who love revivals of ancient art.

Of course you have heard of the dismissal of the first Sewers' Commission, and the appointment of a new one, with Lord Ebrington as chairman? We must hope not without an intention of real work. The call for competing drainage-plans was answered by not less than 148 projects being sent in, among which no single one is found efficient; the schemes, in fact, comprise all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities. A good many are mere modifications or reproductions of the plan proposed by Mr J. Martin many years ago, which included a continuous sewer on each side of the Thames from Vauxhall to

Rotherhithe, to be surmounted by a terrace to serve as a public thoroughfare. Could this noble scheme be realised, Londoners would have what has long been a desideratum—a river promenade. Cleaning of streets and water-supply come in as part of the same subject: in some parishes bands of 'street orderlies,' as they are called, have been set to work. They wear a broad-brimmed, black-glazed hat, and a blue blouse, and in appearance remind one of the 'cantonniers' who work on the roads in France. The orderlies are provided with a broom and shovel, and remove all litter as fast as it accumulates. So well do they do their work, that crossing-sweepers are not needed in their districts. As regards water, it is a prime subject of discussion at present, and it is to be hoped that something will come of it. Several schemes are advocated: to bring water from the Thames at Henley, some thirty miles distant; to tap Bala Lake, and so introduce the pure element from North Wales; to bore Artesian wells. If Bala will give us all we want, in name of the Naiads let us have it! for those who are learned in subterranean matters declare the Artesian supply to be an impossibility, and we don't want to drink the out-poured refuse of Reading or Henley. At all events, the Duke of Wellington has authorised the sinking of an Artesian well within the precincts of the Tower, that the garrison may, for once in their lives, know the taste of good water. It will be a proud day for Cockneydom when it ceases to drink the superfluous of sewers and cess-pools!

Touching miscellaneous matters, there is the machine for making envelopes lately invented at Birmingham, where it was exhibited to several members of the British Association. It is constructed on the pneumatic principle, is beautifully simple and effective, and can be produced at a cost of L.25. You are to imagine the prepared sheets of which the envelopes are to be formed placed in a small chamber or receptacle, upon which a bellows-box descends, lifts off the upper sheet, transfers it to a mould, which gives the size, and pinches the corners; then, instead of metallic thumbs to rub down each angular flap, a blast of air enters and effects the purpose; away goes the envelop to be gummed, and drops finished into the receiver, at a rate, it is said, exceeding anything yet accomplished. Then there are Professor Schroeter's experiments on phosphorus, producing what he calls the 'allotropic condition.' In few words, when exposed to light and heat of different temperatures, phosphorus undergoes remarkable changes; no real chemical alteration takes place, yet there seems to be an entire conversion into other substances. One effect of the modifications is to render the manipulation of phosphorus harmless without destroying its properties; and the professor, more fortunate than scientific men generally, has received a liberal sum from a Birmingham manufacturer as the price of his discovery. And last, what think you of a mechanical leech, to supersede the little black snake which so often makes patients shudder? A scientific instrument with such a name has been invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer in Paris. It has been tried in some of the hospitals, and according to the reports, is a more effectual leech than the natural one.

In a former 'gossip' I mentioned Dr Mantell and his iguanodon: he (the doctor, not the reptile) has a batch of new 'Wonders of Geology.' An arm-bone of a *saurian*, nearly five feet in length, the original possessor of which must have been as much larger than the iguanodon as the latter is than a modern crocodile: the monster is to be called the *Colosso-saurus*. In addition there is a 'con-shipment' of *dinornis* bones from New Zealand, still further exemplifying the gigantic scale of pre-Adamite creation. They will doubtless be brought before the public in some of the doctor's popular lectures.

The return of Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson from the Arctic regions without any intelligence of Franklin and his adventurous band of explorers has created both surprise and pain. Sir James, it appears, was driven home by ice-drifts against his will and against his instructions, and the consequence will be another expedition next spring, should nothing in the meantime

be heard of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits or Russia. Notwithstanding the sums already lavished on these next to useless expeditions, a search must still be made for the party who have now been four years exposed to polar frosts.

A CHEAP CLASS OF RAILWAYS.

A short time ago (October 13) we took occasion, in speaking of the present railway system, to hint at the possibility of constructing a class of useful railways, auxiliary to the great lines, at a very moderate expense. Our observations have drawn the attention of the conductors of 'Herapath's Railway Journal' to the subject, which is discussed by them in two able articles (Nov. 3 and 10), of which we take the liberty of offering an analysis, along with some general remarks.

The first thing noticed by Herapath is the unnecessarily large cost at which most of the existing railways have been constructed. While the railway mania lasted, cost was of inferior consideration. In the inordinate hurry of the moment, engineers gave only a rapid glance at the proposed route; they thought nothing of tunnelling hills and crossing deep valleys, rather than go a mile or two out of their way; and then, to avoid local opposition, or to promote local jobbing in land, enormous sums were recklessly promised or expended. 'To show how lines are projected,' says Herapath, 'we remember that there was one for which a bill was actively and zealously prosecuted in parliament in the eventful year 1845, which tunnelled and cut nearly all the way from Liverpool to Leeds. From the extent of its works, this line, though not a very long one, would have taken fifteen or twenty years to make. At the head of this hopeful project was an engineer ranking high amongst the talents of the day, a gentleman who had made one of our longest railways, and in support of it as a feasible project it numbered amongst its directors or committeemen gentlemen of the first respectability. It narrowly escaped the sanction of the legislature, which would no doubt have been granted had not a strong opposition been raised to it by parties interested in a competing line. But even where there is opposition to expose merits and demerits, it is not always that parliament can be depended upon to sanction the better of two lines proposed; the best line remains most likely undiscovered by engineers. In the case of the Brighton line, of three proposed, parliament actually selected the worst, the most expensive, and the shortest only by a trifling distance. There was a route proposed, which, passing through a natural gap in the hills, avoided the necessity of tunnelling, and the enormous outlay and permanent inconvenience consequent upon it. This superior route parliament discountenanced, and favoured the present long-tunnelled and costly line.' The parliamentary expenses, caused by the opposition of rival companies and landowners, told also most seriously on the initiatory cost of the lines. 'There probably never was a bill passed without having to encounter great opposition, because there probably never was a bill for a railway prosecuted in quiet ordinary times. There must be, it would seem, a mania to bring forth railways, and then all the world comes out with railway schemes. It is opposition which engenders expense; and a mania is the hatred for the raising of opposition. One of our railway companies had to fight so hard for their bill, that they found, when at length they reached the last stage—namely, that of receiving the royal assent—that their parliamentary expenses had mounted up to half a million of money. Half a million of money spent in barely acquiring from parliament the right of making a line of railway which is to confer a benefit on the nation! Such is the fact. Without opposition, the same bill would have been passed into an act at a cost not worth naming by the side of that enormous sum.'

The result of all this was, that the cost of constructing railways went far beyond what was warranted by prospects of traffic; and in point of fact, had the traffic not turned out to be greater than was contemplated by the

projectors, scarcely a railway in the country would ever have paid a shilling of profit. The usual expense of construction and putting in working order—all outlays included—was £30,000 to £40,000 per mile; some lines were executed at £20,000 per mile; but in several instances the cost was as high as £300,000 per mile. The mere parliamentary expenses of some lines were £5000 per mile; and a railway got well off at £1000 per mile for expenses of this nature. But the primary cost of railways is only one element of calculation as respects the chances of profit: another large item is the expense of working. It is now discovered that a railway cannot be worked, to be at all efficient, under the present heavy locomotive system, at a less cost than £700 per mile per annum. 'Several branch lines owned by wealthy companies,' says Herapath, 'do not receive more than £500 per mile per annum, while the expense of working them cannot be less than £700 per mile per annum. Here the loss is £200 per mile per annum in addition to the loss of the capital expended for construction. 'The [present] locomotive railway system is of too costly a character to admit of every town having its railway. It is too costly in working as well as in construction. A vast number of places have not traffic sufficient to support railways, though the capital cost of them should be nothing. The working of trains is too expensive to allow of any profit being derived from the traffic conveyed.'

The announcement of these truths brings us to the consideration of a new and cheaper kind of railway system. It will naturally occur to every one that there are towns and districts which might find a paying traffic for some species of thoroughfare superior to what is afforded by a common road. A road is a general pathway on which so many cart-loads of stones are laid down to be ground to mud annually, at great labour to horses, and no small pain and loss of time and money to passengers. The way they are supported by toll-bar exactions is in itself a pure barbarism. It is not an advance beyond the rudest stage of social economy. We pity towns that are cut off from the general intercourse of the world by so miserable a class of thoroughfares; and the question we propound is—whether something better, yet not so stupendous as ordinary railways, could be brought into operation? We think there could; yet only provided certain concessions were made. The following is what we propose:—

Railways to be constructed with only one line. The rails to be of a somewhat lighter make than those ordinarily employed. The routes to be accommodated, as far as possible, to the nature of the country. Tunnels, deep cuttings, high embankments, and expensive viaducts, to be avoided. The best levels to be chosen, even although the route should be some miles divergent. No sidings of any kind, so that local superintendence to shift points would be altogether avoided. Small locomotives, of not more than ten-horse power, to be employed. Light omnibuses for passengers, and light wagons for goods, only to be used. On the supposition that the lines of this nature shall be made only of from ten to twenty miles in length (larger lines not being immediately contemplated), there ought on no account to be more than one locomotive in use: if there were a second, it should only be as a reserve in case of accidents. This rule for locomotives to form a main feature in the whole plan. The locomotive, with its one or two omnibuses for passengers, or its short train of wagons, or with omnibuses and wagons mixed, to be kept almost constantly going. Instead of standing during long intervals doing nothing, with its steam ineconomically escaping, and its driver idle, let it be on the move, if necessary, the whole twenty-four hours. As soon as it comes in at one terminus, let it return to the other. Let it, in short, do all the work that is to be done; and as by this means there can be only one train at a time in operation, so there can never be any collisions, and sidings would be useless. The speed to be regulated according to circumstances. Trains with coal, lime, or other heavy articles, may go at the rate of six or eight miles an hour; those with passengers may proceed at an accelerated rate of

twelve to fifteen miles, which we anticipate to be a sufficient maximum speed for railways of this kind, and more would not be expected. The width or gauge might be that commonly employed, and the lines might be in connection with the existing railways. But we would not consider it indispensable for the light trains here spoken of to run into the main lines. It might be proper to run the same wagons on both; but the shifting of passengers would be of less importance. At present, people shift into stage-coaches at certain stations, and they would have no greater trouble in shifting into the omnibuses on the single branch lines. To leave nothing untried as regards saving in the working expenses, it might be preferable to have no station clerks. Stations need only be covered sheds, to afford shelter from the weather; and instead of a class of clerks and porters fixed to a spot, a conductor to sell tickets, and a porter as an assistant, might travel with every train.

Such are the leading features of a plan for establishing cheap railways. If no fallacy lurk under our calculations, the expense of working such lines would be comparatively small. The number of attendants would be on the most moderate scale, and so likewise would be the amount of the engines and carriages in active operation. Possibly, in some instances, horse-power would be preferable to that of steam; but on this point it is needless to say much, for the question would be determined by circumstances. Herapath seems to indicate that horse-power might be deemed sufficient in the first instance. He observes, 'It is probable that on railways of the character recommended for local purposes the average traction would be about one-tenth of the common road traction. One horse on a local railway would therefore draw as much as ten on a common road, perhaps more. But even this gives a great advantage over the common road. Horses, in the room of the heavy locomotives now in use, would effect great saving, in carrying a limited amount of traffic, in working, as well as in the repair of the permanent way. Should the traffic of these local lines increase much, it may then become advisable to put on light locomotives equal to the duty. Improvements are every day being made in the locomotive; and it is highly probable that in course of time we shall have light locomotives fit for the working of branch lines, where there is but a meagre supply of traffic, and where the expense of the giant locomotive now in use cannot be borne.'

The only matters remaining to be discussed are the mode and cost of construction. It may be as well to say at once, that unless the landowners and general inhabitants of a district cordially concur in establishing such lines, they cannot be made, and the whole project falls to the ground. It must be regarded in every instance as assumed, that the parties locally interested wish for the lines, and will earnestly, and without selfishness, promote their execution. It will, we believe, be very generally found that on a line of ten to twenty miles in length there are not more than six to eight principal landowners. We could mention instances in which lines would go six miles over one person's property. In a variety of cases the lines might run for certain distances alongside the public roads, so as to cause the least possible damage to property or general amenity. In any case, supposing that nothing more than the fair price of the land taken is to be paid for—no contest in parliament, and no great works to be attempted—it is reasonable to conclude that the first cost of the lines would be little more than a tenth of what is ordinarily charged. According to Herapath—'instead of £30,000, £40,000, or £50,000 a mile, the cost of a town's or landowner's branch line, constructed on the above principle, would only be a few thousands—probably as low as £2000, £3000, or £4000 a mile. The expense, however, would vary according to the nature of the country to be traversed. Where the ground is flat and sound (not boggy) the expense would be lightest. But in each case an estimate could ascertain—not to a nicety, but nearly—what a line would cost. We should advise that, prior to entering upon the construction of a line, the parties

should carefully estimate the cost of construction, the charges for working—say by horses—and thus see, before they commenced, that there was no chance of their being on the wrong side. We imagine that lines constructed and worked so cheaply as these would be, would pay well; in dividend far outweigh their more costly connections, the great locomotive lines. A wide field is here opened for legitimate and safe speculation; for benefiting all parties, if it be only properly carried out. To raise funds for this purpose, the townspeople and landowners could form themselves into partnerships or companies. We have no doubt they would amply benefit their pockets in a direct manner, by the profitable return such a railway would make upon its capital, as well as obtain railway communications which would enhance the value of their estates and the importance of their towns.

With these explanations, the subject may be left in the hands of the public. Only one obstacle seems to present itself—and that is the present disheartened condition of the country respecting all railway schemes whatever. On this account projects such as we speak of would have a difficulty in obtaining a hearing. At the same time, the penalties of neglecting opportunities must be borne in mind. To conclude in the words of Herapath:—‘The local parties interested in lines of this description should not delay directing their attention to the subject; for while they are waiting and dreaming, the trade of their towns may permanently pass away from them, and centre in places provided with railway accommodation. Trade remains with a place for a long time after another place has possessed itself of superior advantages for carrying it on; but when it has passed away, owing to neglect to retain it, it is almost impossible to regain it. Certainly, it may be said, the sooner the inhabitants of isolated places in want of railway communication bestir themselves in this matter, the better for their own interests. In self-defence they will be called upon in the course of years to do so; when they find their trade slipping through their fingers they must have railways; and as railway companies will never be allowed to do it for them, they must needs make the lines themselves. Is it not better to set about this work before it is a matter of necessity, before they lose their business, and before others take it away? To our mind there is not a doubt of the propriety of local parties attending to this notice at once; not in haste, but with deliberate judgment, reviewing the local position in which they stand, the capability of forming a cheap line, and the advantages of it both directly and indirectly to themselves.’

W. C.

CURIOUS PECULIARITY IN THE ELEPHANT.

The Bombay Times notices a paper by Dr Impey in the ‘Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society,’ containing an account of the rise of a malignant pustule from contact with the flesh of a dead elephant. It furnishes a curious new fact in the natural history of the animal. ‘It is so seldom,’ says the Bombay Times, ‘that tame elephants amongst us die from natural causes, or under such circumstances as permit of dissection, that this peculiarity of the carcass has not, we believe, till now been described, though perfectly well known to the natives. A baggage elephant accompanying the third troop of horse artillery having died on the march betwixt Mhow and Poona at the commencement of the hot season of 1846, the elephant was cut up by some of the artillerymen and attendants, under the supervision of Dr Impey, to see, if possible, to determine the cause of its death. The moohce was ordered to work amongst the rest, but could not be induced to touch the carcass until he had smeared his hands and arms with oil, assigning as the reason of his aversion the certainty of disease supervening, and its liability periodically to attack those who had once suffered from it. At the time was heartily ridiculed; but the laugh was on the moohce’s side when every man employed in the dissection but himself was two days afterwards attacked with acute disease. The character of this was at first purely local; the pain felt like that arising from the bite of a venomous insect; it was accompanied by slight local inflammation. This soon extended, and became a sore.

These deepened to the bone, and extended on all sides, manifesting a remarkable degree of sluggishness and inactivity. Fever accompanied the earlier symptoms, exhibiting a remittent type, and being most severe towards the evening. After a fortnight, secondary fever appeared, and three weeks elapsed before the sores could be healed up. The patient had by this time become emaciated, sallow, and enervated, so that active dietetic measures required to be taken for his restoration.’

DIG DEEP TO FIND THE GOLD.

Dost thou seek the treasures hidden
Within earth’s rocky bed,
The diamond for beauty’s tresses,
Gems for the queenly head?
’Tis not on the dewy surface
That they their rays unfold,
But far in the distant hollows—
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou long thy fields should brighten
With golden harvest ears,
And thy pastures yield in verdure
Riches for coming years?
Then dream not that while you linger
Earth’s bounty you’ll behold;
But strive, and win her treasures—
Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou sigh for wealth of knowledge,
The riches of ages past,
And o’er the bright world of science
Thy longing glances cast?
With love and zeal undaunted,
Seek for the wealth untold,
In the soul-lit mines of genius
Dig deep to find the gold.

C. T.

SCOTLAND IN ENGLAND.

The great annual Caledonian Ball is soon to come off with its accustomed splendour; the Scottish National pastimes and fêtes are to be celebrated under the most influential auspices; and the [late] Scotch Lord Mayor continues to keep up the national character for hospitality with unwonted liberality and *éclat*. A Scotch nobleman has won the Derby, an achievement surpassing, in the estimation of the Cockneys, all the exploits of Lord Gough. Another Scotch nobleman has added the splendid territory of the Rivo Rivers to the British empire in India; and a third is wisely, and ably, and approvingly, suppressing rebellion in Canada. Two Scotch noblemen made the best speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the Navigation-laws. The temporary absence from illness of one Scotch member (Hume) from the Commons is generally lamented. Scotch music is heard and applauded in the streets despite of the *diletteanti* and tramontane attractions of Albion and Lablache; and Scotch steamers are universally allowed to be the finest models of marine architecture in the river. From the stone bridges over the Thames—nearly all built [of Scotch stones] by Scotchmen—you are perpetually reminded of the genius of James Watt. Scotch banking is getting more into vogue, and is trenching on the originally Scotch organised Bank of England. Scotch cakes, Scotch shortbread, Scotch gingerbread, Edinburgh buns, and Selkirk bannocks, Scotch whisky, ale, salmon, herrings, haddocks, and oats, maintain their accustomed supremacy. Scotch pluids and tartans are in the windows of every clothier, draper, and tailor’s shop; and you scarcely meet a smart female in the streets without some part at least of her person being decorated in tartan array. In the printshop windows you see the departure of the ‘Highland Drove’—the Illicit Still on the mountain side—the Stag at Bay—the Lassic herding Slice, in juxtaposition with her Majesty the Queen and her Court at the Coronation.—*London Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

[Might we be permitted to add, in the most delicate way possible, that little is now read but Scotch periodicals! The only thing which seems to keep patriotically at home is Scotch vegetarianism.]

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE DOVRE FIELD.

MR LAING, who spent some days at Laurgaard, gives such a favourable account of it as a sort of Norwegian Arcadia, replenished with milk, strawberries, trouts, and so forth, that I was curious to experience its hospitalities. I quickly found my way to a detached chamber, which he describes with great minuteness as a neat and comfortable place, and within an hour a meal was spread on the board before me. When I looked round the plain little room, furnished with two deal curtainless beds, and observed the homely old landlady coolly tasting with her fingers one of the dishes which she was about to remove, quietly conversing with me all the time, I felt inclined to speak more moderately of travelling in Norway than Mr Laing has done. This was not the only instance in which I found things painted somewhat too attractively in the 'Residence in Norway.' The Norwegians themselves acknowledge that Mr Laing has been partial with respect to them and their country. The Laurgaard station seems, on the whole, a poor one: yet there was good coffee, along with superb cream, at breakfast next morning. The former article is used to an immense amount in Norway, and is generally good. The latter may be described as the one redeeming gastronomic feature of the country. It is an article, by the bye, which civilisation does not, perhaps cannot improve. Bear witness, London, where no mortal living has a true personal acquaintance with the genuine products of the dairy! This is one point in which barbarism must be admitted to have the advantage. Civilisation, it may be said sententiously, sophisticates butter, and annihilates cream.

Something set me a-thinking this morning on the value of Norway to the antiquarian traveller, as presenting an unchanged picture of an ancient state of things and of ancient life—the country no more cultivated than ever it was, the houses of the same form and material as they ever have been, the people dressing much as they have done for ages, and thinking as men thought in the days of old. It is affecting to reflect on the eternal sameness of the human condition in this country. One generation simply supersedes another—is merely a link in the chain of our specific immortality—does not advance upon it—or become in anyway distinguished from others. The life of the individual is thus more touchingly presented than in other circumstances. It appears more as the one waking day between the two long sleeps.

At Laurgaard the mountains begin to be more lofty; some to the westward are 6000 feet above the sea. The road, after passing the station, enters a deep, narrow, rocky passage called Gulbrandsdalen, beyond which we advance into a comparatively open district of hill

and valley, lying very high, being in fact the summit of the Dovre Field. Now at Laurgaard, it is seventy miles from Mosshuus, where the first ancient moraine of the Logan valley occurs.* A second we have seen at Sletsvig. All along the valley between Mosshuus and Laurgaard large blocks are seen lying about. One isolated cubical mass I measured, and found to be 45 feet by 24, and about 15 feet high. These have probably been left by the glacier in retiring; for it is evident from their position that they cannot have fallen from the neighbouring hill-faces. At Laurgaard, a third ancient moraine, and one much larger than any of the two former, appears. It is, in reality, a kind of mountain—a pile of huge stones, standing quite out from the sides of the valley, and perfectly distinct from the talus of comparatively small blocks which rests thereon, the modern product of the cliff above. Presently, as we enter the pass, we see that this tremendous pile is connected with certain long sloping terraces composed of detached blocks, which mark the left side of the valley at two different elevations. All the way through the pass we see such piles laid in terrace fashion along the hill-sides. At one place called Rooskalen they are three in number, and the road descends from one to another after passing a little way along each. Altogether, it is a marvellous exhibition of the work of ancient ice. At the same time, the rocks far up the mountain-sides are rounded or mamillated in the usual fashion, insomuch that the trees with difficulty get a footing amongst them. This, it appears, has been a grand though confined passage for the outlet of the mass of permanent snow now shrunk up to the tops of the highest mountains. At one period the glacial stream has gone as far down as Mosshuus; at another and subsequent time it has stopped short at Sletsvig; at a third, it has only been able to disgorge its charge of stones at Laurgaard; and so on. I trust it is not superfluous, even to the most unscientific traveller, to describe these objects so minutely. I found that the tracing of them served exceedingly well to beguile the tedium of a road generally deficient in objects of interest, and which would have otherwise been dull.

It was not later than six o'clock when I started from Laurgaard, designing to have a long day's travel, and to surmount the Dovre Field. Although the sun was three hours up, the inn and neighbouring fields still lay beneath the deep shade of the mountain to the eastward. It was exhilarating, half an hour after, to dash into the bright sunshine at the entrance to Gulbrands-

* The surface of the moraine at Mosshuus is 720 feet above the sea. The Laurgaard post-station is 1060 above the same point. Here, as throughout the ensuing pages, English measure is used, the authority followed being that of Mr Kellihau, in his laborious work entitled 'Gaea Norvegica.'

daalen, which I found to be a piece of valley scenery rivalling the Pass of Killiecrankie. But here we were quickly brought to a moderate pace. From the steepness of the valley-sides near the river, it has been found necessary to carry the road high up the hill-face, and at a considerable inclination. While walking, in tenderness to the horses, I measured the ascent at many places, and found it equal to the severe inclination of the road at Christiania already described, being 16 degrees, or a rise of 1 in $3\frac{1}{4}$. At home I would have believed such gradients impracticable, but the bold engineering, or rather the no-engineering of Norway, showed me the contrary. The scenery was superb, and its solitude unbroken save by one small cottage, near which I met a poor old woman, its only tenant, gathering a breakfast of herbs. The air filling the profound hollow was palpable in its intense brightness, like some fine liquor; yet it was not perfectly pure, for insects floated along, and there was also a refined dust now and then visible, possibly the sporules of cryptogamic vegetation.

I learned at the second station onward that my forebud, a young man, had walked all the way ($13\frac{1}{4}$ miles) during the night, in order to give notice of horses being wanted, looking for nothing beyond the usual remuneration, which was about 1s. 7d.

Early in the forenoon I left the valley of the Logan, in order to pass over the Dovre Field. The upper part of the valley has some remarkable features. It ends in a lake called Lüssöverks-Vand, which reposes in the summit-level of the country between Gulbrandsdaalen and Romsdaalen. This lake has an issue at each end, one stream being the Logan; the other passes through Romsdaalen, and falls into the Northern Ocean at Molde. Thus Norway may be said to be divided into two parts by a continuous tract of natural water. For many miles of the upper part of the Logan Vale there are lofty terraces and isolated mounds composed of a fine sand, and very much resembling formations which I have traced near the summit-level of various similar valleys of passage in Scotland, this term being one which I have ventured to apply to hollows not forming an ascent to high grounds, as river valleys usually do, but penetrating high grounds from side to side. Such valleys were the basins of sounds when the sea was at a higher relative level, and the deposits are the siltings produced by the sea in that situation. The tract we are now speaking of is eminently a sandy one. So abundant is this material, that there is a positive difficulty in carrying the road over it, and at one place, where it assumes the character of a quicksand, the mail cart has occasionally, in rainy weather, been detained a day for want of firm footing. On one of the isolated mounts of sand, Dovre parish church rears its picturesque form, clothed all over with slates bound together with iron. Though Dovre kirk is 1543 feet above the sea, the neighbouring hill-sides are studded with little farms, and the whole district is evidently very populous. In the British islands, I may remark, there is no such abundant population at above half the elevation. It is the warm, though brief summer, which enables man to find a subsistence in Norway on so high a platform of country. In addition to the many sandy terraces at different and indeterminate heights, I discovered one of a much more remarkable character, passing along both sides of the valley for fully twenty miles, always at one elevation, and specifically identical as a terrace with the celebrated roads of Glenroy in Inverness-shire. It first became visible at a place called One (pronounced *Ouya*), on the west side of the valley, where it truncates the ancient delta of a side stream far up the mountain-side. It is seen thence passing along through the scraggy woods without any interruption, till, on our turning out of the valley, we lose sight of it among the high grounds near Lüssö Lake. On the east side of the valley, perhaps 150 feet above the level of the road at Lie Station, I could distinctly trace this terrace by its hummocks of water-laid sand, and the farm-

houses perched on its favourable points. A long series of hamlets on the road to Molde is placed upon it. As an object in physical geography, in its form, its uniform level on both sides of the vale, and its relation to the lakes at the summit-level, this terrace precisely resembles the lowest of the Glenroy terraces as it approaches Loch Laggan. It must, however, be more than twice the elevation above the level of the sea.

We now passed over a high open valley, presenting that sort of dismal moorland scene which is so common in the upper grounds in the Scottish Highlands. Trees were now reduced to scrub; but near the wayside we saw great peat *hags*, containing large trunks which betokened a heartier vegetation in past times—a phenomenon also common in our Highlands. It seemed as if, after the period of extended glaciers, there had been a time of genial climate for these high grounds, perhaps arising from their being temporarily at a lower relative level. Here, too, even thus high, the exposed surfaces of rock exhibited polishing and scratching. For the present, the temperature of the district was as mild as could be wished. At Fogstuen Station, which is 3241 English feet above the level of the sea, I was fain, while taking advantage of the pause for horses, to retreat for shade to the side of a bridge to scribble a few notes. Yet patches of snow were lying in nooks not far from the road. I much question if worthy Mr Macpherson, the innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, ever in his life knew so hot a day at that most elevated of Scottish inns, although it is considerably less than half the height of Fogstuen.

This station being a quarter of a mile from the road, I did not go up to it; but I was amused, when the horses were getting harnessed, to observe the group which had come from the house to gaze upon the English stranger. It consisted of five women, four men, two boys, and an infant in arms, doubtless the entire strength of the station. It was a treat to observe the look of awe-struck gratitude of the poor horse-boy when Quist put three skillings (rigidly the eighth part of 9d.) into his hand by way of *drička-pinge*. Such a look one might have expected from a faithful old butler in England on his master informing him that he had settled a retiring pension upon him for life. I mention these things because they struck me as significant of the very limited acquaintance which the Norwegian peasantry have with money. They remind me of the stories told of the Highlanders in Prince Charles's army in 1745, who, in their march through the Lowlands, would hold out their guns threateningly, and being asked what they wanted, answered, 'A penny!' which being given them, they recovered arms, and went away content. My own inclination always was to give sums more conformable to English usages; but, being reminded by Quist that it was entirely a piece of gratuitous benevolence, as the true remuneration of the man was involved in that for the horses, and finding Quist, moreover, under an impression that the ordinary payments were rather more than they ought to be (things being generally cheaper in Sweden than in Norway), I compelled myself to leave the matter much in his hands. Perhaps, too, it would scarcely be justice to future travellers to change the ideas of the people as to this class of gratuities. Their simplicity is at present beautiful to contemplate, and 'why should I undo it?' The honesty of the peasantry on this very road is illustrated by a circumstance which was related to me by an English traveller not above a month after it happened. Having tied up thirty sovereigns insecurely in his carpet-bag, and imprudently arranged the bag with its mouth downwards on a carriage, he found, on arriving at a particular station, that twenty-four of the coins had made their escape. Before it was possible to make any announcement on the subject, a peasant, the son of a small farmer, came to the inn, and gave up eighteen of the sovereigns, which he had found at intervals along the road. The bearing of the man, and the act itself, left no room to doubt that he had surrendered every coin which he had found; and indeed the wonder is, that

he had found so large a proportion as the three-fourths of those missing. The worthy fellow looked only to the reward customary in such cases in Norway, amounting to about two pounds, which the gentleman gave in specie dollars, as the coin most convenient for the receiver. He seemed, however, to have an inadequate idea of the value of the money, and immediately after, with a simplicity which there was no resisting, he came and asked for one of the sovereigns, which he said he would much like to keep as a memorial of the event!

The Lie and Fogstuen Stations, and three farther on, were established so long ago as 1120, with some peculiar privileges, to make the keeping of them worth while, as otherwise there could be no such places of entertainment for travellers in so desolate a region. Being connected with good farms, they are in the hands of persons far above humble circumstances. Near Fogstuen I observed some houses at a still higher elevation, and a few others not less elevated were within sight in Gulbrandsdalen; but these, I was told, are only inhabited in summer. They are examples of a kind of establishment called a *Soeter*, common all over Norway, and which either had or has a parallel in the Scottish Highlands, being connected with grazing-grounds where the cattle are kept in summer, in order to save as much as possible of the fodder raised in the low grounds for use during the winter. Tidemand, the Wilkie of Norway, has a pleasant picture descriptive of the march of a family to the *Soeter*. 'It is a delightful moment,' we are told, 'when, at the end of the long winter, the joyous cry, "Till Soeters!" is heard from every mouth. . . . It is quite a fête when they go to these summer stations. There the days pass smoothly along, one like another, while the people tend the herds, make butter and cheese, and gather berries and wild-flowers. From time to time they receive visits of the inhabitants of the valleys, and from travelling strangers. But the grand fêtes of the *Soeters* do not commence till near the end of summer, when, the labours of the low country being over, the men and boys come thither to feed their horses, and fish in the mountain lakes. They then indulge in national dances, seen at no other time, and which, one would think, it requires sinews of iron to go through with. Meanwhile no one is left to take care of the house at home, but some old person who has ceased to be able to climb the mountains.* One can imagine ample scope for the pastoral poet in these charming scenes of natural primitive life.

The next stage continues to pass along the high moorish grounds already described; and now we have the mountain of *Snaehatte* and others, covered with eternal snow, at the distance of a few miles to the left. Though *Snaehatte* is 7614 feet high, much of its effect is lost, because, as a detached hill starting from the table-land over which we are passing, it does not tell as above half that height. It is, nevertheless, a fine object, the sides being in some places so steep, that the snow cannot lie upon them. Once considered as the first mountain in Norway, it now ranks only second, there being one called *Skagstøls Tind* on the west coast, one point of which is stated at 8087. After passing many miles over a dreary wilderness, where not a human habitation is to be seen, nor any vegetation superior to brushwood, it is with a feeling of relief that one drives through an arch into a group of buildings forming the station of *Jerkind*, which hangs on the skirt of the ridge forming the summit of the country at this point. One naturally expects great rudeness at a solitary habitation placed in so wintry a region, and so far from the haunts of men; somewhat unexpectedly he finds several neatly-appointed chambers, in one of which a comfortable meal is served up to him. He sees all the symptoms of a thriving mountain-farm, and sensible, happy-looking people engaged in their various duties. I was indulged with a sight of the *kleid kammer*, a room devoted, as is customary in Norway, to the keeping of the clothes of

the family. A wonderful variety of male and female attire hung round the walls; but what chiefly interested me was an assortment of voluminous cloaks and pelisses of bear and wolves' skins for winter travelling—an apparatus conveying a striking idea of the exigencies of the climate in this northern latitude. As at some other lonely stations, I here found that the landlord amuses himself in winter with carving in wood, and some of his productions of this kind were not devoid of a certain cleverness, though very much inferior to the pretty carvings which are executed at so many places in Switzerland. He rears horses upon a considerable scale, and the groups of nags seen here and there about the fields are of some avail in dispelling the sense of melancholy arising from the scene. Sportsmen haunt *Jerkind* in summer for the sake of the game, which is here rather more abundant and reachable than is usual in Norway: Trouts, deer, and even occasionally elk, add to the attractions of the place as a scene of amusement. A man named *Per*, who must be a person of extraordinary character, acts as a guide and assistant to the *Jerkind* sportsmen: his house, the only one in the district besides the stations, is perched on the skirts of *Snaehatte*, and there he lives with his wife and children throughout the whole year, the nearest approach to the perfect romance of hunting-life which is now perhaps attainable.

It was late in the afternoon when I set out from *Jerkind* on foot, it being out of the question to think of being driven over a hill of such steepness. I was now about 4000 feet above the sea-level; yet the upturned edges of the schistous rocks were everywhere seen cut sharp through, and the surfaces polished and striated in the down-hill direction, or from north-east to south-west. Upon these surfaces travelled blocks of gneiss reposed. It would be worth while to inquire after their original seat, as upon that some curious conclusions might depend. The summit-level of the road is said to be 4105 feet above the sea, being nearly as high as the loftiest mountain in the British islands. Nevertheless I passed it sitting in an open carriage, without a coat of any kind but a thin linen blouse, and feeling my face all the time half-blistered with heat. *Snaehatte* looked well here, presenting an open, broken part, like the ruins of some Titanic structure half-shrouded in snow.

We now descended through a great basin of naked uplands, beside dashing streams and hopeless morasses, towards *Kongsvold*. In passing along, I overtook two youths who had been fishing in the infant river *Driv*. I found the fish-basket of one of them formed of very simple materials, yet tolerably neat. It consisted mainly of a piece of birch bark, a section of the entire girth of a small tree, about nine inches long. This had been cut open, and fitted upon two elliptical pieces of wood serving as ends, and from which there was a strap to carry it by over the shoulder. A little carved wooden box, having a sliding shutter, held the bait of the young angler; for, I may remark, fly-fishing is unknown in Norway, except where introduced by the English. In 'Murray's Hand-Book' there is a story of a simple Norwegian, who, being asked if there were many trout in the *Etnedal's Elv*, 'replied that the people about here never caught any; but that an Englishman had been there, and had put some queer-looking things like flies upon his line, and with these he took great numbers of trout.'

Kongsvold lies at the entrance to a narrow cliffy valley, forming an outlet for the *Driv* from the basin-like upland already spoken of, and is 2984 feet above the sea. On the rough hill-face, from 400 to 600 feet above the bottom of the valley at the station, there is a sloping terrace of loose materials, about half a mile long, and at one place above thirty paces broad. It is unequivocally the moraine of a glacier which has at one time descended through the *Driv* Valley. The station is fully as comfortable as that at *Jerkind*. Having an hour of daylight remaining, while it was unadvisable to proceed any

farther, I examined the whole place carefully under the guidance of one of the people. The buildings form a sort of square, with the road passing through it. There is one principal house, containing a large kitchen, and a good-sized parlour with a bed, where I am to sleep: over this, a suite of apartments. Then there is a second house, the ground-floor of which contains a dairy full of dishes of milk and cream, and an apartment occupied by a female who seems to attend to this part of the establishment. Here also there is an upper floor containing a set of bedrooms. Another neat house detached from these is occupied by the mother of the innkeeper, a respectable old person like a Scotch *granny*, and appropriately occupied at the time of my visit in reading a book of devotions. I remarked of this house that though it was only a cottage, it contained a great number of substantial articles of furniture. There seemed to be nothing wanting for comfort, though all in a plain way. Stables, cow-houses, and sheds there were in plenty, likewise storehouses for fodder and provisions, the place being, in its *tout ensemble*, rather like a little village than a farm or an inn. The interior of one of the family provision-stores presented huge bunkers and girdles full of various kinds of bread, prepared against winter. Another was stuffed full of sacks of meal, and other articles needful for sustenance. The whole reminded one of a city prepared for a siege—a condition from which that of a mountain station during seven months of deep snow is not greatly different. It also conveyed the idea of an affluent sufficiency of the necessities of life being enjoyed by the proprietor and his dependants, as well as by the cattle and the stranger that was within his gates, though with perhaps an almost total ignorance of the delicacies that are within the reach of poorer people in the towns and cities of England. Finally, I inspected the corn-mill of the establishment—a small timber-house striding over a precipitate mountain streamlet. It contains space for little more than the mill-stones, the upper of which moves on the lower by virtue of a vertical beam descending into a socket in the bed of the stream. The lower part of this beam is furnished with horizontal fans, against which, on one side or the other, the water pours down a sloping trough, so as to wheel it round. It is the very first mechanical effort after the use of the hand-mill of primitive times; and the name given to that hand-mill in the Scottish Highlands—*quern*—is still retained for the simple establishment now described. I beheld it with the feeling of an antiquary, as the living reality of what is elsewhere to be sought for as an obsolete curiosity, or only survives in description and literary allusion. Mr Laing finds a plausible excuse for the rudeness of the enginery of these Norwegian mills, on the plea that it is less apt to be interrupted by frost than an overshot wheel would be. But I have no doubt it is adhered to, as many other rude and ungainly systems are in Norway, merely on the principle that so our forefathers ground their corn, and so will we.

In the course of the evening the post from Trondheim to Christiopia arrived at the station, consisting of a single-horse gig driven by one man. It passes on this journey twice a week. The man I found to be a handsome, young, active fellow, clothed in a long green frock-coat, adorned with bugles, and wearing at his broad leathern belt a short, light sword, having two pistols connected with the hilt. From the bustle it created, especially among the womenkind, I could see that the arrival of the postman was an important event at Kongsvoild.

The first stage which I had to encounter next morning is the most difficult and the most terrible of the whole road. Having taken breakfast, and paid a specie dollar (4s. 6d.) for the whole evening, night, and morning's entertainment of myself and servant, I started at six o'clock on my way down this frightful valley, drawn by three horses, and having two extra attendants. It was a splendid morning, and the magnificent scenery of the valley appeared to the best advantage. A deep, rushing

river, steep hill-sides scalped at top, scraps of dwarfed birch and pine to half-way up, side streams tumbling down through deep-cut channels and over lofty ledges; such were the prominent features of the scene. Most readers will be familiar with the smooth circular pots which cascades generally make on a precipice, by whirling loose stones round and round within them: the Caldron Linn in Clackmannanshire is a good example. Among the cliffs above the road, quite out of the reach of any side streams, and fully forty feet above the present course of the Driv, I observed wearings of this nature on the rock, indicating that cascades had once been there. Circular pots of this kind are not uncommon objects in Norway in connection with dressed surfaces of rock. The common people call them *Reisentoppe*, or Giants' Tubs, and probably assign them a mythical origin. The modern geologist believes them to have been produced by cascades connected with glaciers in the age of the dressings. Farther down the valley I found another example of the *Reisentopfes*, fully 150 feet above the river.

The great difficulty of the stage is to get over the shoulder of a hill, which, descending at a steep inclination right down to the river, leaves no room for the passage of the road below. We rise, I think, fully 800 feet, and descend rather more on the other side. It was hard work to the three horses to drag the empty carriage up this slope, and hard work to three men to cheer the poor animals, help them with their draught, and keep the carriage from dragging them back when they paused for a minute to draw breath. To avoid the vagueness of general description, I measured the gradients at several places, and found an angle of 12 degrees the gentlest anywhere existing, being the ordinary inclination of the steepest closes in the High Street of Edinburgh. An angle of 16 degrees, implying, as before mentioned, a rise of 1 foot in $3\frac{1}{2}$, was common. In some places (*horresco referens!*) there was an inclination of 20 degrees, or a rise of 1 in $2\frac{1}{2}$. I sat in the carriage when it was afterwards going down declivities at this angle, not much unlike the slope of the roof of a house. There was one particular turn of the road producing a sharp curve, and in the inner part of this curve I traced a wheel-track on a piece of ground (believe it who list) at 26 degrees! The aspect of the horses in ascending these slopes was that of animals climbing, not walking, and I acquired a forcible idea of the powers of Norwegian nags. The road, inclusive of a drain close to the hill-side, was rigidly twelve feet broad. It was in many places unprovided with any parapet or other defence, though, for a human being or vehicle falling over, there could be no stoppage till they should reach the bed of the stream, several hundred feet below. I traced wheel-tracks exactly *ten inches* from the naked verge of the precipice!

At a projecting angle of the valley, near where the road attains its utmost height, I found the faces towards the upper part of the valley, and those looking right across, smoothed, with striae from south to north, or in the direction of the valley, while the faces looking downward were rough. It was the clearest proof of a glacier having once come down this valley, filling it up to a height of fully 800 feet, smoothing the surfaces against which it pressed in its descent, but leaving untouched those over which it would pour freely, after passing through the strait. A little way on, the striae assumed a direction from south-west to north-east. Another curious feature of the valley was an ancient delta of a side stream—that is, the remnant of a quantity of detritus which had been brought by the side stream into this valley, when it was filled up to a certain height with water, but which had been cut through by the stream after the recipient water had been withdrawn. Such a fact I hold as a proof of the former presence of the sea in this inland valley, up to a height of at least 3500 feet above its present elevation—a condition subsequent to that under which the rock-smoothings were produced—a reign of water succeeding that of ice.

While my mind was wrapt in contemplation of the grandeur of the valley, and its many indications of a past state of things, Quist was taking an economical view of the prodigious water-power which was flowing uselessly along far below our feet. 'If we had Englishmen here, sir, we could put him up some nice fabrique.' Not a doubt of it.

It was a pleasant relief from the wildness of the stage when, after a long descent, we came to a wide space forming a green level meadow, close to which was the station of Drivstuen, 2248 feet above the level of the sea. The Dovre Field is considered as ending here. The valley, nevertheless, continues to present fine scenery as far as the next station, that of Rise, where population at length recommences, after being intermitted for fully sixty miles. The remainder of this day's journey was not remarkable. It crossed from one valley to another over high and rather uninteresting grounds. At Stuen Station, as part of a very poor dinner set before me, I met for the first time a dish of lapped milk, designed to be eaten with sugar. The place interested me, as absolutely identical in name with Stowe in Edinburghshire, not to speak of a well-known mansion in Buckinghamshire, and the termination of many names of places in England, of which Walthamstowe is an example. Stowe, in Norwegian, signifies a room or cottage, and the terminal *en* is merely the article. It occurs as part of many names of places; for instance, two of the very last spoken of, Fogstuen and Drivstuen. It was not less interesting, at the end of my day's journey, to rest on the banks of the Gula, a name identical with Gala, the Scottish stream on which Stowe is situated, as well as with the Gwala in Pembrokeshire. Such traits of affinity have a peculiar value at a distance from home.

In the latter part of this day's journey, near a place called Vangbro, I passed a country mansion, finely placed in a well-wooded park, like an English squire's house, being almost the first object of the kind which I had seen in Norway. I was told that it is called Sliæper, and is the residence of the *landsman* of the district. It was towards the close of evening when, after a journey of eighty-three miles, I arrived at Soknaes. The sense of lassitude and soreness which I experienced on alighting made me aware that I had exceeded the amount of travelling which is prudent by at least fifteen miles. The error was the greater, as it had thrown me upon a station of a poor tumble-down character, where there was neither food nor lodging of a tolerable kind. It was consolatory, however, to reflect that I had now only half a day's journey remaining, and having a whole day remaining for it, was tolerably sure of my voyage to the north. I was somewhat surprised to find at this station, which is about 500 feet above the sea, hops growing in the garden. The hop is thus cultivated in little patches connected with ordinary farms throughout a great space in Norway and Sweden, about the 64th parallel of latitude. Are we to suppose that it is harder in Scandinavia than in England, or is the fact owing to the greater heat of the summer? We hear nothing here of the delicacy of the plant and the precariousness of its culture, which are so notable in England. In this part of Norway, a favourite and conspicuous piece of furniture is a colossal corner cupboard or *smry*, on which there is usually an inscription, such as 'CHRISTIAN OLSEN'S DATTER,' or 'MARIET IVRET'S DATTER,' with the addition of a date. The like inscriptions are seen upon beds. These are pieces of furniture which the father or mother of a bride has given at her marriage, and of this the inscription is meant to be commemorative. My old deaf landlady at Soknaes had a formidable *smry* dated in her matrimonial year, 1792. In various districts of Scandinavia there are petty things not seen elsewhere. Throughout the Dovre Field I remarked that all the men wore knives in a little coarse case suspended from a leathern girdle. The chief legitimate use of the instrument is to cut their meat; but in times not long past, it was common for a couple of Norwegian peasants

who had quarrelled to get themselves bound together within one girdle, and then fight each other with their knives. In a particular district of Sweden, near Upsala, I found the peasants universally wearing leathern aprons. I thought at first that I had got into a country of shoemakers; but they were of all kinds of trades, and only wore leathern aprons as being peculiarly economical.

The greater part of the remaining journey was along the valley of the Gula, which is more rich as a scene of agriculture than picturesque or beautiful. Symptoms of population and of prosperous life increase as we go along; and it would become clear to one ignorant of the fact, that we are approaching a large town. Passing out of the Gula valley, over some high grounds, we at length come within sight of the sea—always a striking sight after long land travel. It is a bay, with lofty hills beyond. Along its near shore is seen a dense cluster of white houses with blue roofs—this is TRONDHEIM; and, resting there at the Hôtel Bellevue, I have finished one important section of my journey. R. C.

ESTELLE STANGE.

PHILIPPE ARMAND, a Paris notary, and probably the youngest man of the ancient and honourable fraternity to which he belonged—for he had but lately succeeded to his father's business—entered late one evening, during one of the most terrific phases of the first French Revolution, a back sitting-room in the house of Madame Colardeau, a court *modiste*—when there was a court—established for many years in the Palais-Royal. The year was waning towards its close, and the weather was cold, wet, and gloomy—the time itself was out of joint; but spite of all depressing, exterior influences, Monsieur Philippe Armand—a handsome, but somewhat pale and delicate-looking young man—appeared, very contrary to his wont, in exuberant spirits.

'Ah, Madame Colardeau, I am delighted to see you. You look charmingly; and Mademoiselle Estelle?'—

'Is quite well, Monsieur Armand; and you, too, seem to have wonderfully recovered from the despair with which you pretended to be overwhelmed but a few weeks since. I expected every day to hear you had been fished out of the Seine; and here you are, not only very well alive, but apparently as merry as a Savoyard. Oh, you men—you men!'

'Times are changed, madame. Events ripen quickly in the wondrous days in which we live.'

'Oh, par exemple!' rejoined Madame Colardeau; 'there is nothing surer than that. It required twenty years under the old régime to establish this business; but your charming Republic has thoroughly demolished it in less than as many months.'

'Courage, Madame Colardeau—courage! Better times than you have ever known are coming, rely upon it. A tempest is unpleasant, dangerous even whilst it lasts, but it clears and purifies the air. I have news for you.'

'News for me?'

'For you and Mademoiselle St Ange. Eugène Duvernay, son of ci-devant Count Duvernay, is, thanks to my assistance, safe across the frontier.'

'Comment!' screamed Madame Colardeau, turning pale as death. 'Eugène Duvernay left France, and without us?'

'Certainly he has left France, and evidently without you; but I do not understand'—

'Oh, Monsieur Armand, you do not know—you were not told. *Mon Dieu*, can it be possible! But I have had my suspicions. The count's son gone! What will become of us—of Estelle especially!'—and the excited modiste paced up and down the apartment in an agony of grief and terror.

The countenance of Philippe Armand lost in an instant its joyous expression, and his white lips quivered with ill-defined apprehension as he demanded the meaning of so strange an outburst.

'We are undone, ruined, lost!' sobbed Madame Colardeau. 'Unhappy, deceived Estelle!'

'Who is ruined, lost, deceived?' interrupted the no-

tary fiercely. 'You must have lost your senses. In what manner can the enforced departure of so light, so worthless a coxcomb as Eugène Duvernay, permanently affect the peace of Mademoiselle St Ange, or your welfare?'

Madame Colardeau continued to wring her hands, and utter broken exclamations of grief and passion, but vouchsafed no other answer.

'Hark you, madame,' cried M. Armand, grasping her rudely by the arm, and forcing her into a chair, 'by all the saints in heaven but you *shall* answer me! What, I insist upon being told, is the meaning of these frantic outcries?'

'Oh, Monsieur Philippe,' whimpered the startled modists, 'Estelle should have told you—should have explained—I cannot, must not. If what you say is true, there is no faith, no honesty in man.'

'I think I comprehend you,' rejoined the notary in a calmed voice. 'I trust at least that I do; and if so, you must permit me to view the event which has so much discomposed you in a very different light and aspect. Now, listen as patiently as you can whilst I relate to you what Estelle *did* confide to me, and then tell me if I have anything yet more sad and terrible to learn.'

'Go on, monsieur; go on—I listen.'

'It is now about six weeks since I sought a decisive interview with your niece, Mademoiselle St Ange; not for the mere purpose of revealing to her, in coloured phrase and words of passion, the deep, heart-seated devotion which for long, patient years, I had cherished for her—with woman's ready quickness she had long since divined that secret—but to offer her, then for the first time in my power, an honourable home, a position in the world, to be rendered daily brighter, more enviable, by the exertions of a brave, honest, respected man. Estelle listened to me with sympathy, with tears, with almost tenderness; but at the same time confessed a preference for the son of Count Duvernay, to whom she said her faith was pledged. I was stunned, bewildered, almost mad! I knew the man upon whom she had lavished the priceless treasure of her love; and after passionately warning her—vainly, I could see—against trusting in the promises or oaths of one of the basest, the most specious hypocrites that ever brought contempt and scorn upon high station, left her presence, as you know, in a frenzy of despair. Now tell me, madame,' added the notary, after slightly pausing, and in a voice which, spite of his efforts to speak calmly, quivered with emotion, 'can you have a revelation more terrible than that to make?'

'Go on, monsieur,' sobbed Madame Colardeau; 'you said he was gone—had passed the frontier?'

'After parting from Estelle I endured an age of grief, anxiety, and despair, until last Thursday evening, when Eugène Duvernay suddenly presented himself in my apartment.'

'Monsieur Duvernay visited you?'

'Yes; he was pursued, and in imminent danger of the guillotine, or he might not perhaps have so greatly condescended. You are aware that he and his father, like many others of their class, have all along affected acquiescence in the new order of things, and were in some sort pets of the "Gironde." Their friends themselves being just now in imminent peril of Samson's terrible axe, could of course no longer afford them protection: an order for their arrest had been issued, and Eugène Duvernay, and his equally estimable sire, had been for several days lurking in obscure hidingplaces from the agents of the *Sûreté Publique*.'

'That accounts, then, for his strange absence,' interjected Madame Colardeau, somewhat reassured.

'He threw himself for protection upon my honour and generosity; at the same time declaring that he had for some weeks withdrawn all pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle St Ange, who, moreover, knew of his application to me, and had expressed a confidence that I would, for her sake, aid him to escape the bloody doom which awaited him.'

'Ciel!' exclaimed Madame Colardeau with much emotion. 'Can it be possible?'

'It is true as Heaven! I consented, so adjured, to assure his safety at the risk of my own. I immediately procured passports in a feigned name for him of course; and to make all sure, saw him on his road till danger of pursuit or recognition was over. At parting, he presented me with this ring, as a token to Estelle that I had vindicated the confidence she had reposed in my devotion to her wishes, and that he thereby resigned in my favour all claim or pretension to her hand.'

'Claim!—pretension! But, *mon Dieu*, Monsieur Armand, they are married!'

'Married!' echoed the astonished notary with frenzied vehemence. 'Married! But no, no; you are jesting: he could not be so utterly a villain!'

'I repeat to you, Maître Philippe Armand, that Eugène Duvernay and Estelle St Ange were married a month ago at the Hôtel Duvernay, in the Faubourg St Germain, by the Abbé Bonjeau: he who was arrested and executed but last week.'

'Whilst Madame Colardeau was speaking, the door leading to the interior of the house was gently opened, and Mademoiselle St Ange, death-white, affectedly calm, but evidently struggling with frightful emotion, glided into the apartment.'

'Estelle!' exclaimed Philippe Armand in a voice broken by grief and indignation, and approaching as if to take her hand.

'The ring—the ring!' gasped Mademoiselle St Ange, waving him from her with an expression of passionate disgust. 'I have heard all: the ring—where is it?'

The notary placed it on the table; she seized it eagerly, and after minutely examining it, murmured, 'It is indeed my father's ring—the troth-pledge which Eugène vowed never but with life to part. And so, monsieur,' continued the unfortunate girl, turning her beaming, tearless glance upon Philippe Armand, 'you are come to claim as a bride the woman you have widowed? This ring is part of the spoils of the accused scaffold where my husband has, I doubt not, by your contrivance, perished.'

'What is it you say?' interrupted the notary, aghast with surprise and indignation. 'I swear to you, Estelle, by all that men hold sacred, that Eugène Duvernay placed that ring voluntarily in my hands, with the message—'

'Peace!' broke in Estelle; 'peace, audacious slanderer of the illustrious dead, with whom, in life, you could no more compare than might the wayside weed with the stately monarchs of the forest. My husband was the very soul of faith and honour. But hark you, Philippe Armand,' she added with passionate bitterness, 'even if it were as you assert, were the lying fable you have concocted as true as it is false, I would not, in the veriest extremity of want, of despair, having been once so honoured, stoop to a churl like you!'

The notary reeled and staggered beneath her words as if they had been blows, or rather burning arrows piercing through his brain. 'Estelle,' he at last mournfully exclaimed after a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle St Ange, with sudden revulsion of feeling, had thrown herself, in an ecstasy of tears, into the arms of her aunt—'Estelle, unhappy girl, the time will come when you will recognise, and, I trust, repent the falsehood of the hideous charge you have, in your unreasoning frenzy, brought against me. And now, Estelle, hear from me in this extreme hour, which sunders the sole link which bound me to earth, to life, one solemn word of truth, and, it may be yet, of helpful warning: but for your mad ambition, stimulated and flattered by her who now holds you in her embrace, to ally yourself far above your sphere and honest state, the anguish, the despair which now wring your heart would have been spared you. Farewell! Never more will my presence irritate or disgust you.'

It must be remembered, in extenuation of the unjust violence displayed by Estelle, that the young wife had idolised her husband, and with woman's frequent blindness in such cases, believed him, as she said, to be the very soul of truth and honour. So impressed, it was no

marvel that she should suspect Philippe Armand of having invented the story he had related, in order to profit by the death of a rival he had himself denounced to the revolutionary tribunal—a deed, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence in the palmy days of Terrorism. Spite of the solemn denial of the notary, she continued firm in this belief, and mourning her husband as dead, resolved to cherish his memory, as that of one whom, when this transitory existence was past, she was destined to rejoin in that better world where life and love are both eternal.

When Philippe Armand again left his apartment, where he had been confined for several days after his last interview with Mademoiselle St Ange, or, more properly, Madame Duvernay, he was a changed man. The fire of sanguine youth, strong hope, high courage, had passed away: his step was feeble, his eye dull, and but for the calm, gentle smile which accustomed greetings of familiar voices had still at times power to call forth, it might have been thought that his spirit had utterly died within him, so purposeless, so sad, so utterly desolate did he appear. Estelle St Ange had been the earliest, the only being that had caught his boyhood's fancy; and each succeeding year had only the more deeply stamped her peculiar and subduing beauty—a mild appealing loveliness, tinted with rainbow smiles, and tremulous with changeable light and tears—upon his heart. A rash, inexperienced player at the game of life, he had staked his all upon one chance, and lost it. He did not feel the slightest resentment towards Estelle after the first angry emotions excited by her cruel injustice had subsided. She, too, he felt, had built her house upon the sand; and a profound pity for the desolate lot which must await the worse-than-widowed wife of Eugène Duvernay mingled with, and heightened and purified, the sentiment he still cherished for Estelle St Ange. To baffle the heartless husband at the iniquitous game he had been playing, would, he felt, almost repay him for his own withered hopes and blighted life; but how, in an affair so adroitly managed, to effect that object? Time, the unthanked and patient solver of all difficulties, was speedy with his answer.

The last day of the devoted Girondists, or at least of all that had remained to brave their fate in Paris, had arrived, and the notary found himself suddenly and inextricably entangled and borne along by the eager crowds who were hastening to witness the closing scene in the lives of the young, the eloquent, the brave, who had sought to govern France by rounded periods and choicest moral maxims; and to hear them, in imitation of the Indian of the American prairies, sing their defiant death-song in half-real, half-simulated scorn of their merciless foes, so soon themselves to tread the same dark path to a yet darker eternity! Philippe Armand, though heart-sick at the sad spectacle, remained spell-bound to the spot till the last head of that day's batch of victims had been shorn away by Samson's dripping knife; and then, dizzy and faint with horror and excitement, moved hastily away. His sudden movement, as he turned, displaced the hat and wig of a man standing close behind, and, like himself, apparently absorbed, fascinated, by the terrible drama which had just been enacted. As the man quickly withdrew his attention from the reeking scaffold to readjust his hat and wig, their eyes met, and a glance of mutual recognition was instantaneously exchanged. The countenance of the stranger changed in a moment to a chalky whiteness, and it seemed that he would have fallen, had not the notary, with ready presence of mind, passed his arm through his, and said, 'Come, let us walk home together.'

Not another word passed between Armand and the stranger till they had gained the former's domicile, and then, having carefully shut the door, the notary abruptly addressed his trembling companion.

'That displacement of your wig, Count Duvernay, was awkward, and might have been fatal.'

'True, Monsieur Armand. I was involved in the crowd, and forced, much against my will, to witness that scene of unutterable horror, fearing, as I did, to attract attention by very strenuous efforts to escape. But why have you brought me here!'

'Listen, Count Duvernay: I can save your life, and will, on one condition.'

'Name—name it!' gasped the count.

'I am about to do so. Last Tuesday evening five weeks the Abbé Bonjeau married, at your residence, Eugène Duvernay to Estelle St Ange of the Palais-Royal.'

'But Eugène is a minor: the marriage was an illegal one.'

'I am quite aware, Count Duvernay,' interrupted the notary in a peremptory tone, 'that chicanery may hereafter avail to annul the marriage; and that result I am determined, for reasons of my own, to prevent if possible.'

'Oh, my son informed me that you and Mademoiselle St Ange were'—

'Never mind what your son informed you. Here are, in a word, my terms: I will procure you a passport, furnish you with a supply of money—in short, enable you to leave France, on condition that you immediately sign a formal declaration, which I will draw up, reciting the date, names of the priest and witnesses, and that the marriage was celebrated with your full knowledge and consent.'

'But, Monsieur Armand'—

'It is useless to waste words. Either your attested signature to such a paper, or the guillotine: take your choice. I know you connived at your son's baseness; and either I will foil you both, or you touch on your last hour. You consent? It is well.'

The notary seated himself at his desk, and for the next quarter of an hour was occupied in drawing up a formal document to the effect he had indicated.

'At what hour did the marriage take place?'

'About seven in the evening.'

The notary rang a bell which stood on the table, and a clerk appeared at the door. 'Call Henri: I wish you both to witness this gentleman's signature.'

In a few minutes the necessary formalities were completed, and the clerks retired.

'Which route do you propose to take?'

'That of Rouen: I have friends in the neighbourhood, who would favour my embarkation for England.'

'You shall have a passport for that place. In the meantime take this rouleau of gold.'

'How shall I express my thanks—my gratitude?'

'You owe me none. Be careful not to stir out of this apartment till I return: I shall not be long.'

The necessary papers were, by the notary's influence at the Hôtel de Ville, speedily procured: Count Duvernay reached Rouen in safety, and after some delay, embarked in the night for England, where, however, he was destined never to arrive. A few weeks afterwards, it was ascertained that he had perished at sea.

Madame Colardeau, whose utterly ruined business left her indeed no choice, gathered together the scanty wrecks of her property, and, with Estelle, engaged lodgings at a respectable farmhouse distant about seven miles from Paris; and there her niece was in due time confined of a daughter. Of her husband Estelle heard nothing directly; but just previous to leaving Paris, a sum of eight hundred francs in gold was left at Madame Colardeau's, directed to her as Madame Duvernay, accompanied by a written intimation that the same sum would be supplied quarterly, provided no attempt was made to ascertain the name of the sender, whom, it was stated, a discovery might seriously compromise.

Estelle and her aunt—who had by this time ascertained that Eugène Duvernay had not, as his abandoned wife at first suspected, perished on the revolutionary scaffold—beheld in this anxious provision for their needs a conclusive proof that the charge of repudiating or ignoring the marriage brought against him by Philippe Armand was thoroughly false; and with a spirit fortified by the sweet consciousness of being still hedged in and sheltered by the tutelary care of him to whom she had given her heart, Estelle awaited with patient resignation the coming on of the happy time which should restore her husband to his family and country.

Many wearing years had passed away; her aunt's locks were white with age, and the little Estelle had grown up into a graceful, intelligent girl, when a note arrived by post at Sans Souci farmhouse, informing Madame, now Countess Duvernay, that her husband, Count Duvernay—the father, it was stated, had been long since dead—had accepted the Emperor's permission to return to France; and had, in fact, arrived and retaken possession of the Hôtel Duvernay. The handwriting of the note was evidently that of the person who transmitted their quarterly stipend; and the writer suggested the necessity of the Countess Duvernay presenting herself, accompanied by her aunt, to her husband on that very evening.

Flurried, bewildered, terrified, hoping, yet dreading, to verify the announcement so suddenly made, Estelle, arrayed in her richest attire, and accompanied by her daughter and Madame Colardeau, set off about evening in a hired *fiacre* towards Paris.

Count Duvernay was seated in a magnificent drawing-room of the Hôtel Duvernay, laughing and chatting with some military friends on the subject of his return, of the restoration of his property—which, luckily for him, had escaped being 'nationalised'—the apparent favour of the Emperor, and the rich and handsome wife already selected for him, when the door of the apartment flew open, and 'Madame La Comtesse Duvernay' was loudly announced.

'Comment!' exclaimed the count, jumping up. 'What is the meaning of this?'

'It is I—it is Estelle—dear Eugène,' said his wife, staggering forwards, and scarcely able to stand; 'and this is our daughter!'

The count started back in dismay and confusion. 'You—I—wife! The woman must be mad,' he added, regaining by a powerful effort his self-control. 'Who admitted this person?' he sternly demanded of the bewildered servants.

Estelle stood for an instant as if unconscious of, or rather as if unable to comprehend, the meaning of his words; and then, as if the full sense of the count's perfidy had suddenly struck, as with a dagger, to her heart, uttered a piercing scream, and would have fallen prostrate on the floor but for the supporting arms of a gentleman who had followed her into the room.

'Take her, good madame,' said the gentleman, addressing Madame Colardeau; 'I cannot now sustain even her slight burthen. Place her on the sofa.'

'And who, in the devil's name, are you?' demanded the count fiercely.

'Philippe Armand, public notary, at your service,' quietly replied the gentleman, as he turned and confronted the enraged nobleman.

The count's eye quailed before the steady gaze of the notary, and he muttered something about remembering that a silly, illegal ceremony had in his boyhood passed between the lady and himself.

'You mistake, Count Duvernay,' coolly replied Philippe Armand; 'it was a perfectly legal marriage, as this copy of a formal declaration made by your estimable father, and supported by the evidence of Madame Colardeau, will amply testify.'

The rage of the count, after perusing the paper presented to him, was terrific; and a violent altercation, to which Estelle, who had speedily recovered consciousness, listened with breathless attention, ensued between him and the notary. The film by which she had been so long blinded fell gradually from her eyes, and Eugène Duvernay and Philippe Armand stood at last plainly revealed in their true colours.

'Let us leave this house,' she exclaimed, rising from the couch, and though pale as marble, and trembling convulsively, speaking in a firm voice. 'Come! God bless and reward you, Philippe,' she added, seizing his hand, and wringing it with passionate energy; 'and if you can, pity and forgive me.'

The gossips of Paris had full employment for several succeeding days with the numerous versions of the sudden discovery of a Countess Duvernay, which flew from mouth

to mouth. The count consulted men of law, and to his infinite chagrin was informed that the marriage could not be impugned. The affair, favourably, because truly represented, reached the ear of the Empress Josephine, and through her influence Napoleon issued a command in the guise of counsel, that the matter should be at once equitably arranged. Estelle of course declined living with a husband who had endeavoured to repudiate her, and a division of the count's property was made, by which affluence was secured to herself, and a splendid succession to her daughter, whose guardianship she was permitted to retain. The count served several years in the French armies, and rose to high rank. He was killed at Montebreu; and Estelle took possession of the Hôtel Duvernay, where she long resided with her early-widowed daughter and amiable grandchildren.

About a fortnight after the return of Count Duvernay to Paris, and consequent legal confirmation of his marriage with Estelle St Ange, Philippe Armand lay upon his bed a dying man. The last rites of the church had been administered, the priest had retired, and the flagging pulse of life, rapidly becoming feebler and more indistinct, falteringly announced that a spirit chastened by affliction was about to return to God who gave it.

'It is growing late and dark,' he faintly muttered, 'and still she does not come.'

The darkness was in his own eyes, for the autumn sun was still high above the horizon.

'It is but three o'clock,' answered the attendant in a low soft voice; 'and there has been scarcely time since your message reached her.'

The sound of carriage wheels arrested the words of the speaker; presently light, hasty steps ascended the stairs, and Estelle, her daughter, and Madame Colardeau, entered the death-chamber.

'Philippe, best, kindest, truest friend,' exclaimed the Countess Duvernay, clasping his white, thin hand, and bathing it with tears, 'would I might bid you live for me!'

'Beloved Estelle,' murmured the dying man, and a smile, as of parting sunlight, irradiated his pale features, 'I have lived for you; and that life-task accomplished, am now well content to die. Farewell, beloved, till we meet in heaven!' He was gone.

STAR-FISHES.

AMONG the treasures and curiosities of our seacoasts, few shellless animals attract more attention than the star-fishes; yet how many bestow upon them but a careless, passing glance—a glance perhaps of admiration at the mathematical regularity of their pentagonal rays—or a momentary curiosity as to their office in creation: and yet, unheeded by man, these insignificant creatures are hourly, nay, momentarily, fulfilling in silence their appointed duties; acting as scavengers in the deep water and littoral zones, and devouring from tide to tide the ever-accumulating matter which, if left undisturbed, would ultimately destroy both man and beast. 'So strong, indeed,' says Rhymer Jones, 'is their predilection for such garbage, that we have frequently, when fishing, wished heartily that they would suspend their vigilance; for scarcely could our baited hooks sink to the bottom, ere we felt a "bite," and hauling up the line continually, caught star-fishes until our patience failed.' When the animal lies motionless and supine on the sandy beach, it seems quite unfitted for its destiny; but if we deposit it in a vessel of sea-water, or, better still, in one of the fairy-like pools left amongst the rocks by the receding tide, our preconceived notion is soon destroyed. We will suppose it placed upon its back, the very personification of helplessness, on the seaweed-tapestry with which the little pool is lined; in a few moments we see the minute tubercles, with which the under sides of its rays are longitudinally studded, gradually lengthen themselves into sucker-like feet, which issue like short worms from their holes; then these feet or legs will wave backwards and forwards, as if reconnoitring; and finally, bending down in the direction nearest to the ground, will affix the

suckers of the first which reach it; and so, by contraction, will pull down a portion of the body: this enables other feet to touch the bottom, and thus the animal proceeds until, by the united action of the suckers, the whole body is restored, with great dignity and equanimity, to its rightful position: and now the star-fish moves, with a gentle, yet rapid motion, on towards the morsel of fish which we have placed for its refection, and its rays are clasped around the tempting feast, which is in a few minutes absorbed into its stomach. More laborious are its exertions when an oyster or a huge mussel is to be attacked in its shelly fortress; for the star-fish does not, as was fabled by the ancients, wait in patience until the besieged opens its portal, and then, by thrusting in one of its rays as a detainer, gradually insinuate its whole body, and thus devour the incautious castellan; but the mode in which it proceeds is to turn its baglike and many-folded stomach *inside out*: it then apparently instils between the shells of the molluscs some 'torpifying' fluid,* which compels the quarry to open its shell, upon which the pouting stomach, distended like a bladder, is thrust in, and enwrapping the prey, digests it in its own shell. We are in possession of a dried specimen of a star-fish which expired in the act of devouring a small mussel, the shells of which still remain closely fixed in the embrace of the stomach-mouth of their captor; the two first feet, or suckers, which are placed at the junction of each ray, are bent inwards, so that, by pressing on the imprisoned shells, they retain them immovable even in death. Mr Ball found one clinging round a *Macra stultorum* which was pierced with a hole, through which the star-fish had inserted a sucker; and this hole was attributed to the star-fish: but Professor Forbes, with every appearance of probability, supposes the hole to have been the work of some other creature—most likely an annelid—and that the star-fish was merely 'sounding with its sucker the prospect of a meal.' Be this as it may, these animals contrive, in addition to carrion, to consume so large a number of oysters, that there exist in several places local enactments forbidding fishers to throw them overboard without first killing them—an order of which we shall appreciate the value when we reflect that, on casting down a dredge, thousands are constantly brought up at a haul, as if, in the words of Harvey, 'the bottom were formed of a living bank of them, or we had disturbed a submarine hive in the process of swarming;' and, moreover, that each individual of these constellations produces some thousands of eggs in each season. Such, in fact, is their multiplication, that the slaughter committed, and the enactments made by man, would be but as a drop from the ocean, had not God given to every species its own limit, beyond which it can go 'no further;' and as the star-fish is the scavenger of the sea, so is it the prey of fishes innumerable, who in their turn are destined for the food of larger animals, and of man. This prolific nature renders the star-fish valuable as manure in France, and also, we believe, in some parts of our own isle.

From the earliest time star-fishes have attracted much notice, and have, by their singular form, given birth to many beautiful thoughts. Aristotle and Pliny—who named them *Stella-marine*, 'from their resemblance to the pictured form of the stars of heaven'—affirmed, probably from some train of reasoning by analogy, that they were so hot, that they could *consume* all they touched; but time, with his icy fingers, cools the greatest ardour, and Aldrovandus and Albertus described them as of so hot a nature, that they *cooked* all they came in contact with; then came Llywyd, who, being an *out-door* naturalist, denied the 'notion' altogether. Some lingering and popular form of the same fancy still, however, remains; and the lower class of books on natural history yet whisper mysteriously of the stinging and skin-blistering properties of the family, respecting which that great philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, gives us the following curious note:—'Sea-stars. Whether they be bred out of the *urticus*, *squallers*, or *sea-jellies*, as many report, we

cannot confirm; but the squallers in the middle seem to have some lines or first draughts not unlike!' Truly has it been said by a modern writer that 'a child in our days may possess more *substantive* knowledge than Newton!' Though this very state of things demands the greater watchfulness on our parts, lest the boasted knowledge of facts should neither enlarge our minds nor fill our hearts. Professor E. Forbes remarks that he has handled thousands of star-fishes without ever having experienced the slightest irritation of the skin; and to this we may add our own humble testimony. Doubtless this alleged property has given rise to the name which they bear in some districts of 'Devil's Fingers.' Dr Drummond mentions that on one occasion, when he was drying some in his garden at Bangor [county Down], he heard the children on the other side of the hedge exclaiming, 'What is the gentleman going to do with the bad man's hands! Is he ganging to eat the bad man's hands, do ye think!' It is just within the limits of possibility that the above-mentioned 'torpifying fluid' may have caused the first rumour of the burning quality of the fish: this, however—even if it possess the power of affecting the human flesh—is contained in the stomach, and not in the skin. The list of superstitions connected with this animal would scarcely be complete did we not add that they were recommended by Hippocrates—and by others after him, as medicine became a science—as a remedy in hysterical complaints and epilepsy: they were to be taken internally, in a decoction of brassaica and sweet wine.

The *first* work which treated exclusively of the star-fish was the splendid folio volume published by Link, a Leipzig apothecary, in the year 1733. This work, which is greatly in advance of its age, commences with this pleasant sentence—'As there are stars in the sky, so are there stars in the sea.' And the *last* is that of Professor E. Forbes, who, not inaptly, heads his valuable monograph with a representation of a graceful spirit moving over the dark waters, in which the rays of glory which surround her brow form, by reflection, the beautiful 'star of the sea:' in the words of Montgomery,

——— 'the heavens
Were thronged with constellations, and the seas
Strown with their images.'

In the early geological ages, the order of *Echinodermata*, to which our star-fishes belong, was chiefly represented by a family (*Crinoides*) whose peculiarity it was to have a stalk by which they were fixed for life to the bottom of the ocean. Whole strata of limestone are composed in great part of the stony fragments of these animals, called in this fossil state *encrinurites*. We now, however, possess but one species analogous to the crinoid family: this is the *Comatula*, or Rosy Feather Star of the British seas, of which some curious particulars are related.

In the year 1823, Mr Thompson discovered in the Cove of Cork—or, as it is now, we believe, called, the Harbour of Quentown—a *stalked* crinoid animal, which, unlike its more vigorous forefathers, measured but three-fourths of an inch in height. This was the first animal of the crinoid character which had been observed in the European seas, and the 'first' recent encrinite which had ever been examined by a competent observer in a living state. The capture led to further observation, and to much discussion, the result of which appears to be a general acknowledgment that the 'feather-star' commences life as an encrinite; and thus, as it were, changes its nature from a pseudo-polype to a *star-fish*, with rays detached, and power and liberty to range at will through the wide sea. Whether the ancient crinoids also passed through this transformation, is a question which can probably never be set at rest—one on which men can only speculate.

Britain boasts fourteen species of *true* star-fishes, of which the largest is the lingthorn (*Luidia fragilisima*), a fish which frequently attains a diameter of two feet. All the star-fishes possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of casting away their limbs or rays when convenient; but the lingthorn in this respect approaches

* Professor Rhymer Jones.

* Professor Edward Forbes.

nearer to the brittle-stars than any other species; for it not only casts them away, but it breaks them up into small pieces with the greatest facility. Professor Forbes gives so animated an account of these creatures, that we cannot refrain from once more quoting his words:—'Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench, the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of rejected members. My conservative endeavours were all neutralised by its destructive exertions; and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disk and a diskless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time, I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which star-fishes have a great antipathy: in other words, fresh water instantly kills them. As I expected, a *luidia* came up in the dredge, a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *luidia* to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.' We must here remark that this terminating eye is by no means an orthodox visual organ, but merely a something greatly resembling such an appendage, to which, by general consent, the name of 'eye' has been given, until its use shall have been better ascertained, or until a true eye is discovered. The whole of the star-fishes have the power of gradually renewing the lost rays or processes, and we have a specimen of the common cross-fish (*Uraster rubens*) whose five rays are all of different lengths, and consequently of different ages, two of them being but small horns of half an inch and one-fourth of an inch in length: he is evidently a veteran, who has been in 'manie and grates warres.'

'Why,' saith Sir Thomas Browne—'why, among sea-stars, delighteth nature chiefly in five points?' And again—'By the same number (5) doth nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that number and order disposeth those elegant semicircles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog; and so, in effect, in the normal types it is—every part, even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker, is regulated by this mystic number; and, as a general rule, such star-fishes as we find quadrate, or otherwise varying from the prescribed number of points, are accidental monsters, and of no material importance. This rule is, however, by no means unexceptional, as some of the sun-stars (*Solasteria*) have from nine to fifteen of their beautifully coloured rays, rays of which perhaps the disk is red, and the points either plain white, or white tipped with red; or the whole surface is of a brilliant red or purple; and in another specimen the body is red, while the spiniferous tubercles with which it is studded are bright green.'

The *Echinodermata*, including star-fishes, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, and a few other species, are thread-nerved, and possess no brain or nervous centre, but merely a nervous cord, which encircles the mouth,* and thence radiates into the five points, acting, as it were, as an electric telegraph; yet their structure is most exquisitely complex even in its simplicity. The skeleton, which is of a calcareous nature, is composed of hundreds of minute portions, exactly fitted to each other in a symmetrical pattern, resembling, as Harvey suggests, a piece of elaborate crochet-work. These skeletons may be easily obtained by placing a fresh fish in an ant-hill for a few days without taking any further trouble about their preparation. The stomach-mouth is placed underneath the

animal, and the stomach, as before hinted, is a membranous bag-like cavity, capable of extension to an almost incredible amount: the feet of the star-fish are tubes which, when extended, are filled with a fluid; and when the animal wishes to retract them, this fluid is withdrawn into the vesicles of the body, so that, by these alternate actions, motion is accomplished. Each fish possesses a curious organ, of which the use has not yet been ascertained. This body, which is technically known as the *madreporiform tubercle*, is a calcareous column, which, on the exterior of the animal, appears like a small spot between two of the rays: it is most minutely and delicately formed of 'wee' hexagonal plates disposed in the manner of the gill of a mushroom, and is by many considered as the analogue to the stalk of the original Crinoid star-fishes. It has by some been proposed as a specific character for determining the names of individuals.

It is highly probable that attention would add many more most interesting particulars to the history of this fish, and many additional instances of its uses and adaptation to the mode of life for which it is destined; and such attention might be easily given; for it does not, like many of its congeners, creep away into deep, dark, and inaccessible places, but is to be almost universally met with on our shores, whether they be composed of lofty rocks, of smooth and shining sand, of rolling shingle, or of heavy mud. It is cast up by almost every tide, and is seen crawling about quite familiarly in nearly every salt pool.

PATRONS OF THE POOR.

It is fortunate for the best interests of humanity that—partly from an advance of intelligence in social and political science, and partly from the imperious dictates of fashion—the wants, the miseries, the vices, the virtues, in short, the general condition of the humble and needy, engage much of the attention of the upper and wealthy classes of this country. Not a few occupying high places are working successfully in the cause of the poor, in a spirit that is producing large benefits. Not content with merely dipping their fingers into their purses, to draw forth an annual and widely-advertised subscription to some gigantic but mis-called 'charity,' the better order of the friends of the poor look with painstaking industry and acumen into the causes of distress, and devote not only money, but, what is more serviceable, time, to carrying out comprehensive remedies. These really earnest and efficient benefactors repudiate alms, except in cases of helplessness, and seek simply to assist—to cheer on the struggler, without impairing his self-dependence—to help, without loading him with obligations, which sap his energies, and destroy that independence without which the humblest character is of little worth. Although such philanthropists are by no means few, they are little known. We do not hear of them in newspapers; their good deeds are not paraded before an admiring public. Even 'society,' as it is called, is silent concerning their worthiest actions, because society is ignorant of them. They do good so stealthily that they never have occasion to blush to 'find it fame.' Hence it is that they furnish no dramatic stories of startling generosity; no pathetic tales of genteel poverty; of snatching amiable debtors from the fangs of ruthless creditors, or interesting pickpockets from the grasp of the police. These, who rank amongst the highest order of humanists, do not afford, in truth, any such instances; for they deal not with individual distress, but with masses of it: they do not wholly rescue one, but partly relieve thousands; and it is by the enlightened efforts of such philanthropists that general poverty and crime will be eventually mitigated.

These friends of the poor have happily always existed in greater or lesser numbers; but it is to a new and opposite class, whom we shall designate, by contrast, as

* Dr Carpenter.

patrons of the poor, that we are first desirous of drawing attention. They mostly belong to the order of those who have more time on their hands than they can employ to their own satisfaction. The notorious distresses portrayed in tragic novels have ceased to excite them; the simulated misery depicted on the stage has lost its attractions; they have been palled with mere pictures of life, and nothing short of originals will serve them. They therefore visit the dwellings of the very poor, and the haunts of the vicious, less with a view of relieving and admonishing, than of obtaining those excitements of which they are no longer susceptible from books and plays. Most of them belong to philanthropic societies, for the purpose of getting upon the visiting committees. In the abodes of struggling poverty they ask the innumerable such questions as the poorest person cannot be considered as under any obligation to answer; not with the legitimate view of shaping, from correct information, the best course of relief, but of satisfying a morbid curiosity. Consequently they do not extend their bounty in proportion to the depth, but in proportion to the romance, of the distress. The silent, shamed, and uncomplaining, obtain less of their assistance than the glib and tear-shedding, who have the art of darkening their wretchedness with the sable tints of exaggeration. The patched garments and tidy room of abject penury win their morbid sympathy less than what they conceive to be the natural 'trappings and suits of woe'—rags and filth. Without these, the *mise en scene* of the dramas of real life they love to witness is deemed not complete. If they visit the abodes of degradation, their conventional notions of degraded poverty are disappointed when they see a sign of elevation: the harmony of the picture is destroyed. Should they, again, go prepared to draw the curtain from a scene of 'genteel' distress, and perceive any sign of vulgarity—should girls be sewing sackcloth instead of fancy-work, or men be seen in shirt-sleeves instead of shabby-genteel coats—they depart without an emotion or a gift. But, on the other hand, when they can bring away a 'telling' anecdote, a tale of privation, or one even of crime—when they can pick up points for animated description and harrowing after-dinner converse—then they are liberal with alms, for they get their money's worth. They give as cheerfully as they pay for a thrilling novel, or for admission to Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors.'

The charity, therefore, of these patrons of the poor is nearly always directed into the least-deserving channels. Blatant, open-mouthed beggary, with the power of deceit and the gift of speech, shares their favours largely and frequently; whilst shrinking, timid poverty (and that which is most to be commiserated and helped, is ashamed to beg) does not interest, and is not therefore relieved. These people are the persevering visitors of pauper establishments and prisons. On entering the former, they invariably inquire into some case of reverse of fortune, and seldom visit the latter without asking the jailor to introduce them to his greatest criminal. The excellent directors of the Agricultural Colony at Mettray were once so pestered with questions of this sort from a party of English visitors, that one of them determined to stop the catechism he had been for an hour subjected to by a little wholesome mystification. The most persevering of the questioners, a lady, looking through her lorgnette at a diminutive colonist of about eight years of age, intreated the patient cicerone to divulge the crime for which he had been imprisoned: 'It was so horrible to see one so young imbued in the colours of delinquency,' &c. The director looked serious, and owned that this child's history was indeed a terrible revelation: he had stopped and robbed a diligence!

The lady dropped her glass in astonishment. 'A diligence!' she repeated. 'Why, he is scarcely taller than a horse's knees.'

'Very true, madame; but he had previously provided against that serious disadvantage to a highwayman: in order to reach the bridles of the leaders he stood upon a chair!'

The lady saw that this harmless romance was meant

for a reproof, asked no further questions, and contented herself with listlessly going round the establishment with the rest of the party. But to her it had lost all attraction. In the details of the great experiment being worked out at Mettray she took no interest: the saving of some thousands of lads from crime and misery was not so much to her as one dreadful historiette, or the revolting details of a single crime: the place in its philanthropic aspect was to her a blank: and as no such prizes as she sought turned up, her account of Mettray to her friends in England was, that 'for the sort of thing it was ridiculously unexciting.'

Better intentioned, because not quite so selfish, is that section of poverty's patrons whose members oppress the needy with tedious and impossible advice; who believe that the occasional assistance they afford purchases the right not only to advise upon, but to interfere in, the domestic and other arrangements of those whom they patronise. They are generally ladies possessing small fortunes, much leisure, untiring energy, some benevolence, and uncompromising opinions upon all subjects great and small. In most instances, however, their power is in inverse ratio to their ability to render sound advice gratis to the poor. It is impossible to persuade them that, as a rule (which we must meantime admit has a wide range of exceptions), everybody knows his own business best; for they persist in the opinion that they are better acquainted with the wants of the poor than the poor are themselves. Having been blessed all their lives with every comfort and some luxuries, and having consequently no practical knowledge either of the exigencies or contrivances of poverty, they persist in erroneously lecturing their clients on what food they ought to eat, how they should cook it, what price they ought to pay for it, where they must buy it, and how little per diem they are bound to eat of it. They have cut-and-dry instructions respecting clothing, washing, and every possible household necessity and employment. Being, peradventure, maiden ladies, they give copious counsel regarding infant management and youthful education—have been known, in fact, to prescribe the exact number that a family, in consideration of the worldly circumstances of the parents, ought properly to consist of. It is wonderful with what arithmetical exactitude they set down the sum to a fraction upon how much each poor family is bound to live, and how much they must deposit in the savings' bank. But, alas, they do not content themselves with merely giving advice; they are so unchangeably convinced of its superlative excellence and practicability, that they resent its being rejected or not followed as a personal affront: their laws are the laws of the Medes and Persians, and we be to those who alter or neglect them! Either offence is summarily punished with withdrawal of patronage and assistance thenceforth and for ever.

We must not permit these too-well-intentioned, although mistaken Dorcas, to be confounded with the truly useful visitants of the abodes of poverty and ignorance, who, by gentle means and judicious assistance, extend the resources of the poor by giving useful information on domestic economy, which, it must be owned, is the least understood by those to whom it is of the most importance. We know instances, especially in rural districts, where it is not too much to say lives have been saved by the perseverance of ladies in first conquering prejudices respecting food—prejudices stronger perhaps than those relating to any other branch of economy—and then cautiously introducing new kinds of edibles, or new methods of preparing old ones. In this life much may yet be done; and we would throw out the hint to those efficient patrons of the poor, the societies for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes, that they would be doing a vast service by introducing into their publications instructions for selecting and preparing different articles of food, and receipts for various dishes. The best means of making such instructions practically available is not to derive them from the experience of eminent cooks or affluent households, as has been already too often erroneously done, but to found them upon a

searching inquiry into the economical resources of the necessitous, and the expedients and contrivances into which they are driven; not, in fact, like the opinionated patronesses we have already mentioned—to assume the poor to be totally ignorant of their own affairs—but to find out what they know and practise, and, if possible, to improve upon, generalise, and disseminate it. Such information will at least be practical. Let us never forget the lesson taught by the last and most disastrous Niger expedition, and which is in point here. One of its objects having been to teach agriculture to the cultivators of Nigritia, the patrons of the poor blacks sent out Scotch farmers and an abundance of implements. An estate was in due time marked out, and culture begun; but it was soon found that the British system of tillage was totally inapplicable to the soil, climate, and vegetation of those latitudes, and before the negroes could be taught by the model farmers, the model farmers had to take lessons of the negroes. This is nearly the case with many of the best of the poor's patrons. They think they have all to teach, and nothing to learn; whereas, before they can be of real service, they must take the practical information derived from those whom they wish to benefit as a basis on which to engraft their own theoretical knowledge.*

We return from this digression to point out the most mischievous patronage of the poor which can be practised; namely, indiscriminate alms-giving. Assistance of this sort is too temporary to be beneficial to the receiver, and is in most instances too trifling to be real charity in the donor. It is the reverse of the double blessing: blessing him who giveth and him who receiveth. To the latter it is more frequently a curse; for all irregular, intermittent, unexpected income shuts out the exercise of forethought—which is prudence—and produces demoralisation. Who shall venture to blame too harshly the cold and hungry wretch who, living upon chance sustenance, takes the shortest but worst cure for his pangs; and after satisfying the first gnawings of hunger, spends the alms just collected in the spirit-shop? Who shall punish the wretched shirt or slop-clothes maker, who, putting her trust in chance charity, and finding mendicancy less laborious, becomes a public beggar, and finally a thief to which the step is short and easy. Suppose, instead of a penny or a sixpence, the alms-giver were to devote a little time in inquiry, in endeavours to extend *permanent* relief—to procuring employment for one such individual as we point to, and better pay for the other? Instead of fostering vice, he would then be aiding and rescuing distress. That would be true beneficence; whereas promiscuous alms is, we are bold to say, merely a price he pays to relieve himself from the pain caused to him by the supplications or the importunities of misery—most frequently, we admit, the former. The sentiment awakened by the sight or knowledge of suffering in any form is among the most

painfully acute of our sensations, but the easiest to soothe or to heal. The gaunt apparition of famishing mendicancy powerfully awakens it; but how instantly and how cheaply is it soothed, if not eradicated, by the gift of a small donation?—sufficient, perhaps, for a day's sustenance, but only sufficient to leave the recipient on the next a prey to famine, rendered the less endurable by the former day's comparative plenty. By that time all sympathy has vanished from the breast of the giver, and the suppliant is left to starve, because he is not present; for the commiseration of chance-alm's distributors requires constant exertion. Meanwhile, the pains of pity have been bought off at a meanly trifling cost. Is this charity?

In noticing the cheering characteristic of the present time—that the affluent public are not only looking pauperism fully and kindly in the face, but taking it also benevolently by the hand—we have not feared to exhibit the small vices which are found to accompany this great virtue. Our wish has been, by pointing out a series of small evils, to present a humble contribution of means towards increasing the number of the real friends, and thinning the ranks of the mere patrons, of the Poor.

THE MONEY TRADE.

'THE Monied Interest,' we are told, in an amusing and vivacious volume of the day, 'was unknown till 1692.*' But this dry announcement is not enough for the general reader. The author should have explained the position of the country on the completion of the Revolution settlement, and the circumstances which led to the rise of the great rival of the slow and conservative land party. Many things had by that time concurred to give an impetus to trade and manufactures, which is felt to this day. A few years before (in 1685) the revocation of the law in France, known as the Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed the safety of the Protestants, cast abroad over Europe many hundred thousands of the élite of French industry and ingenuity; and of these the wealthiest established themselves in England and Holland. We are supposed to have had about 70,000 to our own share, settled chiefly in London; and to them we owe the improvement of many old, and the introduction of many new, branches of manufactures. Till that time, for instance, we produced hardly any but coarse brown paper, and all the better qualities of glass, hats, and other staples were imported from the continent. Under the teaching of the immigrants, we became skilful in the manufacture of the finer qualities of these articles, as well as in that of the lighter fabrics of woollen stuffs, linen, silks (especially à la modes and lustrings now gone by), ducapes, brocades, satins, velvets, &c. together with clocks, watches, and cutlery ware of various descriptions. In 1689 the Bill of Rights offered a solemn guarantee for the liberties and property of the people, now thoroughly awakened to the advantages of industry; and this was almost instantaneously followed, as might naturally be expected, by a vast increase in our commerce, shipping, manufactures, and colonial trade.

This was the epoch of the establishment of the Bank of England and Bank of Scotland; of projects of various other banks; of numerous schemes for fishing up sunken treasures from the deep; of lotteries; of fisheries of whale, cod, and pearls; of innumerable companies for rock-salt, for curing provisions, for draining lands, &c., and for running away from the new and marvellous field of wealth thus suddenly opened, and planting British settlements at the ends of the habitable earth. It

* In the matter of economy in food, we may mention a practical lesson we were lately taught by the superintendent of a threepenny model lodging-house. We saw him with his comely wife, and a remarkably fine child; one of four who were, he declared, equally robust. Himself is a specimen of high feeding rather than of stint; yet he startled us by the assurance that he never, except on very rare occasions, allowed more than sixpence a day for dinner, or a penny a head. We desired to see some of his receipts; and he promptly gave us two, which we think it will not be uninteresting to transfer here.

Meat-Pudding for 2 Adults and 4 Children.

1 lb. of flour, - - -	2d
½ lb. of 'stickings' (otherwise pieces cut from joints by butchers in trimming them for the table), - - -	2½d
2 lb. of potatoes, - - -	1d
An egg, - - -	½d
	6d.

Irish Stew for 2 Adults and 4 Children.

½ lb. of 'stickings', - - -	2½d.
5 lb. of potatoes, - - -	2½d.
Onions, - - -	½d.
	5½d.

In the first receipt one potato is left over, and in the second there is ½d. to spare. From this abundance pepper and salt are provided. It must be noted that the above are London, and consequently maximum prices.

* *Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.* By John Francis, author of the 'History of the Bank of England.' London: Willoughby. 1849.

is no wonder that the slow and limited profits of agriculture came to be looked upon with contempt by speculators who were no longer at the mercy of the great and powerful, or that a class of adventurous citizens should arise, strong enough to beard the old lion of aristocracy, and make themselves heard and felt as a separate estate in the realm. In a flourishing and peaceful country like England, however, there is always a tendency towards an equalisation of interests. At the present time, it is more common than ever for successful traders to invest their property in land; and one day we may see the merchant plodding in his counting-house, and the next lording it over a goodly number of acres of 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' in the character of a Highland laird.

Before the commencement of the eighteenth century, the persons who dealt in money congregated at the Royal Exchange. 'At this period,' says Mr Francis (about 1695), 'the broker had a walk upon the Royal Exchange devoted to the funds of the East India and other great corporations; and many of the terms now in vogue among the initiated arose from their dealings with the stock of the East India Company. Jobbing in the great chartered corporations was thoroughly understood. Reports and rumours were as plentiful then as now. No sooner was it known that one of the fine vessels of the India Company, laden with gold and jewels from the East, was on its way, than every method was had recourse to. Men were employed to whisper of hurricanes which had sunk the well-stored ship—of quicksands which had swallowed her up—of war which had commenced when peace was unbroken—or of peace being concluded when the factories were in the utmost danger. Nor were the brains of the speculators less capable than now. If at the present day a banker condescends to raise a railway bubble 50 per cent., the broker of that day understood his craft sufficiently to cause a variation in the price of East India stock of 263 per cent.; and complaints became frequent that the Royal Exchange was perverted from its legitimate purpose, and that the jobbers—the term was applied ignominiously—ought to be driven from a spot polluted by their presence. Mines of gold, silver, and copper, were so temptingly promised, that the entire town pursued the deception. Tricks and stratagems were plentiful; the wary made fortunes, and the unwary were ruined.'

The outcry against the brokers became so great, that in 1698 they determined to remove to the then unoccupied area of 'Change Alley; but by and by the more respectable among them acquired the habit of seeking the shelter of Jonathan's Coffeehouse, and thus became the grand centre of all the important operations in the money market. Among the jobbers of this time was Sir Henry Furness, who kept expresses running all over the continent, and was the first to inform the king of the fortune of his arms. 'But the temptation to deceive was too great even for this gentleman. He fabricated news—he insinuated false intelligence—he was the originator of some of those plans which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. If Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time, sell. His movements were closely watched; the contagion would spread; the speculators grew alarmed; prices were lowered 4 or 5 per cent.—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown—and Sir Henry Furness would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to purchase as much as possible at the reduced price. Large profits were thus made; but a demoralising spirit was spread throughout the Stock Exchange. Bankrupts and beggars sought the same pleasure in which the millionaire indulged, and often with similar success.' Another celebrity was the wealthy Hebrew, Medina, who 'accompanied Marlborough in all his campaigns; administered to the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of £6000 per annum; repaid himself by expresses containing

intelligence of those great battles which fire the English blood to hear them named; and Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Blenheim, administered as much to the purse of the Hebrew as they did to the glory of England.'

King William did not rob, like his predecessors; he borrowed, and was often fleeced by the jobbers. But he borrowed in every way he could contrive—even on irredeemable annuities, and thus created a perpetual debt. Money, however, was necessary, since the nation had resolved to keep out the Stuarts, and any price must be paid for it. When £5,000,000 were granted as supplies for the war, only £2,500,000 reached the treasury! The grantees themselves must be paid. 'Mr Hungerford was expelled from the Lower House for accepting a bribe of £21; and the Duke of Leeds impeached for taking one of 5500 guineas. The price of a speaker—Sir John Trevor—was £1005; and the secretary to the treasury was sent to the Tower on suspicion of similar practices. Money receivers lodged great sums of public money with the goldsmiths at the current interest. Others lent the exchequer its own cash in other persons' names; and out of £46,000,000 raised in fifteen years, £25,000,000 were unaccounted for.'

In 1696 Mr Halifax invented exchequer bills which represented money. An admirable resource they must have been, and still are; for when it was inconvenient for government to redeem its securities, the consent of parliament was obtained, and this floating or unfunded debt was added to the fixed debt of the country. Ten years after, the first foreign loan (£500,000) was negotiated in 'Change Alley. It was given at the instance of the Duke of Marlborough to the Emperor for eight years at 8 per cent., on the security of his Silesian revenues. The pride of the jobbers was now at its height. A speculative Quaker called Quare, a watchmaker to trade, called to the marriage of his daughter the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Marlborough, and three hundred other guests of distinction—and the invited came 'when he did call on them.' The founder of Guy's Hospital was 'one of the many remarkable men who, tempted from their legitimate pursuit, entered into competition with the jobbers of the Stock Exchange, and one of the few who devoted their profits to the benefit of a future generation.' His principal dealings were in the inconvertible tickets with which our seamen were then paid—tickets which the poor and improvident fellows were glad to turn into cash at any sacrifice. 'In these tickets did Thomas Guy deal; and on the wrongs of these men was the vast superstructure of his fortune reared. But jobbing in them was as frequent in the high places of England as in 'Change Alley. The seaman was poor and influential; and the orders which were refused payment to him were paid to the wealthy jobber, who parted with some of his plunder as a premium to the treasury to disgorge the remainder. By these means, and by fortunate speculations during the South Sea bubble, Mr Guy realised a fortune of £500,000—at that time an almost fabulous sum.

The influence and the odium of the stockjobbers kept equal pace. 'It was very natural that men's minds should be turned to that portion of the town which, ever and anon, gave signal symptoms of great frauds, great gains, and great gambling; and Sir John Barnard endeavoured, in 1732, to draw the attention of the House of Commons to the dealings and the doings of the Stock Exchange. It had, even at this early period, a complete and organized system. The expresses of its rich members came from every court in Europe, and beat, as the expresses of jobbers always have done, the messengers of the government. Sir Robert Walpole not only declared this, but with great naïveté added, "It is because they are better paid and better appointed." The very fact that brokers did beat the government despatches was regarded as a crime; and the public continued year by year to pour its maledictions on the frequenters of 'Change Alley. This was the epoch of 'time-bargains'—a species of gambling

which has continued to be the life and soul of stock-jobbing. The Bank books were closed for six weeks in every quarter, to prepare for the payment of the dividend; and as no transfer could be made during this period, it became a practice to buy and sell 'for the opening.' This means, we believe (but Mr Francis ought to have described the transaction for the benefit of the uninitiated), that you may buy without money an imaginary amount, to be paid for at the expiration of the time in an equally imaginary manner. If the price of the stock has risen, you receive, and if it has fallen, you pay the difference; and this is all the transfer of cash that takes place in a transaction wholly unreal. The broker, we need not say, receives his commission whether the speculator gains or loses. This was of course pure gambling; and Sir John Barnard, who first exposed it, succeeded in obtaining an enactment placing time-bargains without the pale of the law in such a manner that losses on them could not be legally recovered. But Sir John and the legislature strove in vain. The act exists to this hour, but only as a dead letter; for speculative bargains form the chief business of the Stock Exchange. The only difference it made was to make the broker responsible instead of the *quasi* purchaser.

Till the reign of George II., the interest on loans varied according to the state of the money market; but it was then fixed at from 3 to 5 per cent., this being the first public announcement that the debt was perpetual. The effect, it is said, has been to increase the present principal by two-fifths of the sum originally advanced. The first reduction of interest, from 4 to 3 per cent., was effected in 1750. It was a project of the same Sir John Barnard who made war upon time-bargains. 'His pride,' says Mr Francis, 'was indomitable; the members of the Stock Exchange, who were always spoken of with great contempt by Sir John, thoroughly detested him, and greatly helped to fan the unpopularity which fell upon him when he opposed public feeling, as, with a most unbending integrity, he invariably did if his conscience prompted. "He grew," said Horace Walpole on one occasion, "almost as unpopular as Byng." On commercial subjects his opinion was greatly regarded: when any remarkable feature in financial politics occurred, the town echoed with—"What does Sir John say to this?—what is Sir John's opinion?"—and he had the honour of refusing the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1746. It is somewhat at variance with the proud character of the man, that from the time his statue was erected in the Royal Exchange, he never entered the building, but transacted his business in the front. The blood of Sir John Barnard yet flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of a gentleman known in contemporary history as "the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey." Sir John's great enemy was Sampson Gideon, a Jew broker, 'worth more than all the land of Canaan.' 'The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated, and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight.'

The career of Mr Fordyce, an Aberdeen hosier, who became a London banker and stockjobber, is very remarkable, but its history would occupy too much space. When this person failed, the panic in London, 'equal to anything of a later date, but of shorter duration, spread with the velocity of wildfire, and part of the press attribute to the Bank the merit of supporting the credit of the city, while part assert that it caused the panic. The first families were in tears; nor is the consternation surprising, when it is known that bills to

the amount of £4,000,000 were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them.' The effect of the constant anxiety in which the money-traders live is said to operate disadvantageously on the duration of life. 'It is probable, although the fact is difficult of attainment, that the lives of the members of the Stock Exchange are at the present day less valuable than the ordinary average of human life. The constant thought, the change from hope to fear, the nights broken by expresses, the days excited by changes, must necessarily produce an unfavourable effect upon the frame. Instances, however, of great longevity are not wanting; and one John Riva, who, after an active life in 'Change Alley, had retired to Venice, died there at the patriarchal age of 118.' This was the golden age of lotteries. In 1772 there were 'lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea-merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved, and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10—lottery shoe-black, lottery eating-houses—where for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of 60 guineas was given—lottery oyster-stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of 5 guineas, were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall in a narrow alley was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages the fortunate purchaser might realise a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors—a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old—sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes.' The discovery of *lucky numbers* became a profession, and the worship of Mammon introduced rites of superstition which might seem to have come down from the middle ages. The smaller lotteries were at length put down, in order that ruin might be accessible only to those who could afford it; but this introduced the system of 'insurance,' which was open to all—a sum being paid for the right to demand a certain amount in the event of a particular number turning up a prize. To gratify this propensity wives robbed their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters. 'So great were the charms of insuring, while the chances were so small, that respectable tradesmen, in defiance of the law, met for this illegal purpose on the following day to that on which some of their body had been taken handcuffed before a magistrate.' Lotteries were not finally abolished till 1826.

Another curious kind of insurance was resorted to by the gamblers:—'Directly it was known that any great man was seriously ill, insurances on his life, at rates in proportion to his chance of recovery, were made. These bargains were reported in the papers; and the effect on an invalid who knew his health to be precarious may be imagined when he saw in the "Whitehall Evening Post" that "Lord ——— might be considered in great danger, as his life could only be insured in the Alley at 90 per cent." The custom grew so rapidly, and the evil was so serious, that the principal merchants and underwriters refused to transact business with brokers who engaged in such practices.' It was customary to effect insurances upon the fate of a besieged city—a premium being paid to receive a certain sum in the event of the capture of the city. During the Seven Years' War, the Spanish ambassador is said to have insured £30,000 on Minorca at the moment when the despatches announcing its capture were in his pocket. In 1787 the Black Board was instituted to keep the brokers in awe. "There were no less than twenty-five lame ducks," said the "Whitehall Evening Post," "who waddled out of the Alley." Their deficiency was estimated at £250,000; and it was upon this occasion the above plan was first proposed, and a very full meeting of the members resolved that those who did not either pay their deficiencies, or name their principals, should be publicly exposed on a black

board to be ordered for the occasion. Thus the above deficiencies—larger than had been previously known—alarmed the gentlemen of 'Change Alley, and produced that system which is yet regarded with wholesome awe.'

Before long, the mightiest of the aristocracy trembled at the threat of the Black Board. A broker complained to the public-spirited Mark Sprot that a noble earl, whom he had trusted to a large extent, refused to pay his losses. Mr Sprot told his friend not to be afraid, and offered to call with him upon the noble repudiator. 'Together they went, and were received with patrician dignity. Mr Sprot deliberately detailed his business, and received the cool reply that it was not convenient to pay. But the energetic jobber was not a man to bow before rank, unless accompanied by worth; and Mr Sprot unhesitatingly declared that if the account were not settled by a certain hour next day, he would post his lordship as a defaulter. The latter grew alarmed, and attempted to conciliate; but the conference closed with the repeated determination of Mr Sprot to post him. Long before the hour appointed, however, his lordship's solicitor waited on the broker to arrange the payment; and thus the honour of the earl was preserved, and the credit of the broker saved in the money market, through the acuteness and determination of Mark Sprot.'

In 1801 'Change Alley was found to be too small an area for the Stock Exchange; and at any rate the principal dealers in the money market desired to have a more exclusive place of meeting. The present building, therefore, was erected by subscription, the members to pay ten guineas annually, and to vote by ballot. The following inscription, engraved on copper, was placed under the first stone of the building:—

'On the 18th of May, in the year 1801, and forty-one of George III., the first stone of this building, erected by private subscription, for the transaction of business in the public funds, was laid in the presence of the proprietors, and under the direction of William Hammond, William Steer, Thomas Roberts, Griffith Jones, William Grey, Isaac Hensley, Jo. Brackshaw, John Capel, and John Barnes, managers; James Peacock, architect. At this era, the first of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the public funded debt had accumulated in five successive reigns to £552,730,924. The inviolate faith of the British nation, and the principles of the constitution, sanction and secure the property embarked in this undertaking. May the blessing of that constitution be secured to the latest posterity!'

Among the anecdotes in this portion of the volume we may mention that of the House of Baring, connected with the subject in their capacity of loan-contractors. Their career is 'an evidence of the power of a few active young men to advance themselves to immense fortune, and to distinguished marks of favour from the sovereign. Various origins are attributed to the members of the firm, and the Herald's College has been employed to give the dignity of ancestral honours to the family. In 1793 the first baronet of the name was created, and the signal services of Sir Francis to the East India Company, of which he was a director, were greatly appreciated. It has been stated—but as the writer is uncertain of his authority, he gives it with caution—that they were originally German weavers, who came over to London; and being successful in business, were, through the interest of William Bingham of Philadelphia, appointed agents to the American government. Considering, therefore, the large resources at their command, it is not surprising that, during the loyalty loan in 1797, the head of the house made £100,000 for three consecutive days—or that, in 1806, it was sarcastically said, "Sir Francis Baring is extending his purchases so largely in Hampshire, that he soon expects to be able to enclose the country with his own park-paling." In 1805, this gentleman, the first algebraist of the day, retired from business with a princely fortune, and shortly afterwards died, full of years and honours. A green old age, a career closed at the pinnacle of prosperity, and a deathbed surrounded by sons and daughters, whom the descendant of the German weaver had lived to place in splendid independence, was his enviable

lot. The great commercial house which he had raised to so proud a position was continued by his sons, and may be considered the most important mercantile establishment in the empire. Freehold estates to the amount of £500,000, besides enormous personal property, rewarded his great capacity, and his yet greater integrity. The House of Baring, notwithstanding some periods when doubt, and almost dismay, hung over it, yet retains the power and position bequeathed by Sir Francis; and as an instance of the fortune and capacity of its members, it may be mentioned that the late Lord Ashburton, when bearing, as Sir Robert Peel feelingly expressed it, the honoured name of Alexander Baring, realised £170,000 in two years by his combinations in French Rentes.'

But the most remarkable stockbroker on record was Francis Baily the astronomer, who retired from the Stock Exchange in 1825. Baily 'having left school at fourteen, remained in a mercantile situation until he was twenty-two; when, for the mere love of adventure, he embarked for the New World, travelled through a great part of the "far west," and passed eleven months among the aborigines without once meeting the shelter of a civilised roof. In 1800 he went on the money-market, where he soon became conspicuous, publishing within a few years many works, which were justly regarded with great favour; and in 1806 defended, though unsuccessfully, the rights of the brokers. In 1814 he drew up the report of the committee on the great fraud of that year, arranged the evidence against the perpetrators completely and conclusively, and was one of those men of whom the Stock Exchange—from which he retired with a fortune won by uprightness and intelligence—was not worthy.'

The reader will see that there is a great variety of interesting and amusing matter in the volume of 'mémoires pour servir' we have thus hastily skimmed; but we have now done enough not only to give some idea of the book, but of the nature and career of the Stock Exchange. The public debt, which it is the business of the brokers to buy and sell, has increased to £800,000,000, entailing upon the country an expenditure for interest of £28,000,000 per annum. The debt is practically considered *perpetual*; and at every excess of revenue the minister is expected to reduce taxation. To this object, likewise, the plans of financial reformers are limited; and when some schemer gets up with a proposal that the nation, instead of merely lightening its daily burthens, shall try to make some progress in paying what it owes, either by converting interminable into terminable annuities, or by submitting to a general assessment, he is looked upon as an idle visionary. This may be all very correct; but the heir of a burthened estate, preserved to him in its entirety by expensive lawsuits (and we, as a nation, are exactly in this position), would be counselled by judicious friends to apply whatever savings he could make, or assessments he could bear, to the extinction of his encumbrances.

RECREATION.

I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes the working itself, incessant work-

ing, is the thing defied. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them, excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour. The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points—of being a man, and not a machine. It may seem as if the preceding arguments were directed rather against excessive work than in favour of recreation. But the first object in an essay of this kind should be to bring down the absurd estimate that is often formed of mere work. What ritual is to the formalist, or contemplation to the devotee, business is to the man of the world. He thinks he cannot be doing wrong as long as he is doing that. No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. Again, there are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that. If not sensuality, then avarice, or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

NEARING AN ICEBERG.

I think we were on the larboard tack when we first got sight of the berg. It appeared at a distance of nine or ten miles on the horizon, a beautiful 'two-forked hill' of crystalline, its dazzling peaks irradiated by the early morning beams. We very much feared at the time that a fog would close in and shut it from our view. Towards the latter part of the day, however, the haze cleared; and by about three or four o'clock p. m. we had beat up to it, and were close under its lee on the starboard side, and only from a quarter of a mile to half a mile distant from it; the sea being against it on the windward side, and dying into a little bay formed by its precipitous crags, and a lower and more extended part undulating into two or three distinct ranges of elongated hillocks or hummocks, which seemed to have been a portion of field-ice attached to the loftier part. The whole might have been from 300 to 500 feet at the base, by about 250 of extreme elevation; and on one side of the more abrupt portion, near the summit, was a singularly-shaped mass, which required scarcely any effort of imagination to form into a gigantic white bear, crawling down the side of it. There was something extremely

majestic and solemn in its aspect, as the chill wind swept from it, and the deep, dark-green waves rolled and foamed beneath and around. The thought of striking against such a mass in the darkness and tempest, and being sent by the shock to the depths beneath, seemed enough to curdle the very life-blood in our veins, and afforded a vivid idea of the perils undergone by the Polar voyagers and whalers. Whilst we gazed upon it, we encountered a most lovely and agreeable surprise. The sky cleared brightly blue overhead, and the magnificent mass immediately took the tint from the heavens, assuming the softest cerulean hue that the imagination could conceive. The exquisite apparent smoothness of it was also another feature for which I was not at all prepared. I had prefigured to myself a large, rough, white mass; but the alabaster polish of the general surface, and the general hue which was shed over it, to which the finest ultramarine must fail of doing justice, presented an effect at once delightful and unexpected. Gradually, as evening advanced, and we drew away from it on the watery pathway, the paler tints resumed their way, the mists and shadows closed around it, and we left it to its silent march—the cold, gray, stern wanderer of the ocean—alone with Omnipotence amidst the waste of waters.—*The Emigrant Churchman in Canada.*

MOTHER DEAR, WHERE ART THOU?

MOTHER dear, where art thou? Dost thou hear me calling
In the early morning, or when eve is falling,
Through each darksome midnight, and each cheerless morrow,
Since I closed thine eyelids on that night of sorrow?

Mother dear, where art thou? Dost thou heed my weeping
In the dreary midnight, when light hearts are sleeping?
Dost thy spirit hover near me when I slumber,
Or when, through the darkness, sleepless hours I number?

Mother dear, where art thou? Weary hours of sadness,
In our lonely chamber, once a home of gladness,
Weighing down my spirit, pass unheeded o'er me,
While thy chair, deserted, ever stands before me!

Mother dear, where art thou? Spring hath come and parted,
But it brought no gladness to thy lonely hearted;
Through the blessed summer all was dark around me,
For its fragrance breathed not through the grave that bound thee.

Mother dear, where art thou? Autumn winds are blowing,
And within our dwelling bright the hearth is glowing,
By our pleasant fireside youthful tones are ringing,
But thine ancient ballads no sweet voice is singing.

Mother dear, where art thou? There is no one near me,
In my hour of anguish, who will care to cheer me,
Who will smooth my pillow when my head is aching,
Or a prayer will whisper when my heart is breaking.

Mother dear, where art thou? I have none to cherish
With the love that cannot in death's darkness perish;
At my step approaching no fond brow will lighten,
And my smile of gladness no kind eye will brighten.

Mother dear, where art thou? Hast thou left no token
That the tie which bound us still abides unbroken,
But the vacant pillow where I watched thee dying,
And the silent graveyard where thy dust is lying?

Mother dear, I know that our Redeemer liveth,
And that life unfading to his own He giveth;
Though thy place is empty, He will still be near me,
And thy parting counsel, 'Trust in God,' shall cheer me.

Mother dear, in heaven, where thy voice is swelling,
Angels' hymns adoring, blessed is thy dwelling!
Safe from fear of evil, free from toil and sadness,
Waiting for thy lone one, till we meet in gladness!

M.

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ART OF BIOGRAPHY.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE.

WE have already indulged in some speculations on the state of criticism in this country, and we take the present opportunity to resume the subject.

In the earlier stages of society, the practice of *medicine* is followed empirically, each man dealing as well as he can with the facts before him, and striving to learn from actual cases the true mode of treatment. But as education and refinement advance, an interchange of knowledge takes place; comparisons are made; errors are corrected; principles are established on the base of experience; theory, like a constitutional legislature, governs the practice from which it emanated; and medicine becomes in process of time at once an art and a science. This should likewise be the history of Criticism, and the fact that it is so is obvious even in our own literature; but our complaint is, that we are in far too early a stage of the process, considering the comparatively rapid advancement which has taken place in other sciences. Here and there, indeed, some solitary thinker does fancy that there may be eternal principles of taste applicable to the different branches of literature, and now and then a voice is heard, as if from afar, announcing something that seems like a marvel and a discovery; but in general we remain in absolute unconsciousness that there are any higher and nobler laws than the empirical judgment of individuals.

In illustration of the want of pure criticism betrayed in our literature, we have already made some mention of romantic fiction and history; but perhaps there is no department in which the deficiency is more obvious than biography. Biography with us is rarely a work of art, and never of high art. It is a mere collection of materials, or at best a rude and shapeless form. If the facts are true and abundant, the moral reflections just, and the likeness recognisable, we are satisfied; for we are unconscious that these are the mere stones of a temple which it is the province of genius to raise over the ashes of the great and good. Biography is the history of an individual, and is only different from that of a nation in its being of more limited range. A nation, as one of the great communities of mankind, must be considered with reference to the general progress of society; and its historian, if his views be proportionably large, must not only dive into the past, but soar into the future. He must know intimately the contemporaneous world; he must be acquainted with all arts and all sciences; and, abstracting himself from his own day and its conventionalisms and prejudices, he must look at the groups of mankind in their onward march, from age to age, from development to development, till they are lost in that abyss of futurity where even genius can only guess at their destinies. •

Biography, as the history of an individual, is of more limited range: it deals with one country, one epoch, one lifetime; and when the tomb closes over its hero, its task is done. But how many conditions does this require to be fulfilled! How grand a scope does it present for the true artist! In the sister profession, a portrait destined to command the admiration of the world is a work of earnest labour and refined skill: nothing is redundant, nothing meagre; tint after tint, shade after shade, are thrown in with unwearied diligence; and all are made to tell in the production of character. The chiaroscuro is so managed that even the most essential incidents, when they disturb the main effect, are toned down so as to produce what writers on art call a eurythmia, or the beauty arising from order and harmony. The accessories, likewise, are all in harmony with the figure, determining its proportions, and even the most trivial of them performing some allotted function in the design. A biography is in literature what a portrait is in art; and the pen may draw many instructive analogies from the pencil. We cannot accept from the author, any more than from the painter, a heap of features, draperies, incidents, to be arranged at our own pleasure, and owe their effect to our own unconscious skill. Books of this kind are mere materials—such as Boswell's 'Johnson,' the gem of them all—but are not entitled to the name of biography. The biographer must be an artist, and feel that he is so. He must attend to the keeping of his portrait, as well as the mere likeness of the features. He must not only search with industry, but select with severity; excluding everything not absolutely necessary, and taking care that everything he admits holds the place due to its importance or comparative insignificance, and ministers to the general effect.

A life usually extends beyond half a century, and in that space the social changes must be expected to be numerous; and all must be indicated in the biography. The man must be exhibited as a part of the time in which he lives, or he will not be understood. Thus, in a historical biography, the public history must be traced, or the actions of the individual will be unintelligible. An ordinary biographer, therefore, has more to do than to follow his hero in the events of his life: he must describe the spirit of the age in its manners, morals, and intellect; and the progress of society, as the stream in which his subject floats. He must, in short, identify the man with the epoch, in order to ascertain his value and character. Thirty years ago, a scientific discoverer may have been a great man—perhaps the greatest man of his time; while in the present day he would be regarded as a mere tyro. In writing his life, therefore, it would be necessary to describe exactly the state of science in his time; and even so we should deal with literary biography, and even with the mere biography of manners.

It may be said that the kind of details thus alluded to are to be found in Boswell; and so they are. But they are thrown in with the shovel, not built up in an artistical construction. We rise from the volumes with a pretty clear idea of the man and the social time; but the idea is collected by ourselves from a mass of shapeless material, amid a greater mass of useless rubbish. Boswell, therefore, is not a biographer, and his work is not a work of art. We have cited this exquisite gossip as an extreme case; but the fault of criticism is, that in general it rarely makes any distinction. There is hardly such a thing as real biography in the language; and the reason is, that the nature and functions of the art are either not comprehended, or not insisted upon, by those who assume the direction of the public taste.

It may seem hardly fair to cite the *Life of Southey** in illustration of these remarks, since the author disclaims any intention to write 'a regular biography;' but there is every reason to believe, from the internal evidence of the book, that he conceives his performance to fall short of a regular biography only in as much as it permits the narrative to be carried on occasionally by contributions and correspondence. This notion is clearly enough indicated by the word *narrative*, which is all that is commonly supposed to be required to constitute a biography. Our chief reason, however, for fixing upon the book before us is, that it is necessary to make a stand somewhere; and the volume before us is so flagrant an instance of the art of biography as practised in this country, that we think we cannot have a better opportunity of calling attention to the subject. We shall now proceed to give some account of the work. One half of the volume is composed of *Recollections of Southey*, written by himself at forty-six years of age; and then the son, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which his father has entered into the history of his family, and the details of his early life, takes up the thread of the narrative where he laid it down. The *Recollections*, however, with a good deal of amusing matter interspersed, are prosy and weak; and a 'regular biographer,' while extracting their spirit for his own use, would have thrown them into an appendix as a literary curiosity.

Before coming to the amiable self-consciousness of Southey, we cannot help remonstrating with his son for allowing his reverence for his father's memory to betray him into an extravagance as offensive to good taste as to true religion. 'I may say,' says he, in concluding the preface, 'that whatever defects these volumes may possess, I have the satisfaction of feeling that they will verify my father's own words—words not uttered boastfully, but simply as the answer of a conscience void of offence both towards God and man—"I have this conviction that, die when I may, my memory is one of those which will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."' The 'conviction' here is nothing more than the self-satisfaction of a man conscious of good intentions and kindly feelings; but the reverend biographer ought to know better than we, that a conscience void of offence towards God is an absurdly-impossible attainment, and one at which even St Paul only 'exercised' himself.

Southey traces his family back by the church registers to the very reasonable date of 1696, when his grandfather Thomas was baptised at Wellington in Somersetshire. Thomas, however, it seems, had a father called

Robert, sometimes designated as a yeoman, and sometimes as a farmer, and married either to a niece or second cousin of the philosopher Locke, 'who is still held in more estimation than he deserves.' There is even a tradition of a grandfather of this Robert, a great clothier; and his grandchildren having used armorial bearings, Southey rejoices in the idea that his ancestors perhaps served in the Crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His father, however, was nothing more than a grocer in London, and afterwards a linendraper at Bristol. His mother he introduces by this somewhat singular anecdote:—"While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some person advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out, as usual, into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she rose from her seat, to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and because it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure." This lady had an excellent understanding and much readiness of apprehension, but no education beyond dancing and needlework. So much the better. 'Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say, when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to *me*;" and the mistress of what, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this.' His mother, however, acquired another accomplishment: having a good ear for music, she 'was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute.' Of these parents Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August 1774.

His early childhood was passed with his aunt Miss Tyler; and this description of her drawing-room will convey an accurate idea both of the merits and defects of the autobiographical department of the work:—"The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain, green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajou-nut or a kidney; the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry-wood, which had been Mr Bradford's, and in which she always sat—mentionable because if any visitor, who was not in her especial favour, sat therein, the leather cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's *Eloisa* in an oval, black frame, because of its

* *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*: Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Six Volumes. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1848.

supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving from pictures by Angelica Kauffman—one of Hector and Andromache, the other of Telemachus at the court of Menelaus: these I notice because they were in frames of Brazilian-wood; and the great print of Pombal, *O grande Marquês*, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of any illustrious man with which I became familiar.' In this house he slept with his aunt, and was compelled to lie till nine or ten o'clock. In the wearisome waking hours he passed in bed, perhaps the intellectual education of the future author commenced. 'My poor little wits were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of form in the curtains, wondering at the motes in the slant sunbeam, and watching the light from the crevices of the window-shutters, till it served me at last, by its progressive motion, to measure the lapse of time.' A present which he received, however, of a set of Mr Newberry's juvenile books, appears to have had a decided effect in determining him to literature, which was the passion of his whole life. A little later, but still before he was seven years of age, the habit of frequenting the theatre at Bath with his aunt made him dream of being a dramatist. His favourite play upon the stage was 'Cymbeline,' and next to that, 'As You Like It.' In the closet 'it is curious that "Titus Andronicus" was at first my favourite play; partly, I suppose, because there was nothing in the characters above my comprehension; but the chief reason must have been, that tales of horror make a deep impression upon children, as they do upon the vulgar, for whom, as their ballads prove, no tragedy can be too bloody: they excite astonishment rather than pity. I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also before I was eight years old; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works. What harm, indeed, could they do me at that age? I read them merely for the interest which the stories afforded, and understood the worse parts as little as I did the better. But I acquired imperceptibly from such reading familiarity with the diction, and ear for the blank verse, of our great masters.'

After the Newberry series, the first book Southey perused with delight was Hoole's translation of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' and the next the 'Faery Queen,' printed in old English. 'No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the "Faery Queen." If I had then been asked wherefore it gave me so much more pleasure than ever Ariosto had done, I could not have answered the question. I now know that it was very much owing to the magic of its verse; the contrast between the flat couplets of a rhymester like Hoole, and the fullest and finest of all stanzas written by one who was perfect master of his art. But this was not all. Ariosto too often plays with his subject; Spenser is always in earnest. The delicious landscapes which he luxuriates in describing brought everything before my eyes. I could fancy such scenes as his lakes and forests, gardens and fountains, presented; and I felt, though I did not understand, the truth and purity of his feelings, and that love of the beautiful and the good which pervades his poetry.'

Uncle William was a character:—'For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went also sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and as inaction, aided no doubt by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small-beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he

went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbours, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them.' We have no room for the obscure schools in which Southey passed his boyhood, but the whim of a cross pedagogue in correcting a more than usually stupid boy is worth mentioning:—'There was a hulking fellow (a Creole, with negro features, and a shade of African colour in him), and Williams, after flogging him one day, made him pay a halfpenny for the use of the rod, because he required it so much oftener than any other boy in the school. Whether G—— was most sensible of the mulct or the mockery, I know not, but he felt it as the severest part of the punishment.' This is very good; but then follow scores of pointless anecdotes of unknown persons, which make one entirely forget the subject of the memoir. One of these individuals, however, is above the commonplace, for he furnished an image in the 'Curse of Kehama,' drawn from the poet's recollections of his fiendish malignity. 'When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned the gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him: but when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion (who related the story to me), he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. . . . He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand.'

In his twelfth and thirteenth years Southey wrote a good deal of juvenile poetry, chiefly translations from the classics, but including a piece, which he very correctly pronounces to be wholly original in its design—'an attempt to exhibit the story of the Trojan war in a dramatic form, laying the scene in Elysium, where the events which had happened on earth were related by the souls of the respective heroes as they successively descended. . . . There was one point,' he says, 'in which these premature attempts afforded a hopeful omen, and that was in the diligence and industry with which I endeavoured to acquire all the historical information within my reach relating to the subject in hand. . . . It was perhaps fortunate that these pursuits were unassisted and solitary. By thus working a way for myself, I acquired a habit and a love for investigation, and nothing appeared uninteresting which gave me any of the information I wanted. The pleasure which I took in such researches, and in composition, rendered me in a great degree independent of other amusements; and no systematic education could have fitted me for my present course of life so well as the circumstances which allowed me thus to feel and follow my own impulses.'

Miss Tyler's temper and habits grew more and more peculiar as he advances in his boyish years. Her passion for cleanliness is equal to any oddity we meet with in romance:—'That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlour I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth

while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean: all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not! On such occasions her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement, even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

Our poet is at length fairly placed in Westminster school, where the best story is of James Beresford, the author of the 'Miseries of Human Life.' When he was at the Charter-House, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school was so silent without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging. With such little anecdotes, though few & good, this epoch of Southey's life concludes, having given the reader little or no idea of his studies or manner of thinking. Then commence the labours of the son with his entrance into Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793, where he was condemned 'to pay respect to men with great wigs and little wisdom.' Southey began his career by heroically refusing to have his long and curling hair dressed and powdered; and in spite of the astonishment and touching remonstrances of the barber, he actually took his seat in the dining-hall in that state of indecent simplicity. At this time he rose every morning at five to study, eat bread and cheese, and drink negus; and he exclaims, 'Let me have £200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further.' 'Never shall child of mine,' says he, 'enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or language, but I can at least preserve him from vice.' In his nineteenth year he completed 'Joan of Arc.' His admiration at this time of Glover's 'Leonidas,' and his classing Voltaire with Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, show the juvenility of his taste; but the biographer quotes largely from his letters without any remark. In 1794 his acquaintance with Coleridge began. The latter had by that time obtained his discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons, in which he had suddenly enlisted as a private; and now, on visiting Oxford, an intimacy sprang up between him and Southey, hastened by the heterodox views of both on the subjects of religion and politics. They formed a plan of emigration to the New World called 'Pantisocracy,' where they meant to establish a sort of Socialist community. Southey's mother appears to have joined in the scheme; but with his aunt its disclosure caused a complete and lasting estrangement, and turned the young philosopher adrift. Coleridge and he tried to keep the wolf from the door by delivering lectures; but Southey was more successful in falling in with a publisher for 'Joan of Arc'—Mr Cottle—who gave him one hundred guineas, and soon after with an uncle, who carried him with him to Lisbon. Southey prepared for this journey by marrying Edith Fricker in 1795. 'Immediately after the ceremony, they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.'

At Lisbon he learned Spanish and Portuguese; and on returning to England, passed the time till the close of 1796 in writing for the magazines, and working up the contents of his foreign note-books into 'Letters from Spain and Portugal.' On the completion of the task, he sat fairly down in London to the study of the

law, enabled to do so by the generous friendship of a college associate, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, from whom he received for some years an annuity of £160. A few more unimportant letters bring the narrative down to the end of 1798, by which time 'Madoc' was in preparation.

This closes a volume of amusing and interesting materials, mixed with a good deal of rubbish, and the whole roughly and carelessly thrown together, in a form which the compiler has the modesty to tell us is not 'regular biography,' but which, for all that, will pass as such with a great majority of the English critics.

L. R.

THE TWO EMPRESSES AND THE ARTIST.

It was the middle of the year 1812, that year the latter months of which witnessed the annihilation of the French army on the plains of Russia. Such a catastrophe was far from the thoughts of a single inhabitant of Paris, when one morning in the month of June the celebrated artist Redouté was on his way to Malmaison to present to the Empress Josephine some paintings of lilies. He was a great favourite with her, from his having devoted his pencil to flowers, of which she was passionately fond. In full enjoyment of the lovely morning, he was gaily crossing the garden of the Tuileries to get to the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a coach, when he saw a crowd eagerly hurrying in the direction of the walk by the water-side. The general cry, 'The king of Rome!—the Empress!' soon told him the object of attraction; and the artist quickened his steps, glad of the opportunity, thus by chance afforded him, of seeing the son of the Emperor, the yet cradled child of fifteen months, whom so proud a destiny seemed to await.

It was indeed the king of Rome, in a little carriage drawn by four snow-white goats, and the Empress Maria-Louisa walking by its side. She was wrapped in a blue shawl, of a peculiar shade, known to be her favourite colour. The crowd had gathered outside the grating, around which they pressed closely; and as Redouté stopped to gaze with the rest, he saw standing near him a young woman with a child in her arms. The garb of both bespoke extreme poverty; but the child's face was glowing with health, whilst the cheeks of the mother were pale and emaciated, and from her sunken eyes fell tears, which she cared not either to wipe away or conceal.

'My poor little one!—my darling!' she whispered as she pressed the child still closer to her bosom, 'you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings—no toys of any kind. For him, abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is he that he should be happier than you, darling? Both of you born the same day, the same hour! I, as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father, my poor babe; you have no father!'

The artist overheard these words of woe, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the poor young mother, in utter forgetfulness of the king of Rome.

'Madame,' said he, after a moment's hesitation, and in a low voice, 'why do you not make known your situation to the Empress?'

'To what purpose, sir?' cried the young woman somewhat bitterly. 'Small compassion have the great ones of this world.'

'But why not make the attempt?'

'I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the Empress, and told her that my son was born the same day, the

same hour, with the king of Rome. I told her, alas! that he has no father, that my strength is failing, that we are utterly destitute. But the Empress has not deigned to answer.'

'You will have an answer, rest assured. Perhaps the memorial has not been yet placed before her majesty. Give me your address, I beg of you.' And after taking a memorandum of it, and slipping into her hand all the money he had about him, Redouté was soon rapidly making his way to the Place de la Concorde, where, just as he was stepping into a carriage, he discovered that his purse was empty.

'It is of no consequence,' he said; 'I have only to walk a little fast.'

Josephine, meanwhile, had been eagerly expecting the promised visit of the usually punctual artist, and was beginning to feel uneasy lest some accident had occurred to occasion the prolonged delay, when he was announced.

'I ought to scold you,' she said, as she received with her wonted gentle grace the artist's offering, 'for delaying the pleasure I feel in seeing this admirable drawing.'

'I must throw myself upon your majesty's goodness to excuse me,' answered Redouté rather inconsiderately. 'I had never seen the king of Rome, and to-day I have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him.' Josephine started, and Redouté, instantly aware of the awkwardness of mentioning the meeting, stopped suddenly in confusion.

'I am very glad,' said Josephine, making a strong effort to repress her emotion, 'that you have seen the son of the Emperor. Pray tell me where you saw him, and who was with him?' Redouté hesitated.

'Pray, pray go on,' said she gently, but earnestly. He obeyed; and told her every particular he had observed, as well as what had delayed his arrival by obliging him to walk to Malmaison.

'I see the great artist, as always happens, has a feeling heart,' said Josephine, her sympathy aroused for the poor woman. 'If Napoleon did but know the destitution of this child, born the same day, the same hour with his son! Be with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; we will together visit this poor creature.' And the next morning at nine o'clock Redouté was at Malmaison; and an hour after, Josephine, undeterred by the dark, narrow, muddy passage, and the equally dark, damp stairs, increasing in steepness every step, had entered the wretched apartment, utterly bare of furniture, in the fifth storey, inhabited by the widow of Charles Blanger.

'Madame,' said Redouté, to whom Josephine had made signs to introduce her and the object of their visit, 'you may rest assured that if the Emperor knew your situation, he would give you relief; but there is now no necessity to trouble him. This lady, whom I have the honour to accompany, is good enough to say she will take you under her protection, and her protection is all-sufficient.'

'What a lovely boy!' cried Josephine, as the little orphan sat up in his cradle, and smilingly stretched out his little arms to his mother. 'Redouté,' she said, as she took the child and kissed it, 'did you not tell me that he was born the same day with the king of Rome?'

'The same day and hour, madame,' answered the young mother.

'Was it mentioned to the Emperor at the time?'

'No, madame; we were happy then, and my poor Charles had too independent a spirit to ask anything from any one while he could work. He was an engineer; and though employment fluctuated, yet still we were never reduced to want. At his leisure time he used to construct model-machines, from one of which, novel and ingenious in the invention, he expected both fame and pecuniary advantage; but he has been suddenly taken from me, and I am left alone to struggle with misery and wretchedness. I am sinking lower

and lower, and gradually every resource has been exhausted. Alas, I need not tell you!—and she glanced sorrowfully around the miserable little apartment.

'To-morrow you shall quit this wretched, unwholesome abode,' said the Empress, as she gave the child to his mother, after fondly caressing him, and putting her purse into his little hand. 'I will send you my own physician; his skill, and the comforts with which I hope to surround you, will restore your health. I rely on you, my good friend,' added she, turning to the artist, 'to arrange all this for me.'

She was rising to quit the room, amid the tears and blessings of the widow, whose heart she had 'made to sing for joy,' when the door opened, and a young lady entered, at sight of whom Redouté stood motionless with astonishment. It was Maria-Louisa, accompanied by a newly-appointed chamberlain. As Maria-Louisa was never known to visit the poor man in his abode of poverty, Redouté had some excuse for the uncharitable judgment he formed on the instant—that this unusual proceeding on her part was intended either as an attempt to rival Josephine in the popularity gained by her active and unwearied benevolence, or to please the Emperor, as proving the lively interest she took in a child born the same day and hour with the king of Rome. But whatever might have been her motive, certain it is that she was now standing in the widow's humble abode without deigning a salutation to any one in it.

Josephine was sweetness and gentleness itself; but there was something in this want of common courtesy that grated upon the pride of caste which, as a Creole of an illustrious race, the wife of the greatest captain of the age, and as one still feeling herself the Empress, she retained amid desertion and the disgrace of her repudiation. It may be, too, that she recognised Maria-Louisa, though she had only seen the portraits of her who now filled her place; and she therefore resumed her seat, as if fearful that her standing might have been construed into homage. Maria-Louisa, on her part, was far from suspecting that the female so simply dressed, so quietly seated in the miserable garret, was her still envied rival.

As the artist glanced from Maria-Louisa to the beautiful face of Josephine—for it was still beautiful, though bearing the impress of grief even more than of years—he observed that an unwonted expression of haughty disdain now clouded that brow, usually so radiant with benevolent kindness, and he half dreaded the result of this unexpected encounter. And now Maria-Louisa, without one caress to the child, or noticing it in any way, explained in a few words the object of her visit.

'Your intention is most laudable doubtless, madame,' said Josephine, still keeping her seat; 'but you are rather late: the young mother and the child are under my protection.' Maria-Louisa, with a haughty glance at her who thus presumed to address the Empress, said coldly, 'I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous.' Here the chamberlain quickly interposed, 'It is quite certain that you, madame, have the power of elevating the boy to any position you may choose for him, however high.' With a momentary bitterness of feeling, excited by the involuntary retrospect of what she once had been, Josephine's disdainful eye seemed to measure the speaker from head to foot, as she said, 'And pray, sir, what leads you to conclude that I am not able to raise whom I will still higher?'

'The lady doubtless intends,' said Maria-Louisa in a tone of irony, 'to place her protégé on the steps of the throne.'

'Higher still, madame, if such were my pleasure,' warmly retorted Josephine, now rising to withdraw. 'For aught you can tell, I may have given kings to the world.'

'Beware, madame,' hastily whispered Redouté; 'your majesty will betray yourself, and the Emperor will be

displeased.' Josephine was silent; and the artist, who was upon thorns, hastily added, 'I do not see why either of these ladies need give up her share in the happiness of doing good. I shall feel honoured in accepting for my happy protégés whatever kindness it may please either to bestow upon them.' Josephine made no answer, but with head erect, left the room; and Redouté, respectfully bowing to Maria-Louisa, was following, glad to have prevented an outbreak which might have had serious consequences, when a hand laid upon his arm made him turn round: it was the chamberlain.

'Sir,' said he in a low whisper, 'do you know that the lady whom I have had the honour of attending here is her majesty, the Empress Maria-Louisa?'

'Sir,' answered Redouté in an equally low voice, 'the lady that I have had the honour of attending here is the Empress Josephine.'

In less than two years after this meeting Josephine had sunk under the never-healed wound that Napoleon's desertion had inflicted, and died at Malmaison; and Maria-Louisa had, it may be joyfully, quitted a country which she had never loved, and in which she never succeeded in making herself beloved. During these two years the widow had lived upon the daily bounty of her royal patronesses, and was consequently now as destitute as when they first entered her abode of poverty. In vain had Redouté often placed before Josephine his view of what patronage, to be really useful, ought to be—the helping others to help themselves. In vain had he urged her to establish the widow in some way of earning her independence. 'Time enough for this when the boy is grown up.' But death came, and reverse of fortune, and no friend now remained to the widow and the orphan but the artist, and nought remained to him from the vast wreck but his talent and his reputation. Circumstances might indeed render the productions of his pencil less a source of emolument, but these circumstances were but temporary: the artist would again rise to fame and fortune, while Napoleon and Maria-Louisa had fallen irretrievably.

'Redouté acted on the principle he would have had the widow's royal patronesses to act: he procured employment for the widow; and, thanks to his influence, she was enabled to earn sufficient to place her above want, while he took upon himself the education of her child. But the mother's health was failing; and when Redouté, previous to a short absence from Paris, went to take leave of her, she expressed her belief that he would not find her alive at his return, and with tears she solemnly commended her boy to his care. Though he had not attached much weight to her presentiments, yet it was with a somewhat uneasy feeling that, immediately on his return, he went to the house. The door was open; and as he ran up stairs, a sound reached him which struck upon his heart: they were fastening down the coffin of the widow, and in a corner of the room was the little Charles weeping bitterly. Some distant relations stood by the coffin in cold and audible debate as to what was to be done with the child.

'I see nothing for him but the Orphan Asylum,' said one.

'Oh no, no! pray do not send me there,' cried the child. 'My own dear mamma worked for her bread, and so can I. You do not know how much I can do if you will but try me.' At this instant he caught a glimpse of Redouté, and throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, 'You are come back, dear, good friend, and you will not send me to the asylum!' The artist pressed the poor boy to his bosom.

'Have you no hearts?' he said, indignantly turning to the relations. 'This boy shall be my care.' And what the most powerful among the powerful had not done, he did—he, the comparatively obscure and humble artist. He secured to his protégé present comfort and future respectability, by teaching him, as soon as possible, to help himself. Charles Blanger became not only his best pupil, but a celebrated painter, making the

same use as his noble-minded master of that knowledge which is power, and of that talent which is one of those possessions described by Aristides in his celebrated maxim, 'Heap up no treasures save those which, should shipwreck come, will float with the owner.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TRONDHIEM—VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

As Trondhiem (or, in the English heterography, *Dronthiem*) is placed somewhere in the 63d parallel, and therefore about the same latitude with the south of Iceland, an Englishman naturally expects to find it a place of cold and harsh appearance, possibly occupied exclusively by people wearing skin-dresses with the wool innermost. He is somewhat surprised when Trondhiem turns out to be a neat and rather bright-looking town of rectangular streets, composed of nice wooden and brick houses, all of them coloured red or yellow, and as clean as possible, and the greater number showing white gauze curtains, with pretty flowering-plants* in the windows; while the *pavés* present a display of ladies and gentlemen as well dressed as those of any town of its size (about 14,000 inhabitants) in England. The fact is, Trondhiem is a port of considerable trade, as well as the centre of inland business for the large provinces towards the north; and it has therefore no occasion to be otherwise than a thriving and smart place. With regard to climate, I can testify that, on the 17th of July, it was barely possible to walk the streets during the day on account of the intense heat. The harbour is formed by the embouchure of the river Nid, formerly spoken of.

I had but a single afternoon at this time to devote to an examination of the town. I remarked, however, the number of handsome country mansions surrounding it—the residences of the most considerable merchants. The inspection of the cathedral I left for my return. The central office of the Bank of Norway is here in a plain, modest building at the corner of one of the streets. I remembered that the branch of a Scottish bank at the small town of Stirling is a more imposing structure, but without drawing any inference therefrom against either the resources or the wisdom of the Norwegian directors. As Trondhiem is a place of so much importance, and lies exposed to invasion by sea, it has a large garrison, and is further protected by a small, low fortified island in front called Monksholm. On account of its being the ancient capital, and its possessing—what Christiania wants—a fine old cathedral, the kings of Sweden are here crowned as kings of Norway. So lately as 1834, when Mr Laing visited the place, there were no hotels—only a private lodging, into which strangers could be received. Now there are three hotels, two of which at least are comfortable houses.

Having an introduction to Mr Knudtzen, the English consul, I was invited to go to that gentleman's country-house in the evening. It is a small villa, on the face of a fine slope rising to the east, and scarcely half a mile from town. Such places, I found, are only used during the brief period of summer; for winter life, Mr Knudtzen has an elegant mansion on the quay. This gentleman, and his brother Mr Jorgen Knudtzen, whom I met at my visit, are interesting examples of mercantile men, of studious habits, refined tastes, and high accomplishments. They have a large library, and many fine works of art. Their conversation—and they can converse in a variety of languages—is elegant and instructive. Mr Jorgen Knudtzen has lived much at Rome, where the number of his resident countrymen is usually very small. On his first being there, he soon attracted the regard of the great sculptor, merely because of the connection between Denmark and Norway and the com-

* I remarked the *Cactaceæ* to be in great favour at Trondhiem, and was amused at the odd figures of some specimens shown in the windows. One is a little surprised to find a South American plant abundant in Norway, albeit in its most Lilliputian form.

munity of their language. They were very friendly together for a number of years. When the sculptor was above fifty, an attachment sprung up between him and a Scottish lady; Miss M. of S.; but the lady's friends, from readily-appreciable motives, interposed so many vexatious delays, that Thorvaldsen at last grew disgusted; and with the advice of his friend, he rescued himself from the unpleasant predicament into which he had been thrown. It was certainly well that this happened, for the Danish Phidias had not acquired the refined habits which would have been demanded in polite English life. It also left his property free to be bestowed upon his country. Here Mr Knudtzen was of a degree of service which should endear his name for ever to Denmark. Thorvaldsen designed to leave such of his works as he possessed, and the bulk of his fortune, to his country; but he was not a man of business habits, and had long put off this duty from time to time, so that it seemed in danger of never being performed at all; in which case, if the sculptor should die at Rome, the authorities there were sure to appropriate nearly everything to themselves. By urging him at proper opportunities, Mr Knudtzen at length induced Thorvaldsen to dictate to his secretary instructions which served for making a proper will; and thus the object so important to Denmark was secured.

Mr Broder Knudtzen possesses at his town-house several beautiful small *alli relievi* by Thorvaldsen; and it certainly is a thing highly reliable to find such objects in so remote a part of the civilised world. These kind-hearted gentlemen were eager to introduce me to an enjoyment of a different kind in a grove near their villa, all the trees of which had been brought from Scottish nurseries. The evening was a more beautiful one than it is at all common to see in England. The gentlemen sat in the open air in front of the house, most of them in very light dresses. By and by we took a walk to the summit of the slope on which the house is situated; and there, at about nine o'clock, enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view of the land and sea scenery around Trondhiem, as well as a magnificent sunset, bathing the opposite hills in a crimson glory. It was difficult to imagine all this as appertaining to Norway. About an hour thereafter I walked into the town: it was now a pale but beautiful twilight. Ten o'clock having struck in the cathedral tower, I heard a strange wild voice suddenly burst forth, with abrupt risings and fallings, and brief intervals of silence, lasting in all about a minute. Such a sound one might have expected to proceed from some prophet warning a sinful people of future wo. It proved to be the cry of the watchman in the church tower, uttering, according to an ancient custom, some Scriptural texts, not exactly to let the people know that all was right about the town, as far as fire and other external dangers were concerned, but to give assurance to the authorities that he was awake, and on the watch lest any such dangers should occur. It is deemed necessary to be thus careful about fire in Trondhiem and other Scandinavian towns, as, being chiefly built of wood, the burning of one house is pretty sure to lead to the conflagration of many. The watchers are enjoined to look out, and proclaim their vigilance at the stroke of every hour and quarter of an hour on the clock during the whole night. To the apprehension of a stranger it is an *erie* sound; and even after its commonplace explanation, I could never hear it moaning through the calm night-air without a sensation approaching to superstitious awe.

I had this day taken a berth in the *Prinds Gustaf*, a post steamer, which sails once in three weeks during summer from Trondhiem to Hammerfest, calling at many intermediate stations, an invaluable engine of civilisation for the northern provinces of Norway. My design was to visit a district in Norwegian Lapland, not far from the North Cape, where I was aware there were some geological objects of an interesting character, and where it was to be presumed the state of society would prove an interesting study. I contemplated

returning by the next course of the steamer, five weeks hence, and then proceeding on my land journey. Meanwhile my droaky was to be left behind in Trondhiem, as it could be of no use in a country where there are no roads. I was also recommended to leave my servant, as it would be necessary to obtain assistance of a totally different kind in the far north. It was with reluctance that I consented to the latter step, as I felt it to be dangerous for a man to be left idle for so long a time amongst strangers. It seemed, however, unavoidable. For his own advantage, I urged him to use every endeavour to obtain some employment during my absence, assuring him that I should pay his wages and board for the interval with all the more pleasure if he had gained something more from other people. I thought it not impossible that he might obtain a brief engagement from some travelling Englishman, and yet return in time for me; and I therefore left a strong recommendation in his hands, to be shown in case of such a person casting up. Unfortunately he did not obtain any employment whatever during my absence; but he nevertheless spent the time in a manner with which I had no occasion to find fault.

Our voyage commenced next morning (July 18th) at seven o'clock. The first day's sail, after clearing the Trondhiem fiord, was through a succession of straits, bordered on the one hand by little islands, generally little above the sea, and on the other by the mainland, here composed of bare rocky hills, of no great elevation, and generally too much softened by rounding to be very picturesque. The most striking object was a *line of erosion* seen at intervals running along the face of the hills at the height of several hundred feet. This is simply a rough horizontal cut in the rocks, considered by geologists as having been made by the sea at an ancient period, when the land was relatively to the sea several hundred feet lower than at present. M. Keilhau of Christiania has described such objects as being traceable in various parts of the Norwegian coast; and I had marked one, on the hills overlooking Trondhiem to the westward, of which I hoped to be able to measure the elevation on my return.

The steamer is one of moderate dimensions, but conducted in a creditable manner. There is a cabin of the size of a good parlour, where three meals are served up each day: *fröcost*, or breakfast, at nine, consisting of fish, eggs, bread and butter, with coffee or beer; *mid-day*, or dinner, about three, comprising several good dishes, and always followed by a cup of coffee; *afensmat*, or supper, at eight, consisting of little dishes of raw salmon and herrings, slices of tongue and ham, bread, cheese, and butter, with which can be had coffee or tea, as well as beer. With each of these meals there is presented a bottle of corn brandy—a liquor nearly as sweet and tempting as the cordial called *kümmel*—and of this every native gentleman takes a glass before his meal. But I observe that these persons very seldom order even a single glass of wine, though very good sherry and Madeira, as well as French wines, are to be had. There are two active waiters, besides a stewardess who attends without. The captain presides, a perfectly gentlemanlike man, bearing rank in the Norwegian navy, able to speak English, and of unfailing good-humour and civility. His lieutenant is a younger man, also bearing a commissionspeaking still better English, and altogether very much like an English naval officer, which indeed is the less surprising, as he actually did serve for some time in the English navy. Then there is another officer, whose duty it is to attend to the posts, but unluckily he speaks only his own language. Behind the sitting-cabin is one lighted from the stern, containing ten beds for passengers. There is also a ladies' cabin, but of smaller dimensions. The passengers are mostly Norwegians—very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the cabin, and very plain-looking poor people in the fore-part of the vessel, who seem to depend for their meals chiefly upon certain light boxes of their own, stored with rye-bread, cheese, and butter. Among

the latter are two *Quaens*, and in them I see for the first time examples of what may be called the savage people of Europe. They are dressed in skin tunics, with caps, leggings, and shoes of the same material. Simple, inoffensive people they appear to be; but I am told that they have been at Trondhjem undergoing punishment for some offence against the laws. The term *Quaens*, it may be remarked, is one applied in the north of Norway to certain *émigrés*, who have come within the last few years in considerable numbers from Finland, since it became a province of Russia. They are not very readily to be distinguished from the Laplanders amongst whom they have settled.

During the first day's sail, after clearing the fjord, there were hardly any appearances of population on the coast. Only here and there is a softer and greener spot, or a sheltered nook, where man has obtained a footing. There are, nevertheless, a few landing-places, implying a population in the interior, and, what indicates the same thing, one or two *handelsmen's* establishments. These are shops for retail business in the necessities of life: they are conducted by licensed traders, who have each a certain district assigned to him, within which no other person is entitled to sell certain articles. The arrangement is of the nature of a monopoly, and is perhaps attended with some of the usual effects; but it was thought to be unavoidable in Norway, in order to induce respectable men to plant themselves in such wildernesses. Whatever be the character of the *handelsman's* trade, it was pleasant, on turning some corner of the land, to come upon his clean yellow or red house, with its wooden wharf stepping out from the rock into the calm sea, and its cheerful flag flying from some prominent crag near by—even though it might be impossible to discern a single patch of cultivable ground, or so much as grass for a goose or a kid within miles around. There was always a stir about the place when the steamer approached, and generally a boat put off to bring or receive passengers. One can of course imagine the passing of the *Prinds Gustaf* to be the grand event of the three weeks for those who live near its course. I observed once or twice, where no house was visible, a group of children, with one or two grown females, seated on the top of a bank or rock overlooking the sea, apparently waiting merely to behold the transit of this tri-weekly wonder, as, after we had passed, they were seen rising and turning slowly away towards their homes.

A pause of several hours took place on the second morning at Gutvig, on account of the post; and a young English tourist, who landed to see the country, brought back to me a report that he had seen shells a good way from the shore, and at some height above the sea. As we went on to-day, the scenery of the mainland improved in grandeur, and patches of snow among the mountains became more abundant. The sea, protected by islands on the left, continued perfectly calm. Of its general tranquillity we have an infallible token in the arrangement of the wooden wharves at the merchants' establishments. These structures advance into the sea, resting on piles, with no bulwark to protect them from the dash of the waves—thus implying that there is at no time here any such violent action on the coast as we are accustomed to see in the British islands. Many small vessels passed us, stuffed full and piled high with dried fish, of the odour of which we were sensible at a great distance. These were emissaries of the important fisheries of the Lofoden Isles, and were proceeding to Bergen, the grand entrepôt whence this article is exported to the Catholic communities along the Mediterranean. Between ten and eleven we passed the rocky island of Torget, remarkable for a perforation which passes from one side to the other. It is a hill above 1000 feet in height, and this aperture is about half-way up. Probably a soft stratum has been worn on both sides by the sea when at this level, till a complete perforation was effected.

At three in the afternoon the steamer stopped at

Tjøtto, to land a young gentleman, the eldest son of the proprietor of that and some neighbouring islands. He had been two years from home on his travels, and now he was to return to the paternal dome. The ship being a little in advance of its proper time, the captain agreed to make a brief pause; and the kind-hearted young man invited the cabin passengers to land with him, and spend an hour at his father's house: an offer which I for one gladly embraced, as it was important for me to see as much as possible of domestic life in Norway. Imagine us, then, proceeding in boats towards a low island of rock alternating with green sward, amidst a panorama of the stern gray mountains of the district. Young Brodtkorb goes by himself in the first, eager to get to land, where a middle-aged gentleman, and one or two other persons, are seen waiting to receive him. The youth jumps ashore, and rushes into the arms of his father. All is a charming excitement in the little group. As we successively come ashore, we are introduced to the elder Mr Brodtkorb, a fine, amiable-looking person, in externals very much like a Scotch laird, being dressed in a black frock-coat and a white hat, bearing also, however, in his hand the ordinary inseparable companion of a Norwegian gentleman of his years—a long pipe of horn and ebony. We then advanced to the house, which stood at no great distance, and proved to be a very good wooden mansion, with the grass growing up to the very door. The day had been cool at sea, but we felt it warm here. Within the porch was a good-looking, middle-aged lady, the stepmother of our young fellow-passenger, freshly dressed for the occasion in a brown silk gown and gay cap, and surrounded by the younger branches of the family. From her we all received a most polite greeting. We were then ushered, twenty strong, into two uncarpeted rooms; for so are the rooms of the best houses in Norway during summer, carpets being only used in winter. In one, besides other furniture, was an old Clementi pianoforte; in the other a good historical picture by a native artist, representing the murder of King Haco by a monk: a picture, by the way, of fine rich effect. Coffee was served, pipes were smoked, and conversation indulged in, the host speaking a little English to myself and two other Englishmen present. I afterwards learned that he had received part of his education at the university of Edinburgh. We were told that he is an affluent proprietor, and I felt interested in getting a peep of the domestic state of such a family in this district of Norway. The simplicity, united with education and good manners, recalled the pleasant pictures which Johnson and Boswell give of the life and state of the Hebridean gentry—the Macleans and Macleods of seventy years ago; pictures which, I may remark, are rapidly attaining a historical value. Unaffected kindness beamed in the faces of all towards the strangers, and when we came away, they accompanied us to our boats, and stood in a group upon the grassy shore, even till our figures on the vessel's deck must have ceased to be discernible. I felt the pleasing effect of social good-will, even without the charm of conversation, and parted with the shores of Tjøtto with regret, half-melancholy to think that I should see these worthy people no more.

In the course of the afternoon we passed the Seven Sisters, a mountain with seven peaks or elevated masses, very sterile and grand, and telling with the effect of their whole height, as they rise direct from the water's edge. We passed also a great crowd of fish-sloops from the Lofoden Isles, laden full and high, and with the national flag flying merrily from each stern. They give the idea of a great traffic. The weather was now so temperate, that we could sit on deck for hours, observing these and other objects, and indulging in the meditations which they were fitted to excite. Strangely-various thoughts will arise in such circumstances. I reflected on the enterprise of man, which makes these desolate shores a scene of industry, and consequently a seat of civilised and respectable existence. And then an idea came into my mind to regard the stars and

planets as ships sailing in the sea of heaven, ever along and along on their appointed voyages, freighted with Enjoying and Suffering, hearts dancing and hearts breaking, but knowing little of the beginning or end of their course.

At a particular place, after passing the island of Vogten, I observed a long line of small uninhabited isles outside of our course, all of them so low upon the water as to form merely one thin line. Here is, I should suppose, a proof of the power of the sea to wear down to its own level rocks which may have previously been a little above it—for we cannot well imagine that through any other cause so lengthened a series of rocks was originally of this uniform height.

About ten in the evening we passed the Arctic Circle. The sun was setting in splendour; the air was so mild as not to demand gloves on our hands as we paced the deck; I could even trace the glimmer of the land-tide between us and the sunset sky. How different all these particulars from our ordinary associations with the frigid zone! We English remarked it with surprise, and one added, pointing to a well-dressed old gentleman who sat on deck eternally smoking his pipe, 'There is a clergyman—I am told his cure is at Bodö, a little further on—you could not have supposed, from his appearance, that he lives in a place where, for a portion of the year, the sun does not rise! His remote situation seems to affect him very little.' We were all of opinion, for the five-hundredth time, that really things of the most unpleasant report are apt to appear not quite so bad upon actual acquaintance.

Nearly about the same time we passed a remarkably-shaped mountain called the Hestman, situated on an island close on our left. The name of this mountain, signifying the Horseman, refers to the shape, which is that of a man on horseback, with his cloak falling to the crupper behind him. Seen as it was by us in the twilight, and in so lonely and desolate a region, we felt how apt it would be to inspire superstitious ideas in a primitive people: it was not therefore surprising to learn that there is a popular tale referring to the Hestman. He was, it is said, a magician, who loved a maiden far to the south at Leköe. Being informed that she rejected him, he, in his wrath, launched a javelin at her, which, after perforating 'Forget, and producing the hole still seen in that mountain, slew the girl as she sat spinning at her door. A rock, something like a human figure, is pointed out on Leköe as the body of the slain maiden. As for the Hestman, he was changed with his horse into stone, and condemned to remain a monument of his own wickedness to all time. I was curious to ascertain the actual character of the object, and soon perceived that it was produced by a very ordinary geological arrangement—namely, a mass of strata thrown up on an inclination, with the broken edges forming a bold irregular escarpment. A knob-like mass accidentally left at top represented the horseman's head; the straight dip of the strata away from below this point gave the appearance of the falling cloak; while some irregularities in the escarpment passed very well for the horse's head and ears. The felicity of all these particulars in making up so familiar a figure was nevertheless curious, and this was still further increased by a certain angular mass below, not unlike the hind-limb of a horse. As a curiosity, the Hestman may be classed with those sections of marbles and agates in which, aided by the strong imaginations of lapidaries, we are taught to trace landscapes and profiles of the Duke of Wellington.

At six next morning (July 20) we came to a pause in front of Bodö, a mere handful of houses situated on a rocky shore, yet a place of some local consequence, on account of its being the only thing like a town on the coast of Norway throughout a space as great as from London to Aberdeen. We all rose under the excitement of the event, and gazed with interest on the little village, with its huge wooden wharf advancing into the sea, its three or four good houses, where dwell the

authorities of the district and one or two merchants, and its cluster of meaner abodes; all of them backed by a range of stern, but partially-wooded mountains. Some passengers were to land here, including the fine-looking old clergyman, and also a young and handsome widow, who, we were told, was about to contract a second marriage in this remote corner of the earth. The post, too, was to be attended to, and would cause a delay of several hours, during which we were all at liberty to go ashore. I agreed with two English fellow-passengers—gentlemen in quest of salmon-fishing and shooting—to have a ramble in the neighbourhood of Bodö. I found a considerable tract of flat ground, covered with thin peat, and having boulders scattered about. About a mile and a-half inland was the parish church, with a comfortable *prestegaard* or parsonage close by, affording additional proof that there might be tolerable life within the Arctic Circle. The end of the church adjacent to the road contained a sculptured gravestone, which had originally had a place on the ground, as the monument of a pastor of Bodö of the era of our Commonwealth. His figure, carved at full length in the centre of the stone, was curious as a memorial of the costume of that time. Behind the church, the plain is confined between ranges of rock, and here we found that the ground to a considerable depth is composed of a mass of shells. Two pits are opened, from which supplies are taken to form and mend the roads. There is in these pits nothing but shells—cockles, mussels, whelks, limpets of a minute size, &c.—generally entire and fresh, as if they had only been deposited in the sea at some recent date. Many of the bivalves continue to have their two pieces lying against each other, indicating the calm state of the sea in which they were laid down. As, in all similar cases throughout Scandinavia, these shells are identical as species with the molluscs now living in the neighbouring sea. I knew this to be the general fact, and afterwards obtained special proof of its being true in this instance, when I had an opportunity of submitting specimens to a distinguished naturalist at Upsala. Finding among the shells certain minute calcareous objects like the spines of sea-urchins (*echini*), I searched on the shore for the recent shells of such animals, and found, by the use of a good glass, that the spines which they bear are precisely the same as those of the shell-pits. There is also very common on the present shores a class of calcareous objects called *nullipora*; once thought to be remains of corallines, but now regarded as inorganic concretions. Of these the raised beds of Bodö contained numerous examples. Over the shell-deposits was a thin layer of sand, and the highest surface of the ground appeared, on a rough measurement, very nearly 100 feet above the sea.

Coming to a hamlet composed of poor people's cottages, we entered one in quest of a draught of milk. The interior was dirty, and the aspect of the women by no means interesting. An old sickly woman, of appearance superior to the rest, sat at a little table partaking of coffee, which surprised us, as it was just one o'clock. She took the beverage in a peculiar way, which I believe was once practised in Scotland; that is to say, first putting a piece of sugar-candy into her mouth, and then taking a sip of the coffee.

Bodö has some privileges as a commercial station, and has been looked to as a place likely to rise to importance in connection with the Lofoden fishing, for which it is a convenient entrepôt. Somehow it has not as yet fulfilled the expectations formed of it, or answered the views of the government by which it was patronised. Some years ago, an English company settled here under favour of the government, and great things were expected. After a short time, it was accused of smuggling to an astounding extent, and a vast quantity of contraband goods was seized and put into the customhouse, from which they were afterwards extracted in a mysterious manner. I am afraid that the whole story of this mercantile settlement is one little

calculated to advance the credit of the English name among the people of Norway.

During the afternoon and evening's sail the scenery assumed a wild grandeur beyond what it had hitherto displayed. The distant range of Lofoden Isles, on which the sun was descending in splendour, was exceedingly grand; not so much from their loftiness—for they are seldom above 3000 feet high—as from the tremendous rugged or serrated outline. On the land side are many remarkable peaks, springing up, bare and stern, from the general mass of the mountain-ground: one slope I observed to be at an angle of not less than 66 degrees, and therefore, I presume, inaccessible to human foot. Patches of snow rest on these Alps, generally a good way down, giving a wintry air to the scenery, and therefore much at issue with the sensations we experienced under a temperature that would have done honour to Italy.

Next day was one of incessant sailing. In the forenoon we approached the straits between the Lofoden Isles and the mainland. I remarked here that the rocks appear less rounded than they are farther south, and examples of debris resting against them began to be seen. The upper portions of the hills have evidently not been subjected to the wearing influence of the ice of ancient times, for they stand up in all their primitive roughness. On the island of Hindöe, which we pass on the left, I observed, for the first time since leaving the neighbourhood of Trondhjem, traces of those markings on the coast which indicate a former relative level of sea and land different from the present. We here see two faint lines along the face of the island, one of them apparently about 50 feet high, the other nearly 100 feet higher. The same objects are more faintly traceable on the mainland. I had afterwards, in returning, an opportunity of observing these objects in a more distinct form at Trondenaes, the northern extremity of the island. There is here a pleasant mixture of hill and valley, amidst which appears a mercantile station called Rastabhavn, together with a church, while the picturesqueness of the scene is increased by a little rough isle in front called Maagöe. The two lines here cross both the rough and the soft slopes, leaving in the former a section of rock, on the latter an indented bank. On Maagöe the uppermost of the two appears in the form of a deep horizontal cut in the rough summit of the island—a cut which has shorn through the inclined strata generally, but left a few hard pieces standing up in columnar fashion, exactly as we see in the case of the harder strata presented on a rocky beach of our own era. On the neighbouring coasts of the mainland the same two lines appear more or less clearly marked. I subsequently ascertained that they are also visible in Rist Sund, on the south-west side of Hindöe, in latitude 68 degrees 20 minutes, being the most southerly point to which I have traced them.

From Hindöe northward, the shores appear to be more populous, for we now begin to take in a considerable number of passengers, who leave us again, perhaps, a station onward. My untravelled fellow-countrymen will be curious to learn what sort of people these were, who live and move in the first circle of the frigid zone. The answer is—men with good superfine black clothes, respectable blue cloaks, and tolerable hats; women in coloured prints or black silks, with gauze bonnets and parasols: such people as one would take for clergymen and mercantile men, and clergymen's and mercantile men's wives, if met in a steamer in our own country. While pausing at a place called Ibbestad, I observed, for the first time, the movements of the medusa, which haunt these northern seas in great numbers. The graceful march of the animal in its proper element is in striking contrast with its aspect, as it lies a mass of, to all appearance, scarcely-organized blubber on the beach. We also observed in the clear water numerous specimens of an animal of still greater beauty, the berce, which, though little more than an organized sack, casts,

as it moves along, an iridescent glitter along its body, like a flash of the light of gems mixed with gold. I should think, were it possible to keep this creature in ponds or crystal globes, it would soon put goldfish out of fashion. Towards the close of this, the fourth evening of our voyage, I observed three terraces extending for a considerable way on Anderjös Island, all apparently under 100 feet, and therefore seemingly a different system from the others. We went to bed betimes, expecting to be roused at an early hour next morning opposite the town of Tromsø, our stoppage at which for a day was expected to be of an enlivening tendency.

R. C.

OUT OF WORK.

BY A WORKING MAN.

WHAT a dreary phrase! How suggestive of hungry cravings and empty cupboards—of restless wanderings to and fro—of gloomy certainties and gloomier anticipations! How it disturbs a man's relations with society! You have lost a vantage-ground. That which a week ago was possible is now impossible. You are become a pariah without intending it; and you eye squalid people with a sort of shudder, half-persuaded that ere long you will be of them. How grudging and envious the world seems to have grown! You fancy that every one is as well aware of your feelings as you are yourself, and whatever discourse may be addressed to you sounds as if pointed with an embittered sting.

Nothing to do is bad enough; but out of work!—hope-stifling words—takes us far beyond, even across the Rubicon of desperation. And yet it is something to know what the phrase really does mean. It is a test to which you look back with feelings similar to those which possess the survivor of a shipwreck or other fearful calamity. You would avoid the trial if possible; but having gone through it, are rather glad than otherwise at having endured it. Such retrospections, it may be said, are not congenial, yet it appears to me that human experience, if reviewed in a right spirit, can hardly fail to convey a useful lesson to those who read its history. My remarks are prompted by what has happened to myself, and may on that account, if on no other, present some slight claims to notice.

Out of work!—how the grim reality haunts you, and how vain the efforts to shake it off! Then you understand fully why Kents speaks of sleep as 'comfortable,' and join heartily with Sancho Panza in 'blessings on the man who invented sleep.' The approach of bedtime was as welcome to me then as to a travel-worn pedestrian, and I shall never forget the soothing charm as the unconsciousness of sleep gradually stole over me. Its influence would remain for a few brief moments on first awaking the next morning; but presently a vague apprehension of some impending ill would creep over me, and then, when fully awake, my heart swelled with one huge choking throb, and the leaden gloom settled down on my mind for the rest of the day.

How the moral reacts on the physical! I used to walk briskly; now I went about with a hesitating step, and with a bearing that threatened to degenerate into a slouch. I once believed my principles firm, and my faith in essential points sound—that my mind was made up as to social rights and moral duties—but the anchor-hold had suddenly given way, and I was adrift on a sea of uncertainties. I began to fancy myself ill-used, and that he was the wisest who, in the general scramble, grasped most. What had I done to be thus summarily deprived of ways and means, while men whom I thought not half so deserving were in full work! It was a hard ques-

tion to answer under the circumstances, and harder still to acknowledge that I had no right to complain. Again, how many there were who could live in ease and comfort without laborious toil, while I, at the best of times, had nothing but my manual skill and a week's wages between my little household and destitution. Turn it which way I would, the idea was a harassing one. The new spirit that possessed me seemed endowed with a resistless power of gravitation.

Society, in my view, had become inordinately selfish: how cleverly it had entrenched itself within laws and statutes, so that if I—bodingly anxious without the pal—ventured to help myself to the superabundance of others, it would be under peril of liberty. What right had society to make a law which seemed expressly intended to aggravate my necessitous condition? Was I not the victim of a wanton injustice? Such thoughts as these make the work of temptation very easy for the tempter. Whatever might be society's notions on the matter, mine were, that retaliatory measures would be perfectly justifiable.

I walked about—it seemed to me that I sneaked—seeking for work. The masters surely had leagued against me; how, otherwise, could be explained their malicious negative to my inquiries? There was the roar and bustle of life and traffic in the thoroughfares, which made me loathe my forced idleness. I had no business there; I was one too many in the world. How the aspect of affairs had altered! When in full work, I had not unfrequently considered it a hardship to work so many hours every week for so comparatively small a remuneration. Now, in retrospect, the wage appeared an enviable fortune. Unconsciously to myself I was learning a significant lesson, fraught with profound instruction. Could I have appreciated it then as I do now, what a load of heartache it would have spared me!

Staying at home became irksome to me: home appears somewhat strange to a workman on a working-day, and although my perambulations might be fruitless, it seemed that I was less idle when so occupied than when loitering within doors. Some mornings a faint revival of hope would make me feel certain of getting work in the course of the day, and I started forth animated by all my former confidence. Unsubstantial trust! The first disappointment brought back all my irresolution, all my bitter forebodings. I had made up my mind to brave it out, but the effort was too much for me. By a strange contradiction, too, notwithstanding my eager desire to be again employed, there were times that I shrunk from the thought of work as an owl shuns the sunlight.

How often the few remaining dollars were counted!—this was in New York. I despised myself for calculating on how little my family could be made to exist for a given time. My heart grew hard, and I often shuddered lest it should never soften again. How slowly time passed! the days had grown longer on purpose to torment me, and the thousand bewildering thoughts that preyed upon me had ample leisure for their work.

Facilis descensus avari. the phrase is as true now as when originally penned two thousand years ago. When first cast loose, I had felt sure of readily obtaining employment in my regular trade; the idea of condescending to inferior occupation was not to be for a moment entertained; it would damage my respectability, and disturb my self-esteem. But as the weary time wore on, the imperative necessity of providing food for a certain number of mouths every day left no alternative, no possibility of over-scrupulousness in conventionalities. Respectability soon ceased to be a bugbear; if cabinet-making was not to be had, I would take carpentry or jobbing-work. These

failing, I next called on the shipwrights, but with no better success; and then I bethought myself of trying other resources. It had always been one of my purposes and pleasures to see as much of other trades as possible, to visit and inspect all sorts of workshops; by which means their most obvious details had become familiar to me. I knew enough of shoemaking, bookbinding, printing, and some other trades, to be able to earn small wages at any one of them. Should these also fail, it was all but certain that some sort of rude labour could be hunted up, which would furnish at least a pittance till more prosperous days came round again. My heart often failed me while following out this new quest, yet I did at last get through my task of seeking any kind of work. In some respects it was a repulsive task, for in the lower grade of shops and places of work I found a lower class of workmen; men on whom vice had set its mark, in whom depravity of mind and heart had become habitual, whose talk was as coarse as their looks. 'Misery,' says Shakspeare, 'acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,' and the dread of being compelled to mingle with debased associates increased my apprehensions. Necessity, however, has no law; a needy man must work, if not where he would, then where he can. It is a critical time; for there is more or less danger that contact and custom may lead a man to 'put up' with his altered position, and gradually assimilate himself to it. Many a man in such circumstances is apt to say, 'What's the use of trying to keep a fair front to the world? Who cares whether I sink or swim? Let things take their course.' However, on the occasion here more particularly referred to, my asking for work proved fruitless; whether it was that I looked too dejected or too unpractised, no one would employ me.

Who shall describe the prostration of heart and soul with which a man who has been wandering the whole day in a vain seeking for occupation returns at night-fall to his home? The dispiriting is occasionally so extreme, that for a time the solaces which there await him fail of their effect. It is in such circumstances that a man learns to appreciate rightly the value of a good wife: one to whom he can say with truth—

'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

If she be kind and considerate, she will know that now is the time to display that affection which includes no thought of self in its warm desire for another's happiness. True it is that she has her own share of the general trouble to bear; but she has not been worn out by a desponding walk; the rebuffs which solicitation seldom fails to evoke have not fallen on her personally; besides which, women are less irritated by adverse fortune than men. If, on such occasions, the wife will strive in sincerity to become a 'ministering angel,' how soon will her gentle words soothe the chafed spirit of her husband! With what blessedness her sympathy reanimates his hope and subdues his impatience! How his bitter thoughts take to flight as she suggests some comforting anticipation, and a brightening faith takes the place of despair! Ere long, the sustaining influences overmaster him, his children again claim his notice, and share his smile, and the dejected man finds in the light of home a solace for all his disquietude: so true is it that there is no condition of life without its bright side, no adverse circumstance without its compensating quality. Herein the married man is more favourably situated than the unmarried—the one has a sustaining resource which the other knows nothing of. But, on the other hand, no fate can be more deplorable than that of a man out of work with a comfortless home, a careless wife, and contumacious children.

It must be confessed that the general aspect of such a season of trial as above indicated is sufficiently discouraging: the downward tendency appears to be inevitable. But there is a remedy; and this remedy is to be found in the spirit of self-reliance—in firm moral principle. And it will be a lasting satisfaction to me that I was enabled to apply this remedy, as a fragment of my experience may serve to exemplify. The mental and physical con-

dition which I have endeavoured to portray in the foregoing paragraphs was not permanent—it was but the stunning effect which the natural reaction would presently dissipate.

One evening, after a long spell of involuntary idleness, I was seated thinking over my prospects, when all at once the thought struck me, 'If no one will employ you, set yourself to work.' No sooner was the thought formed, than I started up to act upon it: one side of our kitchen was occupied by my bench; I got it into working trim, sharpened my tools, and sawed a pair of ends for a chiffonier out of a mahogany slab which I had by me. These were planed up and properly squared before I went to bed that night; and wondrous was the effect which manual labour produced. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies,' says the poet, and most truly; for as my limbs fell into their accustomed movements, and the shavings whistled from my plane, the anxious cares forsook me—and hope resumed her sway, strong in the vigour of self-help. It is true the prospect of profit was but slender. That, however, was not the prime advantage, which lay in the restoration of my mind to its healthy tone; still, in a large city purchasers are always to be found for fabricated wares, and a small gain is better than complete inaction. Besides which, a man who keeps himself employed is more ready to improve such opportunities as fall in his way, than one whose working habits are weakened by disuse.

Idleness is by all means to be eschewed, and I would urge this point strongly on the attention of working-men—my late companions. The resource which I adopted is such an obviously natural one, as to have since caused me much surprise that it did not occur to me with distinctness before the second week of my wanderings. And mine is no exceptional case; what I did may be done by others. There are few trades at which a man cannot work at his home—that is, if he has the will to do so. If he will only exercise a proper thrift while in work, he will not lack the means of purchasing materials on which to employ himself when necessity compels. Let those who may feel disposed to undervalue such apparently insignificant means remember that it is easier to obey a fixed habit, than to recover it if broken or lost; and no purpose, however slight, is to be despised which may serve to keep a man out of the way of evil associates or temptation. It would be well, also, if every artificer would learn something of other trades as well as his own, as he would thereby not only multiply his resources, but be better able to judge of fitting occupations for his children.

There is no reason either, as I afterwards had occasion to prove, why the days spent in looking for work should be altogether wasted. For, without losing sight of the main chance, I took occasion to visit the noteworthy parts of the city, public buildings, wharfs, docks, and, whenever practicable, factories and workshops. Nor did I confine myself to the town, but walked a few miles in various directions into the country, where, if nothing else was to be seen, there was always natural scenery, whose influence on the mind is ever quieting and elevating.

Lastly, the integrity of character consists the most potential remedy; it is the spring of all the rest. It is that which gives and maintains the energising impulse. A wise writer has observed that 'a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.' And so it is, even in a calculative point of view. The steady, honest workman is less exposed to loss of work or dismissal than he who has no settled conviction as to what is right or wrong; he is better able to keep money in his pocket, and to provide for his children. Here is so much clear gain; but when we come to higher views, how immeasurably superior does moral rectitude appear—that which springs from the soul, and aims at something beyond mere pecuniary advantage! And such a condition of mind and heart is possible to every man. I would endeavour to impress it on all who shall read what I have here written, as an unfailing resource throughout the changeful circumstances of life. Possessed of that spirit of eternal justice which does as it would be done unto, a

man will find that 'out of work' is divested of half its bitterness, while a double blessing attends the sweets of prosperity.

FURNITURE.

LET us offer a word respecting the history of those articles of furniture most commonly seen in our dwellings.

First of all, we address ourselves to the subject of the *table*. Of all furniture, the table is unquestionably an article of the oldest and most universal use; the earliest provision for convenience, and the first servant of sociability, its name has long been synonymous with good-fellowship and festive society. Most readers have at least heard of the legends of the Round Table, and they are diffused throughout the nursery literature of Europe. The *brod*, or board, of our Saxon ancestors continues to be a synonyme for official authority vested in a small number, doubtless from the ancient and convenient habit of assembling round a table for the transaction of business—as we still say the Board of Trade or the Board of Excise. The table—for there was but one in the hall of a Saxon thane in the ninth century—was a rude fixture, formed by means of posts sunk in the floor, and supporting cross beams, on which were laid thick planks sawn from the forest oak, bearing little resemblance to the dark, polished mahogany of our own day, though employed for similar purposes. It had no covering, but was well supplied with wooden dishes, trenchers, and drinking-horns; and the circumstance was regarded not only as disgraceful, but ominous to the household, if a stranger ever saw them empty. The Asiatics, with the exception of the Chinese and Japanese, make comparatively little use of tables—their perpetual custom of sitting on mere cushions or carpets renders such articles generally superfluous. When at all employed, they are small, and very portable, rather for ornament than use. Among the Algerines, before their code of manners was altered by the French invasion, it was etiquette for every individual at a social party to have a little table for his own special service, and always to turn his back on the rest of the company when eating.

It is worthy of note, in the study of popular impressions, that ideas of commanding state have always been associated with a sitting posture. Dignity, as well as rest, has been attached to it in the eyes of every nation; and a natural desire for both has contributed to multiply and improve varieties of the seat kind, from the unhewn block of granite to the canopied and gilded throne. The kind made use of in our domestic economy generally occupy a happy medium between those great extremes; but the *chair*, of one sort or other, has long been a common article of furniture. It is the mainstay of the household, and has done duty on all occasions, among every class, for centuries, varying, indeed, much in its decorations and covering materials, as antiquated specimens will avouch. Yet, strange to say, the handsomest chairs of a modern drawing-room are exactly represented in the bas-reliefs of the old Etrurians, a people who flourished in Italy before the building of Rome, and are believed to have been the inventors of this useful support to both business and leisure. Indispensable as it now appears to British sitters, the use of the chair is of comparatively late revival in Europe. For the ordinary purposes of life, it was almost unknown till about the close of the seventeenth century. With many other appliances of private life, with which the Etrurians are said to have been acquainted, it passed away with that ancient and ingenious people. In the classic times, princes, or great officials, alone used chairs on solemn occasions, on which account their expression of 'the chair,' to denote a place of authority, was transmitted to modern nations. With these exceptions, sitting was but little practised in the classic world, reclining on mats or couches being the established custom even at meals; and similar habits still prevail

throughout the warmer climates. The more robust fashion of raised seats was introduced by those hardy northern tribes who overthrew the Roman empire, and from whom the greater part of Europe's present inhabitants are descended: but the chair was a step beyond their civilisation; and for several ages, a three-legged stool, the upper part being formed of a circular block, cut from the round of some great tree, was their highest effort in that department. Cowper, in a poem on the most prosaic subject ever selected by the Muse—for it happens to be the sofa—tells us, with historical warrant, that

'On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realm;'

and traces the progress of that primitive article, age after age, even as the generations of sitters progressed; till, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, it appeared in the haunts of rank and fashion, square, with four carved supporters and a leathern cushion.

In much earlier times, for the behoof of kings and other dignitaries, attempts were made at the chair, which would create more surprise than admiration in a furniture-warehouse of the present day.

The chair of King Dagobert, who reigned in France about the middle of the seventh century, was presented to him by a rich jeweller of his dominions (who, be it observed, was also its fabricator), and celebrated by all the chroniclers as a miracle of art. It consisted of a large seat fixed between the figures of two grotesque animals, evidently copied from distorted mythology, and overlaid with gold, of which precious metal the chair was said to contain more than the king's treasury could boast; but no back was thought of: the occupants being expected to sit in dignified erectness, under a narrow canopy of gilt scroll-work, which the figures on each side supported.

The chair of Bede, the Saxon bishop and historian, illustrates the state of the domestic arts among our English ancestors of the same age. It was simply a long narrow box without a lid, formed of rough boards, nailed together, and set upright, with a shelf near the lower end, on which the good bishop sat; while at the upper extremity the sides were sloped off, probably for the free admission of light and air. The royal seat occupied on gala days by Edmund Ironside—who so bravely defended his kingdom, but was at length obliged to divide it with the invading Danes—was formed of two massive and elaborately-carved beams of oak, crossing each other in the form of the letter X; two of the ends formed the supports, and where the beams crossed, a cushion was fastened for the king. It must be remembered that those described were the ancient representations of royal and episcopal thrones; but older and ruder specimens existed in almost every land, more profoundly respected by chronicle and tradition, doubtless because connected with the earliest memories of nations. The boast and pride of the O'Neils of Ulster, in the twelfth century, was a solid block of whinstone, hewn into a rough resemblance of one of our common chairs. The coronation seat of the Scottish kings, which Edward III. carried off in triumph from Scone, had cost less trouble in its formation; but soon after James VI.'s succession to the English crown, a writer on Scottish history adroitly reminded the public of the traditional prophecy regarding it—

'The Scots shall brooke that realm as native ground,
If weirds faile not, where'er this chayne is found.'

Chairs came into ordinary use among the nobility of France and Italy about the days of Francis I.; and the old ideas of dignity continued to twine so firmly round the article, that the possession of one in a public assembly was considered as evincing a rank superior to that of the merely stool-seated, and was therefore a mark of distinction for which gentlemen, ay, and ladies, contended as earnestly as they did in later times for precedence.

It is curious that the arm-chair was the form that

first became general at the period referred to, and from it those of the French Academy are said to have been modelled. Perhaps the most amusing tribute to the utility of the chair was paid by a king of one of the Pacific islands visited by La Perouse, being on friendly terms with that great, though luckless navigator, he had inspected the cabin of his vessel, and received the expected presents; but, with extraordinary liberality, his majesty offered to return them all, a hatchet and looking-glass included, to his brother the captain, on condition of being presented with a chair; which, he said, was the one thing requisite to complete his splendour, as the stone on which he sat when dispensing justice, or exhibiting his regal state, had no support for the back, and was apt to get warm in the sun.

Carpets are of undoubtedly Eastern origin, though the only countries in which their use is now general are two of the most westerly—namely, Britain and the United States of America. To no other people do they appear so indispensable. Our continental neighbours content themselves with covering a portion of their apartments when the thing is at all attempted; and the Orientals, to whom their carpets supply the place of seats, confine them to still more limited dimensions. There is one most popular article of this description in Mohammedan countries called a 'prayer-carpet,' without which no Mussulman could get on comfortably. It is about the size and shape of a moderate English hearth-rug, and always spread for its owner's devotions, whether in the quiet of his own dwelling, or by the wayside on a journey; for the stated prayer must be said, no matter where its hour may find the disciple of the Koran. The famous mosaic pavements of the Greeks and Romans far exceeded our carpets in durability, but would ill correspond with modern notions of comfort, especially in a British winter; still less would their floors of glass, blocks of which, about the thickness of a common brick, and of various colours, have been found as the flooring of apartments in their ruined cities. For insecurity of footing, these floors must have rivalled those of highly-polished mahogany and rosewood, the chief boast of notable housekeepers in the southern states of the American Union. Carpets were first introduced into Spain by the Moors, and some ages subsequently into Italy by the Venetians, when they were the masters of the commerce of the East. Their progress towards England was slow; but in the mansions of rank and royalty rushes formed an early substitute. So late as the reign of Queen Mary, historically termed 'The Bloody,' a functionary was duly appointed to supervise rushes for strewn the queen's apartments; and this was the only carpet on the dressing-room where Mary's hair was powdered with dust of gold, by way of overpowering the snows of time. It is strange how frequently the ornamental arts are found in advance of substantial refinements; but even the use of rushes proved, as an old writer assures us, 'Ye gret luxury of latter days.' The custom was imported from France about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and at that period the following is an inventory of the choicest comforts of a feudal castle:—A species of coarse tapestry, which was generally imported from abroad, served to screen the occupants of the state chambers from the rude blast, which entered at a variety of apertures. The floors were rough and bare; and besides some massive stools, there was a pallet, or couch, consisting of a wooden settle, on which was placed a cushion of some light vegetable matter, covered with skins or woollen cloth: this was the predecessor of all our modern sofas. There the ladies of the family sat by day spinning with the distaff, and it also served for the state-bed of the mansion. Carpets were known at the court of Henry VIII.; but they were mere fragments, spread for invalids to recline on, in the Eastern fashion, as Queen Elizabeth's last days are said to have been passed; or for card companies, as the stakes were liable to be lost among the rushes: yet the walls were then

covered from floor to ceiling with the celebrated tapestry of which our window-hangings are now the only representatives.

Tapestry was the earliest effort of domestic decoration, believed to have been a Babylonian invention, and handed down through the vicissitudes of arts and empires, till the manufacture was established at Arras in the Netherlands, and the article was called after that town. It was in turn eclipsed in the trade by Coblenz, in the reign of Louis XIV.; and it was the expensive ambition of his courtiers to have the cartoons of Raphael copied in their tapestry. Some of these costly hangings were entirely woven in a manner similar to our carpets. A manufacture of the kind, established under the patronage of James I., was the parent of carpet-weaving in England. The needlework tapestry was still more prized; and some early specimens, generally wrought on linen—such as that renowned piece on which William the Norman's queen embroidered his conquests—still exist on the continent. An English dame, at the close of the sixteenth century, obtained the hard-won praise of surpassing industry for having, in the course of a life extended to ninety years, copied out the entire Bible on the walls of her best parlour. The latter tapestry was wrought on canvas with coloured worsted: some remnants of it are still preserved in old country mansions. But there is a far more primitive description yet in use among the natives of the far Nuries; they cover the walls of their apartments with a species of straw matting, and having carpets and cushions of the same, defy the cold of their long winter; at the termination of which, their furniture being sufficiently dried, and pretty well worn, is burned piecemeal for culinary purposes, and another supply is prepared before the return of the snow. Cromwell said he never liked the arras, for it could conceal caves-droppers; and after his reign it slowly gave place to the more solid wainscot, or small mirrors set in the wall. The latter was a Chinese decoration, imported by the Dutch, together with those porcelain and coloured tiles which have ever since given scope to the scouring propensities of Holland in her floors and fire-places.

Down to the close of the seventeenth century, English houses and houses were allowed but little space for the reflection of their graces. One of Addison's contemporaries describes a dressing-room, formerly occupied by Nell Gwynn, the walls of which were completely inlaid with *looking-glasses* not more than a foot square. Larger glasses were in her times to be found only in France and Italy, and even there at such prices as made them accessible to none but princes.

The earliest description of a household clock was an instrument which measured time by the dropping of water, constantly poured in by an attendant, who sounded a trumpet to announce the hour. It descended from the Romans; but there was a later variety in England, which had the merit of requiring less attendance. It consisted of brazen balls, suspended over a copper basin by cords, with lights so placed as to consume the cords in a given time, the elapse of which was proclaimed by the descent of the balls into the basin. A clock somewhat similar to those now in common use was regarded as a most splendid present from Saladin the Great to the emperor of Germany; and the oldest clock now extant in Britain is said to have been constructed at the close of the fifteenth century for the palace of Hampton Court.

That variety of furniture comprehended under the classic term *candelabra*, has been used in different stages of improvement from the earliest dawn of art, or since the insufficiency of the household fire was perceived. The American Indian, on gala nights, forms sockets of plastic clay, in which torches are fixed, against the walls of his wooden wigwam, and a more extensive illumination than the owner intends is the occasional consequence. Our English ancients lighted up their festal halls in a simpler fashion by means of

pendent sockets of brass, sometimes of silver, and long used by the peasantry, often with the designation of 'sconces.' The primitive candelabrum of Europe's rustic days was a solid block of wood, with a pillar rising from the centre to the height of five or six feet, the top of which was furnished with brazen sockets, few or many, according to the style of the family.

The Greek candelabra were originally made of cane, with one plate fixed above, and another beneath, by way of support, which was occasionally supplied by feet. The Grecian artists produced, in ornamenting these lamp-stands, the richest forms, which always, however, had reference to the original cane, and were encircled with an infinite variety of beautiful ornaments. Sometimes they were shafts, in the shape of columns, which could be shortened or drawn out; sometimes the luxuriant acanthus, with its leaves turned over; sometimes they represented trunks of trees, entwined with ivy and flowers, and terminated by vases or bell-flowers at the top for the reception of the lamps. Examples of these forms may be found in the British Museum and the Louvre, but particularly at the Vatican, where a gallery is filled with marble candelabra. With all the ornamental skill expended on them, those old illuminators have been found wretchedly unserviceable, compared with the modern Argand lamp, as they supply but a murky light, and an offensive smoke, which poisons the atmosphere, and soils the whole apartment. An ordinary *gaselier* would have delighted all the Cæsars; for their palaces, decorated though they were with marble, and ivory, and gold, could boast no such luminary. The bronze lumps which they so much admired were cast, and, of necessity, heavy and cumbersome; but the same effect is now produced by striking up the metal, and a still richer bronze imparted by an acid in a few hours. A beautiful, but extremely cheap method of ornamenting candelabra was lately discovered in America, by making a thin skeleton of wire, and immersing it in a solution of alum coloured by metallic oxides.

Much difference exists in the sleeping accommodations of mankind. Among the low-sitting nations, the daylight seat has long served for nightly rest also. A corresponding arrangement was practised in Anglo-Norman castles, and still remains among the Icelanders, where every one's seat is his *bed*. The repose of the Russian peasant's family is enjoyed on the top of their immense stove, which they cover with coarse blankets and mattresses for that purpose. The rush-purveyor to our last Henry had, besides, a commission to provide straw for the slumbers of the king's servants, which, it seems, were enjoyed in the kitchen; and a writer of the period, in reference to the simplicity of the former age, tells us that most people were content if they could get plenty of straw to sleep on, with a good log for their heads. Singular as the latter comfort may appear, it has a resemblance in the oldest remnant of Egypt's household goods. The pillows of the pyramid people were nothing but small blocks of wood, with a hollow cut out for the head to rest in. Bedsteads came into general use among the highest classes in the course of the sixteenth century; but the specimens yet remaining are wonderfully small compared with those of the succeeding age. So highly were they esteemed, 'that one stately bedstead' is enumerated among the valuables which Queen Anne of Denmark brought with her to Scotland. This antiquated couch is now the property of the Earl of Elgin. It is of walnut-tree, of curious workmanship, and ornamented with several antique figures neatly carved.

The intrinsic worth of the queen's 'stately bedstead' would be estimated by a modern auctioneer at something vastly less than it was by her contemporaries; but this is an example of the French proverb, that rarity raises the price. Another case in point occurs, though regarding a far inferior, but not less useful appliance. Martin, in his narrative of a visit to St Kilda in 1698, mentions that there was not a metal pot in that or the

adjacent islands but one, which the owner was in the habit of hiring out at the rate of a fowl per boyl; and this rent, paid in the current coin of the Hebrides, was called the pot penny: with which notable instance of the rise which occurs in the value of domestic comforts through their scarcity, we conclude our notice of furniture.

Column for Young People.

THE DRAGON AND THE HIRROINE.

NEAR a retired village stands a small neat house in the midst of a garden not so neat, but filled with a variety of plants. The walks, bounded by irregular borders, are everywhere invaded by wild herbs and flowers, and the upruned trees fling abroad in every direction their great knotted branches, offering a secure asylum to the birds who build their nests there, and sing so pleasantly. The gates and paling are in a very dilapidated condition, so that the tame fowls stray in, and even the wild rabbits come and browse on the fragrant herbs, without regarding, or being regarded by, the old spaniel, who lies on a soft sunny grass-plot, and whose only occupation is to raise his head and wag his tail whenever he sees his master approach.

The master is a noble-looking man, whose gray silken locks make him appear older than he is, and whose ruling passion is a love for the study of natural history. Some time since he received a visit from a favourite young friend, who had been his pupil, and who, not finding him in the house, walked without ceremony into the garden. There he found the naturalist kneeling on the ground before some object which he seemed to watch intently.

'Welcome, Henry,' he said, extending his hand; 'but, like a dear boy, don't disturb me; I am engaged in a most interesting investigation.' Silently pressing the kind hand of his former instructor, the young man seated himself by his side, in order to see the object of his observation. It was a flower-pot filled with clay and composed, in which grew a common-looking pink, and on which a large earwig was crawling. This hairless insect, whose scientific name is *forficula*, is frequently the cause of terror and aversion to ignorant people, on account probably of the pair of pincers with which its tail is furnished, but which, in reality, have no power to injure. It is not at all more likely to enter the human ear than any other slender creeping insect; but should one do so, instead of, according to the vulgar notion, causing certain death, it may readily be expelled, without pain or injury to the patient, by one or two drops of sweet oil.

The earwig in the flower-pot, sheltered between two little mounds of clay, remained for a time immovable. When the young man, however, approached his face closely to the insect, it began to move its antennæ. 'Hush, Henry; don't stir; but watch what the forficula will do.'

The young man obeyed; and after a few minutes, the insect, apparently reassured by the quietness around, threw, with its mandibles and fore-feet, a little clay over a heap of minute grayish-looking grains clustered together, and crawled towards the pink. It burrowed into the middle of the flower, and detaching the most tender of the petals, carried them towards the nest it had just left.

This provision made, it gently removed the clay which it had thrown on the little gray cluster; and covering the latter, of which each grain was an egg, with its body, the earwig began to hatch them precisely after the manner of a careful hen. It was curious to see this vigilant mother at the slightest noise vibrate her antennæ, and place herself in a posture of defence. A spider, who was spinning his web suspended from a branch which overhung the flower-pot, whether by accident, or really with fell intent, let himself glide along his slender cable, and descended

close to the brooding insect. Immediately she rushed on the pirate, overthrew him, and pierced his entrails with her strong scissors-shaped mandibles. The victory gained, she hastened to return to her eggs, and sat on them again with the utmost care. After the lapse of an hour, the fiends saw her gently turn the eggs, and move them so that each should experience the same degree of heat. Night approached, and the observers were obliged to resign their post and go in to dinner. During the evening they conversed chiefly on the wonderful instinct displayed by those creatures which we are accustomed to consider so low in the scale of creation, but which, to the observant eye and thoughtful mind, show forth most clearly the goodness and wisdom of their Almighty Maker.

Early next morning they returned to the flower-pot, and perceived that the little ones had just come forth. Semi-transparent, and exceedingly minute, they crept around their mother, and took shelter beneath her, just as so many little chickens would have done with the hen. The earwig watched them, guided back to the nest with her antennæ those that wandered too far, and when a new one came out, placed him with his brethren. Ere long, she found herself surrounded by an interesting family of thirty-eight little ones. Then the naturalist and his friend perceived the reason of her having on the previous evening collected the tender leaves of the pink. She took them between her mandibles, cut them into very small bits, and made them into a sort of paste, which she then gave as food to her newly-born offspring. It was pleasant to see the mother in the midst of her brood, feeding each in turn, and watching that all had an equal share. At the slightest appearance of danger she collected her little ones beneath her; and with her corslet raised, her mandibles half-opened, her antennæ in the air, she waited, ready to die in their defence. A grain of sand falling by accident, a gentle touch given to the flower-pot by Henry, were sufficient to cause these alarms.

As to the objects of her tenderness, like so many spoiled children, they became petulant and indocile. The little rebels wandered continually beyond their mother's ken, and failed to return at her anxious signal. One of them completed his escapades by tumbling into a lake of water nearly as large in circumference as a half-crown piece, which lay near the centre of their domain. The more he struggled to regain the shore, the more he receded from it. Suddenly his mother perceived his danger, and darting bravely into the water, brought him back in safety, and dried him tenderly with her antennæ. Alas! her maternal love was destined to undergo a sharper trial. On the following day, as she was parading her children in the sun, a frightful beast—a staphylin beetle—by some sad accident descried the inhabitants of the flower-pot. Slowly, but surely, he advanced along its edge; black, gigantic, covered with scales, and his mouth, which was formed of two sickle-shaped mandibles, exhaling a dreadful odour, thus realising in the poor earwig's apprehension all the fabulous horrors related of the dragon of antiquity. She lay motionless, her antennæ protruded in front, and without power to give her little ones the usual signal of recall—that is to say, a slight beating of her fore-feet on the clay. But soon maternal love conquered fear. She roused herself, struck the ground boldly, collected her children beneath her, and intrenched herself behind her little mound of clay. The frightful staphylin—who bore aloft his tail, surmounted by a double black tuft—advanced fiercely, and seizing, under the mother's eyes, one of the little ones, which had not rejoined her, cut it in two with his mandibles, and devoured it. Then the forficula threw herself on the monster, and commenced a fight of desperation. She grasped him tightly, and with the aid of her pincers tried to seize his neck, very slender in that species of beetle. For a moment the staphylin was stopped, but with a violent effort he shook off his enemy, who fell exhausted. Again she rose, and hastened to her nest; already five of her children had perished. A fresh attack on the destroyer—but its issue could not be doubted; and

the poor mother, in spite of her heroism, was on the point of being sacrificed, when the naturalist seized the staphylin, and threw him out of the flower-pot. Then turning to his young friend, he said, as if to excuse this compassionate act, 'What would have become of our investigation if she had been killed?' Henry smiled, and pressed his hand.

Thus ended the perils of the forficula and her young ones. From that time nothing occurred to interfere with their complete development. We are confirmed in this belief by the fact, that the naturalist's garden speedily became infested with swarms of earwigs, which increased and multiplied to such an extent that he could not preserve a single peach or pink. The last visit that Henry paid his friend, he found him busily employed in collecting staphylins to destroy his rapacious guests.

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.

The fraud I allude to has been practised in the flour trade in the city and county of Cork and Limerick alone for the last forty years, and is done as follows by the millers:—Two stone weight of alum dissolved in hot water, two pounds of pearl-ash, eight pounds of rock-salt, two pounds of spirits of salts, one pound of magnesia, and one quart of the strongest oil of vitriol, are all dissolved separately, and then mixed together, and put into twenty gallons of lime-water; and after letting the whole stand for a short time, it is put into the wheat, when it is prepared for grinding in the following manner:—The miller keeps a large sprinkling can, like that used in gardens, out of which he pours the above liquid on the wheat, whilst two men turn it backward and forward until the wheat gets quite dry, which is soon effected, in consequence of the great quantity of vitriol used as a dryer. The quantity of the above liquid is used in proportion of five pints to every twenty stones of wheat, and when it is put into it, it is ground off as soon as possible, to prevent the stuffs from evaporating. Flour made by the above treatment obtains 5s. per bag more than flour made from the best quality of wheat, in the plain and natural way, and on that account the county Cork and Limerick millers adopted the use of the liquid described above. Besides, they have the advantage of the weight of twenty gallons of water put into about thirty-five barrels of wheat, for which reason the Cork flour, of all other Irish flour, will not endure a sea voyage. Millers (and millers only) are so well aware of the very bad effects which the bran made from some of those receipts has on cattle, that they don't use the flour in bread themselves, nor give the bran of it to their own cattle.—*Cork Examiner.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes 'by contraries,' will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting 'mad' help matters, make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only 'in the bosom of fools,' why should it be indulged at all?—*Boston Reporter.*

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

To —.

WHAT is Beauty? Form and feature,
Impress of the hand of Nature;
Line and hue together blending,
Impulse still to sweetness lending.

Look upon Ianthe's graces—
There her lines young Beauty traces;
There her lineaments behold,
Cast in nature's chastest mould:
Look into her heavenly eye—
There the azure's purest dye;
There the light of life and mind,
With love and modesty combined:
Look upon Ianthe's cheek—
There is all that's mild and meek;
And coral red and ivory white
Kiss each other, and unite
On lips that love dare scarcely press,
Sacred in their loveliness.
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me
In my skiff along the sea;
Look into its crystal waters,
And behold its algine daughters,
Where the painted fishes play,
And the wave sings roundelay:
Or let us, roaming hand in hand,
Wander o'er the golden strand,
Where the sea-shells gleam like pearl,
On the neck of Orient gulls:
Or, seated by the pebbled shore,
List the music of the oar,
Or the sea-birds' plaintive cry,
As on labouring wing they lie,
While the ever-murmuring tide
Saluteth earth as its own bride:
Come with me, and there confess
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me
Into nature's sanctuary;
To the mead or to the wild wood,
Where the flowers in blooming childhood
From the emerald sod looked up,
Each a diamond in its cup;
A silver or a golden cell
Where a fairy queen might dwell:
Come where the yellow broom is waving,
Or the stream the lily having;
Where the rills glide on in pleasure,
To a low, sweet, murmuring measure;
Where the hawthorn scents the gale,
And zephyr, wandering through the vale,
Beats on its aerial wing
The breath of each sweet odorous thing;
While the birds in choral glee,
Trill their sylvan minstrelsy;
Or, wandering o'er the flowery holm,
Where the wild bee loves to roam—
Where the light-winged butterfly,
Beauty's favourite child, flits by:
Come with me to yonder glade,
At noon beside the cool cascade,
Where plummy fern of brightest green,
And moss of every hue is seen;
And the rose and jessamine
With the honeysuckle twine:
There shall Nature's self control
Each emotion of thy soul;
Make thy heart with joy confess
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty?—What is Beauty?
Truth, and love, and filial duty,
Breathed from lips by sun unstained,
Told by looks that never feigned—
Beaming as I see them now
On yon little maiden's brow—
Lovely 'midst its golden tresses,
Gladdened by her sister's caresses;
Or, kneeling with her little brother,
Beside their tender loving mother,
Offering to the God above
The incense of her pure heart's love,
Then parting with the good-night kiss—
If there's Beauty—it is this!

J. C.

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MORAL PERIODICITY

AS IN the earth has performed its annual journey round the sun, and without pausing even for an instant to take breath, has started anew upon another circuit. Not so with the human passengers it carries. From ours of the whirling ball on which they travel, they seize the opportunity of looking back upon what they have accomplished during the journey, and favour with interest and curiosity into the dim vista before them. Not however, that the great majority know or care anything about the nature of the cycle that has been completed. They are 'observers of times' without knowing why. Being finite beings they cling instinctively to earthly periodicity, and they accept the year, quarter month, day, hour set down for them, without concern on what principle or by whom the calculation has been made. When Noah's dove could find no resting-place for its feet it flew back to the Ark, and at the day if a bird is set free from a prison it will at a great distance it will return to its prison rather than tuck it all in the awful deserts of air. Even so is it with mankind. They dread immensity. They divide their journey into imaginary stages, and please themselves at every new period with the idea that they have accomplished a fact and reached a resting-place.

How sweet is the night which terminates a laborious day! How blest the Sunday that follows a restless week. Who does not look upon the new moon with a thrill of antique superstition. But of all the periods into which our lives are divided, there is none so interesting as that which is marked by the termination of one year and the commencement of another. Years are the measure of age, and the old physicians attached a mystical importance to the epochs they form, by supposing that at such periods of life the human constitution reached a critical point. In a day we merely complete a whirl on our own axis; in a month, our little satellite the moon has performed her circular choreography to us, but in a year we have put a girdle round the mighty sun, and travelled several hundred million of miles through the realms of space. This is the extreme verge of periodicity. Science, indeed, dreams of a Central Sun, round which the other suns and systems circulate; but even if the fact were established, it could afford us no measure of so comparatively minute a speck as hum in time.

We are told from the pulpit at this season that it is an awful thing to reflect that we are a year nearer the grave. And so it is in a religious point of view, but in no other. We do not think, on resigning ourselves to repose at night, that we have a day less to live, and the holy tranquillity of Sunday is undisturbed by the idea that we are a week nearer eternity. At such times we merely thank God for the past, beseech his blessing on

the present, and turn a hopeful eye towards the future. This hopefulness is inherent in the moral constitution of man, and distinguishes him from the lower animals. It is this which makes him cling to periodicity. It is this which makes him celebrate times and seasons. It is this which makes him draw imaginary lines across his path of life, separating the evil that is past from the good his fancies see in the distance. How often do we cry, 'Thank God, this dreadful year is over!' as if supposing that there is some necessary connection between the year and its misfortunes, and fancying that a new cycle of time will bring better things! But although to the practical astronomer this may be superstitious, the moralist sees in it a boon of Providence which elevates the character and conduces to the advancement of the species.

This hopefulness being instinctive, is found everywhere throughout the world. I everywhere men trample joyfully on the grave of the old year, and fill with acclamations the advent of the new. How can it be otherwise? What old year would any being endowed with human reason wish to live over again? Alas for the perished hopes, the lost loves, the broken friendships, the death bereavements of a single journey round the sun. All these—and all the bitter moment of humbled pride, disappointed ambition, chilled affection, wounded self-love—we place to the account of the old year, and it is no wonder that we feel a savage joy in contemplating his end. The New Year, on the other hand, is a blank, which we fill up with hopes and visions as thick as notes in the scribbum, and we therefore welcome its approach, like that of some fabled deity, with songs and libations. This is everywhere the case. Even in that land of mystery which, till recent times, was shut up like a sealed book from the rest of the world, the customs of the season were found to be strictly analogous with those of Europe of the nineteenth century. 'On the occasion of the New Year,' says this humble pen in a graver page than the present, 'all the world exchange bows, visits, compliments, presents of tables, and articles of dress. It is also the season for the settling of accounts, even if money should have to be borrowed for the emergency, for the dirtiest to sweep their floors and wash their persons, for the very atheist to present himself at the temple, and for all to clothe their faces with smiles, and their limbs with new garments.' China sits up to see the New Year come in, she resolves to be kind and happy during its continuance, she forgives God Almighty for the past.*

In England, the season is not devoted merely to conviviality and family reunion, but likewise to works of

* This is the story of John Wesley, who, on meeting a friend looking still wo begone some time after a family bereavement, said to him, 'What, have you not forgiven God Almighty yet?'

charity. We visit our poor neighbours in kindness and mercy; we present gifts to our dependents; we feast the very felons in our jails. But it is in its character of a period, a line, a boundary, a resting-place, that the New Year is the most interesting. The earth whirls on at the rate of 1133 miles in the minute, but its denizens stand still to remember and to dream. Our senses receive no special impression when the annual revolution is completed, any more than the mariner knows by his sensations that his vessel is crossing the equinoctial line. But our spirit is awake; we feel as if we were reaching a point; we fancy that in our progressive history we have come to the bottom of the page, and prepare to turn over the leaf. The fact of this periodicity is interesting; but the character of our thoughts at the time is still more so. On one side is gloom, on the other light. Man, like the earth which carries him, has always the sun in his face, and darkness behind.

It may be said that this idea is more fanciful than real—that we are so constituted as to be always looking backward and forward; and that every transaction we complete brings us to a resting-point. Yes, to a resting-point from which we see the individual transaction, and look on to another. But at the New Year the whole cycle passes under review, and the next opens to our mind's eye in the distance. The petty demarcations by which we divided our path of life, while creeping on, disappear, and we see, 'as from a tower,' the whole region we have traversed. The view is seldom very satisfactory, but always suggestive of more; and therein lies the benefit of the mental exercise. It is a mistake to say that man descends to the grave—he climbs to it. Even when his outward circumstances are undergoing a decline, his mind, if it have the true manly leaven, rises. Hope grows out of disappointment, and a proud eye and gullant heart are turned towards a new year. We are not to measure the spirit by the purse. The poor scholar who flings over the world—maybe from his garret—the thoughts that are destined to quicken the minds of others, and the hard-working mechanic whose soul opens to receive the gift, have each a feeling that soars above his worldly position. From year to year they continue to climb, not to sink; and their intellectual part may have reached its highest altitude at the same moment when their body seeks the rest of a pauper's grave. The fortunes of the mind and body rarely run in parallel lines; and our constant forgetfulness of this simple and obvious fact is the cause of a thousand mistakes and anomalies.

In a yearly retrospect our judgment is not troubled by the small details which vexed and harassed us during the event. Objects appear in large and perfect masses. We are able to interpret the text by the context. It is like reading history instead of daily politics, and our minds open proportionably to grasp the subject. During the present expiring cycle, for instance, we were tormented by a thousand hopes and fears relative to the destinies of our country; our hearts were full of anger and bitterness; and we launched accusations right and left of incapacity, supineness, or profligacy. But looking from this vantage-ground, all these little eddies disappear, and we see only the flow of a calm majestic stream. The British Pallas still stands proud, tranquil, and alone amid the convulsions of nations, the tide of the world's commerce rippling at her feet, her shield resting against her knee, and her hand clasping gently her dread but idle spear. The change in the view does not occur because the causes of discontent were unreal, but because, seen from a distance, they bear

no proportion to the majestic whole; and for this reason we have often thought that there is something unconsciously philosophical in the New Year's reflections; that they conduce to loftiness as well as kindness of character; and that they minister to that divine flame of Hope which burns the brightest in the bosoms of the great and brave.

Hope, we have said, is the parent of this moral periodicity. When the season of retrospect comes, whether it be daily, monthly, or yearly, we make haste to draw the line of demarcation between the past and the future; and after a survey—in most cases a sad one—of the things that were, we turn our clouded brow and tearful eyes to the rising sun. Were it not for these petty spaces into which human life is divided, how dreary would be the track! An endless day would be almost as bad as an endless night. It is good, then, to hail the New Year: it is good at this season to ponder and to dream: it is good to look steadily back upon the whirl we have had round the sun; and then to gird up our loins and begin a new journey in hope and joy.

L. R.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN surveying the prisons of Paris, one is struck with the fact, that some of the most horrible dungeons are found in those buildings which were formerly religious houses. The robe of the abbot, and the cloth that covered his luxurious table, too often hid a fearful vault where some wretched captive starved with cold and hunger. These dreadful places of confinement went by the name of *Vault in Peace*—('Go in Peace'); because it was in that form that sentence was pronounced on those who were doomed to die by this slow torture. Bicêtre and the Abbaye are of this description. The former, which was originally a monastery of Carthusians, and is now used wholly as a lunatic asylum, was formerly used as a prison also; and many who were not mad when they went there, became so in consequence of the miseries they endured. There were both cells and dungeons in this place of confinement; and in both the system appears to have been the 'solitary one,' the merits of which have been so much disputed in the present day. The cells were bad enough, and the dungeons worse. The prisoners were allowed neither light nor fire, nor sufficient food, nor clothes enough to cover them; water streamed down the walls; and the barred aperture that let in air admitted the rain, snow, and wind, and with them such disgusting odours from the sewers, that the poor captives were not only afflicted with the most agonizing rheumatisms from the cold and damp, but with other frightful maladies occasioned by these mephitic gases.

One of the victims of this cruel system was Salomon de Caus, a man of genius of the seventeenth century. At the age of twenty, De Caus had already distinguished himself as an architect, painter, and engineer; and after serving the Prince of Wales and the Elector of Bavaria in these capacities, he returned to France with the avowed desire of giving his country the benefit of a discovery he had made—namely, that the steam of boiling water might be used as a powerful motive force. At that time there resided in Paris an Italian Cræsus called Michel Particelli, who was in love with a beautiful woman called Marion de L'Orme; and one day Michel Particelli took Salomon de Caus to the house of Marion de L'Orme, and bade him lavish on the deco-

rations of the building all the resources of his genius. 'Spare nothing,' said he; 'neither gold, nor silver, nor jewels, nor marble, nor precious stuffs of the East or the West: invent, devise: I give you *carte blanche*; and when all is done, draw on me for the amount of your demands.' Salomon de Caus accepted the commission; but alas! whilst he fulfilled it, he had so many opportunities of contemplating the beauty for whom all these luxuries were designed, that he lost his heart to her. Flattered by the admiration of so brilliant a genius, Marion appears at first to have encouraged his suit; but soon wearying of his earnest and passionate love, she got rid of him by recommending him to the notice of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

'He is very clever,' said she in her letter to his eminence, 'and has, according to his own account, discovered a world of strange and surprising things; but I am sorry to say he has also discovered the secret of wearying me to death, and I shall be really obliged if you will relieve me of so troublesome an acquaintance.'

On the following day Salomon de Caus was summoned into the presence of the cardinal minister, to whom he gave an account of his discoveries, especially of the motive powers of steam. The interview was long, and at its termination Salomon de Caus was declared mad, and sent to the Bicêtre. Mademoiselle de L'Orme was told that he had been despatched out of the country on a scientific mission, and as she heard no more of him, she believed it; but two years afterwards, having been requested to show an English traveller, the Marquis of Worcester, the sights of Paris, she took him, amongst other public institutions, to the Bicêtre; and there, as, laughing and talking, they passed a grated cell, a chained and haggard captive darted suddenly to the bars, and cried aloud, 'Marion! Marion! deliver me, deliver me! I have made a discovery that will enrich my country. Deliver me! I am Salomon de Caus!' The letter in which Mademoiselle de L'Orme relates this event has descended to posterity; and she adds that his appearance was so frightful, and her own horror so great, that she left the place 'more dead than alive.'

On the following day the Marquis of Worcester obtained an interview with De Caus; and when he left him, he said, 'In my country, instead of being shut up in a madhouse, that man would have risen to honours, wealth, and station. Despair and captivity have made him really mad now; but when you chained Salomon de Caus in a dungeon not fit for a wild beast, you destroyed the finest genius of the age!' These were times, in short, in which the very word *Bicêtre* was an instrument of the most diabolical oppression. False and cruel confessions and accusations were extracted by the threat of Bicêtre. Bicêtre was bandied from parent to child, and from child to parent; from husband to wife, and from wife to husband; and it needed but a little interest at court, or with some man in power, to be able to fulfil the menace.

Amongst the portraits lately published as illustrations of 'Lamartine's History of the Girondins,' we see that of a beautiful but fantastically-dressed woman called Thénioigne de Mericourt. Thénioigne was a country girl, handsome and ambitious, violent and vicious. When the French Revolution broke out, she came to Paris to play a part in it. They made a heroine of her at first; but at length, disgusted with her depravity, the women laid hands on her, and she was publicly flogged. Strange to say, this profligate creature, who had appeared to be without shame, was so ashamed of this chastisement that she lost her senses. She spent ten years in confinement at Bicêtre, and ten more at the Salpêtrière; and whenever she could escape the vigilance of the keepers, her practice was to take off her clothes, and inflict on herself the same chastisement she had received from others in the streets of Paris.

Louis XVI. diminished many of the horrors of this prison, and ameliorated the condition of the miserable captives; but three thousand persons of one sort or an-

other were found confined within its walls when Mirabeau and his colleagues, in spite of the resistance of the governor, insisted on making their way into its deepest recesses.

Up to the year 1836, it was customary for the public of Paris to resort in great numbers to Bicêtre at certain periods to witness the departure of the criminals condemned to the galleys, and also the preliminary process of chaining them to one another. In 1818 there was an unusual concourse to behold this spectacle; for amongst the galley-slaves was to be seen the famous Comte de Sainte-Hélène, from whose adventures Alexandre Dumas appears to have borrowed some ideas for his celebrated novel of the 'Comte de Monte Christo.' Through the instrumentality of a woman, Coignard (the real name of this personage) had obtained possession of certain papers belonging to a French emigrant of distinction who had died in Spain. By the aid of these documents he succeeded in deceiving the world in the first instance; whilst by his real bravery and conduct he earned for himself genuine honours and titles; first in the War of Independence in Spain, and afterwards under Napoleon. At the Restoration, he was received at the Tuileries, and Louis XVIII. gave him a command and the cross of the Legion of Honour. But one day at a review, in the year 1818, a man called Darius claimed acquaintance with him as an old comrade at the galleys. The Comte de Sainte-Hélène had the impolicy not to acknowledge his friend, and thereupon Darius denounced him; and after this brilliant career, Coignard was again chained to the oar.

It is said to have been the monks themselves who dug out the frightful dungeons of the Abbaye, where the vaults were so low, that no prisoner could hold his head erect in them. Fort L'Évêque (The Bishop's Fort), an ancient seat of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was also provided with horrible subterranean dungeons, where the prisoners were chained to the walls, whilst their wretched repasts were let down to them through apertures not allowed to be more than five inches wide. In later years the character and inmates of this prison changed, and it became the House of Correction for actors and actresses who quarrelled too loudly, or who inconvenienced the public and the court by refusing to play the parts assigned to them.

It was from the Abbaye that Charlotte Corday wrote that gay letter describing her journey to Paris for the purpose of assassinating Marat, and also her situation in the prison, in which she says, 'For the last two days I have enjoyed perfect peace: my country's happiness is mine. I am extremely well off, and the jailors I find excellent people. To be sure, to preserve me from ennui, they have favoured me with the company of some soldiers, which is more agreeable by day than by night. I complained of this indecency; but nobody cares for my representations.'

Grateful to the advocate that defended her for having said nothing derogatory to the noble motives that had urged her to the crime, she told him that, as a proof of her esteem, she left him to discharge her small account due at the prison, her own property being confiscated. Adam de Lux, deputy from Mayence, proposed to raise a statue to this heroine, inscribed with the motto, 'Greater than Brutus;' for which proposition he lost his head. He said he was proud of dying for Charlotte Corday; ate a capital breakfast on the morning of his execution; and as he quitted the Abbaye, handed his cloak to another prisoner, saying, 'Happier than you, I shall need it no more to defend me from the cold.'

Some of the most horrible prisons of Paris were entirely demolished at the latter end of the last century, and amongst these are happily to be reckoned the Grand and the Petit Châtelets, two fortresses built in an early period of French history for the defence of the city. We read in the history of these buildings that the Grand Châtelet was divided into eight different compartments, each of which was distinguished by a name either literally or sarcastically denoting its honours:

for example, one was called The Cradle, another Paradise, and another The Butchery. Then there were Les Puits (The Wells) and Les Oubliettes (The Forgotten); and there was one called La Fosse (The Grave), into which the miserable tenant was let down through a hole in the vault, and which, being in the form of an inverted cone, allowed him neither to stand nor to lie. It was also known by the name of La Chaussée d'Hypocras (The Stockings of Hypocras), because the prisoner stood in water up to his knees. Fifteen days was generally the longest term of imprisonment in this frightful receptacle, as, by the end of that period, Death took the affair into his own hands, and set the captive free. There was another dungeon called La Fin d'Aïse (The End of Ease), which was full of filth and reptiles, and equally fatal to human life. Not long before the destruction of these buildings, a young advocate called Varnier made a singular escape from the Grand Châtelet. The offence that brought him there was as follows:—During Voltaire's last visit to Paris, as he was driving one evening along the Pont-Royal, pursued by a mob, crying 'Vive Voltaire!' this young man, Varnier, opened the door of the carriage, and kissing the hand of the patriarch, cried, 'A bas les rois! Vivent les philosophes!' Marais, the inspector of police, being at hand, Varnier was seized, and in spite of the resistance of the people, who handled the inspector very roughly, was carried to the Châtelet. Now it happened that Marais, a man of a brutal and insolent character, was specially attached to this prison, and having Varnier in his power, he took the opportunity of revenging on his unfortunate captive the blows he had himself received. Driven to desperation by this ill treatment, Varnier resolved to fly, or perish in the attempt; and one night that a violent storm of thunder and lightning had momentarily diverted the attention of the keepers from their duty, he effected his object. The neighbouring parish clock struck ten as he found himself in the streets, through which he began to run as fast as his legs could carry him; but he had not gone far when he heard the clashing of arms and the sound of horses' feet behind him—a moment more, and his hopes of life and liberty were forever frustrated. He cast his eyes about in despair, and as he did so, they fell upon an old woman who was unlocking the door of a small house at a corner. Just as she was about to enter a person spoke to her, towards whom she turned to answer; Varnier seized the opportunity, pushed open the door, and entered the house. All was dark within, and he groped his way along a passage and up some stairs, guided only by the sound of an instrument and a sweet female voice, which was singing an air out of a favourite Italian opera of that day. He had no time to lose, for he expected every moment that the old woman would overtake him; so, on reaching the door of the apartment whence the sounds proceeded, he opened it, and found himself in the presence of a beautiful young female, whose protection and assistance he implored. Moved by his distress, and the wretchedness of his appearance, she promised to conceal him, and he then told who he was; related the story of his horrible captivity and miraculous escape, terminating his narration by calling down curses on the head of the monster Marais. At the name of the inspector the lady started and changed colour; but before any explanation could follow, a loud knock at the outer door, and an angry voice upon the stairs, announced the approach of danger. Pale and trembling, she rose, and pointing to the door of a small inner chamber, she bade him enter there, and be still. He was no sooner shut in, than he heard a man's foot in the room he had just quitted. 'Doubtless her husband or father,' thought Varnier.

'What is the matter with your hands?' asked the young girl: 'they are stained with blood!'

'Give the some water to wash them,' replied the man. 'One of our most important prisoners has escaped this evening,' he added with an oath, 'and I have been revenging myself on the rest of them.'

It was Marais the inspector! He then called for

wine; and after drinking for some time, he went out, telling his daughter he should see her no more that night. 'I must go and divert myself,' he said, 'in order to put this vexatious affair out of my head.'

Through the assistance of this young girl, Varnier finally escaped out of France, accompanied by his protectress; and Marion, the daughter of the inspector, became the wife of the delivered captive.

The Bastille, as everybody knows, was destroyed during the first French Revolution. Here, too, were the most horrible dungeons, vaults hollowed out of the earth nineteen feet below the surface, swarming with rats, toads, and spiders, where the walls were never dry, and the floor was mud and filth. In those instances where the captive was not intended to be starved, or nearly so—for the ordinary rations in all these prisons were so bad and so scanty, that they hardly kept body and soul together—he was permitted to obtain food of a better description if he could afford to pay for it at an extortionate rate; but the abuses were so enormous, that whilst the governors drew handsome revenues from this source, the poor prisoner got very little for his money.

The Man with the Iron Mask, as he is called, lived some time in the Bastille, having been transferred thither from St Margaret's; but the treatment he received in both prisons was quite an exception to the general rule. He was both sumptuously fed and sumptuously clothed; and the governor, St Mars, who was the only person allowed to address him, always did so standing and uncovered; but these were poor compensations for the extreme rigour with which he was watched, and the utter solitude to which he was condemned. The mask was not made of iron, but of velvet with steel springs, and no one ever saw his face except St Mars. An impenetrable veil of mystery covers his early years. Where and how they were passed nobody knows; but he must have been young when taken to St Margaret's, and had probably been a prisoner from his birth. Little doubt exists that he was an elder but illegitimate brother of Louis XIV., whose hardened conscience and selfish nature permitted this barbarous and lifelong incarceration. It is a singular fact, and one that almost induce the belief that his mother had contrived to conceal him during his childhood, that he had been taught to write—an accomplishment which one might suppose would have been carefully withheld from him whilst in the hands of those who feared him. We only know of two instances in which he attempted to avail himself of this acquirement: the first was at the fortress of St Margaret's, where an unfortunate barber one day observed something white floating on the water under the prisoner's window. Having obtained it, and discovered it to be an exceedingly fine linen shirt, on which some lines were inscribed, he carried it to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was written on it: the man protested he had not; but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed. The second attempt of this poor victim to communicate his fate to somebody able or willing to aid him, was by writing his name on the bottom of a silver dish with the point of a knife. The governor always waited on him at table, and handed the dishes out to a valet; this last perceived the writing, and thinking to recommend himself, showed it to St Mars. Of course the possessor of such a secret was not permitted to live. On the journey from St Margaret's to the Bastille in 1698, the party halted at the house of a gentleman named Palteau. It was observed here that St Mars ate with the prisoner, and that he sat with a pistol on each side of his plate; but whether the mask was worn at table they could not ascertain, as no one was allowed to enter the room. The diary of the Bastille for the 19th November 1703 contains an entry to the effect that 'The unknown, who always wore a black mask, had been taken ill after attending mass, and was dead so suddenly, that there was no time for the services of the church;' perhaps poisoned with the wafer. He was buried on the 20th in the churchyard of St Paul's, under the name of Macchiale.

His funeral cost forty livres. After the removal of the body, everything in the chamber he occupied was burnt; the walls were strictly examined, scraped, and whitewashed; and the very window-panes were taken out, lest he should have made some mark on them that should furnish a clue to this perilous secret. A person in the neighbourhood, more curious than wise, bribed the gravedigger to open the grave and let him see the corpse: the trunk and the limbs were there, but no head—luckily for this inquisitive gentleman—who would otherwise have probably lost his own.

Some of the offences for which people were shut up in the Bastille, as they appear in the registers, make one wonder how anybody was fortunate enough to keep out of it. It was a common thing, for example, to be thrown into this horrible jail 'for speaking insolently of the king' or 'of the state;' or 'for quarrelling,' if the quarrel happened to inconvenience somebody in power; 'for libelling the Jesuits;' 'for selling or possessing prohibited books;' 'for being suspected;' 'for religion;' 'for treasure-seeking;' 'for wishing to sell yourself to the devil;' 'for interrupting the performance at the Italian Opera;' 'for having spoken insolently to a lady who was a friend of the Comte de Charolais.' A child of seven years of age was imprisoned on account of his name, which was Saint-Père, it being pronounced an insult to religion to bear such a name; and a professor of physic is registered as having been 'transferred to the prison of Charenton, after being thirty years in the Bastille, for administering an improper remedy.' And these incarcerations were not for a month or a year, but for an indefinite time, frequently for life; for, once there, unless some very powerful interest was exerted in your favour, nobody thought it worth while to take you out again. Of the corruption of the court, and the unjustifiable use of power, the following is a remarkable instance:—Louis XVI., in 1787, beginning to perceive that he was deceived by the people about him with regard to public opinion, privately desired a bookseller called Blaizot to place daily in a recess indicated all the political pamphlets that appeared. This was done for some time, till the ministers finding the king better informed than they wished him to be, set spies to discover the source of his knowledge; which, having ascertained, they immediately seized Blaizot, and shut him up in the Bastille; and most assuredly he would never have got out with their consent; but fortunately the king, missing his pamphlets, found out the cause of their non-appearance, and set him free. There is every reason to believe that secret executions—in plain terms, *murders*—were committed by authority in these prisons. Amongst the papers found in the Bastille, certain letters, such as the following, seem to justify this persuasion:—

'To Mons. DE LAUNAY, GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILLE.

'DEAR DE LAUNAY— I send you F—; he is a troublesome subject; keep him for eight days, and then get rid of him. (Signed) DE SARTINES,

Lieut.-Gen. of Policc.'

Memorandum attached to the bottom of the above.— June—. Arrived F—. After the period named, sent to Mons. De Sartines to inquire under what name he would have him buried. What strange times the world has lived through!

The original purpose of the *Madelonnettes* is indicated by its name; but it has often been converted to other uses. Under the monarchy, for example, in 1759, all the flower-girls of Paris—women who went about the city selling bouquets—were shut up in this prison at the request of the *maitresses-bouquetières*, because these itinerant merchants injured the trade of the stationary ones. And during the first Revolution, the whole company of the principal theatre in Paris were seized and confined here for performing a piece founded on Richardson's novel of 'Pamela,' which the Jacobins alleged, tended to make the public regret the order of nobility. Although they never expected to pass

those gates except on their way to the scaffold, they appear to have conducted themselves in their confinement with wonderful good sense and cheerfulness. The first thing they did was to set about cleaning the Augean stable they were put into, providing themselves, as they had plenty of money, with brooms and brushes; turning carpenters and upholsterers too, in order to maintain some semblance of decency; but nails and hammers were soon denied them. They jested and laughed, and said all manner of witty things about Agamemnon and Cæsar, and Antigone and Clytemnestra, being reduced to such strange shifts: and, what is better, they performed a number of kind and generous actions; assisting their fellow-prisoners who were poor, and actually procuring the liberation of some by paying their bail; for frequently those who were acquitted by the revolutionary tribunals, were sent back unless they could deposit a considerable sum; and once in prison again, they were as likely to lose their heads as not. Although the fatal red G was attached to most of their names when sent up to the committee, *La Comédie Française*, as they called themselves, ultimately escaped the scaffold by the generous aid of the courageous *Labassiere*.

The Temple was erected as a habitation for themselves by the Knights' Templars in the year 1279. As this order, which was partly religious and partly military, was then a great power in Europe, their residence was in accordance with their position. It covered a great deal of ground, which was given to them by Philip III. in return for their having drained some horrible marshes which infected the air of the city, and for having converted the water-weeds and bulrushes into healthy plantations; whilst the interior of the building was more sumptuous than the king's palaces. The chamber of the grand-master was supported by twenty-four pillars of massive silver, wrought with such admirable art into representations of vines, with birds, squirrels, and reptiles amongst the leaves, that 'many people were afraid to touch them.' The chapter-room was paved in mosaic; the beams were of cedar of Lebanon, carved to imitate Meehin lace; and the decorations were so magnificent, that they dazzled the eyes of the beholders. Amongst these were sixty large vases of solid gold. In the year 1242, Henry III. of England was splendidly entertained here, when there sat at the same table three kings, twelve bishops, twenty-two dukes and barons, and eighteen countesses. In spite of the immense size of the building, the train of the English monarch was so large, that many persons were obliged to pass the night in the street. But the Templars were too rich and powerful: their wealth was coveted, and their power was feared; and fifty-eight years after this grand fête, the knights were arrested, their treasure confiscated, and the walls of the Temple echoed to the groans of Jacques de Molay, the last grand-master, who, constrained by torture to calumnious and absurd accusations against himself and his order, died nobly vindicating both with his latest breath.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, that noble and patriotic negro of St Domingo, who, after liberating his countrymen, and refusing a crown, was basely betrayed into a French prison, lived some time at the Temple before he was conveyed to the fortress of Joux, where grief, indignation, and ill-treatment, broke his great heart.

We cannot quit the precincts of the Temple without recalling the miserable hours spent there by the unfortunate royal family of France; and the bloodstained figure of Simon the cobbler, and the mournful image of the persecuted child, flit sadly before us—that young dauphin of France, who is said to have died of the ill-usage he received, and to have been buried within the walls of the prison. The mystery that hangs over the last act of this tragedy has encouraged three pretenders to assume his name, all of whom are now dead. A fourth claimant, however, survives in the person of the Baron de Richemont, whose name and existence

are scarcely known in this country, and over whose birth and history there hangs a veil that the French themselves do not seem to have wholly penetrated. He is said to be an ultra-republican, though very rich; and so greatly beloved by the lower orders in Paris, that he has been indicated as the original of the German prince, Rodolphe, who is painted as a sort of terrestrial providence in Eugène Sue's notorious novel. It appears certain that he has passed several years of his life in the Austrian prison of Spielberg, which would be sufficient to make any man a republican; and it has been lately confidently asserted that the Duchess D'Angoulême was satisfied of his identity, although, on account of his republicanism, or for some reason unknown, she refused to acknowledge him publicly. One of the facts advanced to give weight to his pretensions is, that when the grave supposed to contain the body of the young dauphin was opened, the remains of a lad of fifteen were discovered, whereas the prince was only ten at the time his death is alleged to have taken place.

RETROSPECT OF MORTALITY.

THE publication of the Registrar-General's Report for the quarter ending the 30th of September last puts us in possession of many interesting facts and particulars, which, while embodying a history of the past, may well serve as guides and warnings for the future. It is not easy to forget the calamity whose cessation has been recently acknowledged by a day of thanksgiving; and whatever tends to assist the inquiry as to its phenomena, its causes, and remedies, can hardly fail at the present time to be productive of good.

It appears from the returns, which comprise all the divisions and districts of England, that the deaths in the three months referred to were 135,364, being 60,492 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1845—an increase of 71 per cent. The number of births was 135,200, thus showing an excess of deaths by 164; and the Report states:—"As the emigrants in the quarter from London, Liverpool, and Plymouth alone amounted, according to the Emigration Commissioners, to 46,553, the population of England has suffered, died, and decreased during the quarter to a degree of which there is no example in the present century."

'The mortality,' continues the Registrar, 'will be found to have been very unequally distributed over the country, and to have generally been greatest in the dense town population. The average annual rate of mortality in the town districts is 26, in the country districts 18, in 1000; during the last quarter these numbers became 41 and 23 respectively.'

'While the mortality has been excessive in nine divisions, it has been below or little above the average in two divisions—the North Midland and the South Midland; or in the counties of Buckingham, Oxford, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, Hereford, Worcester, Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby; also in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Wales.' And here we observe some of the anomalies in the progress of the epidemic, for we read further—"The difference will be more apparent upon examining the several districts: in some the people have died by hundreds or by thousands; in others not far distant, few have died—the inhabitants have been unusually healthy. "The medical men," says a Registrar, "say that they have had nothing to do."

In London the deaths were 27,109, being double the average, and 9885 more than the births, which numbered 17,224. It appears that not a single case of

death from hydrophobia has been registered in the metropolis during the last five summers. 'Yet,' pursues the Report, 'hydrophobia is inevitably fatal, and medicine is of no more avail when its symptoms are revealed than it is in cholera; but the wise course of removing its causes has been tried, and bids fair to create a permanent blank in the London nosology.'

'The cause of typhus, of influenza, of cholera, and of the like diseases, will not long, we may hope, remain in undisturbed possession of the earth and air of this city. Hydrophobia disappears when the dogs which are liable to become mad or to be bitten every summer are removed by police regulations; so will the other zymotic diseases give way when that putrid, decaying, noisome atmosphere exhaled by churchyards, slaughter-houses, the tanks of dirty-water companies, cesspools, sewers, crowded dwellings, is purified and dissipated. The sewers and cesspools now under our houses will inflict more pain, and destroy more living, than ten thousand mad dogs let loose in the streets: they may as certainly be removed; and yet it is to be feared that many years will elapse before anything effectual is done, or any such satisfactory result can be recorded as the extinction of another disease in this great city.'

Cholera has been, if the term may be permitted, extremely capricious in its visitations, making inroads here and there without any apparent adequate cause; yet its general characteristic is to appear, as the carrion vulture, wherever garbage or rank impurity invites. The different Reports from the sub-registrars are unanimous on this point. In Salisbury, the average deaths for the summer quarter of five years is 48, but during the past quarter the number was 263; and we are informed that 'the cholera visited Salisbury with fearful violence. . . . Salisbury is always an unhealthy place: it is on a low, damp valley, in the midst of water-meadows; the courts and alleys where the lower-classes reside are in a filthy state, and derive no benefit from the general system of cleansing carried on in the main streets. There is a mill-dam; "and any attempt," says Captain Denison, "to improve the general drainage would be impracticable: it would interfere with too many interests." There is a pregnant signification in these concluding words; it contains more than is apparent on a first reading. We might comment on it at length, but shall content ourselves for the present with the remark, that in these days of enlightenment, pounds, shillings, and pence ought not to be held as more precious than the interests of human life and social morals. Newcastle-under-Lyne affords a somewhat similar case. The deaths were 14 per cent. during the three months. The town is situated on high ground, 100 feet above the sea-level, but 'the Lyne, made the open sewer running through the town, is dammed up by a mill, and sends up from its polluted, black, puddly bed exhalations which poison the inhabitants.' Here, again, *interests versus life!* We are by no means unfriendly to commercial interests, but we would not elevate them to the chief rank in right and privilege.

Again: in Gainsborough, with a population of 26,000, the deaths were three times the average of the season, while in the county of Lincoln generally the mortality was below the average: the cause of the extraordinary difference is manifest—the want of proper drainage, sewage, and sanitary regulations in the town above-named. A comparison, too, between Hull and Manchester is not less striking:—The population of Hull in 1841 numbered 77,367; the deaths in the summer quarter of the present year were 2754; in Manchester they were 2742, with a population of nearly 200,000. Turning to other parts of the country, we are again struck by inexplicable results: still taking the census of 1841, the Isle of Wight contains 42,550 inhabitants, the deaths from all causes in the period under notice were 368; in Anglesey, among a population of 38,106, the deaths were 191. Is there not something in these anomalies demonstrative of peculiar local causes?

Without attempting to decide the question whether

the cause of cholera be atmospheric or not, we give a summary of the 'Remarks on the Weather,' drawn up by Mr Glaisher of the Greenwich Observatory, and regularly printed in the Registrar's Reports. During the first half of July the temperature of the air was above the average, and below it for the second half; after which, with short exceptions, it was above the average to the end of the quarter. From August 20 to September 15 'was distinguished by a thick and stagnant atmosphere, and the air was for the most part very close and oppressive.' The summer is further described as having been warm and dry, without great heat; thunder-storms frequent; the air unusually dry. 'The magnets have been seldom disturbed during the quarter, and the amount of electricity, though less than usual, seems to have been so in consequence of the less amount of humidity of the air.'

Under the head of rain we find some interesting particulars:—The quantity of rain which fell at Greenwich in July was 2.9 inches; in August, 0.45 inches; in September, 3.3 inches; about an inch less than the average of the same quarter for the preceding eight years, while 'the fall of rain in August was less than has fallen in any August since the year 1819. The average fall of rain at Greenwich from thirty-three years' observations in July is 2.5; in August, 2.4; in September, 2.4 inches. The fall was less than its average at places south of latitude 53 degrees (a line drawn from the Wash to Cernarvon Bay), exclusive of Cornwall and Devonshire; it was about its average fall between 53 degrees and 54 degrees of latitude, and north of 54 degrees the fall was greater than usual.'

The prevalent winds were north-west and south-west, with occasional shifts to north and north-east: when blowing briskly, the direction was the same all over the country, but variable at other times. 'The daily horizontal movement of the air in July was 120 miles; from August 1 to 11, 50 miles; August 12 to 16, 170 miles; and from August 17 to the end of the quarter was about 55 miles, except in September 11 and 12, when it amounted to 190 miles daily. The average daily horizontal movement of the air during the quarter is about 120 miles. Therefore, during the months of August and September, the movement of the air was about one-half the usual amount. . . . This remark applies to Greenwich, where the anemometer is fixed 200 feet above the sea-level. On many days when a strong breeze was blowing on the top of the observatory, and over Blackheath, there was not the slightest motion in the air near the banks of the Thames; and this remarkable calm continued for some days together, particularly from August 19 to 24, on the 29th, from September 1 to 10, and after the 15th. On September 11 and 12, the whole mass of air at all places was in motion; and for the first time for nearly three weeks the hills at Hampstead and Highgate were seen clearly from Greenwich. After the 15th of September to the end of the quarter the air was in very little motion.' We give one more extract from the Registrar's statements, which will enable those who are interested in the subject to compare the progress of the epidemic with the fluctuations of the weather:—The water of the Thames rose to the temperature of 60 degrees at the end of May; and the weekly deaths in July and August were 152, 339, 678, 783, 926, 823, 1230, 1272, 1663; in the first week of September 2026 deaths from cholera were registered; and the epidemic then rapidly subsiding, the deaths fell to 1682, 839, 434, in the last three weeks of the month. 'The temperature of the Thames fell below 60 degrees in September 16–22. The deaths from all causes were 3183, or about three times the average number in the first week of September. . . . The mortality from cholera varied in different districts of the metropolis from 8 to 239 in 10,000, and was greatest in the low, the worst-drained, the poorest districts—the districts supplied with water from the Thames between Waterloo Bridge and Battersea New Town.'

We may just note, by way of conclusion, that the

decrease in the weekly rate of mortality in London within the current quarter is extraordinary, falling in some instances to 300 below the average, proving that the sickly, weakly, and intemperate, whose deaths would have made up the usual average, had been previously carried off by the recent epidemic.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TROMSØE—KAARFORD.

It was early on Sunday morning that the steamer came to a pause at Tromsøe. On looking forth, I found that we were in a narrow sea, skirted by gently-sloping green mountains on one side, and an island of no great elevation, but varied by thin plantations, on the other. On the shore of the island appeared the town of Tromsøe, a place of only about 1500 inhabitants, but important from its privilege of trading with foreign ports; it is for this reason composed of better houses than towns of that size usually boast of, while its crowd of vessels, of many various flags and styles of construction, impart to it an air of activity and liveliness which the traveller feels as very refreshing after for a week seeing nothing but lonely shores and snow-capt mountains. The steamer pauses here for thirty hours, to enable the merchants of Tromsøe to read their letters from the south, and prepare others to be sent on to Hammerfest—a business for which, in England, the tenth part of the time would probably suffice. As advantage was to be taken of this pause to get the cabins cleaned, we were desired to go ashore, and remain there, if possible, till next day. The three Englishmen lost no time in obeying the request, each taking a light bag containing a few necessities, and never doubting that they would find a tolerable hotel in which to lodge. What was our surprise to be told on landing that there is no hotel in Tromsøe! It has the flags of half-a-dozen nations flying in its harbour, and yet has no regular place of public entertainment beyond a few taverns. But then there was a possibility of our obtaining private lodgings. Attended by a boy to act as spokesman, we went about from one likely house to another in search of accommodation, but in vain. No citizen of Tromsøe moved to take us in on any terms. We were therefore obliged to return to the vessel and intreat a breakfast from the steward. It is but justice to Tromsøe to state, that we had come too early to give its gentlefolks an opportunity of showing us hospitality. There had been a great party the night before, which had broken up at such an hour as made it most unlikely that any of them should see or hear of three English gentlemen seeking lodgings in their town at eight in the morning.

After breakfast we again left the vessel, and our only resource was a walk over the island. I observed on landing that the east end of the town is seated on a bank of shells rising to fully 25 feet above the sea. One of our little party had broken his watch glass on the voyage, and he was anxious to learn if it could be replaced in Tromsøe, as, if it could not, his means of ascertaining time throughout his residence in the north was at an end. To his great joy we found an *uhrmager* (watchmaker) who was able to furnish him with the important little article required; the cost, too, was not extravagant in the circumstances, being only twenty-four skillings, or about eightpence of English money. Our friend the *uhrmager* we found living in a neatly-furnished house, surrounded by a respectable-looking family. He had come from Copenhagen to practise his trade in this remote place. I was curious to know how near to him was his nearest competitor in business. He told us there was none at Hammerfest, nor any other place to the northward. There was none to the southward till you come to Trondhjem, 400 miles off. At Tornea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, there was none, nor at any place thereabouts to the north or west of Sundsvall. Finally, his nearest neighbour to the westward must be in Aberdeen or Peterhead. It appeared that his professional range was between latitude 63° and

the pole, and from west longitude 3° to 36° —a monopoly of geographical space perfectly enormous.

The weather was to-day exceedingly mild; nevertheless we found several patches of the snow of last winter in hollows on the top of the island. The wood is here interspersed with small timber houses, some of which are used as summer residences by the merchants of Tromsøe, while others are only *lyst-houses*. A Norwegian *lyst-house* is a small tabernacle placed a little way out of town, if possible in a wood, or on the bank of a lake, or at least in a pleasant scene of some kind, always provided with a gallery in front, and sometimes surrounded by a garden. Here the man in easy circumstances loves to spend the evening of the first day of the week, surrounded by his friends. If the weather be pleasant, the party sits in the gallery, or lounges about the garden and other grounds; if not, they retire to the interior. In the evening of our arrival in Tromsøe there was an entertainment of this kind given in a *lyst-house* on the hill. A gentleman who was present described it as attended by about twenty of the most considerable persons in the place, among whom was the pastor of a neighbouring parish. There was a fire in the open air to prepare hot water. An immense variety of wines—French, Portuguese, and German—was presented, and brandy and water was copiously indulged in. The gentlemen sauntered about, smoking, in the open air, till eleven o'clock, feeling no inconvenience, notwithstanding that there was a slight drizzle all the time. The sunlight was at that time only sobered, not departed. The air was described as what in our country would be called dull; much indulgence of the animal appetites, but little conversation, and no sort of spirit or pleasantry. I found that it is the custom over all Norway to devote the Sunday evening to social pleasures. Taking literally the text, 'the evening and the morning was the first day,' they consider the Sabbath as commencing at six o'clock on Saturday, and terminating at the same hour on Sunday—a doctrine in which, I believe, they are countenanced by the pilgrim fathers of America. Accordingly, in Norway, there is no public entertainment, such as theatricals or dancing, permitted by law on Saturday evening; and the more strict class of people will not see their friends even privately at that time. Believing, however, the day of rest and of devotion to be at a close on the Sunday at six o'clock, they feel themselves then at liberty to enter upon any amusement or enjoyment for which they may have an inclination. Even in the houses of the clergy there will be found both card-playing and dancing on this evening, and this without the slightest scandal to their flocks. It is a mistake into which an Englishman is very apt to fall, to regard this custom of the Norwegians as indicative of a disregard for the Christian Sabbath. The error rests primarily in the conception as to what constitutes a natural day. Such, nevertheless, is the influence of habit, that although far from setting myself up in judgment in the case, not only could I never reconcile myself to the Norwegian manner of spending the Sunday evening, but I never could quite free myself of the notion that the people were manifesting an indifference to sacred things.

Tromsøe must be regarded as a remarkable creation of commercial industry in a part of the earth which is properly the seat of a primitive people. It has sprung up within the last forty years purely in consequence of the fishing trade of these seas. There was exported from it in 1848, of stock fish (sent to the Mediterranean), 80,000 vogs (a vog is equal to forty pounds English); of split fish (to Russia), 17,000 vogs; of Sei fish, 20,000 vogs. This last kind, which is held in least estimation, and is really a poor article, is sent exclusively to Sweden, for whose humble peasantry it constitutes a relish to still simpler fare. There was also in the same year exported from Tromsøe 6160 barrels of oil (chiefly cod-liver oil), 8370 pieces of fox-skin, 2000 other skins, and 23,000 pounds of bones. There are in this town several affluent mercantile families living in a handsome style.

The ladies are noted for good looks and smart dresses. I visited the Stift Amptman, or provincial governor, at his house, and found there every symptom of elegant life—himself a handsome, dignified-looking man, and his lady an exceedingly well-bred person, surrounded by musical instruments and other civilised objects. Yet cross the Sound, and walk three miles along a lonely valley, and you find a camp of Laplanders, exemplifying every usage which has been peculiar to that simple people from the earliest ages. The whole province seems to have come into the hands of the Norwegians only in comparatively modern times, and it is even now thought an extraordinary thing for any one to have visited it. I found on my return to the south that my voyage to Hammerfest was spoken of by Swedes and Norwegians in exactly the same terms as it afterwards was by my own friends at home; nor must this appear too surprising, when we remember the small proportion of the British people who have sojourned in Orkney or Shetland, or made the tour of Connemara.

An amusing trait of democratic ambition was mentioned with regard to Tromsøe. Any person in Norway bearing a government office of a certain dignity, or the consulship of some foreign state, is held as standing in a superior rank, and his wife is addressed as *Frue* (equivalent to My Lady), and his daughters as *Frøken*, while other ladies are only called Madame. I had frequent warnings given me as to the propriety of calling such and such a lady *Frue*, instead of Madame. It is a distinction as much insisted on as the essential equality of all the citizens in this non-aristocratic country. Connected with it is the fact that there is a surprising number of foreign consuls in Tromsøe. The merchants, it seems, are eager to obtain such appointments, albeit implying some trouble and little profit; or, if they are not anxious, their wives are anxious instead, merely that they may possess a certain external distinction above common citizenship, and that their ladies may command the magical appellative which sets them over the heads of all madames.

The next morning was drizzly and ungenial, so that it was with some difficulty I executed a geodetic measurement, in order to ascertain the elevation of the two terraces which belt the shores of the mainland. They proved to be respectively 57 and 143 feet. Afterwards, when we were about to depart, an officer of the law came on board, attended by a butcher, with orders to execute justice upon a dog belonging to one of the English party for having bitten a gentleman in Tromsøe. The incident was said to have occurred at the party on the hill the night before, and the authorities had given an order for the death of the animal as a matter of course. The English traveller was at first disposed to treat the charge with ridicule, but found it so serious a matter, that he had to give up his passage, and wait to defend his favourite. Two gentlemen of the Ennis-killen Dragoons, who had come to the harbour in a yacht, offered to remain and see justice done to him, and afterwards to bring him on to Alten in their vessel. Indeed the whole of the English took up the matter keenly. I could not help being amused at the opposite and contrasted lights in which the act of the dog was regarded by the plaintiff and defendant. To the latter it looked such a trifle to make a pother about—the skin was merely grazed—the dog was only sportive, and meant no harm. To the former it was an affair of gravity. He had been hurt, and his wife was in terror about him. Though the wound were quickly to heal, the dog might afterwards grow mad, and then the gentleman would take ill in the same way. Such, it seems, is a common belief in Norway; and it was adduced by the sufferer on this occasion as an all-sufficient reason for putting poor Glendalough to immediate death. I do not know how the matter ended; but it caused the detention of the dog during all the time I was in the country; and wherever I afterwards went, I found that the story had made its way, and was talked about.

In our onward voyage, we passed the openings of great

flood, far up which we could see glaciers descending from the lofty fields almost to the water's edge. Passing close under the island of Ringvatsø, which is chiefly composed of lofty mountains, I observed a savage valley, closed up towards the sea by a vast rampart of blocks, like the moraine of a glacier. Over the centre of the rampart poured a considerable stream. I was told that within this rampart was a circular lake, from which the name of the island (meaning the *island of the circular lake*) had been taken. Along the valley-side was a ridge of blocks, the lateral portion of the moraine. The mountain of Skalgamtinderne was within sight, covered with eternal snow, of which one downward stream exhibited the usual arch at the bottom for the emission of the water. It was evident that the rampart of blocks formed the dam by which the lake was retained. The course of events was evidently this: a glacier had descended from the great mountain of Skalgamtinderne into the valley, depositing the usual charge of stones at its extremity and along its sides. It had afterwards shrunk up to where we now see it, high in the bosom of the mountain. On its retirement, the moraine acted as a dam, and a lake was the consequence.

Still on and on through a labyrinth of fjords and islands, touching now and then at a kioptman's establishment, where the flag flies merrily in honour of the passing of the steamer. Night, such as it was, set in upon us when we were just about to pass through a portion of the open sea. The small island of Løppen is here the only defence from the roll of the ocean. The mention of this place recalls to me the remark that the horse is an animal as yet little in use in the far north, boats and reindeer superseding it for travelling, while cattle are employed for tillage. There was *once*, however, a horse on Løppen! It had been brought up amongst the cattle there, and had never seen a single creature of its own kind. Being at length transferred to a place on the mainland where there were other horses, it was startled and evidently much annoyed by the sight of its new companions. It could not be induced to associate with them in any labour, and their approach disturbed it in its pasture. The device was at length hit upon to allow this poor beast to go amongst its old friends, the cows and oxen, and it was then once more at perfect ease; nor did it ever afterwards manifest any desire to enter the society of its own species.

At an early hour next morning we found the vessel steering into the Altenfjord, the district which I was to regard as my head-quarters in the north. At Talvig, Quacnig, and other recesses in the rocky coast, I beheld with curiosity those remarkable curtain-like ramparts of alluvial matter, faced with terraces, which have helped so much to give this district celebrity with geologists. By and by we entered a narrow branch of the Altenfjord, called Kaafjord, where an English company has for twenty years past carried on an extensive copper-mining concern. Mr Thomas, the intelligent manager of these works, was on board with us as a passenger, on his return from business at Tromsø; and a previous correspondence having prepared him for my visit, he insisted on my landing at his house, and staying there till I should shape out plans for a future course.

Here, then, in a narrow fjord close upon the 70th parallel, terminated for the present this for me singular expedition. I found myself, however, in the midst of a little colony of my countrymen, for almost necessarily the copper-works are conducted solely by Englishmen. We first see the hill-side partially covered by debris, and huge timber fabrics connected with the works, while large smelting-houses line the shore below. We pass a promontory on which a pretty modern church is situated, and then come in sight of an inner vale, where one of the most prominent objects is a long, low house, with attendant buildings, all smart and fresh, and somewhat like the establishment of a respectable yeoman in England. This may be described as the residentiary house for the works. Along the hill-side, in the rear,

are scattered many small timber-houses, being the residences of the working-people, who number in all about 700. On the shore is a quay, with storehouses, in one of which every conceivable necessary of life is sold. Such is the Kaafjord establishment—a most interesting example of English enterprise and perseverance, by which, for twenty years past, civilised usages and large sums of money have been introduced into what would otherwise be a desert abandoned to bears and wolves. I beheld the whole place not merely with interest, but with respect, because there are heroisms in commerce as well as in war, and these be of them. I could not behold but with a touched spirit the spectacle of a set of educated Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, settling even temporarily in this remote corner of the earth, where for three months they see not the sun, in prosecution of that noble object—the doing of an appointed work, by which to benefit the community, and attain for themselves the just requital of an independent subsistence.

The residentiary house, as I have quaintly but not inaptly called it, is a plain, roomy, and comfortable habitation, where Mr Thomas and his wife, a beautiful young Norwegian lady, are master and mistress, while the other officers of the works are also entertained in it at a general table. I was particularly gratified to find in this extensive family circle a young married daughter of Consul-General Crowe, whose kind attentions to me at Christiania had given me an interest in all that belonged to him. Being so large a group in themselves, they must be the less likely to pine for the want of external society. They receive, however, English visitors like myself every summer, by which their native feelings and usages are ever kept in a certain freshness. As for the winter, it is specially the season of gaiety in Norway. Much interchange of visiting then takes place; not only because it is a time when country business is unavoidably suspended, but because of the facilitation to movement which is afforded by the frozen snowy surface. Every one here speaks with delight of the merry winter season, when all set themselves to be as happy, and to make others as happy, as possible. At Kaafjord the gentlemen have a billiard-table and philosophical instruments. Their scientific observations are regularly reported to the British Association. The ladies have that unfailing attendant on English polite life everywhere—the pianoforte. English books, periodicals, and newspapers come at regular intervals. And so, with active duties lightening the hours, life passes on. I thought I could hear an occasional sigh for distant England, which nothing can ever fully replace to one of its children; but such feelings do not necessarily embitter existence; they only throw a tender haze over its sunshine. I may remark that the Norwegian usages prevail to a great degree in this house, at least so far as concerns hours for meals, and the kinds of food presented at each. The English colony has very wisely endeavoured to adapt itself to the habits of the people among whom they live. Native visitors, therefore, feel nothing strange here; and the inmates must in their turn find matters the more agreeable when they visit the natives.

Like every other sheltered recess in the district, the opening of two valleys which meet at the head of Kaafjord is filled up with a curtain of alluvium, excepting only the ravines through which the rivers descend. This alluvial formation, rising like a wall, with a perfectly flat top, and horizontal terraces seaming its front, has a striking appearance from the house. Its singular aspect naturally leads one to surmise for it a peculiar geological history; and doubtless it has undergone some extraordinary transitions. Manifestly it is composed of the spoils of the two rivers which here flow into the sea. At the mouth of the greater river Alten, not far off, there is a precisely similar formation, but of much greater extent. About ten years ago, when the French Scientific Expedition of the North stopped for some time at Kaafjord, one of the officers, M. Bravais, was

struck by the extraordinary appearance of these great sand-curtains overhanging the beach. He found, along the line of sounds towards Hammerfest, a portion of the rocky coast marked with two lines of erosion or cut terraces at certain heights above the sea, and evidently the work of that element at some remote period when the sea and land stood at different relative levels. Strange to say, it appeared from his barometric measurements that these two lines underwent a gradual rise from Hammerfest southward, until they disappeared at Konaagfjord, after an uninterrupted course of twenty-five miles. He nevertheless connected them, after almost as great an interval, with the sandy terraces now described, which are of still higher level, and thus arrived at a hypothesis that the land between Hammerfest and Kaafjord, in rising from the sea, had made a pause, during which the upper line was made; then an angular movement had taken place, causing the southern district to rise farther than the north; then a second pause, during which the lower line was made; after which there had been another unequal *soulèvement*. I now proposed to review this investigation carefully, and with superior means of ascertaining levels—not, I must confess, without a strong suspicion that there was some fallacy in the case, since all similar marks which I had seen in other countries observed an exact level, as do apparently the two terraces extending so great a way on the coast of Norway to the southward.

Mr Paddison, a young English civil engineer and student of geology, had come in the *Prinds Gustaf* in search of sport; but hearing of my purpose, he offered to accompany me, and give his professional assistance in taking the levels. He was now, therefore, like myself, a guest of Mr Thomas. We quickly addressed ourselves to the measurement of the Kaafjord terrace, which we found to be at the front about 220 feet high; but the plain at top rose a little towards the hills, and we had ultimately to set down the entire elevation at 239 feet above high water in the bay. Two terraces on the face were 52 and 123 feet, and there was a faint intermediate one at between 80 and 90. We spent a whole day in examining the neighbouring grounds. In many parts free of alluvial facing, or elevated above it, we found the rocks admirably dressed and polished by the ice of ancient times, the line of the dressing being from south to north, or coincident with the direction of the valley. At one place, upwards of 250 feet above the sea, there was a ridge of native rock extending a considerable way, much like the inverted hull of a ship. It had been all nicely smoothed like some artificial object, as had also been the longitudinal hollow space between it and the hills. Still higher, there rested on the mountain-face a horizontal range of blocks and detritus, evidently the remains of an ancient lateral moraine. Of course these dressings must have taken place in an age anterior to that in which the alluvial terraces had been formed, for otherwise the material of the terraces must have been swept away by the descending ice.

A second day was spent in these investigations. What alone lessened our enjoyment of them was the weather becoming now exceedingly warm, and the consequent and excessive annoyance we sustained from mosquitoes. One of our ladies was kind enough to furnish us with veils of green gauze, wherewith we enshrouded our heads as we went about. Still, the pestilent insects got in about our necks and ears, and made us smart so sorely as greatly to discompose our levelling operations. I could scarcely have believed beforehand that so small and weak a fly had the power of penetrating through a thick woollen stocking in order to exercise its suctorial powers; yet we had ample demonstration that it can do so. In such overgood weather the calm and coolness of the long evening are much enjoyed. I shall not soon forget the impression produced upon me, as we sat quietly in the parlour between ten and eleven o'clock of the second evening, looking along the calm fiord towards the insular mountains, behind which the sun was

still glowing, though dimly, when a gallant war vessel, with all its sails set to catch the indolent breeze, moved into the confined space, and proceeded to cast anchor. So startling an apparition of artificial life in the midst of such a scene, and at such an hour, might have been at an ordinary time of difficult explanation; but Mr and Mrs Thomas had heard of a French corvette having been at Hammerfest a week or two ago, and of a bull which the officers had given the ladies of that hyperborean town—for what clime is too ungenial for French gallantry?—so it was quickly understood that this was the same vessel. On this conclusion, it became certain that we should presently have some fresh additions to the social circle at Kaafjord.

Next morning we were to have proceeded at an early hour with Mr Thomas on an excursion to Raipas, a subordinate establishment of the Copper Company on the Alten River, where I expected to see some remarkable objects. We were delayed, however, by the arrival of the *Prinds Gustaf* on her return voyage from Hammerfest, with a few ladies of that town on a visit to Mrs Thomas, and also a number of gentlemen, who were permitted to land and spend an hour before the steamer should proceed southward. Sauntering about the shore during this interval, I was introduced by one of the English gentlemen to a person whom he was pleased to entitle the Minister of the North Cape. I beheld a tall, fair-complexioned, somewhat pensive-looking man, of about forty-five, dressed in clothes only partially black, as is the custom of clergymen in Norway. On inquiring strictly who it was I had the honour now to know for the first time, I learned that it was Mr Zetlitz, the pastor of the extreme north parish of Norway, in which the North Cape of course is situated. Being a votary of the Waltonian art, he had come to have a few days' fishing at Kaafjord. I looked with interest on the man whose lot in life it is to keep up the light of Christianity in a region so remote from civilisation, and from all that educated man usually sighs after. Finding him well acquainted with English, I entered into conversation with him regarding his cure. His parish, named Kistrand and Kautokeino, extends over a tract of ground measuring as great a distance from the North Cape southward as there is from Newcastle to Brighton, or from John o' Groat's House to Edinburgh—namely, forty-five Norwegian miles. It contains only 2000 inhabitants, mostly Laplanders; but the Laplanders, as I afterwards learned, are in great part Christians, and even in many instances excel the Norwegians in their respect for the services of religion. Mr Zetlitz has two stations for residence—a Lap town called Karnjok for winter, and one near the sea, at the other end of the parish, for summer. He has to travel much about at all times. I asked if he used horses for this purpose; he said no—there was but one horse in the whole parish. He travelled by reindeer, which the people, under certain regulations, were bound to furnish to him gratuitously. Meeting with such a man was at first attended with a curious feeling, but this was soon effaced by his gentle and amiable manners: and when I discovered that the North-Cape parson is a lover of the poetry of Byron, which he reads in the original, I ceased to think of him but as one of the people I am accustomed to meet daily. He inherits the poetical temperament, it would appear, from his father, who, likewise a clergyman, was a distinguished writer of verse about the era of the French Revolution, being particularly successful in convivial songs, many of which are still popular in Norway, though this is a style on the decay in that country, as it is with ourselves.

After the steamer had taken its departure, we once more prepared to set out; but presently another impediment appeared. A boat was seen gracefully moving up the calm fiord, rowed by ten men, who lifted their oars in a peculiar manner high above the water, while one gentleman sat in the stern. It was quickly understood to be the long-boat of the French corvette, probably bringing the captain ashore to call for Mr Thomas. A group

of it went down to the quay to wait his landing. The boat approached, and a handsomely-dressed naval officer stepped ashore. I felt the striking contrast between his perfect toilet and our mountain garbs. We went back with him to the house, where he was introduced to Mrs Thomas, and renewed his acquaintance with her Hammerfest visitors. It appeared that his vessel was the *Pourvoyante*, of sixteen guns, engaged on a cruise for the protection of the French fisheries. She had been four months from home, and was now returning from Iceland to the south. I should have little expected beforehand that there was any common ground of social life on which I could have met this foreign naval officer, but the contrary soon appeared, for I collected the name of his vessel as one which had been in the Firth of Forth two or three years ago, when she had unfortunately run down a smaller French vessel, and thus came in a painful manner under public attention in Edinburgh. The captain told me that he had been so unfortunate as to be concerned in the affair, having been commander of the lost vessel. Do not such coincidences in extraordinary circumstances seem to happen rather more frequently than we would naturally expect? Another curious circumstance was that he had come to this lonely bay at the command of the French Ministry, to take up some bulky instruments left there by the Scientific Expedition, landing for this purpose the day after I had come to test for the first time some of the scientific observations made by a member of that expedition in Moscow; he was now to sail to the Luth of Forth, and the next city in which he would set his foot was that in which I spent my life. We indulged in a penny a lining mood of mutual admiration, the 'curious coincidences' for a few minutes, and then finding the Frenchman ignorant of the history of his country for the past two months I informed him of the destruction of the party of the Montun and the flight of M. Ledu Rollin, in consequence of the insurrection of the 13th of June. After some further conversation, he politely took his leave of the ladies and we all proceeded along the shore together, he to his vessel, and we on our way to Raipas.

R C

REPRODUCTION OF FERNS

FERNS constitute a numerous and highly interesting family of plants, found in all parts of the world where there is sufficient moisture and not too rigorous a climate, and although every one must be familiar with their appearance from the example furnished by our common brake, yet he would form a very imperfect idea of the tribe from such a specimen. Instead of arising with an underground stem, pushing up at intervals its curiously wrinkled up leaves as it goes, as St Helens in the Philippines and other places, it rises with a majestic trunk from ten to fifty or sixty feet high, surmounted with an immense tuft of graceful foliage, and even emulates the palm in grandeur and beauty. Several of the order thus command attention by their lofty stature and imposing appearance, some astonish by their curious forms, as the hare's foot of the Canary Islands, while all please by the delicacy and grace of their lively green leaves.

It is not our intention, however, to make a tour through the family, and take a glance individually at its most remarkable members, but to lay before the reader the recent discoveries in their fructification, hitherto so much a mystery.

Every tyro in botany knows that fertilisation is effected in flowering plants by the shedding of the pollen over the stigma, but in ferns the so-called seed appears on the back of their leaves, without being preceded by pollen or anthers, or any of the usual fertilising apparatus, since they are ranged under the class Cryptogamia, or hidden fructification. Many attempts were indeed made to detect, and Hedwäg, as well as others, imagined they had discovered, anthers, or bodies analogous to them, intermingled with the seed, or adjacent thereto, but no

thing certain was known on the subject till lately, when Count Suminski* brought forward observations demonstrating the process of fructification, and its entire harmony with that of other plants.

Let us take a spore, or seed, as it is popularly termed, from the back of the leaf of a fern, where they are found in such profusion, place it in the soil, follow its progress, and, with the count as our guide, we shall soon arrive at a just conception of its development and mode of reproduction. The spore having germinated, first produces a leaf-like expansion, clinging close to the soil, and deriving nourishment from rootlets emerging from its under surface. This first leaf, or 'primary frond,' bears no resemblance to the true leaf of the fern, is very much alike in all species of the tribe, and is usually temporary. It is a most important part of the plant, however, for it is on this that anthers and pistils are produced, and fertilisation effected through their union. In order to be satisfied of this, let the primary frond be examined assiduously with a microscope of 300 or 400 lineal powers, and there will be found to arise amongst the common cells others of a peculiar character. Instead of colouring matter, these contain granules, which speedily also become cells, packed up and pressing against each other within the parent cell, like the seeds of a pomegranate within the rind. These compound cells have been termed *antheridia*, and are analogues of the anthers of flowering plants, as we shall speedily see.

Besides these antheridia, which are usually pretty numerous, a few other bodies become apparent consisting each of a cell with a tubular neck, somewhat resembling a Florence flask, at its bottom it contains a single germ cell or embryo. These bodies have received the appellation of *pistillidia*, and represent the germs or rudimentary fruit of the more perfect orders of plants.

Having thus made out the parts necessary for fructification, let us pursue the process to its completion, and we have no doubt the contemplation of it will yield both instruction and astonishment. Following the progress of the antheridia, these are found to burst and liberate the secondary cells—each of these is seen to include a longish body, folded up on itself, which is set at liberty by the rupture of its prison walls, and is then shown to be in shape somewhat like a tadpole, with a slight enlargement at the tip of the tail. These have been designated 'spiral filaments,' and have been noticed by Nægeli and others on the primary frond several years ago. Suminski demonstrated their nature and use. As soon as the spiral filaments have been let forth by the bursting of the antheridia and secondary cells, they move about with a lively and independent motion through the mucilaginous fluid on the surface of the frond, and entering the open mouths of the bottle-like pistillidia, come in contact with the embryo at its bottom, and effect its fertilisation. Usually several spiral filaments enter one pistillidium, and the dilated extremities of their tails are applied to the embryo or germ cell, just as we find many particles of pollen shed over the stigma of the higher order of plants in order to insure the 'setting of the fruit.'

The germ cell or embryo being thus fertilised, instead of passing into the state of perfect seed, as in flowering plants, commences forthwith to grow, and by the ordinary process of cell growth, pushing forth roots and leaves, gets gradually developed into the full grown plant.

In flowering plants it is well known that the cotyledon furnishes the embryo with nourishment in the early stages of its growth, till, by the development of the necessary organs, it is able to support itself. In the fern, the primary frond acts the part of a cotyledon, by supplying nourishment to the fertilised embryo, until, having put forth leaves and roots, it is able to exist on its own resources.

For what has been here stated of this wonderful process, it is evident that the germ cells of the pistillidia are the true seeds of the fern, but it is also plain that one of the purposes which seeds serve—namely, the multiplica-

* On the History of the Development of Ferns. By Count J Suminski.

tion of the species—cannot well be effected by them; hence the production of gemmæ or spores on the back of the leaf.

In many plants do we find the production of detachable buds or bulbels, by which propagation or increase may take place: the familiar turncap lily carries a bulbel in every axil of its stem; the begonia and achimenes frequently produce nothing else instead of flowers; yet although the parent plants may be reproduced and increased by these, one never thinks of calling them seeds; no more are the gemmæ of ferns entitled to be ranked as such. The inflorescence of the fern, in fact, seems to stop short in the middle of its course; and instead of 'showing flower,' unfolding the parts of fructification, and perfecting its seeds, as other plants usually do, it contents itself with forming flower-buds merely, which, separating from the parent, furnish the means of increase and dissemination. One of these finding a suitable resting-place, expands into the primary frond, bearing anthers and germs, and in this respect is quite analogous to the flower of flowering plants.

The supporters of the alternate-generation theory of Sars and Steenstrup,* would put forth the fern as an instance of this in vegetable life. Starting with the gemma from the back of the leaf, we have the phase A; arising from this we have the primary frond, or phase B; succeeding this are the antheridia and pistillidia, or phase C; the union of these originates the young fern, which, arrived at maturity, is phase D, giving birth to A again, and completing the circle. All these changes, however, are instances of morphological development merely, since true reproduction occurs only once in the series; and the same remark holds good in the pseudo-alternate-generation theory of animal life, as has been recently brought out by the discoveries of Sir J. G. Dalyell, Professor Owen, and others.

The interest of Suminski's discovery of the fructification of ferns, here briefly detailed, is not confined to the elucidation of a curious process in nature: it is a great step gained in the consolidation of our ideas respecting the reproductive process generally, and so far a confirmation of the great physiological axiom—*Omnia ex ovo cum ovo*.

Column for Young People.

PHOEBE GRANT.

'MAMMA,' said Phoebe Grant, looking up from a frill which she had been dreaming over for half an hour, 'do you know Kate Collins was at the theatre on Wednesday night?'

'Well; Phoebe, and what then?' said her mother quietly.

'Why—why, mamma, only that I should like so dreadfully to go too.'

'*Dradfully*, Phoebe?'

'No, no—not exactly that, but very much; you know what I mean?'

'I know well what you mean, my dear child; but I remember having often told you how much I dislike those strong expressions which you constantly make use of for the most trivial things. You will find out the disadvantage of it yourself some day; for when you really wish and require a strong word, you will not be able to find one which will express your feelings.'

Phoebe was silent, and the frill advanced a little. At last she could contain herself no longer. 'Mamma, may I go to the theatre?'

'Which theatre, Phoebe; there are so many in London?'

'I mean the prettiest of all, mamma; the one that Kate was at, where "Beauty and the Beast" is acted exactly as it is written in the fairy-tale book. It is not like a silly Christmas pantomime, mamma, which I never understand, but it is the dear old tale that you used to tell me so often; and Kate says the last scene, where

Beauty consents to marry the Beast, and when he changes all at once into a handsome young prince, is the most beautiful thing she ever saw. Oh, may I go?'

Mrs Grant thought for a little, and then said, 'You know I have not been quite pleased with you lately, Phoebe. You have been very idle indeed for two or three days. That piece of work in your hands ought to have been finished long ago, yet here it is not nearly done. You allowed the least thing to distract your attention.'

'Oh, mamma, I will finish this horrid frill to-day, and be so good that you won't know me.'

Her mother smiled, and replied, 'That is not very flattering to yourself, my dear child; however, as a little idleness has been your only fault lately, you shall go and see "Beauty and the Beast," and this very night too; but upon three conditions.' Phoebe gave a little scream of delight, and her mother continued—'Your aunt and cousins are going this evening, and I will join them, and take you too, if you do as I wish.'

'Yes, yes, dear, kind, good mamma: tell me what it is I must do.'

'It is now twelve o'clock, Phoebe: well, one of my conditions is, that by two this frill shall be finished, and neatly too.'

'Oh, mamma, there is so much of it to do!'

'Not more than you can easily manage if you are busy, Phoebe. Another is, that during these two hours you do not go into the garden, but stay in this room. I know if you leave it, the frill will never be done. The third is, that you do not have a word to say to Anna during that time. Do not interrupt me. I know she will come and scratch at the window, and wag her tail, and intreat you to come and play with her; but keep your eyes upon your work, and she will soon go away. After two o'clock you may play or do what you choose. I am now going to town upon some business which will occupy me till three o'clock; but remember the frill must be finished by two.'

Phoebe joyfully promised; and a short time after, her mamma left her, and went out. At first all went on brilliantly: Phoebe worked busily—so busily, that she became very warm, and accordingly opened the window and placed her stool beside it. The air was pleasant and refreshing, and the mignonette and sweet-peas which were under the window smelt deliciously, and cooled Phoebe's hot brow. Her work fell from her hands, and she began to think how charming it would be to see her favourite fairy tale acted. One thought leads to another. Thinking of Beauty suggested the rose which had cost her father so much pain to procure. 'How much I should like a rose just now! My own little garden, where the best roses grow, is not very far from this; I might run to it, and come back again in an instant. But mamma said I was not to play in the garden. True—but then she said it was because she knew I should not work if I were there. Now I am so hot here, and it looks so cool in my honeysuckle-bower, that I am sure I should work a great deal better there. I am quite certain if mamma had known I could work better in the garden, she would have told me to go. I can tell her when she returns that I was very hot, and if I had stayed in the house, could not have finished my frill. I know she will not be displeased.'

All these thoughts passed through Phoebe's brain very rapidly; and acting upon the impulse of the moment, she ran down the steps which led from the window upon the lawn. She first plucked the rose she coveted, and then proceeded to the bower of honeysuckles, which was her favourite retreat when she was tired of everything else. 'How pleasant it is here!' she thought. 'How much nicer than being in the house! The sun is so bright, and seems to kiss the little flowers, that nod and say how glad they are to see him. How happy the bees are to feed upon this delicious honeysuckle: I should almost like to be a bee!' and thinking of this, the work fell from Phoebe's idle hands. 'Oh what a beautiful butterfly!' she exclaimed, as one of a delicate blue colour settled upon a carnation which was near the bower. It is just the kind that Robert wished

* See No. 100, new series.

so much, and how delighted he would be if I were to get it for him.' With noiseless steps Phoebe went on tiptoes to the cushion her apron raised in both hands, she stooped to entrap the beautiful creature which was fluttering on the flower. Her heart beating, her eyes glimmering, she was just going to encircle it, when something behind pulled her dress. The movement startled the butterfly, which flew off immediately, and Phoebe, disappointed of her prey, turned round to see what had touched her. To her dismay she saw Luna scampering off with the frill, which she had left lying in the bowers. 'Oh Luna, Luna! give me my frill. Oh you naughty dog, fly it down instantly!' But Luna evidently thought his mistress was playing with him as usual and ran round and round the beds with the frill in his mouth, enjoying the fun of being chased amusingly. 'Oh naughty, naughty dog, you shall be beaten if you do not give me my frill!' But off flew Luna, regardless of the threatenings, which doubtless he knew well would never be fulfilled.

The gate leading to the rosl at the end of the garden was open, and the dog dashed out, followed by the distracted Phoebe. When she got upon the rosl, she saw Luna at a little distance rolling over and over with the frill in the mud, and barking with all his might. He rushed up, and this time succeeded in seizing it. 'What! it is really fit to be touched, being covered with mud! What shall I do? what shall I do?' thought Phoebe. 'Oh this comes of going into the garden where I was forbidden! How disobedient I have been! Oh what shall I do?' Phoebe walked slowly into the house, resolving in her mind what she would do to her mistress. 'The frill is not torn. Ah, I know what will suit it all right,' she cried joyfully, as a happy thought struck her mind. 'I will wash it—not very clean though, for it was dirty before—and iron it, and then it will be as good as new. There is always a fire in mamma's dressing room, where I can heat the iron easily. Phoebe flew into the bedroom, where she carefully washed the frill although it felt a long time than she had expected. She then rushed down to the closet in the laundry where she knew the irons were kept, and succeeded in finding a small one. The fire in the dressing room was excellent, so that the iron did not take very long to heat, although it seemed hours to the impatient Phoebe, who trembled lest any of the servants should come in. The clock struck two as she finished ironing the frill. Phoebe was in despair. 'How unfortunate I am,' she said, 'there is two o'clock, and the frill not ready yet.' Then she began again to reason within her clasp, settling into her much trouble her reasoning powers had brought her to. 'Mamma said I was to finish the frill in two hours, now I have only worked at it one hour, since one o'clock I have not put a stitch in. Mamma does not come in till three, if I am busy, I shall be able to finish it by that time, and perhaps she will not ask me when it was done. Thus it will be only two hours after all.'

Phoebe accordingly set to work in might down earnest, never looking up once till she had come to the end. As the last stitch was put in, the hands of the timepiece pointed to five minutes past three.

'How gracious!' said Phoebe to herself, 'mamma will be home immediately, and there is the iron still on the grate. I must take it into the garden to get cold before I put it away.' Hastily she seized the iron, forgetting that it must be very hot, although it had not been exactly on the fire. But she threw it down in a moment, and drew back with a scream. 'Oh my hand—my poor hand, how it is burnt!' Oh, oh, what shall I do! How dreadfully painful it is!

Phoebe knew that cotton-wool was an excellent thing for a burn, but she did not remember where to get any. Looking round the room vaguely, as if she expected to see some of the wished-for article lying near, she espied her mamma's jewel box upon the toilet table. 'Ah, I know there will be some there, and the key is always in that little drawer.' To the little drawer she went, took out the key, opened the jewel-box, touched a

spring which she knew of, and to her great joy saw a quantity of cotton wool, which her mamma generally kept there. She pulled out a large piece, but in doing so did not perceive that she also pulled with it an earring which was lying there, and which fell unheard on the floor. Phoebe locked the box, put the key back again in the drawer, wrapt her hand in the wool, which she found soothed the pain very much, and carefully took the iron into the garden, where it soon got cold. She had just placed it in the closet, when the carriage drew up to the door, and her mamma stepped out.

Phoebe flew up stairs, and was met in the hall by her mamma, who kissed her affectionately, and asked if the frill was done.

'Yes, mamma, quite done,' said Phoebe.

'I am glad of that, darling,' said her kind mamma.

'And did you finish it in two hours?'

'In two hours and five minutes exactly.'

'Ah, well, five minutes don't matter,' said her mother smiling. 'It will make no difference. Jane and Laura are quite delighted at the prospect of having you with them to night. They are to be here at five o'clock precisely, and see here, Phoebe, I have been to your favourite Pinner's in Rerent Street, and brought you two pairs of gloves, one of which you must wear this evening. I have also got some of that "Rose-the" scent for you, which you like so much.'

'Oh, thank you dear mamma,' said Phoebe in a low voice, stretching out her left hand to take the gloves and scent. The right hand was employed in searching for a refractory handkerchief, which was supposed to be at the bottom of her pocket, but somehow never made its appearance. Her mamma's kindness quite staggered Phoebe, and as she followed her up stairs, her eyes were full of tears. The frill, the sight of which made her quite sick, was lying upon the dressing room table. Mrs Grant took it up, and admired the work.

'It is very nicely done indeed, my dear child,' she said. 'You see what can be done if you set your mind to it. You have worked this very well indeed. Did you fulfil my other conditions?'

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and one of the servants entered to speak to Mrs Grant on some household matters. Phoebe, rejoicing at the opportunity, was just going to leave the room, when her mother called out to her, 'Do not go away, dear, I wish to speak to you.'

Phoebe was obliged to remain, and wondered what her mamma could have to say. When young people's consciences are not very clear, there is always something indefinitely awful in being desired to speak with mamma upon anything not specified, and as Phoebe's conscience was far from being calm, she felt rather uneasy. She wandered about the room, sometimes ready to scream with the pain of her hand, which now became almost intolerable. 'How shall I get on my loves to night?' she thought. 'My hand is all in blisters! I cannot deceive mamma any more. I might say that my foot slipped, and that I fell forward with my hand on the ribs of the grate, but I could not say that—it is wrong even to think it. But how shall I tell mamma? Oh dear, oh dear, how wicked I have been!'

The servant at last left the room, and Phoebe stood with her eyes cast down, her lips compressed, waiting to hear what her mamma had to say. At this moment Mrs Grant, who was crossing the room, trampled upon something, and stooped to see what it was.

'How extraordinary!' she said aloud. 'Why, how can this be? my earring on the ground, when I distinctly recollect putting it this morning in the secret drawer of my jewel box! No one knows the spring—except indeed Phoebe. My dear child,' she said, looking round, but the 'dear child' had sunk upon a couch, exhausted with pain and shame. 'My darling!' she cried, rushing towards her, 'how pale you are—how ill you look! Tell your mother what is the matter!' Phoebe silently raised her poor hand, still enveloped in the cotton-wool. 'Phoebe! how is this? Ah, I see—my poor child has burnt her hand, and has concealed it from her mother.'

for fear of agitating her. My dear, good child, 'how nobly you have borne the pain! Ah, it is frightful!' she continued with a shudder, as she unbound the wool, part of which stuck to the unfortunate hand.

Phoebe could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. 'Oh no, mamma—no, dear, darling mamma!' she said as soon as she could speak, 'I have not borne it nobly!—I do not deserve your kindness, my own beloved mamma! I have been naughtier to-day than I ever was before. I have disobeyed you in everything: I have been in the garden; I did not finish the frill till three o'clock. You do not know how wicked I have been; but I have been punished, for my hand is dreadful. I may say that word now, mamma. But my shame at having deceived such a good mamma is worse.'

Mrs Grant kindly soothed the poor child, and begged her not to say any more till she was composed. A short time afterwards, when Phoebe was lying cushioned on the soft couch in the dressing-room, with her mamma beside her—that dear mamma, one touch of whose gentle hand seemed to soothe the pain which she suffered, and almost to chase it away—she eased her heart by confessing everything. The tears were in the mother's eyes when Phoebe had finished.

'You are sufficiently punished already, my child, and I will not say anything more about it. We will put away the unfortunate frill.'

'Oh no, mamma, the poor frill shall not be put away. It was intended for you, mamma; but if you will allow me, I shall have it sewn on to my cap, so that when I put it on at night, I may remember why it is there. I do not think, mamma,' she continued, smiling, 'that I shall ever be disobedient again. No, I am sure I shall not. Do you know, mamma, I am so very glad I burnt my hand!'

'Glad, Phoebe! Why?'

'Because, mamma, I am afraid that if it had not been for that, I should not have told you about going into the garden, and not finishing the frill; and then how miserable I should have been at the theatre after having deceived you so much!'

'That is very true, my dear child,' said her mamma, affectionately kissing her. 'And I am glad too, for I feel confident that the misery and pain you have endured to-day is a lesson which will be remembered by you all your life.'

J. G. C.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

DR BUCKLAND ON ARTESIAN WELLS.

LONDON thirsts for water. She is at present the victim of seven monopolist water-companies, who only supply the element to 200,000 out of the 270,000 houses of which she is said to consist. Nor is the fluid so supplied either of the best or the cheapest. After it is drawn from the filthy Thames, it is so infiltrated and 'purified' that it becomes flat and exhausted, which with temperance communities—who are as critical about their water as gourmets are respecting wines—is a serious evil. Even an ordinary supply of this, a small house of £.50 a year rent has to pay about four guineas per annum. The New River is the only other source of supply; and it is not every London parish that can boast of a single pump.

In this truly tantalising condition, the Londoners are at last opening their parched throats to emit cries for 'more water!' Plans are propounded, companies are started, and controversies are fluently engaged in, for the purpose of answering the desperate demand. One party is for exhausting the Thames a little more by robbing the hoary father of rivers of the purest of his waters at Ilenny; another is for draining the Wardle or the Lea; and a third set of advocates are strongly in favour of Artesian wells.

About these last much misapprehension exists; and the opinion of so eminent a geologist and hydrographer as Dean Buckland is of value not only to those who take a

side in the dispute, but to those who are interested in the general subject of Artesian wells. At a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, the doctor denied a statement which had been put forth, that sufficient water might be obtained in the metropolis by Artesian wells to afford an ample supply to ten such cities as London. He would venture to affirm, that though there were from 250 to 300 so-called Artesian wells in the metropolis, there was not one real Artesian well within three miles of St Paul's. An Artesian well was a well that was always overflowing, either from its natural source, or from an artificial tube; and when the overflowing ceased, it was no longer an Artesian well. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many Artesian wells in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—namely, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in the gardens of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and in Brentford and its vicinity; but the wells which were now made by boring through the London clay were merely common wells. He had heard it said that Artesian wells might be made in any part of London, because there was a supply of water which would rise of its own accord; but he could state with regard to the water obtained to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square, that it did not rise within forty feet of the surface—it was pumped up by means of a steam-engine. No less than £18,000 had been spent upon an Artesian well which had been made on Southampton common, but the water never had risen within eighty feet of the surface, and never would rise any higher. The supply of water formerly obtained from the so-called Artesian wells in London had been greatly diminished by the sinking of new wells. Many of the large brewers in the metropolis who obtained water from these wells had been greatly inconvenienced by the failure of the supply; and he had received a letter from a gentleman connected with a brewer's establishment, stating that the water in their well was now 188 feet below the surface, while a short time ago it used to rise to within 95 feet. Indeed the large brewers were actually on the point of bankruptcy with regard to a supply of water.

A gentleman present corroborated the Rev. Dean by stating that certain London brewers, who obtained their supplies of water from what are called Artesian wells, had been forced into a mutual agreement not to brew on the same days, in order that each might have a sufficient supply of water.

The single example cited by Dr Buckland as to the expense of these wells can be extensively supported. One lately sunk opposite the fashionable church of St James has cost, first and last, not far short of £20,000; and another, in which the Hampstead Water-Company have already, it may be said, literally sunk £11,000 at Highgate, has as yet made no sign, not a drop of water having been yet obtained. These facts may serve to moderate the exhortations of the more ardent advocates of Artesian wells.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

[About ten years ago the following burlesque narrative was performed as an interlude in a Parisian theatre, by a clever actor in the character of an old soldier of the Empire. It suffers of course by translation, and still more by being only read, while the briskness, abruptness, and slang style of the veteran are unaltered. It is, nevertheless, worthy of appealing even under the disadvantage of an English dress:—]

SILENCE! and you shall hear all about Napoleon—a famous individual, born in Corsica, a little tail of a country, not two doors from the sea, where the natives have a fatiguing habit of assassinating each other, from father to son. His parents put him to the military school—full of talents—with a little three-cornered hat, and his hands behind his back—imitating already his portrait. He worked so hard that his eyes were hollow, and his face—saving your presence—the colour of nankeen breeches. When the masters of the school saw this, they said, 'There's a youth who has a real taste for the artillery.' Presently, having pushed his way to a very young age, behold him general!—very

thing always very thin, but with long hair—ah, such long hair, to be sure! The government of that epoch, which was composed of five individuals, adorned with feathers, sent for him, and said, 'Now, then, my good little man, you see the thing is this—you must start for Italy, where the Austrians are playing the dence at forty sous a head, and give them such a shove that the devil would take arms for it.' When he heard all that, says he, with that funny hair and yellow face, 'Agreed—say no more!' and away to Italy—the country of vernicelli and fiddle-strings. He crossed St Bernard—a great mountain, very high—three times Montmarire, where there is a famous hospice kept by the monks. Here are poodle-dogs, charged by the government to go and scrape for individuals under the snow. It is a great philanthropy, that same, on the part of these poodles. For my part I have no talent in that way: I was not bred to the business small enough; one must be caught young for that 'ere profession. Once in Italy, he did serve out to the Austrians such a pounding! and returned to Paris with millions of thousands of colours and glories—to fill the Invalides. Stop a little—our little friend's off for Egypt. Ah! ye gods, big and little, my good friends, a nasty territory that Egypt (so said my Cousin Baptiste, a drummer in the 37th, now getting on with a wooden leg)—a country of 160 degrees of heat in the middle of winter, and nothing to drink but fine sand—fine, fine, fine sand—and crocodiles walking about like good citizens, and swallowing up Christians with their arms and baggage according to the botanists! Oh dear—a me, there are neither lions nor taw in nature! and then the old broken pillars past service, and huge vagabonds of satyrs leaves all in stone, where then there folks keep their lungs fresh, which is a great satisfaction in that country, enmelled all over with camels and dromedaries. It was then that the Mamlukes had the pleasure—that is, all that it were not so unlucky as to catch a cannon ball—to be drowned provisionally in the Nile. Napoleon, who was then Bonaparte only, when he saw that grand infusion of Mamlukes, said, 'Is it not delicious?' Back he comes to France, leaving behind him one General Kleber, who found himself assassinated one day by a villain thereabouts, who was requested to be seated on a bayonet, which is the way they guillotine individuals among the Mohammedans. Then Napoleon married his wife, a beautiful woman—very beautiful full of good qualities, and much sweetness—all along of having been born in Martinique, the country, you know, of sugar canes. Next you have him again at the enemy, banging away at Eylau, Friedland, Austerlitz. The devil's in the little man—what a country dunc' and what rascals the vanquished! all foreigners! and all speaking German! For my part I cannot comprehend how they manage to understand each other. Says Napoleon one day, all to himself, says he, 'Let me think now a little moment—if I should happen to die, who's to take the reins of government? I am very sorry, because as how, you see, Josephine is my wife, and I have the highest consideration for her; but mon Dieu! mon Dieu! the Empress is so well on that she never can make me the least in the world a present of a small King of Rome. My position is of extreme triviality.' Well, off he goes to the emperor of Austria, who had a long queue, and said to him, 'The public demands that I have one of your daughters, with whom I am much taken—no matter which.' The emperor of Austria, thinking him a good-looking chap, with a good place, gave him his daughter entirely. In a quarter of an hour Napoleon went to take a walk in Russia with eight hundred thousand clever lads; but he met such a thief-like cold—cold that froze the very fire, and which was only a little warmed by the burning of Moscow. After burning their town from top to bottom, the enemy somehow or other contrived to come to Paris, and had the audacity to say—the gascons!—that they had conquered us! Just then our little usurper, finding all the world in a passion with him, uttered these ever-memorable words, 'I'm off!' and so took a trip to Elba, and there came back to pay us a little friendly visit; but our unfortunate hero was passed by the English from brigade to brigade all the way to St Helena; and at this hour—would you believe it?—in that England so renowned for its generosity and brilliant shoe-blackening, they have come actually to say that Napoleon is dead! and even there are people weak enough to give faith to such an indecency. He dead! Never! He knows better: he is incapable of it: he feigns to be dead—that's all. But he is digging, digging, digging, and one fine morning he will jump

out of his hole, with his little three-cornered hat, his hands behind his back, and three millions of Niggers for the good of his country! There you have got the history of Napoleon!

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS BEADS.

Besides the invention of mirror and reticulated glasses, for which we have to thank the Venetians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass-houses of Murano, and is practised there at the present day on a very extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from pieces of glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from 100 to 200 feet in length, and of all possible colours (in Venice they prepare 200 different shades), and are broken into lengths of two feet. These are then cut by the aid of a knife into fragments of the same length as their diameters; they now present the form of beads, the edges of which, however, are so sharp, that they would cut the thread on which they have to be strung. The edges have consequently to be rounded by fusion; and as this operation must be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are mixed with coal-dust and powdered clay previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then passed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung upon threads by women. Besides the ordinary knitting beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles à la lune*, which are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small rod of glass softened by a glass blower's lamp round an iron wire. The glass beads made in imitation of natural pearls for toilet ornaments, the invention of which dates from the year 1636, are very different from the preceding both as regards their application, mode of production, and origin. These are small solid glass beads of the same size as native pearls, which they are made to resemble by a coating of varnish, and which gives them a peculiar pearly lustre and colour. A maker of rosaries, by name Jaquin, was the first to discover that the scales of a species of fish (*Cyprinus alburnus*), or bleak, communicate a pearly luster to water. Based upon this observation, glass globules were first covered on the outside, but at a later period on the inside, with this aqueous essence. The costly essence, however, of which only a quarter of a pound could be obtained from the scales of 4000, was subject to one great evil, that of decay. After trying alcohol without success, in consequence of its destroying the lustre of the substance, sal-ammoniac was at length found to be the best medium in which to apply the essence; a little isinglass is also mixed with it, which causes it to adhere better. The pearls are blown singly at the lamp; a drop of the essence is then blown into them through a thin tube, spread out by rolling, and the dried varnish is then covered in a similar manner by a layer of wax.—*Knapp's Chemistry applied to Arts and Manufactures.*

TURKISH DINNER.

A Turkish dinner usually consists of only two dishes; but each dish is composed of a variety of ingredients, such as meat, poultry, fish, &c. From these dishes the guests are helped with spoons of black horn: the handles of the spoons used at our dinner were set with diamonds. The dessert, which was served on dishes of silver beautifully wrought, consisted of peaches, oranges, fresh figs, almonds, and a variety of exquisite sweetmeats. Coffee was served in cups of costly porcelain, and cruetts of wrought gold contained liqueurs. Those placed before the princess were set with diamonds and fine pearls. The napkins were of a fabric resembling cambric, extremely fine, and so silky, that its surface, reflected by the radiant light of the lamps, presented the effect of silver tissue. There was one Turkish custom which was calculated to create an unpleasant impression, in spite of all the delicate courtesy with which we were treated. Every vessel out of which Christians, or, as we are called, infidels, have eaten or drunk, is condemned as impure, and is set aside, never again to be used by Mohammedans. Accordingly, we were requested to carry away with us the plates, cups, &c. which we had used at dinner. We could not take umbrage at this little affront, concealed as it was under a graceful veil of generosity. We accepted the offerings, which, independently of their intrinsic value, were objects of curiosity; and we promised to preserve them as memorials of our delightful visit.—*Adventures of a Greek Lady.*

THERE'S LIGHT BEHIND THE CLOUD!

In the lone and weary nights, my child,
When all around is drear,
Which the moon is hidden by the clouds,
And grief and pain are near—

Think, my gentle boy,
Gloomy, trying hour,
That art not protected still
By Almighty Power!

Soothe all these dark clouds roll away,
And the glorious stars appear,
And the pensive moon, with her calm, pale light
Will shine in beauty clear.

There is an Eye above, my child,
That slumbers not nor sleeps
There is a Friend in heaven, love,
Who still His vigil keeps

And though in trouble's darkest hour
His face He seems to shroud,
Believe—remember—oh, my child
There's light behind the cloud!

K M

IMPORTANT INVENTION

Mr M Smith SALTER of this city has just obtained a patent for an invention which it is believed is destined to have a most important influence upon the useful arts of life, and the industry of the country and the world. It is a new method of making iron duct from the ore with an thraxite or bituminous coal, by a single process. By means of this remarkable invention Mr Smith proposes to make wrought iron at a cost of 25 to 30 dollars per ton at least half the usual cost. His furnace has three combined chambers one above the other, and all retorted by the same fire. The upper chamber is used for deoxidising the ore—impurities, such as sulphur, &c being carried off at a low temperature, the middle chamber for fluxing and working, and the lower chamber for reducing and finishing. The metal is taken from the last named to the hammer, or squeezer. The whole time occupied in this

process, from the time the ore is put into the furnace, until finished by the hammer, is only two hours! We understand that one of his furnaces is now in operation at Broomston, in Morris County. We have a specimen of iron from it, which is pronounced to be of the very best description. Perhaps a more important invention—if fuller experiments should verify present anticipations—has not been introduced in many years. Its effect upon the production and consumption of iron must be immense.—*New York (N. Y. Times) Advertiser*

A FAMILIAR FAREWELL ADDRESS

The following is an extract from the will of Judge Upsher, late secretary of state of the United States, killed by the explosion on board the steamer Princeton. "I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of my community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded, his relation to my wife and family has always been such as to afford him duly opportunities to take and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense, judgment and property correct, and even refined. If it that he is justly entitled to enjoy this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form, it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give, him an unpleasing word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

The present number of the Journal completes the fortieth volume (new series) of which a title page and index have been printed, and may be had of the publishers with a price.

NEW SERIES OF FRAGMENTS

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EDINBURGH, December 1841

END OF TWELFTH VOLUME.

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